THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XIX.

~~APRIL~~ May & July JUNE 1905

MORANG & CO., LTD.
90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
TORONTO

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

MAY 1905

No. 56. XIX. 2.—MAY 1905 A

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (APRIL).

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.*

FREE MEALS FOR UNDERFED CHILDREN:

A MEANS TO AN END

WE have got through another winter, and still nothing is determined about feeding the underfed children of London and other great cities. The discussion goes on, articles appear in the magazines, and lengthy correspondence in the newspapers, and the National Labour Conference has held its grand meeting in the Guildhall and passed a far-reaching resolution; but no great national scheme has been evolved, such as would command any Parliamentary following. No unity of plan has appeared, which would obtain the assent of men both reasonable and humane. Ever lurking in the background of people's imagination is the spectre of socialism, and the philosophical economist is only too ready to trot it out. Then we are told of what will happen to parental responsibility if such meals are given; how nothing will be left for parents to do except to bring children into the world.

Now there seem to be three schools of thought on the subject. First, that of the National Labour delegates, advocating the State maintenance of all children (whatever that may mean); secondly, that of Sir John Gorst, M.P., Dr. Macnamara, M.P., and others, who would supply free meals only to the underfed, while meals to be paid for were given at the same time and place to all others; thirdly, the

severe school, represented by the Charity Organisation Society, whose one great principle is that children can only be dealt with through the family, that minute inquiry to find out what is wrong must first be made, and a remedy for the distress then applied, if the case is helpable; but in no cases are the children to receive free meals apart from their homes.

Having for three years helped to give free dinners to the underfed children of three County Council schools in the West End of London, and having myself made the home inquiries in the cases of two of these schools, I should like to make some remarks as the result of my experience.

In the two schools whose cases I investigated there are some 1700 children, and it is needless to say that I could only get into touch with the poorest of them. The plan has been that in the first place the teachers report the names of all children apparently underfed or who apply for the dinners. Also, as I am a manager and a member of the School Attendance Committee, and am otherwise connected with charitable work in the neighbourhood, the names of the poorest families are brought up in various ways. Then the lady who makes the inquiries for the third school, which has over 1000 scholars, is both a manager and member of the Attendance Committee and a Poor Law Guardian. She has also worked amongst the poor of the place for many years. As a result of this experience, and of these sources of information, we know pretty well the names of all the very poor families—such as those of widows, invalid fathers, constant out-of-works, drunken and dissolute parents and such like. About two-thirds of the underfed children (we feed 150 to 200 in all out of some 2700 children in the three schools) belong to these classes. The remaining one-third belong to the unemployed proper; and to obtain the names of and to deal with these cases is the most difficult part of our work. The information we have acquired year by year renders the listing of the cases contributing the two-thirds a comparatively easy task. But with the unemployed

proper the feelings of respectability and independence are matters of such delicacy that one has to walk very warily.

The method of feeding the children adopted by us has been to put up trestle tables, immediately after school, at midday in the infants' hall of one of the three schools, which are all near to one another, and, with the help of five or six ladies, make all ready for the children by ten minutes after noon. We have seating accommodation for 160 children, and we find we can easily give the dinner in about forty minutes; so that shortly after one o'clock the tables are removed and the hall swept and cleaned for afternoon school. These meals are provided on three days a week, and consist of a joint of meat with bread and potatoes on one day, and stews or soup or suet-puddings on the others. The cooking is done in the basement of a private house near, and the food is brought over in air-tight carriers. The cost works out at about 3*d.* per head per dinner, but might, I think, be reduced to 2*d.* The children thus sit down at tables, and they certainly are given no illusory meal of some weak soup, so that we are not open to the criticism of providing such meals as would be condemned as wanting in nourishment if given by the parents themselves, as I am afraid is the case in many of the attempts to deal with this difficult problem.

What I want to consider is whether a plan such as is sketched above meets the felt want of making some provision for half-starved and underfed school children; and whether it would bear transplanting in any form to other areas of London or elsewhere. But first it is necessary to clear the ground by discussion of the principle laid down by the Charity Organisation Society, that children should only be helped through the family and in the home. Of course no one will deny that each case denotes something wrong either with the industrial and social system, or that the parent or guardian has some moral or physical weakness. Now here are common types of cases that contribute some two-thirds of the underfed: (1) Widows with two or more children; (2) fathers

temporarily or permanently disabled; (3) fathers of large families either not in full employment or on low wages; (4) parents dissolute or lazy. It may be answered that in cases (1) and (2) the children should be sent to the Poor Law schools. This sometimes would be the best solution, but not always so. Anyhow, under the present law, such parents cannot be compelled to part with their children, and as a fact many refuse to do so, and keep their children on inadequate means; and if such cases were universally forced into the workhouse, even the present enormous edifices would have to be enlarged, and such an increase of rates would ensue as would soon check the ready resort to this means of relief. I will now give a few actual cases dealt with at *one* school this year: (*a*) Widow, seven children; two boys over fourteen and mother tried to support family. In the end she broke down, and had to send four children to the Guardians' schools. (*b*) Widow, eight children, all small. She tried to support four. Children necessarily got neglected and dirty, and she had to part with two more. (*c*) Deserted wife with seven children, two girls over fourteen in work. With help of latter mother is dragging up the other five. (*d*) Mother, grandmother, aunt and three children, all living in one room. One child was at last given up to the Guardians. (*e*) Father emigrated to South Africa, leaving wife and four children. For a long time he made no remittance. Then the cases of the chronic out-of-work and invalid fathers, whose children often live in squalor and semi-starvation, are too numerous to mention. What, except, feeding them, can be done for these children, short of forcibly deporting the whole families to a farm colony? If such cases come up before a C.O.S. Committee, the usual verdict would be "Poor Law Case" or "Unhelpable." Such also would be the decision where there was drink in the case; also when the distress came from the largeness of the families, say six, seven, or eight children, all under fourteen, father with wages of an unskilled labourer, that is in London, twenty to twenty-four shillings a week. If one of the

seven or eight children gets acutely ill, a hospital or the infirmary will receive it; and when cured it will be returned to the family quarters and rations. For instance, in one case in the same school there are seven small children, father only a carman and not in full work. The father and mother are both healthy and strong, and have excellent characters. Two of the children are invalids; one with paralysis, and the other with some brain and nervous affection. The parents attribute these defects to falls, but their physical collapse, I am advised, is more probably due to poor feeding and want of air-space. Unless some new organic principle is imported into our social system, I do not see how charity can help these children through the family. There are laws against overcrowding and neglecting children, but as a rule no one with the necessary power of initiative has sufficient knowledge, and those with knowledge seldom have organised power of initiative. The C.O.S. declares that people should not be pauperised. But would the lifting up of some of these weak ones on to a higher plane of living as regards food be pauperising? The housing question may or may not be more urgent than the feeding one, but can it be reasonably argued that better food would not be of great benefit to the physique, even if unaccompanied by housing improvement.

Again, many of the children we are dealing with never know what it is to sit down to a spread meal. Some live with parents, brothers and sisters, all in one room. Surely one may well contend that to such the cheerfulness, order and method of the dinner, served as I have described, would be much more likely to raise and civilise than to lower and pauperise. Still I admit that among some of the slum-dwellers some loss of independence may follow if you are not very careful. But I have found in my many visits to these poor people that their public opinion fully justifies help of this kind in the case of widows, invalid fathers, and so on. In the case of large families, opinion is not so clear; while with the children of drinking and lazy parents, the disgrace is

rightly imputed to the latter, and the children are pitied and recommended for free meals.

But we have not done with objections urged by the C.O.S. They say, and I think rightly, that free meals to all children would tend to lower wages; and as for discriminating between those parents who can feed their children, and those who cannot, it is all theory. The latter assertion I deny. I don't mean to say that an exact line can be drawn, and that there will be no mistakes; but I contend that the bad cases of underfeeding can be dealt with without much admixture of fraudulent ones. All that is necessary is to have a standard of bare sufficiency to be applied with discretion. For instance, you might fix, above rent, 4*s.* 6*d.* a week for an adult, and 2s. for a child, as a minimum. Thus, a labourer with 24*s.* wages and having a wife and four children, and paying 6*s.* rent, would have 1*s.* to spare. If he had five children the sufficiency of course would stand. But when he had six, seven, or eight, and none of them wage-earning, the consideration of giving free meals would arise. Unfortunately many of the wives in these cases are driven to go out and work to supplement the family income. Under this high pressure, thus induced, the husband or wife may break down, and then comes the mischief. If some of the children were taken off their hands in the middle of the day, the strain might be relieved with much advantage to the children.

But I must qualify my assertion of the possibility of discrimination by saying that probably this can only be done if there be certain administrative changes of the kind suggested by me in an article published in the *Contemporary* of last August. Shortly speaking, they consist of the formation of Ward Committees, with delegated authority from the Guardians or other local body charged with the care of the poor and destitute. The present Managers' Attendance Committee might be regarded as an embryo Ward Committee. The school visitors or attendance officers could be their executive, and it would be their duty to prepare, under the direction

of the said committee, a list of all such families as I have described as contributing two-thirds of the present underfed children. These children should never be lost sight of. As a rule they cling to the same neighbourhood, but should they migrate, the fact should be reported to the Ward Committee concerned.

If it were determined to find the solution of the underfed children by first making such a selection as suggested and then using the schools themselves as the place of feeding, the plan might be carried out in an economical manner by the local or educational authority having a kitchen in each convenient area, and despatching the meals in proper "carriers" to each school concerned. There they could be received, either by the school-keeper or a paid servant, and probably with one other paid woman assistant, and say two voluntary assistants, the thirty, forty, or fifty underfed children of each school could be fed. The whole failure or success of the scheme would chiefly hinge on the selection, and on its being carried out in a judicious yet kindly manner. To ease off the difficulties of this responsible work it would probably be desirable to have an entirely separate organisation for the more clerical work of giving the meals. To ensure a supply of voluntary workers, so as to prevent the meals being given in a sort of Do-the-boys Hall fashion, and to humanise and socialise these dwellers of the slums, a guild of servers might be formed. Some sort of ordered method and training could then be secured, and an enthusiasm provoked to carry out the objects required. Many ladies of the richer classes are full of sympathy for the poor, and here would be an outlet for its exercise in an orderly and approved fashion.

The essence of the above plan is, that there should be co-operation between the State and private charity; but the charity of service rather than of almsgiving. The State would give the authority and the guarantee of continuity along with funds, while charity would supply the personal interest and enthusiasm to soften the harshness of law and regulation, and to adjust the machinery to the circumstances of each case. It

may be objected that such procedure might lead to extravagance and unwise interference with social arrangements at dangerous points. But the local authority would of course hold the purse-strings, and would itself lay down rules for guidance, and would also appoint the Ward Committees. Then again, some central authority would check and control the local one as regards the principles it was bringing into action under its prescribed rules. It is also to be hoped that the Ward Committees would educate public opinion on the duties of parents, and that such opinion would have a wholesome effect for good. It may also be assumed that the powers of help conferred on the committees would rapidly bring with them increased powers of cautioning and admonishing parents of lax habits, and under their direction the corrective laws of sanitation could be more easily brought to bear on cases affecting children. For instance, in one case of a crowded basement-home I visited, I found it was the practice to keep a couple of small children all day for the mothers while they were at work. I felt I had no right to inquire further, though there seemed need of such inquiry. It may be added that the care of a nurse-child is often the last resource of the destitute. I am aware of the wholesome English aversion to interference with the home life of the people, and there can be little useful interference except under cover of a genuine and honest attempt to help the children. There must not be the least attempt to cast a stigma on large families. The philosophic and doctrinaire dread of them is in all probability the outcome of less virtue than the impulses which bring them into existence. Nations are not ruined by a larger birth-rate, even among the poorest, but rather the contrary. There is assuredly nothing that more provokes pity and sympathy than to see poor people with large families, when you also find love and unselfishness expended in their upbringing. At the present day there are only too many in every class of life ready to avoid marriage and its cares altogether; and one of the dangers in local administration nowadays is the influence of those who do not know the whole

gamut of life, never themselves having had families, and so not knowing by experience some of the strongest influences at work. Selfishness and laziness are the greatest of all social crimes, and large families certainly do not tend to foster them.

Having thus combated the somewhat negative views of the C.O.S., perhaps I ought to say something as regards the proposal of feeding all the children. In its essence it is more socialistic than free education, and failing strict co-operation among all workers it would certainly tend to reduction of wages. But leaving this difficult and intricate question alone, one need only urge that the expense would be enormous, both in providing the meals and in building the necessary dining-halls. The great reason for the democratic advocacy of such an extreme measure is, that if free meals are given only to the very poor, it is thought that the distinction will cast a reproach on them, and by a loss of self-respect induce many of the evils of pauperism. My experience, as I have said, is that in most of the very needy cases public opinion will not cast any slur on the children. "Those who are down need fear no fall." With the drinking, idle parents the stigma will fall on them, and well it would be if they could feel it. Again, with the honest out-of-works public opinion is very sympathetic. That they should not get work is considered a social injustice; and that their children at least are being fed will allay some of the bitterness of public feeling. I may here add that I consider that while free dinners will much benefit all poor children, it does not save the pockets of really distressed parents to any appreciable degree, for the dinners that would have been supplied would be of infinitesimal cost.

Again, though I confess that free public dinners to all children as part of the school curriculum has a certain fascination as giving a little more joyousness of life to those whose lot, at least indoors, is generally so dreary, it is, anyhow under present circumstances, too utopian to deserve serious consideration. There is also an objection to it which I have not seen urged, namely, that it would still further emancipate

the young from the control and influence of their parents. The children of the well-to-do go, it is true, to boarding schools, but they well know that their parents are paying for them. If free dinners are given only to the really poor, one would at least require some kind of application expressed or implied, and the parents should be seen and asked as to their need. As it is, a great many free soup-kitchens, I am sorry to say, ignore the parents, and so have a harmful influence on loosening home-ties. This may now be necessary to meet the large body of distress amongst the children, when there is no organised method of dealing with them through the parents. Authority is growing small by degrees and beautifully less all round, and the complete independence of the very young is not a desirable object. The State, after all, can only be a stepmother, and she should not be called in more than is absolutely necessary.

There remains the scheme of feeding so strongly advocated by Dr. Macnamara, of having a common table for those given free meals and for those paying for their meals, and of keeping secret the fact whether the admission ticket had been paid for or not. To this scheme there seem to be strong objections. First, it is doubtful if there would be many paying guests, if cost price were charged; and if the tickets were sold much under cost price and the number sold was large, there would be the great cost both in supplying the meals and in building dining-halls. Next, the idea of granting free tickets with an attempt at secrecy has a moral objection. These children of the poor know a great deal about the family budget. I have heard a little tot of seven or eight say with perfect simplicity that she kept house for father. But fancy a mother saying: "Now, Mary, mind you don't let on that we don't pay for the dinners." Probably all the purchasing of the tickets would be done through the children, and the fact that some had to produce pence for them and some got them free would be patent to all. At present the freeness of the dinners is an open fact, and one can put the parents on their honour. When I visit the

home, I make a point of saying, in all doubtful cases, that these dinners are only for the very poor, the children of widows and of fathers long out of work, and so forth; and I have often had instances of parents withdrawing their application when it was so put before them. If there is any concealment, it will make the inquiries more difficult and remove one of the safeguards against fraud.

There is yet another objection urged against the State having anything to do with free meals—what is called the thin edge of the wedge argument. Free meals, it is said, will be logically followed by free boots, free clothes, and, finally, free houses. Also that free meals, only given when schools are sitting, are incomplete. But surely giving free meals, if substantial, for only nine months of the year, would be of great physical benefit, even as I believe they are if given only during the winter. But those who use this argument hardly consider that schoolgoing does in very many cases deprive the parents of much help at home. The babies have to be minded and messages run at all hours; but on washing-days and when there is illness the children's assistance is so valuable that often nothing will induce the mothers to send their bigger children, neither the threats of the Attendance Committee nor the fines of the magistrate. Then again, children can so easily earn wages. So altogether their schoolgoing often involves a substantial loss to the parents, especially to those with large families, and free dinners in their case would only be a slight "solatium." How well those who sit on Attendance Committees know this, and how they have to harden their hearts toward the parents' woes, thinking only of the good of the children.

But the policy of feeding or even clothing and housing destitute or partly destitute children will never be approached in a reasonable spirit till certain facts are laid to heart. First, we surely all admit that the chief aim of every society should be to make justice the first consideration: that men should, as far as possible, reap, even here on earth, what they sow. We

also know that this ideal never has been and never will be reached. Prophets may declare the way of righteousness, and yet we seem as far off from it as ever. It is still true that wealth accumulates and men decay; perhaps truer than when the poet uttered the words. But still we cannot otherwise; as Emerson said, we must hitch our waggons to a star. Yet it is disconcerting to hear it stated, apparently on good authority, that in England 1,000,000 rich persons receive more than twice as much as the 26,000,000 who form the manual classes. One need not be a Socialist to think that this and real justice are not quite consistent. Then again, it appears from an article in the March number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, that while in Glasgow there is most terrible overcrowding in the slums, municipal figures show that there are over 8000 "houses" of one, two and three rooms unoccupied. What imbecility of social arrangements is suggested by such facts. It is true that much fault is imputed to the lazy and drunken habits of the poorer inhabitants. Still, for what reason do the 1,000,000 of the richer classes receive some two-thirds of the income of the country, if it be not to rule, govern, and moralise their less fortunate brethren. Therefore it is no excuse for the rich to say that the poorest people are in their present sorry plight because of their faults and vices. The poor and degraded want more help and direction in their affairs than those who are brought up under every protection that wealth and leisure can devise. It is true we are compelling the very poorest to send their children to school, even though at times it may sadly embarrass them. So far so good. But should we not go a step further, and give them still greater sanitary protection in their homes? Any extra municipal expenditure thereby incurred would be amply repaid. The houses or tenements of the very poor and of the degraded should be placed under the most paternal inspection, strictly yet kindly carried out. The extra expense of doctors and sanitary officers would be of very small account compared with the advantages gained. Land-

lords should, of course, be registered, and taught that private property exists for the good of the community. They, on the other hand, should be given much greater facilities for getting rid of dishonest tenants. At present a bad tenant can only be ejected after the loss of several weeks' rent, and often after the destruction of fixtures and other like property. In the interest of honest and respectable tenants, there should be a summary process of immediate ejectment, if there is no prospective ability to pay or if there is misconduct. I would make the giving of free meals to the children of the poorest a starting-point for drastic measures where it was clearly to the benefit of the community, on the ground that inability to support their children justified such interference. At present if parents are seen dragging about their children in the streets for purposes of begging, they are liable to be prosecuted. But if at the schools we were carefully scanning each child, we should soon discover the wretchedness in the home. Starving and illused children are not only a disgrace to the community, but their existence injures the national conscience and in the end will cause a national loss. If we do not know about their condition, we ought to, for we *are* our brother's keeper.

It is clear, therefore, that in the slums of our great cities there is much salvation work to be done quite apart from the pressing question of unemployment. But even some of the unemployment would be avoided if the dissolute and disorderly habits of the slum poor were curbed. To read the list of the weekly drunks and disorderlies in London local papers is most distressing. Are we not carrying too far Archbishop Magee's famous dictum, that he would rather see England drunk and free than sober and enslaved ; as if drunkenness and freedom can long keep company. Have we not too much dissoluteness of living both amongst the rich and the poor ? The complaint is universal that you can no longer get work out of the British workman, and that he despises all authority. On all sides foreigners are being employed as hotel and domestic servants on account of the unsteady and undisciplined habits of our

own lower classes. Surely we shall be chastised nationally if there is no reformation of manners. We cannot compete with foreign nations when so many of our workers (or often idlers) are wasting themselves in riotous living. Many regard as very serious our unemployment problem—chronic out-of-works in our towns, yet increasing immigration of foreigners; no one to cultivate the deserted fields, yet our proletariat refusing to leave the softer and more exciting life of our cities. Would it be an impossible policy to compel those out of work in towns, at least those with families, to migrate, under State direction and help, to English farm colonies, to live temporarily under a mild socialism? After all *salus populi suprema lex.* Or shall we wait till further unemployment, increasing the number of the demoralised, intensifies our difficulties? Do we not want some reconstruction of society? Our city unemployed are to a great extent unemployable under ordinary industrial conditions. The youths who in foreign countries would be serving with the colours and gaining strength and discipline are with us too often underfed, undersized, and without training of any sort. I often pass a large beer-bottling establishment which employs numbers of these youths. To see them pale and stunted as they smoke their cigarettes in the dinner-hour does not inspire one with confidence in the future of our working classes. In the meantime politicians at Westminster wrangle about party questions, and the Churches squabble over dogmas. It all reminds one of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, except that Nero made no profession of Christian or any other charity.

My object is by no means only to advocate some form of free meals for underfed children, but to try and accentuate the need of importing more "authority" into our social system, beginning at the base, where the need is most urgent, and using the free meals rather as a means and justification for the interference of the State. Licence is not freedom, but rather leads the way to degradation, oppression, and wrong. We want our individual wills braced up by the stricter and higher

one of the community. By all means let us appeal to religion, and it is of good augury that there are tokens of a revival in our midst, but let our religion be an honest one socially and individually, and not merely the crying of peace, peace, where there is no peace. Let not our religion be only a cloak for our covetousness. Let the poor man be taught that he should not spend a great part of his wages on beer. If he has wife and children dependent on him it is criminal. Let us try and enforce his duty by the supervision of the community. The rich man holds his wealth as a trust; let us not be a party with him in permitting licentious living amongst the poor, because a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. If we are stricter with the poor, public opinion will soon be stricter with the rich. As is often truly said, the poor want justice, not charity; but labour leaders who champion the wrongs of the labouring classes must wisely remember that there can be no oppression of the poor in a free country, if they are not first enslaved by their own vices. It is a clear case of, they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow, and here the blow is a moral one. If an increase of authority, say, for instance, in requiring those who cannot support themselves in the town to remove into the country, were introduced, it is the poor themselves who would benefit. More equitable land laws could be demanded, and instead of a demoralised mob in the London streets, we might have orderly and self-respecting cultivators in the country ready to insist upon having the land of their country placed at their disposal on just terms.

But one of the first extensions of authority should be to deal with the slum questions of the poor of great cities, and useful hints might be taken from Mr. Taylor's comprehensive article on the housing question in the MONTHLY REVIEW already referred to. The more or less failure of municipal house building, as a cure for slums, is described; and the result is said to be to intensify the overcrowding of the lowest classes. To disturb and to root out these is not to remove the nuisance. They naturally only move on to re-create other

slums, and to infect other quarters. This, as pointed out by Dr. A. K. Chalmers, of Glasgow, at a Sanitary Congress, is the consequence of dealing with results only. "Hence," he says, "a housing problem, a food problem, a clothing problem, a labour problem, a drink problem." As another speaker at the same congress said, the corporation should rather set about the housing of the very poor, the drunkard, the vicious and the criminal. And I see that the Glasgow Municipal Commissioners, admitting that they should not compete with private enterprise in providing houses for the labouring classes, now suggest that they should rather provide accommodation for the very poor, both the respectable and those of dissolute, disorderly, and destructive habits, and these latter they would put into barracks. With such accommodation at their disposal for these two classes there would be a prospect of really enforcing sanitary by-laws. We should not hear of landlords being allowed to take advantage of the poverty of the one class, or of the low instincts of the other, to draw large profits from premises really unfit for human habitation; and of the authorities being obliged to wink at such breaches of the law, because humanity forbids the people being turned into the street. Even if municipalities had to take less than the market rate of rent from the very poor and the degraded, a just return would be found in an increased power of supervision; and so the outcasts of civilisation might be reclaimed, disease be prevented, and much cruel destitution amongst the honest poor be removed. Kindness and strictness could coerce some of the demoralised masses into sobriety and cleanliness of living. All this may have an element of socialism in it, but is not individualism often a concession to the less worthy side of our nature, and socialism an appeal to our higher and nobler side?

F. H. Barrow.

"THE WHIMSICAL TROUT"

TROUT in the streams of Hampshire, as White of Selborne noticed, "begin to rise" shortly after the middle of March. This implies that they have returned to the places in which they were during the summer before. In autumn, when running up the waters to the spawning-grounds, they would take worms greedily, if these were offered, and would even rise at flies, real or artificial; but, as any honest poacher could vouch, they do not rise at flies, or bite at more substantial baits, when on the way back to the places which they occupy in spring and summer. Indeed, their habits for a few months after spawning are rather mysterious. Even in Hampshire, the streams of which are not so large as to render a pretty exhaustive scrutiny impossible, any person not highly skilled in the lore of the naturalist would be puzzled if he went forth to catch a few before the middle of March. He might cast his flies in vain over some attractive stretch on which in summer he was wont to make heavy baskets. Then, if he had curiosity, he might peer into the water to see whether the fish were really there and find that they really were not. He would almost be disposed to conclude that the trout had quitted the stream.

If that evening, or next day, he went to study the problem by the banks of one of the great running waters in Scotland, the mystery would deepen. During the whole of March there seems to be scarcely a trout in such a river as the Dee or the

Tay. Not a rise is seen by the persevering salmon-fishers; neither with a fly nor with a worm does the man with a trout-rod meet with a success worth mentioning. There is no sign of trout in any of the places where they swarmed six months before.

Where are they?

They have long left the spawning-grounds, and they do not seem to be anywhere else. One might be tempted to suspect that they must be hibernating in the mud. A Yorkshireman, at any rate, might make that conjecture readily. In his part of the country a great wonder is sometimes witnessed. There is a long drought, and the becks cease to run, and it may be supposed that all the trout have perished; but the rains descend, and the floods come, and lo! the trout are as plentiful and as blithe as ever. In the *Badminton Magazine* about a year ago there was an account of a similar marvel in Hertfordshire. It is supposed, by way of explanation, that trout are able to remain alive in fluid mud.

That, however, is not the solution I would propose. It is not in the mud that the trout, either of the Test or of the Tay, hide until March is nearly over. They are, I think, resting at the bottom of the river in places where the water is deep and slow. This surmise springs less from experience than from analogy. Both in Hampshire and in the Highlands, during March, I have fished in such pools, as well as in shallow waters, and that in vain; but any one who seeks the March trout in a lake, instead of seeking him in a stream, will have a different requital. All along the north shore, where the sun is warming the lake, the fish will rush at his flies eagerly. Before the enactment of a close-time many a basket of trout was taken from the Scotch lakes in February, and the capture of fish in January was not unknown. Perhaps our analogy will commend itself. Lake trout return to the still water very soon after spawning, in the streams. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that river trout, which usually spawn in tributaries, seek, on returning, those parts of the

river in which the process of recuperation is least arduous. The fact that the river trout do not rise, while the lake trout do, is not against this suggestion. The water of the shore of a lake is shallow as a rule, and the fish there readily see a fly thrown over them; but the pools in which the river trout take refuge are the deepest they can find, and the fly may well pass unseen.

Why, then, it may be asked, does any poacher seek them earlier in the year than the law allows? If trout are not to be caught, why does such a practical person go forth to try for them? Why, indeed, does the writer himself, not yet convicted of having poached, show a certain intimacy with the ways of trout at a time when they are not to be caught? These are cogent queries. The last of them may be settled by the remark that, although many trout are not to be expected from a large river in March, the law does not forbid angling then. The others must be answered reflectively.

Flowing into the North Sea on the coast of Scotland there is a fine trout-stream on which the burgesses of a little county town are free to fish. Before the recent Act regulating the seasons, this right was exercised in no stingy spirit. Many of the beneficiaries fished not only through spring and summer but also through autumn and winter. The burgesses seemed to include the boys of a school in the little town, some of whom spent Saturdays and other holidays by the waterside. There, late in November, I met a familiar figure. It was that of an ancient gipsy who haunted the stream night and day. It was believed that he made his livelihood by selling trout to a fishmonger in a large town not far off, the inhabitants of which, not being more learned in the ways of Nature than most people are, took it for granted that, if not stale, any fish offered them were good to eat. The gipsy was an approachable man; and, having heard my elders and betters say that it was a shame to fish after September, and that the stream was being ruined, I ventured a shy remonstrance in the considerate form of a request for knowledge. Was it really true

that trout were not all right at that time of the year? "Most of them are not," the gipsy answered; "but some of them are. In this water, all winter, there are aye trout of a kind that don't spawn. Not very many o' them; but they're here, and they're just as good at Christmas as at Whitsunday." The old man's quiet words and thoughtful black eyes seemed to be charged with generations of weird wisdom. They set me thinking; and, perhaps to justify dissent from the doctrine of the elders, whose pragmatical conservatism was distasteful, mentally I framed a proposition. "It is wrong to catch trout that are spawning or about to spawn. All trout in that state are in the tributaries. Therefore, it cannot be wrong to fish in the main stream at this time, because the trout in that state are not there." Here, for the moment, the reasoning stopped. It did not reach the corollary that if the gipsy caught any trout they must be trout that were not in the usual run and therefore not out of condition. Perhaps that was because, as he had none in his basket and was not getting a bite, I may not really have believed his legend of the strange fish. Since then the schoolboy logic has been justified as regards the brief period during which the general run of trout are away from the main streams, spawning. Towards the close of March this year I caught two trout in the Tay. One weighed 1 lb. 3 oz.; the other, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. A lady had used the landing-net, and, of course, I left the fish at her house. Next day she told me that roe had been found in both of them, and that she had had it kept in a phial of spirits. Roe in trout at that time of the year! I went to see. The eggs were small; but they were unmistakable. If the fish had been rainbows, which spawn five or six months later than the British trout, there would have been less cause for astonishment; but they were undoubtedly brown-trout. The matter seemed to demand an explanation from the *Field*. Fearing that if I myself made inquiry I might display ignorance, I persuaded the lady to write a letter, and to despatch it, together with the phial, to the Editor. What was the meaning of brown-trout with roe

in March? The authoritative answer ran: "It is uncommon, but not unknown. One theory is that there are trout which spawn biennially." We had actually, on an afternoon, caught two of the peculiar trout which years before, with the omniscience of old age at thirteen, I had dismissed from mind as being a gipsy superstition!

Soon afterwards the basket began to contain trout of the ordinary kind. One day there would be a brace; the next, a brace and a half; one fish, or none, a day or two later; and suddenly as many as the creel would hold. Resembling most of the processes of Nature, the return of the trout to the quarters of spring and summer is gradual. The fish appear in the pools as if they were ghosts of themselves, stealthily, singly; but at length the pools are alive with them, just as the woodlands are filled with the notes of the wandering cuckoo, which has come not in flocks but in solitude. Nature, in short, is at once individualistic and social. If we could read with complete intelligence the life of an ant-heap, or of a rookery, or of a trout-stream, we might have a better understanding of human commonwealths. Mankind may be wrong in assuming itself to be outside the ordinary processes of Nature.

Musings such as these, however, are not opportune in angling. That is an employment charged with points of interrogation more immediate.

Why does it so often happen that all the trout caught on a single day tend to be of the same size? This question has no kinship with the well-known royal problem as to why a bowl of water holding a living fish was not heavier than a bowl of the same size containing the same quantity of water without a fish. "I doubt the fact, my Liege," said a courtier to the King. The assertion that is implicit in our own problem cannot be utterly gainsaid. Most anglers will admit it to be roughly right. At times, it is true, the basket will have in it trout of all sizes characteristic of the water, or of nearly all; but at other times it will not. One day the small fish rise, and the large ones stay down; another day every fish landed is large,

and the small ones seem to be gone. This is more noticeable on a lake than on a stream. A lake in Perthshire on which I sometimes spend a few days is a typical case. Unless the weather is unfavourable, twenty trout in a few hours are to be had there. One day they will be not only four to the pound but also quarter-pounders individually; another day they will be three to the pound and a third of a pound each; sometimes, though not often, all of them will be approximately half-pounders. On a great river not far from the lake the uniformity in the size of the trout caught is in a certain respect more striking. There are in it fish of all weights; yet on any day only fish of practically the same weight are taken. Sometimes they are light, from a third of a pound to a half, and then one usually has a dozen in an afternoon; sometimes they are heavy, within an ounce or so, more or less, of $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and then one has four as a rule. Of the very small trout, those of the parr size, of which there must be millions in the river, I have never caught a single specimen. This, perhaps, is the most astonishing fact in the problem. What is the secret?

Any anglers whom I have heard discussing the question have a very simple view. They assume that sometimes only the small fish are feeding; sometimes only those of middle size; sometimes only the large ones. This is a good "working hypothesis," enabling you, on occasion, to foresee the state of the basket at the close of the day; but it is no more. Weather, as is well known, affects the appetite of the trout; but it has never been suggested that the same atmospherical conditions influence fish of different sizes differently. It is taken for granted that they influence fish of all sizes in exactly the same way. Were this not so, there being small trout in some streams, middling fish in others, and large ones in a few, we could not have a generally applicable science of the weather in relation to angling. That we do have such a science invalidates the simple explanation. My own belief is that the puzzle we are considering is due to there being an order of precedence among the trout. If you watch carefully what

goes on in a stream, an odd usage will be detected. During spring and summer trout never lie closely together side by side. Rather, they are in Indian file. This peculiarity is best seen just below the entrance of a ditch or other tributary bringing worms or grubs or similar tit-bits. You will find a good many trout there. The largest is poised close to where the tributary joins the stream; the second-largest is a foot or so behind him; the third-largest at a similar distance from the second; and so on in diminishing scale. Why? Observe the vigilance of the first trout, and you will understand. See him snapping at the juiciest grubs and rising at the most attractive flies. How alert he is, and ravenous! He is nearest the entrance of the tributary because in that position he has first choice of the good things it is bearing down. For what he leaves, the others, in their turns, are on the look-out. If any of these sought to usurp the place of the first fish there would be battle and a rout. Indeed, if you hook the first, the second will be established in his hover long before you need the landing-net. Does this lesson in the ways of trout shed light on the uniformity in the size of fish by which a basket is so often characterised? If every trout in your creel is large, may it not be because, although all the fish in the water were in a mood to feed, the larger ones, being in particularly good appetite, bore themselves, towards the flies floating or fluttering down, in a manner that intimidated the youngsters? A more minute investigation will reveal something like a crouching fright among the small trout when the great fish are thoroughly "on the feed." They may rise now and then; but in doing so they are careful never to be in the big ones' way.

Now and then, however, there comes a day the experience of which has perplexed every wielder of the fly-rod. Trout after trout rises; but not one is caught. You look to see whether the hooks are right, and find no explanation. There is not the slightest doubt about the rises. You see the breaks in the water. You feel the jerks at the line. How is it

possible that time after time fish can take such a risk and never pay the penalty? They are "rising short." That is the accepted phrase. It suggests its own meaning. If they rose a little less short, we are to understand, they would be hooked. They are merely snapping at the wings of the flies, and so escaping. Why they should snap at the wings, or how they can do it with such accuracy, is not always mentioned; but there is a theory. It is believed to be possible that some peculiarity of the light may deflect the vision of the fish; that their aim is upset; that they just miss flies which they really mean to seize. This sounds plausible; but it cannot be considered satisfactory. The tugs at the line are so palpable that they could not possibly be produced by contact of the trouts' teeth with the soft wings of the lures. The steel also must be in some contact with the fish. What contact? I think that, instead of being with the mouths of the trout, it is with some other part of them. This notion arose one day when, after many short rises and no fish, I landed one lassoed by the tail. The hook had looped itself with the gut, and the trout was fast. In favour of the surmise I have ventured is the consideration that sometimes, although feeding busily, the fish are paying no attention to flies on the surface. In the position of a sulking salmon, which is tail-up and head-down, they are preying upon flies or other insects hatching out at the bottom of the water. Is it not easily conceivable that, although they are ignoring the full-fledged flies and your own imitations, they may frequently, by accident, strike against the hooks, which scratch though they do not hold? Trout are sometimes in a strange humour that may have a similar result. They try to drown flies that they see on the surface. They leap up and sometimes out, and strike the insects with their tails. This proceeding I have witnessed three or four times. Why the fish should wish to drown the flies, which rise again as quickly as fragments of cork, it is not easy to tell; but that they do try occasionally is beyond question.

In practically all emergencies the trout is strikingly sagacious. The peril of drought which he miraculously survives in the Yorkshire becks is hardly greater than a risk which he frequently runs from flood. Quarter of a mile from where these words are being written is a river that is not infrequently obliterated. Heavy rains set in upon the mountains; inch by inch the stream, which has its source in a great lake, begins to rise; within twelve hours it is overflowing here and there. If the storm lasts two days more, the valley, half a mile broad, is under water. Only the railway, near the middle, is to be seen. If they have a journey to make, villagers must get to the station in a boat. Sheep, rabbits, and other creatures on the meadows are in terror, and many of them are swept away. At the last flood a herd of Shetland ponies found themselves surrounded by the rising water. Their plight was pitiable. They neighed and screamed. Only a few contrived to stand their ground. The others perished. When the flood comes, man, though he has been familiar with these parts for centuries, is helpless. He cannot even save his cattle or his harvest. The very earth itself succumbs. The banks break, and thousands of tons of soil are carried down the river. Gazing upon the turbulent waste of waters, the roar of which fills the air for miles on either side, one would think that the trout must have lost their bearings; but have they? When the flood has passed, how many shall you find stranded in the meadows? Not one. The whole little world around them is in anarchy, and they explore the fields and even the roads, picking up much fine booty as they go; but when the normal order of Nature is restored every trout will be in his old hover, serene.

W. Earl Hodgson.

MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL LIFE

IT was many years after emerging from the process which calls itself a classical education at our public schools that it occurred to me to wonder what a classical education really was, and what was the real meaning of the tenacity with which those whose judgment one cannot but respect, yet cling (without being able to give adequate reasons) to a system the faults of which are obvious; a system, too, which in spite of this, produces some results, hitherto apparently unobtainable in any other way. It seems a safe rule, when faced with an apparent contradiction of this kind, to see whether there has not been some worship of the letter and loss of the spirit; and when one comes to inquire what a classical education really was, it is fairly obvious that this is what has occurred. When the Greeks are considered from an educational standpoint, it is clear why they must of necessity be the standard whereby the educationist measures his own aims and ideals; for—of all the nations of whom we know much,—the Greeks appear to have produced great men well equipped for their work in life, out of all proportion to their population, and to have succeeded in so educating the "masses" that their great poetic drama, which among us is food only for the most cultured, was, apparently to every one's satisfaction, the "bank holiday" entertainment of the ordinary Greek citizen. To point out that among these, the classes corre-

sponding to our lowest classes were not included, because the Greek State was founded on slavery, does not, to my mind, lessen the marvel. It is almost easier to conceive of an audience of workmen appreciating noble poetic drama dealing with the greater issues of life, than to imagine the ordinary English population above that class, faced with such a demand on their imaginative intelligence. There is ample evidence that it was not only in this one line of their culture, that the great Greek could appeal to a whole population of lesser men who understood. The remains in their very dustheaps show us that, while they were extending their sea-power in all directions, and conquering their world by its means, the Greeks of old, as the Japanese of to-day, could not touch anything, from a cooking-pot to a temple, without touching it rightly, and leaving something, which was a thing of beauty and a joy, if not for ever, at least for twenty-five centuries.

To produce a large number of very great men, and a whole nation who could understand, and enable them to do their work as efficiently as possible, is, I take it, a standard of educational result which will be accepted as satisfactory by the most materialistic utilitarian among us; and since these people, beyond any doubt, achieved this result, their methods seem worthy of attention. I am, unfortunately, no Greek scholar, and have therefore to depend on the information obtainable from those who are, and on translations, for the following conclusions. But it seems undisputed, that the first instruction of Greek youth consisted in reading and learning poetry, in the study of (what we call) music, along with rhythmic movement or dancing, the whole thing being called music. Next came a study of their own language, so exact and thorough that it was considered that a man could not write his own language unless he could write it in verse, and, lastly, the study of mathematics and logic.

Here we come upon something of which our own public school curriculum seems a distorted reflection. It is easy to see that, in order to express thoughts at all, mastery of an

exact and flexible medium must be obtained—hence the close study of language.

It is also clear why, having thoughts to express and a medium for expressing them, it should be necessary to study the laws of right thinking—hence the study of mathematics and logic.

But in our scheme, as compared with the Greek, we find that, of their trinity of subjects—music, language, and mathematics, the last two are in some form always accepted as the groundwork on which all culture is built up; and the first is either wholly omitted, or delayed till just about the time when the Greeks began to teach the other two. So that even when it is used at all, it is never treated as they treated it, as the groundwork on which the whole structure was to rest, but as a thing unnecessary to the structure, as a window box of flowers is to a house.

Great men in the past have spoken in very different terms of the true reasonableness of the study of music; but because the results which they predict, cannot be tested by examination, we appear to have disregarded their advice, and dismissed them as dreamers or poets, who naturally express themselves in exaggerated and poetical language—"poetical," in our modern loose way of speaking, meaning out of proportion, and, therefore, unworthy of serious attention.

It is worth inquiring what the Greeks really meant by music, and why they placed it in the forefront of their educational system.

One can perhaps get a hint of what is the real thought of a nation on any subject, by the embodiment of that subject in their myths and legends, and subsequently in their religious ritual, better than in any other way; so taking the stories concerning music as related to Orpheus, Apollo, Amphion, and Arion, we find something which gives the key. These stories tell of three direct results obtained through music by the semi-divine singers:

1. The taming of wild nature, common to all.

2. Mastery over the dark side of the unseen world in the redemption of Euridice.

3. The up-building power of music in actual material form, in the rising of the Walls of Thebes and Troy to the strains of music. These conceptions of the power and office of music differ very widely from the ordinary ideal among us.[1]

Did the Greeks really believe all this of music: The first point, the power to tame the bestial nature, is the simplest and most readily tested, and there is an enormous body of evidence, ancient and modern, on this point. Miss Harrison, in her book, "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion," quotes in reference to the myth of Orpheus:

> The spotted lynxes for joy of the song
> Were as sheep in the fold, and a tawny throng
> Of lions trooped down from Othrys' lawn,
> And, her light foot lifting, a dappled fawn
> Left the shade of the high-tressed pine
> And danced for joy to that lyre of thine.

And she passes on to point out the idea behind this lovely myth, as expressed on a vase at Berlin, where "Orpheus plays on the lyre with upturned face, aloof, absorbed, and round him are not wild beasts, but wild *men*, Thracians . . . all intent on the music: one suspicious of this new magic, one determined to inquire into it, one with his eyes shut, head fallen, mesmerised, drunken, but not with wine."

This is the myth; now for the theory and practice of the Greeks. Polybius says:

> Nor are we to imagine that the earliest Arcadians had no reason whatever for doing so, when they introduced music into every department of their

[1] I venture, at the risk of giving some offence, to try to put into words the feeling which, I think, underlies our treatment of this, and possibly of all art, saving perhaps some forms of literature. The ordinary Englishman, I think, looks upon a love of music very much as all but fanatics, regard a real knowledge of wine; it is a refined and gentlemanly taste, if not indulged in to excess. It is no longer considered disreputable to be a musician or artist if a man happen to belong to the upper strata of society; but every man over fifty must remember the time when it was so regarded; and, I think, ninety-nine

management of the republic; so that, though the nation in every other respect was most austere in its manner of life, they nevertheless compelled music to be the constant companion, not only of their boys, but even of their youths up to thirty years of age . . . not so much, however, employing musicians as singing in turn . . . to refuse to sing is accounted a most disgraceful thing. . . . Not for the sake of luxury and superfluity, but from a consideration of the austerity which each individual practised in his private life, and of the severity of their characters, which they contract from the cold and gloomy nature of the climate which prevails in the greater part of their country. . . . And as the people of Cynœtha neglected this system (although they occupy by far the most inclement district of Arcadia, both as respects soil and climate) they, never meeting one another except for the purpose of giving offence and quarrelling, became at last so utterly savage that the very greatest impieties prevailed among them alone of all the people in Arcadia.[1]

And Athenæus says:

It was a regular custom to introduce music (at a feast) in the first place in order that every one who might be too eager for drunkenness or gluttony might have music as a sort of physician and healer of his insolence and indecorum and also because music softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy. . . . Music also contributes to the proper exercising of the body, and to sharpening the intellect.

Again:

It was a good saying of Damon the Athenian, that songs and dances must inevitably exist where the mind was excited in any manner; and liberal, and gentlemanly and honourable feelings of the mind produce corresponding kinds of music, and the opposite kinds of mind produce the opposite kinds of music.

Again:

Pythagoras the Samian, who had such a high reputation as a philosopher, is well known from many circumstances to have been a man who had no slight or superficial knowledge of music; for he indeed lays it down that the whole universe is put and kept together by music.

The Lacedæmonians do not assert that they used to learn music as a science, but they do profess to be able to judge what is done in art . . . they were those who preserved the art of music most strictly . . . for owing to the general moderation and austerity of their lives, they betook themselves gladly to music, which has a sort of power of soothing the understanding.[2]

---

out of one hundred parents would rather see their son a good average soldier or a respected partner in a successful business, than even a really great painter or musician.

[1] Athenæus, xiv. 22. [2] *Ibid.* 24, 25, 32 and 33.

And Aristotle says also of them, "Without ever having learned music they are able to judge accurately what melody is good and what is bad. . . ."

Aristotle, who devotes five chapters of the "Politics" to the discussion of the place of music in education, decides that:

> We say that music should not be applied to one purpose, but to many; both for instruction, and purifying the soul . . . and as an agreeable manner of spending the time, and as a relaxation from any uneasiness of the soul.

I may be forgiven for drawing attention also to the well-known and remarkable passage in Plato's "Republic," in which he discusses how to produce by right education the ideal soldier, or "guardian of the State." The natural characteristics he finds indispensable, are "a disposition philosophical and high-spirited, and a body swift-footed and strong." He decides that "we could hardly find a better education than that which the experience of the past has discovered, which consists, I believe, in gymnastic for the body and music for the mind."

(Here again our public schools partially reflect the past, as regards one of these subjects; there is certainly no lack of exercise for the body to complain of.) He goes on, "Shall we not rather begin our course of education with music rather than with gymnastic? and under music shall we include narratives (or fables)?" He then discusses these narratives at great length, but throughout with one purpose in view, of the forming of an ideal in the unconscious mind of the child. "In every work the beginning is the most important, especially in dealing with anything young and tender; for that is the time when any impression, which one may desire to communicate, is most readily stamped and taken." The whole passage is too well-known and too long for quotation, but the argument throughout is for the need of impressing on a child, too young to reason yet, a right and beautiful ideal of God and man, by the use of the traditional tales of his race.

He passes on to another branch of music—that form to which we have limited the term—and discusses, with a closeness, which shows how very strongly he felt and knew the

power of the force of which he speaks, the nature of the rhythms, of the instruments to be used, and the results to be expected; and his conclusions are so entirely in line with the Orpheus story, that they are worth quoting in full:—

> Then good language and good harmony and grace and good rhythm all depend upon a good nature, by which I do not mean that silliness which by courtesy we call good-nature, but a mind that is really well and nobly constituted in its moral character. . . . And the absence of grace, and rhythm, and harmony, is closely allied to an evil style and an evil character: whereas their presence is allied to, and expressive of, the opposite character, which is brave and sober minded. . . . Is it then, Glaucon, on these accounts that we attach such supreme importance to a musical education, because rhythm and harmony sink most deeply into the recesses of the soul, and take most powerful hold of it, bringing gracefulness in their train, and making a man graceful if he be rightly nurtured, but if not the reverse? and also because he that has been duly nurtured therein will have the keenest eye for defects, whether in the failures of art, or the misgrowths of nature; and feeling a most just disdain for them will commend beautiful objects and gladly receive them into his soul and feed upon them and grow to be noble and good; whereas he will rightly censure and hate all repulsive objects, even in his childhood before he is able to be reasoned with; and when reason comes, *he* will welcome her most cordially who can recognise her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured.[1]

We can now see clearly what the Greeks meant by "Music," and why it was to them the first and supremely important factor in the education of the young. They most certainly did not mean—what we usually mean by it—the training of fingers and voice of a small section of the population, in order that an infinitesimal proportion of these may become second-rate performers. They meant the soaking in by a young child, of all that will make him, throughout his whole life, sensitive to what a Chinese sage of the fifth century (speaking of painting) calls the "life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." They felt Art as "the great mood of the universe, moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are rhythm." This is what music is, and what it has ever been and will be, to

[1] "Republic of Plato," iii. 400, 401 and 402.

all poets, dreamers, fools—"the mad blind men who *see*." Shakespeare has spoken in no uncertain note :—

> There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdst
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
> *Such harmony is in immortal souls.*
> . . . . .
> The man that hath no music *in himself*
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus ;
> Let no such man be trusted.

"Poetic licence," indeed, if alluding to what we call music ; such nonsense as would seriously reflect upon his capacity to speak with weight upon any subject.[1]

Wordsworth is full of the same sense of the great rhythm of nature :—

> By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers, all things are controlled
> The heavens . . .
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony ;
> The towering headlands crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist.
> Thy pinions, universal air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the seasons in their round.
>
> "Power of Sound."

Browning again sees all life, all sorrow, all strife, as pulsation in a great rhythm :—

> The high that proved too high ; the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard :
> Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by-and-by.
>
> "Abt Vogler."

[1] Compare also "Julius Cæsar," Act 1, sc. ii.

And again:—

> . . . This is the old woe of the world,
> Tune to whose rise and fall we live and die;
> Rise with it then: rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly
> His soul's wings never furled.
>
> "James Lee's Wife."

And in our time how has Science taken up the wondrous tale; showing how from the every-day miracle of the rhythmic flow of water—its incarnation, its life-giving sacrifice, its ascension and the mediation of its risen life—to the very farthest stars, and to the unimaginable minuteness of the electron, all that is, lives, moves, and has its being as pulsating rhythmic motion.

The study of Science can undoubtedly serve to draw out in the student a perception of the rhythm and unity of things, and where there is even a touch of the true scientific imagination, it must reach heights of which the ordinary man can have no conception. But if, as is frequently urged, scientific training is substituted in early years almost entirely for art and language, it seems to me there is one serious risk. The purely intellectual and unimaginative scientist is far commoner—strange as it may seem—than the purely intellectual and unimaginative artist; and a purely intellectual interest in Science is so much more easily aroused in a child, than a purely intellectual interest in music, painting, or poetry, that a child so taught, may wander for years in a dry desert of fact; and this partial understanding of indisputable truths, has often led to years of needless antagonism to the more or less archaic presentments of other sides of truth; whereas an intelligent, or even a deep sub-conscious familiarity with art in any of its forms, would have naturally led to a perception of the harmony and essential unity of all truth—in whatever form it be presented. It brings about the experience in the perception that all things, outward and inward, physical and mental and moral, are indeed the "life movement of the spirit in the rhythm of things."

The divine art which we call music is of course the faintest phenomenal expression in terms of one sense of this pulsating life movement; but it is one channel, and the easiest and earliest, whereby a child, who sings before he can speak, may learn to become sensitive to this vital vibration; and, seen thus, it is small wonder that the Greeks worshipped Apollo and Orpheus, and that Plato holds it to be the fundamental, civilising, redemptive, character-building, educational force. Glancing once more at our system, there certainly does seem to be something left out; for though we may try and teach a medium of expression by the study of languages, the laws of right thinking by mathematics, and strength, swiftness and physical power by gymnastic, what do we do, understandingly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of the whole—the rightly-formed sensitive mass of feeling, emotion, and imagination, in which these find their material to work, and the objects worth working for?

There is another aspect of the question, which may appeal to those who would dismiss as visionary the testimony which I have produced, but who may be convinced by what they call "practical" considerations. To be "practical," I take it, usually means, to consider as an isolated fact the last, most external and inevitable material result of a long chain of cause and effect. But being a favourite exercise of many minds, it is worthy of all respect, if only owing to its extraordinary difficulty.

We are now watching, with amazed incredulity and mixed feelings as to the possibilities of the future, the results in the very practical field of war, of training a whole nation for 1000 years to rhythmic sensitiveness. The Japanese have a strange unanimity of opinion with the dreamers and ancients we have considered. They, too, for centuries have made music, poetry, and rhythmic motion—the Greek "music" in fact—the first factor in the education of youth. Kakasu Okakura in "Ideals of the East," writing of the Chinese in their great days (and how great a time this was and what it

meant, and still means, the future alone can show), tells how the influences which made China, passed on to the happy islands, in gentler waves, and often without the violence of war and confusion, which marked their impact on the Chinese civilisation. He says (as far back as 500 B.C.) :—

> The supreme canon of life was the self-sacrifice of the individual to the community, and Art was prized for its service to the *moral* needs of society. Music, it is to be noted, was placed in the highest rank, its special function being to harmonise men with men, and communities with communities. The study of music, therefore, was the first accomplishment of a Shu youth of gentle blood. There are some who will recall in the life of Confucius, not only the seven dialogues in which he dwells lovingly on its beauty, but also the stories of his choosing to fast rather than forego the hearing of music; of his following a child, on one occasion, who was beating an earthen pot simply for the pleasure of *watching the effect of the rhythm on the people;* and finally of his journey to the province of See (Shantung) in the enthusiasm of his desire to hear the ancient chants which were then extant. . . . Ancient ballads were collected by the Sage, by way of illustrating the manners of the Chinese Golden Age . . . *when its songs furnished the test by which the welfare or misgovernment of a province was to be determined.*

And in Professor Nitobe's fascinating little book, "Bushido," we read :

> In the Principality of Satsuma, noted for its martial spirit and education, the custom prevailed for young men to practise music; not the blast of trumpets or the beat of drums—"those clamorous harbingers of blood and death,"—stirring us to initiate the actions of the tiger, but sad and plaintive melodies on the biwa, soothing our fiery spirits, drawing our thoughts away from scent of blood and scenes of carnage.

He also tells how the training to rhythmic expression in language is now so much an instinct with the people, that it is quite common for a soldier on the march, to draw out his tablets and write a little poem on any passing scene or thought. This is confirmed by Lafcadio Hearn (in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan"), who states that on the pilgrimages undertaken by the poorest, the pilgrim leaves a little sonnet behind at the nightly resting-place.

(It is worth noticing here the agreement of Greeks and Japanese, both as to the theory and the practice.)

The author tells again, how a crowd of holiday folk, in walking on their wooden sandals, often drop intentionally into a rhythmic beat; and how in a remote country district he saw a harvest dance, where, without organisation or direction, a crowd of 500 or 600 peasants formed themselves in a few moments into revolving wheels of dancers round a central figure, keeping the measure and peculiar steps, for hours through the night.

The book was written some years ago, but it shows throughout that the author considers that the feeling of the harmony and rhythm in things has gone right into the souls and bodies of the people, unconscious and unreasoning, but, so that, as Plato predicts of musical training in the child, "when reason comes *he* will welcome her most cordially who can recognise her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured." And now all the world marvels at the unanimity of this people, in their apparently impossible task, at the patriotism which has intensified the sacred flame that burns in the innermost holy place of every man in every nation; at the perfection of detail in their organisation (and organisation on this scale is a great imaginative effort); at the self-restraint not only of the armies, but of the people and even of the Press; and of course, most of all, at the gigantic imaginative effort by which they have again, as has happened before,[1] surveyed the world, and discriminating between principle and practice, deliberately appropriated all they wanted of Western science and methods, and as deliberately rejected the rest, quite undazzled and clear in their estimate as to cause and effect. There can be little doubt left in any reasonable mind that the Japanese are very practical people.

[1] See "Japanese Barbarism," in MONTHLY REVIEW, November 1904; also chapter on "The Christian Missions of the Sixteenth Century," in "Japan" (Story of the Nation series).

To some of us it seems that many of our most practical troubles may arise from a neglect of the great imaginative training on which all right education should be built up; and that the glory of Elizabethan England (when the foundations were laid for the mighty structure since raised) may not be wholly unconnected with the fact that England was then "a nest of singing birds," leading the world in music and poetry, and, from Queen to peasant, having no mean estimate of the value of those forces.

The results of a lack of training in art, leading to a natural lack of imagination, are manifold, as must be apparent to any one who considers the various problems constantly before the country: the whole condition of the drama (which, in Germany, is a great moral, educational, and recreative force, perpetually appropriating the best from all nations, and largely using English work, practically unused here), the drink question, and the manner of meeting its difficulties; a whole series of problems concerning educational and military organisation and forethought; and the many notes of opposition which arise from forces unable to throw themselves into line with the general trend of thought—all indications of forces apparently running to waste, but which might powerfully renew and develop national life.

It will, of course, be understood that there is no suggestion that divergent views and actions are undesirable. On the contrary, the finest rhythmic effects are produced by masterly use of cross rhythms. But they can only be so used when they are interdependent, and subordinate to the scheme of resultant rhythm. In like manner opposite forces are a source of strength, not of confusion, when it is realised that it is the relation to the resultant (not solely the relation to the force in direct opposition to that of a man's own party, or preference), which has to be first and last considered. This principle, always acted upon instinctively, in a moment of great and immediate danger, if even partially recognised in all national affairs, would make it impossible that great questions

affecting the very existence of the nation in the next generation, questions such as those of military defence, education, or trade, should be fought out upon side or party issues.

There remain yet most interesting considerations as to the manner of the application of the great force we have considered, and the evils which may result from neglect of it; for neglected forces sometimes have an uncomfortable way of making their presence felt. Plato points out what may be expected from its wrong use: "rhythm and harmony sink into the soul . . . making a man graceful if he be rightly nurtured, *but if not, the reverse*," and in this connection it is interesting to remember that the French Revolution produced a song and a dance,[1] and to consider the nature of these.

Had mediæval Europe realised, as Plato did, the enormous power of music as a formative force, modern music would never have been allowed to develop undisturbed. But it has so developed, and is now among us; and other forces making for restraint and humanity appear to be losing their hold, at any rate, in the forms in which they have hitherto been presented to us—as the slums of our great towns abundantly show. It may be wise to recognise it and use it; not as a decorative ornament to life, but as an expression of what that life really is. And the result may possibly be, not that we shall have players, singers, or articulate poets among us in greater numbers; but that when a man proves himself a statesman and not a politician, because he feels in every fibre of his being the opposing forces which sway the national consciousness: when a thinker arises who feels superstition and materialism both as pulses of a great rhythm, they will find their greatest work for the nation possible to do, because the nation itself has become sensitive to the greater rhythms. And although the rank and file of us can never expect to measure action "sub specie

[1] Shakespeare is again in agreement:

"Music hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm."

"Measure for Measure," Act IV. scene i.

æternitatis," we, through understanding subordination of freely developed forces, such as Greeks and Orientals have never known, might learn to recognise and give a free hand to those who can, not by a mere shifting of responsibility, but because, "having been thus nurtured," we shall recognise the great men of great movements when they appear, "by the instinct of relationship."

ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

THE PEOPLE OF LITTLE EGYPT

FROM the old records of the town of Deventer, in the Netherlands, we learn that in the year 1429 a company of "the people of Little Egypt" received free lodging in a building known as the *Want-Huis*, which appears to have been specially reserved for them and their kindred. According to Molhuysen, this building, which stands—or lately stood—in a well-known alley of the town, was also called the *Heidens-Huis*, otherwise, in English, "The Gypsies' House." This, then, was kept as the temporary home of any of "the people of Little Egypt" who might visit Deventer. And, as the records show, such visits were frequent. In 1420, for example, Lord Andreas, a duke of Little Egypt, had come to Deventer with a hundred followers, men, women and children, and about forty horses. And if all this large company found accommodation in the *Want-Huis*, as the local chronicle leads one to believe, it argues much for the spaciousness of that building. Nor did the good burghers omit to give their visitors yet stronger proofs of hospitality; for much food and a considerable sum of money was voted for their entertainment at the town's expense. It is not to be overlooked that Lord Andreas, who stated that he had been driven out of his country for professing the Christian faith, was the bearer of a letter from Sigismund, King of the Romans, asking that alms be given to him. But Deventer hospitality was not showered upon him

and upon his successors of 1429 alone. Deventer paid a sum of fifteen guldens to "the king of Little Egypt, with his company," when they came to the town in 1438; and in the very next year twelve guldens went as a gratuity to "the duke of Egypt, with his people, who lodged in the *Want-Huis*." In 1441, "the king of the Heidens [*i.e.*, Gypsies], with his company," received ten guldens from the same source. But a suspicion arises that such guests were not entertained with the most absolute goodwill. For, hearing of the approach of a similar company in 1445, the burghers sent messengers to them ere they reached the town, with a sum of money proffered on the condition that the strangers should pass on their way without coming within their walls; a course of action, it may be mentioned, followed by the townsfolk of Middelburg, near Flushing, in the year 1460. Who *were* those people of Little Egypt that they should have such good reason to expect free lodging, food and money whenever they came to Deventer? And was that town singular in its attitude towards these uninvited and exacting guests?

Perhaps the best way of attempting to obtain a satisfactory answer to such questions is to glance at the experience of other parts of the Netherlands and of Europe. And, since the town of Middelburg has been mentioned, some additional information obtained from its archives may be suitably quoted. It appears, then, that on February 21, 1430, Middelburg paid twenty schellings out of the public purse to a certain count or duke (*hertoghe*) of Little Egypt, who stated that he "had come here to receive alms, having letters from the Pope, which allow him to travel throughout the land for five years." In the following January, Middelburg also paid three Burgundian guldens to the *hertoghe van Egipten*, "because he was the bearer of letters from our gracious lord of Burgundy (Philip)." Twenty years later the "Egyptians" stabled their horses in the high school of Middelburg. It is no wonder, therefore, that in 1460 the authorities sent ten schellings to Constantine, count of Egypt, then at the neighbouring town of Goes, with

a company of Greeks, "in order that they may not come here." But Middelburg felt itself in a position to take higher ground with the people of Little Egypt when a difficulty arose in connection with them sixty-four years later. For its records state that in February 1524, Sebastian Faisan and Baron Wiltosia, *Gyptenaers*, were banished from the town for three years on account of their riotous conduct. That, however, was in the sixteenth century, when Little Egypt had suffered some abatement of dignity. Continuing to look at the Netherlands of the fifteenth century, we find that the town of Utrecht has the following entry in its municipal accounts in October 1429: "Given to the duke of Lower Egypt, who had come into our town with the Heathens [or Gypsies], having a written permission from the Pope to visit the Christian land, iv. jars of wine"—valued at four pounds sixteen schellings. It was probably the same company that received entertainment from the town of Arnhem, in Guelderland, in the succeeding month, when the municipal accounts record these two items:

Item, on the eve of St. Andrew's, to the count of Little Egypt [*des Greve van Klijn-Egipten*], with his company, to the honour of God, vi. Arnhem guldens; *Item*, to the same count and to the Heathen women, to the honour of God, a half malder [a corn measure] of white bread, a barrel of beer and a hundred herrings.

One other reference may be selected from the numerous notices testifying to the presence of Gypsies in the Netherlands during the fifteenth century. This was a letter of protection granted in 1496 by Charles, Count of Egmond, under his privy seal, to "Count Martin Gnougy, born of Little Egypt," couched in similar terms to those given to Gypsy chiefs by the Emperor Sigismund and the Duke of Burgundy. It is stated in this letter that the Pope (Alexander VI.) had ordained Count Martin and his family and company "to go on pilgrimage to Rome, to St. James of Galicia, Compostella, and to other holy places"; and to further this purpose the Count of Egmond strictly commands all his representatives throughout his principality to succour and protect "the foresaid Count

Martin, his family and company, with their goods, animals, gold, silver, &c." wherever they may go; but with this reservation, that the Gypsies do not stay longer than three days in one place—a stipulation, be it noticed, still in vogue in some countries.

It will be seen from several of the references quoted above, that the obscure and scattered people whom we now know as "Gypsies" occupy a vastly lower position in the European world than their predecessors did in the fifteenth century. The reasons which underlie this change are full of interest. In this place they can only be very briefly and imperfectly sketched. But before attempting to do this, I shall turn to two questions which emerge prominently from even those few extracts which have already been given. One relates to the various names by which the people of Little Egypt were formerly known, and the other to the probable situation of that somewhat elusive country itself.

The English name *Gypsy*, at one time *Gypcyan* or *Gyptian*, is a corruption of *Egyptian*, as are also the variants, *Gyptien* (France and Belgium), *Gyptenaer* (the Netherlands), and *Gitano* (Spain). This, however, was by no means their only designation. In Spain they were known besides as *New Castilians*, as *Germans*, as *Flemings*, as *Greeks*, and as *Bohemians*. Those of South-Western France were *Cascarrots* and *Biscayans*, and in France they were also *Bohemians* and *Saracens*. They have been frequently styled *Tartars*, notably in Scandinavia, where they are also called *Fante-folk*. English instances of the application of *Bohemian Tartar* and *High-German* to people who were apparently Gypsies are cited by the late F. H. Groome; and in Scotland there is mention of "Gypsies or Saracens," otherwise "Moors or Saracens," the period of whose presence in Scotland was the fifteenth century. In Poland they have been called *Szalassi*, *Philistines*, and *Cygani;* which last word assumes also the forms *Zigans* (Russia), *Czigani* (Hungary), *Zigeuner* (Germany), *Ciganoi* (Portugal), *Tsiganes* (France), *Cingani* or *Acingani* (Corfu),

Tchinghiané (Turkey), *Zingari* (Italy), and *Zincali* (Spain). Several of these names are obviously local and ephemeral, bestowed by people of one country or province at a time when numerous bands of Gypsies were arriving from one particular quarter. The name of "Egyptians," however, has been the most widely used. It is found as an alternative to "Czingan" in the will of a Hungarian noble which was made in 1490, and is preserved in the archives of Prince Battyáni. The context is interesting. The testator is allocating four of his "smaller horses." "The third," he says, "which I bought from the Egyptians or Czingány (*ab Egiptys sive Czynganis*), I leave to my servant Istók. This horse is a grey one, and used to be a carriage horse." Thus, the people of Little Egypt were horse-dealers in the fifteenth century, as many of them are even now in the twentieth.

In the passage just cited, "Egyptian" connotes "Czingan." But in one of the extracts given above it is also synonymous with "Greek." When Constantine, count of Egypt, "with a company of Greeks," was in the neighbourhood of Middelburg in 1460, it can scarcely be doubted that those "Greeks" were some of "the people of Little Egypt." Nor is this a unique instance. In the "Constitutions of Catalonia" of 1512, the Gypsies coming to Spain are called "Greeks," as well as "Bohemians" and "Egyptians." There are also some payments by James II. and James III. of Scotland, in 1459 and 1502, to "knights of Greece" and to an "earl of Greece," that strongly suggest an affinity between these eleemosynary gentry and Count Constantine's band. What is more to the point, however, is the statement made by two writers of the sixteenth century, quoted by Bataillard, that "Little Egypt," the alleged home of the Gypsies, was really Epirus, "commonly called Little Egypt." Bataillard further cites Mazaris, a Byzantine author, who, writing in the year 1416, says that at that date the Peloponnesus was inhabited by "seven principal nations," of whom one was that of the "Egyptians." The acceptance of these two localities, or of Epirus, as "Little

Egypt" is quite in consonance with the repeated assertion of the fifteenth-century "Egyptians," that they had been driven from their country by the Turks, for it was in the fifteenth century that the Turks became masters of the Morea and Epirus; and Grellmann points out that the Turkish Sultan, Ahmed IV., styled himself (1652) "King of the Greater and Lesser Egypt."

Even if this be accepted as a correct equation, "Little Egypt" must nevertheless be regarded as a shifting quantity. It could hardly have been Epirus that was indicated in the amusing story told by Tallemant des Réaux of "a famous captain of Gypsies" in France, named Jean-Charles, who flourished in the end of the sixteenth century. He must have commanded a large following, because Des Réaux (himself a native of La Rochelle) states that he "led four hundred men to Henri IV., who rendered him [the king] good service." It is probable, however, that only his immediate followers were with him at the time of the episode thus related:

> They were lodging in a village, the curé of which was rich and miserly, and much disliked by his parishioners; he never stirred from home, so the Gypsies were unable to get hold of anything of his. What did they do? They pretended that one of their number had committed a crime, and condemned him to be hanged at a place a quarter of a league from the village, whither they betook themselves with all their baggage. At the gallows, the condemned man asked for a confessor; so the curé was sent for. He objected to go; but his parishioners insisted that he should. During his absence, some of the Gypsy women entered the vicarage, possessed themselves of five hundred crowns and quickly rejoined the band. As soon as the supposed criminal saw them, he said that he appealed his case to the king of Little Egypt. "Ah! the traitor!" exclaimed his captain, "I feared that he would appeal." He at once gave orders to truss the baggage; and the Gypsies were a long way off before the curé got home.

Two points in this anecdote are in complete agreement with other accounts. These are, the acknowledged right of Gypsies to execute justice upon their own people, and the appeal to the supreme decisions of the king of Little Egypt. Each is of much importance in the study of Gypsy history.

The remarkable and pregnant fact that Gypsies, in whatever country they happened to be, were outside the jurisdiction of that country, so far, at any rate, as concerned the punishment of offences committed among themselves, is well attested. A Scottish reference of the year 1612 shows that this right was formerly recognised in Scotland, although it was falling into desuetude at that date. The occasion was the trial of certain Gypsies, before the Sheriff-Court of Scalloway, for the murder of one of their number. They were duly condemned by that Court, but it is worthy of note that the counsel who defended them pleaded "that it was not usual to take cognisance of murder amongst the Egyptians." The right to regulate their own affairs in such matters had been recognised by a Privy Seal writ, signed at St. Andrews on May 26, 1540, wherein a certain John Wann, "a count and lord of Lesser Egypt, and Master of the Egyptians dwelling within the Kingdom of Scotland," has full power to punish (*plectere et punire*) his offending subjects. What is still more important is that this Master of the Egyptians in Scotland (or possibly his father, for there is some uncertainty) had previously obtained Letters under the Great Seal of Scotland, directed, in the words of the King (James V.),

> To you all and sundry our said sheriffs, stewarts, bailies, provosts, aldermen, and bailies of boroughs, and to all and sundry others having authority within our realm, to assist him in execution of justice upon his company and folks conform to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing all them that rebel against him.

These powers are further reinforced by the King in a Privy Council writ, signed at Falkland Palace on February 17, 1540, and having special reference to some of the community who had rebelled against their leader's authority. The King therefore charges all his officers and loyal subjects

> That ye in like wise take and lay hands upon them [the recalcitrant Egyptians] wherever they may be apprehended, and bring them to him [the Master] to be punished for their demerits conform to his laws, and help and fortify him to punish and do justice upon them for their trespasses, and to that

effect lend to him your prisons, stocks, fetters, and all other things necessary thereto as ye and each one of you, and all others our lieges, will answer to us thereupon, and under all highest pain and charge that after may follow so that the said John [the Master] have no cause of complaint hereupon in time coming, nor to resort again to us to that effect.

Truly, an *imperium in imperio*, with its laws upheld and enforced by the Government of the country.

Similar evidence comes from Tournai, in Hainault, where the council registers of that town announce the arrival of a company of pilgrims from Egypt in May 1422. "And these Egyptians had a king and lords whom they obeyed, and had privileges, so that none could punish them save themselves." Further, a hundred and seventeen years before James of Scotland had commanded his subjects to render every assistance to the Master of the Scottish Egyptians in his efforts to rule "conform to the laws of Egypt," a nearly identical letter was issued by the Emperor Sigismund, King of the Romans, to a "Governor (or Count) of the *Cigani*." The imperial letter was written at Zips in April 1423, and it is addressed "to all our faithful nobles, knights, castellans, officers, vassals," and others throughout the German Empire. It recites how "our faithful Ladislas, Governor of the Cigani, came in person into our presence with others belonging to him," and how this letter was granted to him at his request. It ordains that "each time that the said Ladislas and his people shall come into our said possessions, be it free cities, be it fortified towns, from that time we charge you strictly on your loyalty that you favour and keep without any hindrance or trouble the said Count Ladislas and the Cigani who are subject to him; and even that it may please you to preserve them from all obstacles and offences. That if any variance or trouble should occur among themselves, then that neither you nor any other but the said Count Ladislas shall have the power of judging and absolving."

The presumption is that "our faithful Ladislas," although a governor, count, or *voyvode* of the Gypsies, was not himself a

Gypsy. The Chevalier de Zielinski states (1890) that the Gypsies of Poland and Lithuania, during the sixteenth century and subsequently, were ruled over by a "king (or regent) of the Cigans," who was selected from among the Polish nobility, and received his appointment from the chancellor-royal. And the Hungarian scholar, Emil Thewrewk de Ponor, writing (1890) of his own country, informs us that "the Gypsy captaincy was vested in the nobility of Transylvania and Hungary." He continues:

> The voyvodeship, or captaincy of the Gypsies has long been with us an office of state, combined with which were *iura praerogativa, fructus et emolumenta,* which the crown bestowed on distinguished persons as a reward of merit, but not on Gypsies. In Transylvania we find sometimes one, sometimes two such captaincies. In Hungary there have been four—one on each side of the Danube, and one on each side of the Theiss.

It is not likely that Hungary and Poland differed from other countries in this respect. In his Privy Council writ of 1540, the Scottish king calls the Master of the Egyptians "our lovit," an expression (signifying beloved) which, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, denotes a loyal subject. The Marquis Colocci points out that in Corfu there was a fief or barony of the Cingari, which was held by successive Venetians during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; and he cites a document of so recent a date as 1692, which was issued by a Venetian baron who was *Giudice e Capitano delli Acingani* (Judge and Captain of the Gypsies of Corfu). Emphatic evidence of the noble birth of two other Gypsy rulers is furnished by Crusius in his "Annales Suevici" (Frankfort, 1596, ii., pp. 384, 510); for this Swabian chronicler records how, in the year 1445, "on St. Sebastian's even, there died the high-born lord, Lord Panuel, duke in Little Egypt, and lord of Hirschhorn in the same land." And further how, at Pfortzen in 1498, "there died the well-born Lord John, Free Count out of Little Egypt, to whose soul may God be gracious and merciful." Emblazoned on the tomb of Lord Panuel, at Fürstenau, are his arms—a golden eagle crowned, and for

crest, above a crowned helmet, a stag-horn erect. Krantz states that the early Gypsy leaders used to keep hunting-dogs "after the manner of the nobility." He had not realised that *because* they were nobles they kept hunting-dogs.

One is tempted to linger beside the tombs of these two Swabian Gypsy nobles, so much do they call for remark. There is a definiteness in either case that is too often lacking in references to the counts of Little Egypt. Crusius, whose page bears the marginal gloss of "Panuel Aegyptius," tells us that Lord Panuel's monument is placed in a little monastery beside Schloss Fürstenau, a castle of the Counts of Erbach (in the Odenwald). And that the epitaph runs thus: "Als man zahlt nach Christus vnsers seligmachers Geburt 1445, auff S. Sebastians Abend, ist gestorben der Hochgeborn Herr, Herr Panvel, Herzog in klain Aegypten vnd Herr zum Hirschhorn desselben Lands." Were the situation of this Hirschhorn not so emphatically stated, one would naturally suppose that it was the neighbouring castle of that name, whose ruins may yet be seen, a dozen miles to the east of Heidelberg, on the Neckar. That Lord Panuel was a scion of the baronial family of Von Hirschhorn seems more than probable. It is a point that a German antiquary could clear up with little difficulty. His description as Herr *zum* Hirschhorn, and the locality assigned to that lordship, favours the supposition that he was a cadet, and that, like many a cadet, he had carried the ancestral place-name to another land. That an estate in Epirus, assuming that territory to have been identical with Little Egypt, should bear a German name is not very surprising, if one remembers that there were many German castles and estates as far south as Syria during the Crusades. Bataillard mentions that there are certain ruins in Greece which to this day are locally called *Guphto Kastron*, or Gypsy castles. Lord Panuel's Hirschhorn offers itself therefore as one of these. Having doubtless a similar history was the estate ascribed to "Sir Miquiel, prince of Latinghem in Egypt," who, with his company, received a gift of

money and food from the town of Tournai (Hainault) in 1421.

"Pfortzae an. 1498. Auff Montag nach Urbani, starb der wolgeborn Herr Johan, Freygraff ausz kleinern Aegypten: desz Seel Gott gnedig vnd barmh. [ertzig] woll seyn." Such is the other entry made by Crusius in his "Annales," who adds the gloss, *Zygenus comes.* It need only be added that the place indicated is the village of Pfortzen, and not the town of Pfortzheim, as has been sometimes supposed.

One of the most instructive statements made with regard to the voyvodeship, or captaincy, of the Gypsies in Hungary and Transylvania is that it was an office of state, conferred upon persons of distinction, and carrying with it privileges and emoluments. If this was the system followed in other countries of Europe, that circumstance would go far to explain much that is puzzling in the later history of the Gypsies. Those who have studied that history know that although laws were enacted and re-enacted for the expulsion or suppression of the Gypsies, yet, during many generations, those laws were very imperfectly put into practice, and were often ignored altogether. Yet their enforcement would have brought relief to the great majority of the people of Europe; to whom the Gypsy system, at its zenith, must have been acutely obnoxious. A town or a quiet country village might be invaded any day by a band of Gypsies, and the townsfolk and the villagers were expected not only to tolerate the invasion but to aid in providing the invaders with food and lodging. Nor had they any power to regulate the conduct of their visitors. They might camp in the market-place; they might drink and brawl in the streets; nay, they might kill one another in open day, and neither the civil nor military power of the land had a right to interfere. Gypsy quarrels could only be settled by Gypsy jurisdiction, which included a final appeal to a mysterious potentate who lived somewhere in a region which was sometimes vaguely designated "the parts beyond seas." Such a state of things must have been almost

intolerable to the ordinary population, and it is no wonder that laws were framed for the purpose of removing this oppressive burden. It would be a further wonder that such laws were for a long time inoperative, did we not know that, thoughout the Holy Roman Empire if nowhere else, the continuance of this system meant a continuance of revenue and dignity to the fortunate few who were appointed to rule over the Gypsies. Thus it was that, again and again, the ends of justice were defeated and the system still flourished. This is frequently manifest in the history of the Gypsies of Scotland, a phase of the question which the present writer has specially studied. An offender has been solemnly convicted of " being an Egyptian " at a time when the establishment of such a proof warranted instant execution or banishment; and yet at the end of the trial he has been acquitted and discharged—with whispers of a great name somewhere in the background.

It was not that they were inoffensive and harmless people. Far from that. One has only to glance at their record in the various countries to realise what manner of people they were. One of the Dutch edicts issued as recently as 1726 against the " land-loupers and vagabonds commonly called Gypsies [*Heydens*]" states that they overran the country in great troops, armed with guns, pistols and swords; and they are charged

> not only with begging, stealing and plundering, but also with violent threats of death by shooting and burning, in the event of nothing being given to them, or should any one bid them depart, or endeavour to deal with them according to the law of the land.

Similar accounts come from nearly every other part of Europe. The outward appearance of those formidable brigands, as they marched through Lorraine in 1604, has been minutely portrayed by Jacques Callot in his famous etchings of *Les Egyptiens*. Their number everywhere must have been very great. It has been mentioned that a Gypsy captain of South-Western France brought a force of four hundred men to the army of

Henry of Navarre. But these were only a fraction of the armed Gypsies then in France. The Earl of Surrey, writing in 1545 to the Privy Council of England from Boulogne, which was then occupied by the English, asserts that the French army was about to be reinforced with

> six thousand Gascons to be new levied, and six thousand pioneers, besides four thousand Egyptians that shall serve for pioneers, whom it is thought the French King, minding to avoid out of his realm, determineth before their departure to employ this year in that kind of service, and that by their help, before their dispatch he hopeth with a tumbling trench to fill the dykes of this town.

Whether the King of France carried out this plan or not, it is evident that in France alone there was then a large Gypsy population, yielding no fewer than 4000 men capable of bearing arms. That these were not all "avoided out of the realm" in 1545 is shown by the existence of Jean-Charles's band at a later date. Besides, there are other instances. In 1611 the mayor and magistrates of Bordeaux gave orders to the soldiers of the watch to arrest a Gypsy chief then in possession of the tower of Veyrines, at Merignac, whence he sallied forth at times and plundered the surrounding country. His arrest, a difficult feat, is not recorded. In the previous century (1532) a band of 300 Gypsies attacked the town officers of Geneva, who were stationed at Pleinpalais to prevent their entrance. A force of citizens coming to the rescue, the Gypsies retired to the monastery of the Augustin Friars, in which they fortified themselves and sustained a siege. A similar scene was enacted at Cheppe, near Châlons-sur-Marne, in 1453, when some sixty or eighty Gypsies, coming from Courtisolles, were refused admission to the town. "During their unwilling retreat, they were pursued by many of the inhabitants of the town, one of whom killed a Gypsy named Martin de la Barre; the murderer, however, obtained the King's pardon."

It is obvious that the existence of numerous bands of these irregular troops was a standing menace to the peace of Europe. The Gypsies were allowed to live in any European country with a greater degree of freedom than the ordinary inhabitants,

and without being answerable to the laws of that country in many of their actions. Moreover, by uniting their forces they could form a formidable army, to be used in whatever way their policy dictated. They could also sell their services to the highest bidder in any international conflict, and this they appear to have done frequently. There was a Gypsy contingent in the Swedish army during the Thirty Years War; and the Danes had three companies of them at the siege of Hamburg in 1686. In the Earl of Hertford's invasion of Scotland in 1545, the English army included a body of light cavalry from the Peloponnesus under "Thomas of Argos." It is not said that these Greeks were of the same description as those commanded by Constantine, count of Egypt, who were wandering about the Netherlands in the previous century; but they might well have been. The two-edged nature of such a weapon seems to have been realised by the English in 1554, when a Bill was before the Commons "For making the coming of Egyptians into the Realm Felony." The resultant Act ordained that any Englishman importing Gypsies after January 31, 1555, should forfeit £40; and that any Gypsy so imported who remained in England one month should be deprived of the privileges of sanctuary, of benefit of clergy, and of a mixed jury (*medietatis linguae*); and should be deemed a felon, subject to forfeiture of life, lands and goods. Previously a Gypsy, arraigned for murder, robbery, or other felony, could claim a jury composed one-half of Englishmen and the other half Gypsies.

And yet those obnoxious and truculent people, whom all the countries of Europe were latterly trying to get rid of, had at one time been welcomed as holy pilgrims! They had received gifts in money and food, and in many places free lodging, all "to the honour of God." If this fact has not been already made apparent, a few additional references will establish it. They are described in an anti-Gypsy edict issued in 1539 by Francis I. of France as then wandering about "under cover of a simulated religion and of a certain peni-

tence." It is probable that by that date both the religion and the penitence were simulated. Yet it may be noted that in England their pilgrim character continued to be at least partially recognised during the sixteenth century, if one may judge from such a detail as the action of the churchwardens of Stratton, in Cornwall, who received payment from "Egypcions" in 1522, 1559, 1560, and 1561 for lodgings granted to them in the Church House. In the fifteenth century, however, their claim to be regarded as Christian pilgrims was more amply acknowledged. In September 1427, Thomas, an earl of Little Egypt, received eight *livres parisis* from the corporation of Amiens

> to help him and his people, to the number of forty persons or thereabouts, all excluded and driven out of the country of Egypt by infidels; seeing that by letters Our Holy Father the Pope gives, and has given, great indulgences and pardons to those who give alms to the said Thomas and to those of his company.

In the previous August twelve *penanciers*, a duke, an earl and ten men all on horseback, who said they were good Christians, and were from Lower Egypt, had arrived in Paris. In 1419, Andrew, duke of Little Egypt, with his 120 followers, received alms in the shape of bread, wine, and money from the town of Mâcon. The municipality of Frankfurt-on-the-Main gave bread and meat to "the wandering people from Little Egypt" in 1418; and in the same year the Saxon Count of Herrmannstadt (Transylvania) granted "to the people from the Holy Land food and fodder for their horses, worth eight denar." In 1417 the noble Transylvanian family of Horvath presented forty sheep "to the poor pilgrims out of Egypt, in order that they, returning to Jerusalem, may pray for the health of our souls." And, for like reasons, the town of Kronstadt (Transylvania) voted a sum of money, corn and poultry to "Lord Emaus from Egypt and his 220 comrades," in the year 1416. Undoubtedly the people of Little Egypt were at one time regarded as genuine pilgrims by popes and princes, nobles, citizens, and

peasants. That they formerly wore the dress of pilgrims is testified to by Peucer in his "Commentarius" (1572), where he describes them as *habitu peregrino*. Of the references given in these pages none is more significant than the account of the three hundred Gypsies who, in 1532, fortified themselves in the Augustinian monastery near Geneva. Borrow tells a similar story of Gitanos in Spain, who found a like refuge ready for them when hard pressed. And although any real or pretended claim to special piety has been long ago relinquished by Gypsies as a class, it is a remarkable fact that those of Southern France still make an annual pilgrimage in May to the Church of Les Saintes Maries (Bouches-du-Rhône), the crypt of which, by immemorial usage, is exclusively reserved for them during the series of services then held.

One conclusion to be drawn from the statements of the years 1416-1418 last quoted, is that the term "Little Egypt," if it specially denoted Epirus, was not restricted to that territory, but had a much wider application. There can be no reasonable doubt that "the wandering people from Little Egypt," "the poor pilgrims out of Egypt returning to Jerusalem," and "the people from the Holy Land," were all of one and the same order. Thus the fifteenth-century Gypsies not only made pilgrimages to Rome, St. James of Compostella, and other holy places in Europe, but to Jerusalem itself. Moreover, two of the above references imply that Little Egypt was another name for Palestine.

A common explanation given to account for the influence undoubtedly possessed by the "Egyptians" in the beginning of the fifteenth century is that they had cajoled the rulers of Europe into believing, erroneously, that they were genuine pilgrims; and that by this means they obtained those highly favourable credentials and passports, some of which have been noticed in this article. Such an explanation is tantamount to charging those rulers with imbecility, and their loyal subjects with pusillanimity. For, if one thing is more evident than another, it is that the privileges possessed by the Gypsies

must have been highly exasperating to the settled population; who would have absolutely repudiated such privileges had they not believed them to be rooted in law. That such a legal basis did actually exist is manifest in more ways than one. The action of the Emperor Sigismund in 1423, and of King James the Fifth of Scotland in 1540, would be quite inexplicable if the people dealt with by them were merely so many gangs of tramps, newly arrived from some unknown country. The German Empire and Scotland, at these particular dates, are here selected because they happen to afford us certain definite information; but it is quite likely that evidence of the same kind may be obtained from other countries. In both of these cases the Gypsies were placed above the law of the land, whose officers were commanded by the sovereign, on their allegiance, to give the ruler of the Gypsies all the aid in their power, even to the extent of lending the public stocks and prisons to him, in order that he might use these for the punishment of his own subjects according to Gypsy law. And the Scottish king adds that he does this in order that the Master of the Egyptians may "have no cause of complaint hereupon in time coming, nor [require] to resort again to us to that effect." These words state as plainly as possible that the Gypsy leader had then a defined and well-established position in Scotland, and that the king was under obligation to give him his support. Evidence of this kind, and more could be cited did space permit, is clearly quite opposed to the assumption that the letters of commendation carried by the Gypsy leaders in the fifteenth century were wheedled out of extremely simple kings and popes by craft and misrepresentation. It is only by making a survey of contemporary Europe, and especially by examining the relations then existing between the European nations and the quasi-nationalities resulting from the Crusades, that we can hope to find a satisfactory solution of the problem.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE AUTOMOBILE

A CURIOUS thing about what we call motors—for want of a better generic name—is that both friends and foes agree on one point at least—viz., that "the motor has come to stay." This is shown by the number of licences which have been granted by municipal and county authorities to all sorts of vehicles—from the bicycle to the £2000 car, not including commercial vehicles—in the few years since liberty was given us to use the common highways of our country.

The time when self-propelled vehicles had to be preceded by a man with a red flag is well within the memory of the youngest driver of to-day; then came the great emancipation, when leave was given to progress at not over twelve miles an hour, without the necessity of the said flag; and, finally, the Act of 1903 raised the speed limit to twenty miles an hour, a rate of progression which is constantly exceeded by all good motorists from the Prime Minister downwards, whenever occasion presents itself to do so safely! By safely I mean with due regard not only to the car and its occupants, but also to the public. For instance, we were returning to London a few weeks ago on a big car handled by one of England's best-known speed drivers, and were travelling at between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, in the dusk with our lamps alight, when suddenly a cyclist whom we were meeting (and

whom we had, of course, seen) elected, for some unknown reason, to throw himself in our path at a distance of about fifteen yards, together with his machine. He did not fall, but blundered across the road, as it were on all-fours, dragging his machine with him. The car stopped, as does the Kansas steer when his career is checked by the lariat, and the cyclist got clear by a couple of yards at least; but fancy his fate if we had been driving a dogcart at half that speed!

The good motorist—and by this I mean driver—is bound to be a man of parts, for, if we consider his position for a moment, we shall see that he is called on to face all sorts of emergencies, not occasionally, but repeatedly, and as a rule, as in the case mentioned, when time is much too valuable to spend in thinking; he must act *instanter*. Compare him with the driver of a train: the latter has a surface to run on as good as can be made; he has his road so far to himself that he need not concern himself with any who may meet him, and he has a large host, from the platelayer to the traffic manager, all working to make his way clear before him. The motor-man has a surface to run on that varies from good to unspeakably bad in no great distance, he not only has no one to make his way clear before him, but must consider all whom he can see either meeting him or going in the same direction, and, in addition, all those who may be about to turn into the road he is on, without any warning at all. He must ever watch for the toddling infant who uses the highway as a playground; for the drunkard whose distraught feet lead him to cross the road inopportunely and suddenly; for the ignorant and careless driver who never thinks of the traffic behind him (London only excepted), but pulls his team across the road without any warning; for the stray dog, or horse, or mob of cattle, and, at night, even for the lovers strolling along and neglecting the road and its occupants, because, forsooth, they tread on air! Occasionally, it is true, the engine-driver must act on the instant, but this is the almost momentary lot of the driver of a good car capable of some speed, and it is without any doubt

this necessity for concentration, this ever-present call for watchfulness, that makes up a great part of the charm of driving a motor; the pace we travel at, the requirements of our machine, the niceties of driving—and they are many—all go to make up the complement of joy to the complete motorist.

Even those who know little about a car, even its enemies, will admit that there is a vast difference between the car of to-day and that of a few years ago—which provided so much food for the "comic" papers, and such a fearful joy to its owner and driver. It was a weird machine, that old car, composed—as a famous maker said the other day—"of a number of parts, each of which was wholly inadequate in shape, size, and material for the work it had to do!" He described how a trip, begun on a Friday night with Brighton as an objective, lasted till Monday morning. Not only did these enthusiasts never see Brighton, but they never even went to bed in that interval, the bulk of the time being spent in making every conceivable sort of repair, with short but blissful interludes when progress was once more possible. "We did not look on these episodes," he added, "as anything out of the common; they were rather what one usually expected." Nowadays the delay caused by a tyre puncture is a *contretemps* worthy of comment! and other trouble we do not look for any more than we expect our horse to cast a shoe or the wheel of the dogcart to collapse suddenly. But these early days have been invaluable to the maker as well as the driver; he has learnt in the hard school of experience what to do and—even more important—what not to do, what materials to use and what to discard, which is best pattern of cog-wheel and rod to use in the 1700 odd parts that go to make up a big car. If you had asked an engineer, say fifteen years ago, to make you a pair of cog-wheels which should transmit the power of your sixty or seventy horse-power engines to the road wheels, and had added that five-eighths of an inch was the utmost width you could allow him for such wheels, he would have cried, "Im-

possible." But the amateur owner would have it, and would not hear of cost, consequently to-day it is an accomplished fact; the amateur has got what he wanted, and the engineer has achieved the impossible.

In those old days—as time is judged by progress in the motor world—we were content with, say, an engine of six or eight horse-power, and a machine which weighed nearly as much as a 'bus was asked to carry certainly four people; to-day an engine of the same power, but infinitely more adequate in every way, is put into the small car built for two people only. There are many who prophesy that the day of the single-cylinder engine in any car is well-nigh over, and that ere long we shall use only two-cylinder, and even three-cylinder engines in our two-seated vehicles. Be that as it may—and the single-cylinder engine can give a beginner as much as he can cope with, until he shall have learnt wisdom—there is no doubt that the chief tendency in the modern construction of motors is towards the use of much higher powers than were thought to be commercially profitable a few years ago, and with these higher powers, and consequent possibilities of greater average speed, has come a demand for simplicity of management and such an arrangement of parts as shall make the various details of the machinery more readily accessible for inspection and repair.

The elasticity of the steam-engine is now required in the case of the petrol-engine, so that the latter, while being simple, since there are no complications of boiler and fire, may ever have at hand such a reserve of power as will enable it to mount any ordinary hill merely by opening the throttle a little wider, and be under such control as will enable the speed on the level to be reduced to a walking pace without any necessity for a change of gear. To such an extent has this been done that one racing-car I know of has but two forward speeds, though the car with driver and *mécanicien* on board weighs a ton, and the engine will develop over 100 h.-p. at its best! This is hardly possible in the touring-car of from 20 to 30 h.-p.

which weighs a ton without passengers; but, even in these, modern British practice is tending to the employment of three, as opposed to the Continental use of four speeds; and since a very much larger amount of work can be, and is, done on the high speed, which generally is in the form of a direct drive from engine to differential, a vast amount of wear and tear on the gears themselves is saved, and the life of one of the most vital parts of the car's machinery proportionately prolonged.

This again tends to that reliability which has come to be a *sine quâ non* of the best modern cars, a proof of which was recently given by a comparatively small English car that covered 5000 miles, at an average of 150 miles a day, during the worst of this winter's weather, under close official observation, and under conditions more severe than those which obtain when touring in the ordinary way. The official report states that mechanical troubles were practically non-existent, and, even as regards tyres, the number of punctures was certainly no more than one would expect in the year's touring which this distance about represents.

No doubt a result like this is due not only to excellence of design and construction but to a large extent to the skill and knowledge of the drivers, a fact which makes one marvel how it is that otherwise reasonable people will buy a car and expect it to do its work with an infinitesimal amount of care and skill. It would be as reasonable to expect to be able to maintain a stable full of horses, with their proper outfit of harness and carriages, at their best without the usual complement of headman and grooms, as to imagine that a good car—or any car for that matter—can be kept in good tune with such hurried attention as a busy owner can give, supplemented by the zealous, but usually inefficient ministrations of the gardener or the ex-coachman, to whom the appearance of the *chassis* is a nightmare, and who is often unable to screw up a nut without finding out the proper direction by actual experiment! And yet I remember the experience of one medical man who bought a car for £1500 some two years ago. He would have

no *mécanicien*, not he; he had kept horses for fifteen years and surely he could understand the purport of a few bars and wheels without professional assistance! So he had a few lessons in driving from the vendors, and a few days later had the pleasure of ordering a new set of gears, having completely destroyed those in the car through want of knowledge; a repair that would nearly have paid a competent man's wages for a twelvemonth. And bear in mind that makers do not really profit by such folly, for human nature is the same all the world over, and that man would—the odds are 1000 to 1—tell his friends that the wretched machine he had bought was "no good," though, as a matter of fact, it was quite one of the best cars on the market at the time.

We may now consider for a moment some of the characteristics which go to make up the ideal car, not so much from an engineering point of view, as from that of the owner or driver. We will presume that all the workmanship and material is of the best and that each particular portion of our mechanism represents the *dernier cri* of the automobile engineer's practice; furthermore, our ideal, while capable of a good turn of speed, must not be too costly to buy, nor so powerful that it will be practically impossible to let it do its utmost on our delightful but crooked English roads, though the hill-climbing powers must be above suspicion. So we will limit our horse-power to not over 30, and shall probably find the engine described as of 22–30 h.-p. by its makers. Four cylinders it shall have, for they make for evenness of running as compared with a lesser number, and for a smaller first cost when compared with six cylinders; though I may be allowed to say that, if money is no object, let us take the six-cylinder engine in preference to the four, for it runs still more smoothly. Whether our engines are vertical or horizontal—and we can have either, since our ideal is wholly of British make—is one of those questions which have not been definitely settled on this side of the Channel, though the Continent will have vertical cylinders only; our clutch shall be "metal to metal,"

though whether of the "cone" type or one of the "plate" types is not very material, provided the question of lubrication is carefully considered. Then as to our change-speed gears, we will have three forward and one reverse, and I fear they must be some form of *le train baladeur*, the sliding type, made famous by Panhard and Levassor, and with three speeds our drive on the top one shall be "direct"—*i.e.*, from engine to differential; we may have a chain drive from the latter to the road wheels, and perhaps, for a heavy car, it has advantages over the "live axle" driven by cardanshaft from the gear-box, though the modern racing-cars are now built with the latter form, which, in the hands of that wonderful race of men that drive these monsters, seems effective enough. On the whole, we will vote for the chain drive, but, *bien entendu*, these chains must be thoroughly protected from dirt, as indeed must be the whole of the mechanism. The frame will be of pressed steel, and the wheels of the usual artillery form, and the steering gear of the ordinary irreversible type, but with due provision made for taking up wear. Our radiator shall be of the honeycomb variety and efficient enough to dispense with a water-tank, though we shall have a pump to accelerate the circulation, and we will also lubricate our engine with a force-pump: a jet carburettor with an automatic device for regulating the amount of air drawn in, in accordance with the engine speed, and we will fit both accumulator and coil with some form of high-tension ignition. To obtain the best of ignition apparatus of either kind we shall, I fear, have to go to France, unless we are prepared to pay a very much higher price at home for practically the same article. We have now got our *chassis*, which will cost about £600 to £700, and on it we can place any sort of body we fancy, though, as the car is for everyday use, it must not be too big or too high. Our car is for travelling in England, and must hold four and some luggage, and if we put on too much top hamper we shall lose in pace, so the body shall be of moderate size. Our ignition and throttle levers are on the steering wheel, the clutch pedal

under the left foot and one of the brakes connected to the other pedal; the change-speed lever can be arranged to work in "gates," so that there is no notch to find at night, and the hand-brake shall pull towards us and not be pushed away; in the former case the whole weight can be applied, and it will be wanted some day in an emergency stop. Our levers shall be close to hand, so that there is no necessity for the driver to lean forward and disarrange his rug every time he changes gear; in fact, in every way the comfort and convenience of driver and passengers shall be consulted.

And now, what will our ideal car do for us, as it stands waiting for the touch of the human hand to wake its pulsations into life? How will it affect our lives, whether we dwell in the depths of the country, or whether we have to be in London during working hours and wish to escape therefrom at close of day? It will give us an increased radius in which we can move as freely as we did in the small circle allowed by our consideration for our horses. We can go and shoot with a friend thirty, ay, forty miles off, and, presently returning home, can sally forth once more to dine at another house as far away in the other direction; or, given due protection from the weather, we can betake us to London daily in much the same time that it now takes to go from door to door by cab and train, with the added advantage that the rush at each end of the day is abolished, as we have no time-table to tie us down. Take the doctor, too; he can, perchance, save an hour of his day in town, and more than that in the country, when on his rounds, so the car gives him nearly an extra day a week to use as seems best to him. In short, to all who have to get about from place to place—unless, indeed, along the main line of a railway—the motor comes as a time-saver and as a help.

I know of one dear old lady to whom recently befell the necessity of looking for a new home in the country; the journey was, as far as railways were concerned, practically impossible, so a motor was borrowed or hired, the sixty-five miles duly traversed and the house or houses inspected between

10 A.M. and tea-time, and, mark you, with the following result, that she adds in writing thereof: "I am quite bitten with the joys of motoring, and confess I enjoyed it immensely!"

And of the further advantages the car gives us, what shall I say? Of the joy of traversing this lovely old England of ours, of which most of us know so little, and how lovely it is, I think only those who have been to the ultimate ends of the earth, and dwelt amid all the rawness of a new world, really appreciate to the full. As Kipling says, the car has given us the power of exploration "of this amazing England." Little old-time villages that had been out of the world since the days of the stage-coach, old inns that had slept since the same time, have sprung once more into full life, as did the princess at the touch of the fairy prince. Even yet some of these, new wakened from slumber, hardly realise what is in store for them in the days that are coming.

That the time of development is imminent no one will deny, but the speed with which it will come will depend to some extent on those who now use this modern vehicle, and on the way in which they behave towards the rest of the public who have as much, but no more, right to the highway. For the new thing is as much accursed as the modern bicycle was twenty years ago, and for the same reasons: (1) it is new; and (2) some of the users are not as considerate as they ought to be to those they meet. It is true the motor cad is very largely in the minority, but the black-sheep are always conspicuous, and one of this tribe on a big car will do more, when tearing through a county, to arouse opposition than the conduct of twenty decent resident motorists can do to overcome it.

Time cured, or maybe killed, the bicycle scorcher, and let us hope it will do the same to the motor cad, and the sooner the better. The bicycle has done much to improve our roads, and the motor will do more, at least as far as surface goes, for nothing will ever make them even decently straight, and

eventually both horse-driver and car-driver will learn to respect one another, and the ultimate advantage to England, not only in the possession of a vast new trade, but in the added knowledge of their country to its people, will be invaluable.

The last year or two has shown another direction in which we can look for progress, viz., in the application of the petrol engine to marine work; and here the fringe only has been touched on, for while the engines are as reliable as those in the cars, with very few exceptions little has been done to alter the lines of the hull to suit the new conditions of power in a small compass. Still, progress has been made, and only recently a boat forty feet in length, designed by Messrs. Yarrow of torpedo-boat fame, was timed to do over twenty-seven knots an hour for one knot, as opposed to a speed of about sixteen which Mr. Yarrow said would be all he would care to name for a similar boat propelled by the latest form of steam machinery. Here again the petrol-engine has given us results hitherto unknown, and a big field has been opened up for both maker and owner. Motor-boat racing, apart from speed, may not have the same excitement as driving a racing-car on the road, but will surely prove a fascinating adjunct to roadwork, and one no more costly to undertake than the latter. Motor-boat work does more than this: it holds out the promise of improvement of all our small power-propelled boats, whether on salt or fresh water; it gives a large gain in space and the power of carrying weight to the ordinary launch, and enables even a dinghy to become self-propelling. It will be possible to build boats worked in this way for shallow waters much more readily than if they have to be burdened with the weight of steam machinery, and should add greatly to the pleasure of those who prefer to travel, where possible, by water; it will enable builders to fit auxiliary screws to yachts of all sizes, and even the bigger boats may in time profit—as they have profited by the introduction of the turbine—by the reduction in weight of machinery and of fuel. There is no doubt that with petrol

as a fuel on board ship greater care is necessary than on land, for the spilt petrol in the former case gets into the bilge, and the heavy vapour is apt to lie there waiting for a chance match. It will be a greater blessing to the marine motor engineer, when paraffin shall become a possible fuel, than to his *confrère* on the road, since in the case of the latter any spilt petrol falls on the road and is left behind.

At present the same engine is put in launch and car, but this will have to be altered if only for the reason that, in the launch, the engine is only "get-at-able" from above, while in the car it can be perhaps best tackled from below. The makers of small launches for the most part use a propeller with reversible blades, but in the more powerful boats a fixed propeller is fitted with some form of epicyclic reversing gear, which practice seems to be the sounder. The Olympia show, held in February, presented two extreme forms of motor-launch—the one as dainty and neat as the fair passengers it was built to carry, and the other big and strong as befitted a boat destined to carry a torpedo for use in times of war.

Of the commercial aspects of automobilism there is not here space to write, but just as certainly as the pleasure car and launch are henceforth to be a factor in our lives, so will the motor 'bus, the self-propelled lorry, and other forms of the automobile, become in the near future of more and more importance in the commercial life of our Empire.

E. A. Greathed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THIS year witnesses the fortieth anniversary of Landor's death, the one hundred and thirty-ninth of his birth. Many that remembered him in his age have not long departed from our midst. None that knew him in his youth have survived the preceding period. He stands in literature a parenthesis (and one written in italics) between a now ancient and a still modern period. His character and attainments have important affinities to and important contrasts with both; nor are they to be dismissed by the sparkling sallies which his idiosyncrasies naturally provoked, or by the conventional platitudes of a generation versed in little of him but his name.

Macaulay, in his review of Southey's "Colloquies," attributes to their laureate-author the faculty "of believing without a reason," and of "hating without a provocation." Such, we believe, was eminently the temperament of Southey's great friend, who himself averred that generosity and ill-temper are the characteristics of Englishmen. His political creed was that of an aristocratic republican, the creed of Harrington or of Ludlow, a creed impracticable in times when the constitution cannot be subverted by armies. His literary creed was that of pagan scholarship, the creed of Mirandola or of Fontenelle, a creed impossible in an age of ever-broadening knowledge; he even allowed himself to hope that his Latin works would hand down his fame more durably than his English. His religious creed was stoical, "That unsubduable

old Roman," as Carlyle termed him; and yet nobody was less a philosopher in his life. Its course was one long series of turbulent tiffs; he was always "knocking off the tall poppy-heads" with a stout stick. He revelled in what Dr. Johnson styled "anfractuosities." In his youth he defied a father to whom he was tenderly attached. In his manhood he spent a large fortune on a big estate which he abandoned, practically because his eccentricities debarred him from being a justice of the peace, though they did not prevent him from upbraiding the Lord Chancellor by letter; nominally, because, after setting the county and his tenants by the ears, "the laws of his country would not protect him." He ran away from the bride whom he had suddenly married at the age of thirty-six with as little reason as he again deserted her in his advanced years. He was perpetually squabbling with his publishers, and sometimes with his friends. Even when he had passed the Psalmist's allotted span, he was litigating and wrangling like a male Xantippe. With him, constantly, prejudice stood for belief, just as in his view other people's beliefs stood for prejudices. He advocated the spelling of an era when writers spelled as they pronounced. His purism affected such words as "chorography," yet he was guilty of such a solecism as "*highth*" in "Gebir." He dictated decretals of correctness; and yet in one of his "Conversations," he makes Porson discuss a poem of Wordsworth unpublished until after Porson was dead. His opinions were equally inconsistent. The average Briton's loyalty was to him "a feeling intemperate and intolerant, smelling of dinner and wine and toasts." He execrated the "drunken democracy" of Pitt, and he begrudged even genius to Napoleon. He venerated alike Tom Paine and Sir Robert Peel. He admired such opposites as Chesterfield and Burke. He detested such opposites as Canning and Eldon. In his literary affinities too, never was a discriminator more catholic or an eclectic more miscellaneous. Cowper, Pindar, and Catullus, Homer and Euripides, Herbert and Lafontaine, Filicaja, Petrarch and Alfieri, Milton and

Mrs. Hemans were among his favourite poets. He preferred Macaulay's poetry to his prose, and Milton's prose to his poetry; while both the prose and poetry of Southey were in his eyes immaculate. Among painters he classed Hogarth and Landseer with Raphael. He was opinionated and unsocial to distraction.

Both his aloofness, his pedantry and his political fanaticism caused the brilliant circle of the *Anti-Jacobin* to brand him as the prince of prigs. A few lines of Hookham Frere's "Appeal"—a satire that certainly does not deserve oblivion—may be here recalled.

. . . . .

Pre-eminent in priggery supreme
Let Walter Savage Landor be your theme:
Neither a Tory, Radical or Whig
But an immaculate consummate prig.

. . . . .

Compared, I say, with Walter Savage Landor
The most distinguished statesman and commander
In future ages will be deemed a gander.

. . . . .

Discard Lord Byron in his loose shirt-collar,
Our glorious Landor is a better scholar,
Riper, as Shakespeare has it, and completer,
And makes hendecasyllables in metre
As good as any fifth-form boy could do,
Without false quantities or very few.
And though Lord Byron's peerage ranks him higher,
Yet Mister Landor writes himself "Esquire,"
And keeps a groom! and boasts himself to be
A scion of heraldic ancestry.

. . . . .

I should be sorry to be deemed severe
But Byron was a most licentious peer.

. . . . .

Yet Walter Savage Landor in his way
Is often-times unutterably gay.

. . . . .

In his own conduct cautious and correct
But a decided rake in retrospect.

"I am alone and will be alone as long as I live and after," was his boast in an indignant remonstrance with Lord Brougham, who was one of his *bêtes noires*. Byron, after alluding to his "grim cognomen" in his preface to the "Vision of Judgment," dubbed him in "Don Juan" ". . . That deep-mouthed Boeotian Savage Landor." Indeed so cross-grained were his petulant vagaries that he almost seems to come under the category described by Pope—

> So much they scorn the crowd that, if the throng
> By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.

And yet this remarkable and whimsical man had many good and great qualities. Self-exiled in a huff, he was truly zealous for his country. He was large-hearted and generous, giving in support of the neglected and the persecuted nearly all the money realised by his works; it was mainly owing to him in his old age that the descendant of Daniel Defoe was relieved from misery. He was genuinely indifferent to the vulgar and emulous of excellence. Though he permitted himself, in a fit of warped ancestor-worship, to accord the Speaker of Henry IV. a niche among the immortals, his literary judgments are usually just and always penetrating. An egotist in his conduct, he was the reverse in his criticism. His truthfulness and sincerity were beyond question. His ambition was pure and lofty—that of pride not of vanity, of aspiration not of aggrandisement. He coveted fame but he abhorred celebrity. To cite a distich of his own:

> Neither in idleness consume thy days,
> Nor bend thy back to mow the weeds of praise.

He was absolutely disinterested; he was absolutely and austerely original, though his violence of mood and pen is traditionally associated with the pauperism of the plagiarist. He was both a student and, in one sense, a man of pleasure; he may be said to have studied his flirtations, though he cannot be accused of flirting with his studies. And his originality belongs to a now distant generation, nor will it

probably ever belong to another. He was young at a period when great intellects gloried in being unpractical. To elaborate Utopian schemes at the expense of private property; to be theoretically spirited for the public, without being tritely public-spirited; to collect bad pictures with the air of a *connoisseur;* to be at once squire, scholar, and poet; to be a literary lion in the country, and a fashionable curiosity in the town, these were the social first-fruits in England of that French Revolution which Landor abominated. With him, if we except Peacock and the late Lord Houghton, the authorship of the landed gentleman became extinct. We doubt if any now living could be at once devoted to Lady Blessington and Dr. Parr. Yet such was Landor.

He was born in 1775, he died in 1864. His earliest poem entranced the undergraduate Shelley; his latest works were hailed by Browning and Tennyson. He was thirteen years old when Byron was born; he was of age at the birth of Keats. He knew Charles Lamb. He lived to know Charles Dickens, to watch the genius of Carlyle, to revel in "The Caxtons," to do homage to "so noble a story as 'Esmond.'" He saw Queen Caroline with her lover on Lake Como. He beheld Napoleon in Paris, when he was proclaimed First Consul, and at Tours when he was flying from Waterloo. He spans the political distance between Pitt and Gladstone, the literary distance between Dr. Johnson and Swinburne. During all this immense period—in change, if not in time—he never relaxed his resolution, his interest, or his individuality. He sang of Ione in 1793, of Ianthe in her girlhood, her old age, and, after her decease, in his "Heroic Idyls." Rose Aylmer's death had inspired those exquisite verses on which Charles Lamb "lived for weeks."

> A night of memories and sighs,
> I consecrate to thee.

Nearly fifty years afterwards his "Cymodameia" was inspired by her niece; more than fifty years afterwards he sang of "The Two Roses." The "Old Tree" was fruitful to the last.

Though his actions denoted more sensibility than sense, his

thoughts and writings throughout denote more sense than sensibility. It is with these that we are chiefly concerned. The principal events of his career are well known. His Rugby training, his Oxford truculence and insubordination, his volunteering expedition in 1808 for Spain against Napoleon, his purchase of Lantony, his retreat to France, and afterwards to Italy, his late return to England, his final and unhappy end at Florence.

In the flight of all these chances he never ceased writing and thinking. His thoughts, often inflamed by his passions, but rarely disfigured by the extravagance of his behaviour, are deep and constant. Hatred of democracy, affection for the best minds of all ages, a conviction that society is the communion of natures disciplined by study, apathy to opinion, critical erudition at once nice and wide are their prevailing complexion. Over these thoughts he lingered and brooded, until, purified, as it were, in the alembic of meditation, they issued strong, refined, condensed in his works. Exactness of scholarship, and a memory almost as retentive as Bolingbroke's or Macaulay's, furnished abundant fuel to his printed discourse, while the fastidious edge of his acumen lent a trenchancy to his utterance.

We shall consider his poetical qualities hereafter. It is of his prose that we first purpose to speak. His "Imaginary Conversations," of which—if we include the eighteen in "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree"—no less than 145 have seen the light, are the essays through which he is most familiar, and by which he still appeals to "Prince Posterity." Their idea was not novel. Lucian in the old world, Fontenelle and Fénelon in the new, had set the example; our own poet-diplomatist Prior (and this is not generally known) left, according to Spence, such dialogues of the dead among his papers. But all these catered for the needs of their several societies. The medium—something between drama and treatise—attracted generations for whom, apart from scarce histories, the play and the essay supplied the chief intellectual distraction. Landor lived in different days. The historical

novel was in the ascendant. Sir Walter Scott had given a dramatic impetus to history. The essay had fully emancipated itself from the shackles which Steele and Addison had been the first to remove. Lamb had transformed and translated it into the realm of humorous character. Criticism and satire were no longer restricted to set forms. There were literary reviews. Reflection on the past and reflection on the present had become separate provinces. The century when Swift cited Attic and Roman annals, or Bolingbroke early English history in allegorical polemics, was as dead as Queen Anne. Intelligence had climbed higher up the mountain of speculation. The literary landscape had grown larger, and by consequence, its detached regions were more visibly defined. Lucubrations in dialogue were as obsolete in 1822 as epistolary romances. We do not think that this was recognised by Landor. He disregarded popular demand out of contempt for popularity. His mind was classical, and he communed habitually with the classics. But he felt that his equipment fitted him exceptionally for such an undertaking. In the war of wits that he proposed he would be free as air to indulge his theories, his erudition, his dreams, and his antagonisms. His style, at all times more the concentration of light than its diffusion, rather sunset than sunrise, would be focused without obscurity; and he could range through all time and all existence with an elasticity of stride peculiarly his own.

"I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury," was his vaunt, and it is certainly justified; when we contemplate the vast variety of his conversing portraits we are amazed. From Solon and Pisistratus, Pericles and Aspasia, Demosthenes and Eubulides, Aristotle and Callisthenes, Diogenes and Plato, the two Ciceros, Scipio Polybius and Panaetius, Epictetus and Seneca, Lucian and Timotheus, Tiberius and Vipsania, to John of Gaunt and Joan of Kent, the Maid of Orleans and Boccaccio, Petrarca and Dante, Beatrice, Agnes Sorel and Gemma Donati, Fra Filippo and Eugenius IV., Lady Jane Grey,

Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth and Cecil, Bacon and Hooker, Bossuet and the Duchess of Fontanges, Milton and Marvell, Louis XIV. and La Chaise, Addison and Steele, Lord Peterborough and William Penn, Chesterfield and Chatham, David Hume and John Home, Lord Eldon and Encombe, is a far cry; and there are the more modern dialogues where Landor himself figures. An encyclopædic distance divides, and a bewildering nearness unites them. They can no more be popular than "Bayle's Dictionary." They are repositories of learning, of eloquence, and of understanding. They abound in what he has styled "freshness, crispness, and solidity." But they possess one inherent fault. They are monumental, not vivifying—superb sarcophagi rather than the elixir of life. They commemorate more than they invigorate. They are not really dramatic, because they rather recall characteristic arguments than they reproduce argumentative characters. Nor are they, any the more, real essays on their persons, for they are of the inscriptive, not of the descriptive order. To this two causes contribute. The first springs from Landor's nature. He was not sympathetic. There have been authors, actors, orators, who with every necessary endowment have failed to touch the heart because they lack that quality of feeling which answers to charity in the soul. Though they have had the tongues of men and of angels, their voice has been but a tinkling cymbal for the want of this grace and power. We do not mean that Landor was censorious. Nobody more than he expressly loathed malice or animosity in writing; no one was ever more anxious to be just in criticism and delineation. But he dwelt in an egotistical solitude of books and opinions. He was repeatedly what he calls Dr. Johnson, "a deaf adder in a bramble of prejudice." His heart that could throb for causes was irresponsive to the commonplaces of existence, and so, while he renders the minds of men with the strokes of a master, he rarely convinces us of their hearts. He soars too high in the cold air that wafts his leisurely balloon to observe the dear trivialities of the scene. On the rare occasions when

he so condescends he is at his best. One of these exceptions was the favourite of Hazlitt—the counsel of Ascham to Lady Jane Grey before her marriage, which thus concludes: "Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade." Another is the pathetic parting of the condemned Anne Boleyn from the king, "Love your Elizabeth, my honoured Lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me: do not chide her: Think how young she is. Could I but kiss her but once again! It would comfort my heart . . . or break it." A third is the equally pathetic passage where Tiberius, once more encountering Vipsania, denounces the cruel wife of Cæsar: "Threaten me to take our son from us! Our one boy! Our helpless little one! Him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together." And then there is the remonstrance which Steele urges on Addison: "I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me." There is also an exquisitely spiritual sentence in the conversation which represents Swift's "Martin and Jack," discoursing on sects: "We must bid high for heaven; we must surrender much, we must strive much, we must suffer much! . . . There is but one Guide. We know Him by the gentleness of His voice, by the serenity of His countenance, by the wounded in spirit, who are clinging to His knees, by the children whom He hath called to Him, and by the disciples whose poverty He hath shared." Such glimpses make us regret that his humanism so often overtook his humanity. It is noticeable that they are most frequent in his shorter dialogues, and this consideration brings us to the second of our reasons.

We allude to his passion for analysis. The first causes his dramatic form to be ineffective and supernumerary; the second further repeatedly turns his conversations into disquisitions. Where the dialogue hinges on literary themes, this constantly beguiles him into excursions on verbal and grammatical criticism admirable in themselves within

bounds, but unsuited to his "friends in council." When he enlarges on such topics apart from dialectic, as in his admirable critiques on Theocritus and Catullus,[1] they gain palpably by detachment. But, in the frame of his conversation, they are apt to anatomise the features of style at the expense of its complete expression. So again, when the dialogue concerns the problems of polity, of civil justice, or of religion, his analytical propensity forces the characters into digressions that constantly assume the shape of apostrophes, and cause a long-windedness strangely at variance with the normal terseness of his style. The habit comes so to possess him, that even in the "Tasso and Cornelia," where no problems are concerned, Tasso apostrophises love, beauty, and nature, in a stilted and unnatural strain. This fault is not invariable. The most brilliant proof to the contrary is the charming dialogue between Richelieu, Cotes, Lady Glengrin, and Mr. Normanby, where occurs the episode of Miss Penelope, which is worthy of Sterne, and which may be matched by another as humorous, which he elsewhere puts in the mouth of Porson.[2] This dialogue is one of the lengthiest, but it never palls. It abounds in happy phrases such as, "Pretty girls are aristocrats, and will be so while there is a woman upon earth," and "Joy played on the deck like the sun." We cannot refrain from quoting the description of Lady Glengrin herself; it will illustrate Landor's best manner.

> Confident in her beauty, for she really had been pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply, which, if delivered with sharpness, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship, by a left-hand connection with wit, she never lost an opportunity of passing into the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics, so that when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fisherwomen at Paris. Related to some of those who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the worst in the polar circle of both vulgars.

---

[1] In "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree."

[2] In "The First Conversation between Southey and Porson."—The episode of the fashionable rout.

The fact is that his enormous critical faculty tended to outrun his creative talent, which was considerable. There is a signal instance in the long dialogue between Johnson and Tooke on anomalies of English spelling and phraseology. It contains a fund of perceptive criticism; but we are kept waiting till the close for any human touch. Then indeed we are charmed. Tooke remarks of Addison: "Perhaps it is not so much his style, which, however, is easy, graceful, and harmonious, as the sweet temperature of thought in which we always find him, and the attractive countenance, if you will allow me the expression, with which he meets me on every occasion." And this is capped a little later on by Johnson's "Who would examine that could expatiate?" Could anything be more Johnsonian? But it is in the Conversation between Southey and Porson and Southey and Landor that his criticism shines to most advantage. We are not here on the look-out for dramatic portraiture—though the likenesses are admirable—and the subjects of Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron are ever fascinating. Landor's treatment of his two great contemporaries thoroughly proves how he despised the "spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary kinsmen: an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity," and how on such matters he could be dispassionate without being insipid. Nobody ever rated both Wordsworth and Byron better than Landor. Though Southey had joined in the attack on the Satanic School, his views did not blind his friend to Byron's genius. And though Southey apotheosised Wordsworth, his worship did not blind his friend to Wordsworth's defects; nor did his own exuberant strength mislead him into the bullying brutality, which he satirises when he makes Fra Filippo Lippi assert, "There is no controverting a critic who has twenty stout rowers and twenty well-knotted rope-ends." Byron was at this time the Napoleon of English literature, as Landor was the Lafayette. The former was annexing kingdoms, while the latter was preaching anti-despotic liberty. It does the Lafayette credit never to have

belittled the Napoleon. He knew his faults. He sang of him as "A ringed robber," and a late epigram records:

> True as the magnet is to iron
> Byron has ever been to Biron,
> His coloured prints in gilded frames,
> Whatever the designs and names
> One image set before the rest,
> In shirt with falling collar drest,
> And keeping up a rolling fire at
> Patriot, conspirator, and pirate.[1]

While in a letter of his old age he actually says that, "Though often impressive and powerful, he never reaches the heroic and pathetic of Ivan and Casabianca!" But in the dialogue he causes Porson to exclaim: "He possesses the soul of poetry which is energy, but he wants that ideal beauty which is the sublimer emanation, I will not say of the real, for this is the more real of the two, but of that which is ordinarily subject to the senses." Yet on the other hand he as truly remarks, *in propriâ personâ*, "Our sinews have been scarred and hardened with the red-hot implements of Byron; and by way of refreshment we are now standing in the middle of the marsh." And so the world soothes and elevates itself in Wordsworth, who demonstrates that, "There may be animation without blood and broken bones, and tenderness remote from the stews," while the "bran" and "linsey-woolsey" of his flatter intervals are summed up in the sentence, "Wordsworth is an instrument that has no trumpet-stop." But we must linger no more on the long, stately billows of Landor's prose. In that ocean are many pearls. We will rescue only a few. "As pictures and statues and living beauty, too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by harmony." How fine, too, is that phrase about Milton—"The sabbath of his mind"; how happy that about Voltaire—"The papered pinks and powdered ranunculuses"; and

[1] "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," p. 385.

the one about Gibbon—"Pacing up and down the unventilated school of rhetoric with a measured and heavy step." How pregnant, also, the aphorism, "Wrong is but falsehood put in practice!" Satirical tropes, too, are frequent, especially anent the critics—"Onion-eaters by the pyramids of poetry"; "By the buzz of the insects we may know that the summer has come." It is curious that none survive in the language, except one which Disraeli borrowed in substance—"Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers." The fact is, that the general public cannot recover these pearls by dips, and refuse to dive so deep. The scholar will always love both the depth and its treasure. "The Conversations" were among the favourite books of the late Lord Bowen and the late Lord Coleridge.

That Landor was a true poet is undeniable; but his poetry, too, will never flutter in the mouths of men. He had more imagination than fancy and more fancy than wit. His muse dwells apart from humanity; it is mainly a vestal muse. These qualities might, however, have furnished forth an English classic had Landor been poetically *creative*. But none of the characters in his longer dramatic poems seem to us to breathe. They live, it is true, but not in the air or on the food of our world. They are glorious ghosts, disembodied phantoms, citizens of the commonwealth of the dead. His own view of the poetical function is best enunciated by two passages—the one from the Conversation between himself and the Abbé Delille, the other from the second of those between Southey and Porson: "The business of the higher poetry is to chasten and elevate the mind by exciting the better passions, and to impress on it lessons of terror and of pity by exhibiting the self-chastisement of the worse! There should be as much of passion as is possible, with as much of reason as is consistent with it." "A great poet represents a great portion of the human race." To the former of these canons he conformed: it is a canon for poetical tragedy; to

the second he did not. We do not know for what constituency of mankind Landor sits in the parliament of poets, unless it be that of ancient heroes and enthroned immortals. His genius is not constructive, and he was always ambitious to construct. His weightier weapon is handled like the sword of Phineus (in his own poem), which

> . . . white with wonder shook restrained,
> And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.

It is this "marble hand" which causes his longer efforts to fail, although there is not one of them without magnificent moments. On the other hand, his shorter pieces are almost always moving. For his true talent is that of Greek Anthology; and the sad little lyrics, especially those of his later days, are, some of them, incomparably beautiful. Intensity—an underglow and an underfire—these mark his style; but it is not lambent; there is no atmosphere of illumination over the gloomy grandeur; it is the flame of Vesuvius. Who now reads "Gebir," that Celtiberian epic, by a mere stripling, which so powerfully impressed contemporaries; and whose line, "Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?" delighted the youthful Shelley; whose "compressed and chastened majesty," exacted the admiration of Wordsworth, whose vision of Hades evoked a retort from Byron on Southey. It is a wonderful work, but it is a torso. It seems to have neither beginning nor end. Yet it is incontestably classical. Its beauties rise in single outlines, and are never amplified or prolonged. In several passages it anticipated Keats. For instance:

> Compassion can be, but where passions are;

and

> . . . . . And fill
> With liquid light the marble bowl of earth.

But it lacks the airy freedom and spontaneity which eternally modernise Keats; it is in truth much more Miltonic in its restrained pomp and the pauses of its cæsuras.

Extravagant enormous apertures
For light, and portals longer, open courts
Where all ascending all are unconfined,
And wider streets in purer air than ours.

It is built on those Greek and Roman poets whom Keats worshipped as unknown gods. It fully exemplifies Landor's maxim that "The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces"; it is, if we may coin the expression, an epic epigram. Lines, for example, like

When on the pausing theatre of earth,
Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man
Bring back the far-off intercepted hills?

And,

Beyond the Syrian regions, and beyond
Phenicia, trophies, tributes, colonies.

And,

For whether Jove in pity to mankind,
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs
He filled with piercing ether, and endued
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordained
That never two fair forms at once torment
The human heart and draw it different ways.

Or,

Tears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty,

explain by their very sound how easily "Gebir" lent itself to that Latin version which Landor himself made. And (though the boy-author was fresh from Pindar) it is fraught with echoes from Theocritus, as witness:

O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love!

Or,

O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When laying down your burthen at the gate,
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed.

But, as we read the poem in its entirety, we seem to toil along that Syrian desert on whose ideal oases stand the silent ruins

of classical magnificence. Such oases of the past are the snatches we have quoted; such, pre-eminently, that condensed idyl,

> They had caught childhood from her in a kiss;

and that noble simile,

> . . . The long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
> Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd.

"Gebir" itself lies like such a column on the moonlit sand of antiquity.

Our previous comments also apply to his poetical dramas. Landor always imagined that he could write for the stage; but he was dramatic without being theatrical; and even a literary drama was beyond his scope. The faults and virtues of his prose-conversations follow him into his verse-tragedies. The groups are expressive and statuesque, but they are of Parian marble. His strength is in altitude, not in gesture; his force is in moments, not in movements; the passions of his characters are orators pleading in a cause, not actors marching towards a doom. And thus he falls into dramatic absurdities like that vapid close of the scene in *Andrea*, where Fra Rupert reveals to Maximin the secret of his birth, and Maximin, thunderstruck in the cloister, brings down the curtain with this bathos:

> Let me consider! Can it be? how can it?
> He is bare fifty; I am forty-one.

Perhaps the trilogy, of which *Andrea* forms the first part, is the best of his dramatic works; it introduced Boccaccio and Fiametta; it created the Mephistophelean friar. And here, once more, we find isolated touches of the most original genius. We may cite,

> How like is everything we see by starlight.
>
> Yet, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,
> Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

Fra Rupert's

> Everything in this world is but a bubble,
> The world itself one mighty bubble, we
> Mortals, small bubbles round it.

And Queen Giovanna's

> Queens, O Maria! have two hearts for sorrow,
> One sinks upon our Naples. Whensoever
> I gaze ('tis often) on her bay, so bright
> With sunwove meshes, idle multitudes
> Of little plashing waves; when air breathes o'er it
> Mellow with sound and fragrance, of such purity
> That the blue hills seem coming nearer, nearer,
> As I look forth at them, and tossing down
> Joyance for joyance to the plains below . . .

We have called the most perfect expression of his best bent, anthological; we should have included Bion and Moschus (those richer relations of the anthologists) among his poetical ancestors. It is indeed in his briefer poems that he moves most easily, if we except the "Hellenics," which show him a Theocritean; but the "Hellenics" will never appeal to the ordinary reader, for their charm is in their transference. There is a Sicilian transparency through all of them: it is a pity they cannot be popular. Surely "The Hamadryad" might enchant even an unclassical age. There are few more beautiful lines in our language than,

> . . . She was sent forth
> To bring that light which never wintry blast
> Blows out, nor rain, nor snow extinguishes,
> The light that shines from loving eyes upon
> Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

An English "Anthology" might well be compiled from the lyrics and epigrams of Landor. These are always delicate, never flimsy. They were his spring flowers and his autumn leaves. A long lifetime separates the date of

> In his own image the Creator made,
> His own pure sunbeam quickened thee O Man!
> Thou breathing dial! Since thy day began
> Thy present hour was ever markt with shade.

and of,

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Yet the note is identical—that of a stifled sigh: their symmetry, too, is the same. They are both, as it were, intaglios of emotion. We will quote a few more to prove their anthological character:

> With rosy hand a little girl prest down
> A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill;
> Often as they sprang up again, a frown
> Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:
> But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,
> She shook them to and fro and threw them by,
> And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness
> Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,
> And what had shone for you, by you must die.

Does not this remind us in *timbre* and treatment, though of course with much difference, of that famous "Epideictic" on the child saved by its mother from tumbling over the cliff? Very frequent, too, in the Greek epigrams are the graceful allusions to evanescence and decay. So, too, with Landor.

> The leaves are falling; so am I;
> The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
> So have I too.
> Scarcely on any bough is heard
> Joyous, or even unjoyous bird
> The whole wood through.
> Winter may come: he brings but nigher
> His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
> Where old friends meet:
> Let him; now heaven is overcast
> And spring and summer both are past
> Like all things sweet.

And again:

> The place where soon I think to lie
> In its old creviced nook hard by
> Rears many a weed:
> If parties bring you there, will you
> Drop slily in a grain or two
> Of Wallflower seed?
> I shall not see it, and (too sure!)

I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

The same music vibrates in another mournful song that closes with

And though the grape be pluckt away,
Its colour glows amid the leaves.

The anthological play on words, too, is recalled by the epigram on Age, where Landor says of death,

Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains; those he will not strike.

But of his tender, melancholy refrains we think that the following (probably referring to Rose Aylmer) is the loveliest:

My pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on.
And youthful maids and wrinkled dames
All now are one.
Death of the day! a sterner death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath
Away he bore.

Had Landor never indited long verse and longer conversations, how much more familiar would he be! But we should have lost a library; for his works are a literature in themselves —a treasure-house; and these, perhaps, he would have called his trinkets.

Nevertheless, he remains to us a Cato of the literary republic. We respect, we defer to him. But we do not love him. He will not be our friend or guide. He is above us, not with us. We cannot take his hand, as we so willingly do that of more companionable spirits, and walk out with him into the world.

WALTER SICHEL.

THE HUNT FOR THE POLITICAL SECRET

THE newspaper hunt for the political secret—which may be described as the adventuresome side of journalism—is not conducted now with the daring and perhaps unscrupulousness which sometimes marked it in years long past. I have heard of a mendacious journalist, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, who paid a liberal sum to the charmen that sweep and dust the House of Commons for the torn scraps of letters and documents with which the floor, close to the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench, was littered at the close of a sitting. He used to go carefully through the scraps, piecing and patching them together, in the hope of alighting upon a State secret or an interesting item of political news. Happily he gained but little for his dishonourable pains. Not once was he made to tingle with the rapture of real discovery. It is one of the customs of our political life for Ministers, though meeting personally every day, to exchange views about departmental matters of importance in writing rather than verbally. But they are more careful of their official correspondence than this journalist supposed. Most of the torn letters which fell to him were appeals for charity, or applications for jobs from constituents. Political letters are preserved by our statesmen for use in the official posthumous biographies, which are now invariably produced as memorials of their careers. In the newspaper region

of Fleet Street there is a story also told of a "penny-a-liner" who so closely dogged the footsteps of Peel and Wellington from Downing Street to Apsley House, after they had left a Cabinet Council, that he heard sufficient of their conversation to be able to sell to a London daily paper a momentous piece of political intelligence.

Journalists of an audacity so unprincipled and adventurous are perhaps to be encountered no longer. The prosaic resource of a reporter on the hunt for political secrets in these less enterprising times is simply to watch the comings and goings of Ministers, on the occasion of a Cabinet Council, and endeavour, by reading the riddles of their smiling or preoccupied looks, the tilt of their hats, and their departure on foot or in cabs, to unveil the secrets of the council chamber. The meeting-place of the Cabinet is a special room at the Foreign Office in Whitehall. Under the arch leading from Downing Street to the great quadrangle of the Foreign Office may be seen on the day that a council is sitting a group of reporters in a rage for discovery, thus eagerly watching for every little incident in the open that may throw light on the political situation. But as the Ministers hold their conclave in impenetrable mystery behind a door containing, in large white letters, the awful warning "Private," which sacred portal, once the deliberations have begun, no one is permitted to pass upon any consideration whatever, it seems hopeless that the journalists should pick up even the veriest crumbs of official news outside in the quadrangle of the Foreign Office.

Yet instead of thus wasting their time in barren sightseeing and vain speculations, the only outcome being unsubstantial political paragraphs to which such phrases as "It is understood," "It is rumoured," lend an air of unreality, these journalists might get hold of something essentially positive and concrete, and, if fortune favoured, something most precious indeed were they as audacious and adventuresome as their predecessors of old. During the Session of

Parliament, when the hunt for the political secret is keenest and incessant, messengers of the various departments may be seen any afternoon strolling leisurely and unconcernedly from Whitehall to St. Stephen's, carrying little cases in crimson or dark blue morocco. These are the despatch boxes of Ministers, chock full of drafts of important documents, rich in secrets of State. What a lark if the box of the Prime Minister fell by accident or subterfuge into the hands of a recklessly enterprising journalist! An extract from the "Diaries" of Grant Duff, who was a member of Gladstone's first Administration, dated July 1870, gives a vivid idea of the nature of the contents of these boxes:

> At a quarter-past four a Cabinet box was handed down the Treasury bench to Gladstone. He opened it, and looking along to us said—with an accent I shall never forget—"*War declared against Prussia!*"

To be sure, the utmost precautions are taken to prevent Foreign Office documents from falling into the wrong hands. The Office is divided into several departments, each of which is in charge of a senior clerk. A good deal of business in each department is transacted by this senior clerk without troubling the permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. For instance, the clerk's drafts of letters of no very great importance are not necessarily submitted to him first for approval, only the finished communication, ready for the post, being as a rule laid before him for signature. But in affairs of the highest moment, affecting the relations with foreign Powers, when so much depends on the tone and temper of the whole despatch, and sometimes even on the turn of a single sentence, the Secretary of State himself prepares the draft, in consultation with the Prime Minister, and then submits it to the criticism of the Cabinet. Outside the circle of the Cabinet the knowledge of such a document is confined to the Sovereign. At the Foreign Office there is a small printing establishment in which only a few compositors, old and trustworthy, are employed to put the draft into type and print the copies required for this limited circulation. At the top of each

copy is printed in prominent letters the warning—"Secret and Confidential. For the use of the Cabinet only." When the terms of the document have been finally approved by the Sovereign and the Cabinet, it is copied by the clerks in the department of the Foreign Office to which it relates, and forwarded, with the signature of the Secretary of State, to its destination.

Yet, notwithstanding this jealous watch over the papers and despatches of the Foreign Office, the *Globe* evening newspaper startled the political world by publishing, on May 30, 1878, the terms of a secret agreement between Great Britain and Russia. To appreciate the effect of this disclosure it is necessary to recall that our relations with Russia at the time were strained almost to the point of a declaration of war. The campaign between Russia and Turkey had been concluded by the Treaty of San Stefano, when the victorious Russians were almost in sight of Constantinople, and our Government insisted that it must resist to the uttermost any attempt to put into operation a treaty which meant the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire. Yet at the very moment when war seemed inevitable out comes this statement that an amicable understanding had been arrived at between England and Russia. In the House of Lords on June 3—the very day it was announced that a congress of the Great Powers was to meet at Berlin to consider the new aspect of the Eastern Question—Earl Grey asked whether there was any truth in the *Globe's* disclosure. "The statement to which the noble Earl refers," replied Lord Salisbury, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "and other statements that I have seen are wholly unauthorised, and are not deserving of the confidence of your Lordship's House." The news was accordingly discredited as a hoax or an impudent invention, although the *Globe* pointed out that the official denial was not that it was "unauthentic" but "unauthorised," which was a very different thing. A few evenings later the same newspaper published the full text of the secret agreement, two and a half columns long, in the original French with the official English translation. It

amounted to this, that the treaty between Russia and Turkey was in substance ratified by the British Government, and was to be supported by its plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress. It is no exaggeration to say that the unauthorised appearance of this most important diplomatic document caused a profound sensation, especially as the Congress was then sitting at Berlin.

Of course the Anglo-Russian agreement was a fact; but the two Governments desired to keep it secret altogether. How then did a document of so confidential a nature, on which the eyes of the highest Ministers and officials of the Foreign Office only are allowed to rest, come into the possession of a London evening newspaper? The answer was supplied by the appearance at Bow Street Police Court of a writer in the Foreign Office, named Charles Marvin, charged with having stolen and copied the document and disclosed it to the *Globe*. Only one witness was examined, a clerk in the treaty department of the Foreign Office. His evidence, which was confined to the first disclosure of the agreement in an abbreviated form, was not, in the opinion of the magistrate, sufficient to prove that there had been an abstraction of the actual document, but only a carrying away of its substance by memory, and the prisoner, accordingly, was discharged.

However, a full disclosure of the circumstances was subsequently made by Marvin, and the story he told was very extraordinary indeed. He was not a regular clerk in the Foreign Office, only a supernumerary copyist, employed at tenpence per hour, or thirty shillings a week, in the treaty department. On the afternoon of May 30, the printed draft of the agreement —headed "Private and Confidential. Printed for the use of the Cabinet, May 30, 1878"—which had that very day been approved by the Cabinet, was sent to the treaty department of the Foreign Office with directions that two official copies were to be prepared in writing, for signature by the representatives of the two Powers. The head of the department, and one of his two assistant-clerks, sat down to write out the

two copies. Before they had time to finish in rushed the private secretary to Lord Salisbury, and told them to hurry up, as Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, was waiting in the Foreign Secretary's room to sign the agreement; but so impatient was he that it was with difficulty they were detaining him by copious supplies of tea. It happened that the second assistant clerk of the department was absent, and Marvin, who was in the room engaged on unimportant papers, was therefore directed to assist in the copying. Moreover, when the copying was finished, the senior clerk got him to read the printed draft aloud in order that he might check the copy of the document which he had prepared. Marvin was consequently able to carry in his mind the substance of the agreement, and after it was signed by the Foreign Secretary and the Russian Ambassador, at half-past six o'clock, he went direct to the *Globe* office and sold them the secret. At nine o'clock the newspaper came out with the news in a special edition.

Marvin pleaded in defence of his action, not only that he was a poor underpaid supernumerary, but that he had heard it said by the clerks of the department that, probably, the agreement would be sent to the Press, or a statement respecting it be made in Parliament, so that he considered he was but merely anticipating the official announcement. The full text of the agreement which the *Globe* subsequently published was also obtained from Marvin. How he got possession of it, Marvin—who is now dead—never disclosed. "I took it to the *Globe*," he simply explained, "to retrieve my reputation as a contributor of reliable news." His sense of honour was hurt by Lord Salisbury's practical denial in the House of Lords of the reliability of the first disclosure. But it was this second act of unfaithfulness which brought about Marvin's undoing. So implicit is the reliance on the honour and discretion of the permanent clerks in the Foreign Office —a confidence which has never been abused—that it was the Russian Ambassador who was at first suspected by the chiefs

of the department of having directly or indirectly given the news to the Press, but the publication of the complete text of the Anglo-Russian Agreement sadly convinced them that the leakage was to be found in their own office in Whitehall. Marvin cynically concludes his story by saying that on his discharge at Bow Street he joined the crowd at Charing Cross to welcome the return of Beaconsfield and Salisbury from the Berlin Congress, bearing "Peace with Honour."

The well-grounded confidence which is reposed in the loyalty of the clerks in the Foreign Office, is shown by a discussion in Parliament on an earlier disclosure of a State secret to the Press. On Monday, March 13, 1854, questions were asked in both Houses of Parliament about an article in the *Times* of the previous Saturday, containing most important information, not laid before Parliament, in reference to the negotations then in progress between this country and Russia, which ultimately ended in the Crimean War. Some time before the *Journal of St. Petersburg* contained a semi-official statement complaining of references uncomplimentary to the Czar, which were made by Lord John Russell, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. These public declarations of distrust of Russia by the Foreign Minister of England were, the *Journal* said, inexcusable, as communications of a most friendly character, containing expressions of mutual confidence, and showing the groundlessness of the suspicion that the Emperor Nicholas desired the partition of Turkey, had passed between the two Governments. The *Times* published this article, but denied that it accurately described the relations between the two Powers, and made the momentous announcement that an *ultimatum* had actually been sent to Russia. Lord Derby, who asked for information on the subject in the House of Lords, added:

> I must say, in passing, that this is not the first occasion upon which the *Times* newspaper, within the course of the last few months, has professed to be in possession, and has proved to be in possession, of secret and exclusive information, which ought to have been known only to the Cabinet, and has also

had possession of or access to papers which have been refused and are still refused to the two Houses of Parliament.

Lord Aberdeen, on behalf of the Whig Cabinet, hotly denied the insinuation that State secrets were disclosed by Ministers to the *Times*. He admitted, however, that in this instance there had been a scandalous betrayal of duty; and hinted that the culprit was a clerk in the Foreign Office, appointed by Lord Malmesbury, Foreign Secretary of the previous Tory Government, who had just left the service. The *Times* next morning was proud and disdainful. A clerk its authority! It treated with scorn the suggestion that it would condescend to accept political information of such a nature from a clerk, or even from a subordinate member of the Government, or from anybody but a Minister having a certain knowledge of the fact. Lord Malmesbury returned to the subject on another evening in the House of Lords. He said there was no recorded instance of an official secret having been betrayed by a clerk in the Foreign Office. "So remarkable is this fact," he continued, "that I believe within a very short period her Majesty's Government have been applied to by a foreign Government who requested to be informed by what system the English Government ensured such secrecy in their Foreign Office." He added that the clerk to whom Lord Aberdeen had referred had not been dismissed, but had left the service for the very excellent reason that he had married a lady of considerable fortune; and he read a letter from the gentleman positively denying that he had ever disclosed the nature of any document which was given him to copy. Lord Aberdeen fully accepted the denial, and expressed his regret for the imputation he had made. "I would advise the noble lord," said Lord Malmesbury in conclusion, "if anything of the kind occurs again, not to rashly lay the blame on the youngest or most insignificant of the department, but to remember the answer given by Sancho Panza to his master, Don Quixote, upon an occasion when accused of an indiscretion: 'Your worship will recollect that a cask may leak at

the top as well as at the bottom.'" Indeed, it is stated by Greville in his "Memoirs," that it was Lord Aberdeen himself who made the communication to his friend, Delane, then editor of the *Times*, whose visits to Downing Street were regular and frequent. What is, perhaps, the most extraordinary feature of the incident remains to be told. The Queen's messenger, or courier, who was sent with the official despatch to Russia, was detained on his journey in Paris by some other Foreign Office business, so that it is possible that the Russian Government first heard of the English *ultimatum*, not through the regular diplomatic channel of communication, but through the columns of the *Times*.

Strange though it may seem, no punishment for a deliberate breach of official trust, such as that of Marvin, the Foreign Office supernumerary, was at the time provided by statute, though conceivably it might have had the most mischievous results in the field of foreign relations. In consequence of the frequent appearance in newspapers of paragraphs and articles containing official information which ought not to have been made public, a Treasury minute was issued in 1875, visiting the improper divulging of such information with dismissal from the Civil Service. Marvin, of course, was instantly cashiered. But the charge upon which he was arrested was that he had stolen a certain document, the property of the Foreign Office, and the prosecution was brought under the Larceny Act. Yet eleven years were still to lapse after that most extraordinary episode before the betrayal of a State secret was made a criminal offence. In 1889 the Official Secrets Act was passed, to prevent the disclosure of official documents and information by spies, or through breaches of official trust. The Statute provides that a communication of official secrets or papers made or attempted to be made, directly or indirectly with a foreign State was felony, punishable by penal servitude for life, or for any term not less than five years, or by any term of imprisonment of not more than two years.

The disclosure of official secrets and documents in other cases, such as to newspapers, is a misdemeanour, rendering the unfaithful official liable to imprisonment for any term not exceeding one year, or to a fine, or to both fine and imprisonment.

But what of the newspapers? Is there no punishment provided by the Act of 1889 for those who receive and make public State papers and secrets, which can have been obtained only by a breach of official trust? For the unauthorised publication of a Parliamentary Report, a newspaper editor and proprietor may be hauled to the Bar of the House of Commons, charged with a breach of privilege. But in the case of the disclosure of a departmental secret, the newspaper or news agency gets off scot free. Since the passing of the Official Secrets Act, a news agency sent out a most important piece of military intelligence. The authorities of the War Office concluded that the information could only have been obtained through a clerk in the department, and they wrote to the news agency demanding the name of its informant. Now, it is one of the established canons of journalism under no circumstances to disclose the name of a contributor if he desires to remain anonymous. Accordingly the news agency replied to the War Office that it could not in honour comply with their request. "Well, then," said the War Office, "the usual official news shall be denied to you by the department until you make known the official who furnished you with the unauthorised information." This placed the news agency in a serious quandary. Practically it meant that it could no longer supply the newspapers on its lists with military intelligence. The War Office authorities were, therefore, not surprised to receive shortly afterwards a letter from the news agency making known its informant. He was a clerk of the department who had just resigned his position. The news agency had induced him, in consideration of a substantial sum of money, to get it out of its difficulty by quitting the Civil Serivce and allowing the disclosure of his identity.

An Irish newspaper, the *Dublin Evening Mail*, which was charged at one time with a breach of the privileges of Parliament, by the premature publication of the report of a Select Committee, stated succinctly and candidly the attitude of the Press in regard to political secrets which reach it through unauthorised channels. "We have all becoming respect for the privileges of Parliament," it wrote, "and would not infringe an iota upon the rights of its members; but we should be wanting in that duty we owe to our readers, were we to withhold from them a piece of interesting intelligence which happened to be in our possession." The story of the way in which this Dublin newspaper obtained the report of the Parliamentary Committee is worth telling, as it shows that the leakage of political secrets cannot always be traced to breaches of trust by officials. In May 1832, a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat upon the subject of Irish tithes. The chairman, Edward Stanley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, prepared a draft report, of which twenty-four copies were printed, marked "Private and confidential," for distribution among the members of the Committee. The draft was published a few days later in the *Dublin Evening Mail*. It happened that one of the proprietors of the paper, named Thomas Sheehan, was in London at the time, and he was summoned before the Select Committee to explain how the document came into the possession of his journal. He admitted it was he who had furnished the report to his paper; but beyond saying that he had not got it from or by means of any member of the Committee, he declined to give any information on the subject. By direction of the Select Committee he was brought to the Bar of the House of Commons. "I beg to decline to answer any question which might possibly criminate another person." This was the only reply he vouchsafed to the cross-examination of Mr. Speaker; and, on the motion of Stanley, he was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for a "high breach" of the privileges of Parliament. Next day the House held an

elaborate inquiry into the matter. Several witnesses were examined. It appeared that Stanley gave the draft to the clerk of the Select Committee; the clerk left it at the Journal Office, openly on a desk—no official being present at the time—with directions in writing for the printing of twenty-four copies; from the Journal Office the draft was sent to Hansard the printer, by whom the required number of copies were printed and sent to the clerk of the Committee; and one morning five porters were sent out from the Journal Office to deliver them under seal at the residences of the twenty members of the Committee. In the afternoon an Irish member of the Committee, Antony Lefroy, complained to the clerk that the draft had not been left at his house, and accordingly he was given one of the extra four copies. It was now clear that it was Lefroy's missing copy which fell into the hands of Sheehan. But how did it happen? The porter who had Lefroy's house in his round asserted that the five packets entrusted to him were all correctly delivered, though it came out that he was half drunk when he left the Journal Office that morning, early as it was, on his journey. Then was this porter the culprit? The Chief Secretary for Ireland apparently did not think so. Antony Lefroy made a vigorous attack upon Stanley for having instituted these proceedings against the *Dublin Evening Mail*. But in his view the action of the Chief Secretary could be easily explained. The newspaper was Tory, and the Minister was Whig. The burden of Stanley's reply to Lefroy's attack might be summarised in the line, "The hon. gentleman doth protest too much." As for Sheehan, he was severely admonished by Mr. Speaker, and was discharged on paying the Sergeant-at-Arms' fee of five pounds for keeping him a night in custody.

The indirect ways in which State secrets get into the newspapers are often very diverting. When Wellington was engaged in forming his first Administration in 1828, his friend and colleague, Charles Herries, left a list of the new Ministers

and the offices to which they had been appointed on a writing-table in his library, and it was copied by a visitor ushered in during the absence of Herries—by one of those humours of chance. Next day the memorandum appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. Wellington seems to have been exceedingly annoyed by the publication. In a letter to the unhappy Herries, exquisitely exaggerating the effect of the incident, he said:

> I assure you that there never was an event, comparatively so trifling in itself, that will produce important consequences on the destinies of this country, as will the premature disclosure in the newspapers of the names of the new-formed Ministry, notwithstanding the precautions and the pains I took to prevent such disclosure.

One morning in May 1834, the *Times* announced the speedy break-up of the Whig Ministry, led by Lord Melbourne, owing to differences of opinion on the question of the appropriation of Irish tithes.

As several members of the Administration resigned shortly afterwards there was much speculation as to how the newspaper got informed of the dissensions in the Cabinet. On May 6, 1834, the Tithe Commutation Bill of the Government was before the House of Commons. Edward Stanley made what was tantamount to a declaration on the part of the Government that none of the revenues of the Irish Church, set free by the Bill, would be appropriated to purely secular purposes; but his colleague in the Ministry, Lord John Russell, rose immediately from the Treasury Bench, and stated that the Government were not pledged to any such policy. Stanley then wrote on a slip of paper that phrase which is now historic, "Johnny has upset the coach," and passed it to his colleague, Sir James Graham, who was also opposed to the appropriation of the tithes to the purposes of education. That note, or its phrase, got to the *Times* office somehow. The story is told that Graham stuffed the note into his waistcoat pocket, where it was found by his valet, who carried it to the newspaper. This explanation, however, has not been authenticated. Graham maintained there was nothing extra-

ordinary in the note or its contents reaching the *Times*, as he showed it to Lord Althorp, the leader of the House, and to two or three others, so that probably it was known to several of the Members before the House adjourned.

It is rather a common accusation against domestics that they are addicted to gabbling to outsiders about the affairs of their masters and mistresses. But it is a remarkable fact that the revelation of a political secret to the Press has been traced only once to the indiscretion or disloyalty of a servant. The episode arose out of the strange proceedings which led to the establishment of an unqualified household suffrage in 1867, by a Tory Government actually opposed to the principle. In the previous year, Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Liberal Administration, brought in a Reform Bill which proposed an occupation franchise of £7 in boroughs and £14 in counties. The Opposition were joined by a number of Whigs in regarding this proposal as revolutionary, and the Government were defeated in Committee on the Bill. The Liberals resigned, and a Conservative Ministry came into office, though not into power, as there was no General Election and the Liberals, of course, were still in a majority. Disraeli, however, introduced a new Reform Bill, on behalf of the Government, proposing a household suffrage, with an important limitation, which, by making the vote depend upon the personal payment of the rates, excluded the large mass of compound householders, who pay their rates in their rents. In Committee, an amendment to abolish the restriction of the personal payment of the rates was moved by a Radical, and though it was certain that the amendment would have been lost on a division, Disraeli unexpectedly rose and accepted it, to the amazement of the House. The Whigs were "dished" completely.

There was a fierce outcry against the Government for having betrayed their supporters. The Whigs had been driven from office for proposing to increase the voters of the Kingdom by 400,000; and the Tories who succeeded them capped that

proposal by admitting 1,000,000 voters within the ring of the electorate! But after the Bill had become law it was announced that the Cabinet had had no intention whatever of accepting the amendment, the enormous increase of the electorate being really the sole act of Disraeli, upon which he determined on the spur of the moment. The divulging of this secret was due, according to the accepted explanation of the day, to a footman in the service of the Prime Minister, Lord Derby, who found one of Disraeli's letters in his master's library.

But sensational political information rarely reaches the newspapers through servants, whether it is that such news never comes their way, or that they are unaware of its journalistic value, or know not how to dispose of it, or—what is, perhaps, the more likely explanation—that they have, as a body, too proper a sense of their duty. Sir Stafford Northcote relates in his "Diary" that during the formation of Lord Salisbury's first Administration in 1885, his domestics were much annoyed by the inquiries of reporters on the hunt for news about the new Ministry; and records with great delight and supreme satisfaction the reply of the butler to one of the journalists. "What has your master got in the Government?" was the question. "The under-secretaryship to Lord Randolph Churchill" was the humorous retort of the butler.

Still, everything of importance leaks out in some way or another. Even the most secret and sacred of Cabinet matters reaches sooner or later the ears of the ubiquitous and vigilant journalists. How the leakage takes place it is not always possible to tell. Perhaps political secrets are mostly divulged over the cigars and coffee, when, after a good dinner, men are in an expansive mood, and their tongues wag freely in conversation. A member of the Cabinet in that unguarded moment, forgetful of his obligation to keep the proceedings of that august circle inviolable, drops a hint which is repeated outside, enlarged and magnified, and passes thus from ear to ear until

it is published broadcast in the newspapers. It often happens also, that journalists get wind of the great secret, without any obligation of honour being violated by a member of the Government, unintentionally or by design. To a sagacious newspaper man a word, a nod, a mysterious look, a meaning smile, is sufficient to enable him to convey in a paragraph the drift of things political. By shrewd guesses and negative deductions he can set at nought the reticence of Ministers and politicians, and give his readers thrilling peeps behind the scenes in Whitehall. This facility of deduction was once cleverly employed by Delane, the editor of the *Times*. At a dinner party one evening in 1872, Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, remarked that Lord Northbrook had been asking him that day how he should stand the climate of India. "And what did you tell him, Sir Andrew?" asked the journalist casually. "I told him the country would suit him very well," was the reply. Nothing more was said on the subject. But enough had been said to enable the *Times* to state the next morning that the Vice-Royalty of India, which was about to become vacant, would be filled by Lord Northbrook. When the time came for the official announcement it was found that Lord Northbrook had in fact been appointed.

Undoubtedly, on the other hand, some political secrets have been given away by the indiscretions of statesmen, or their deliberate breaches of confidence. The *Times*, which has exclusively made public many momentous political secrets, never announced anything more sensational than its statement, November 15, 1834, that on the day previous William IV. had summarily dismissed the Melbourne Administration from office. The news was absolutely unexpected.

> Their case is one of rare occurrence [says Charles Greville in his "Memoirs"], unceremoniously kicked out—not resignation following ineffectual negotiations, or baffled attempts at arrangement, but in the plenitude of their fancied strength, and utterly unconscious of danger, they were discarded in the most positive, summary and peremptory manner.

It was to an exalted member of the Government that the

Times was indebted for its early information of the affair. Earl Spencer had died, and his son, Lord Althorp, the Leader of the House of Commons, succeeded to the peerage. On November 14, Melbourne went down to Brighton, where the King was staying, to make arrangements for the necessary changes in the Ministry; but William, whose aversion to his Whig advisers was notorious, availed himself of the chance to send them about their business, and to summon the Duke of Wellington to form a Tory Government. This, by the way, is the last—and probably will remain the last—dismissal of a Ministry on the mere personal whim of the Sovereign. Melbourne returned to London late that evening. Without communicating the news to any of his colleagues, he sent out summonses for a Cabinet Council on the following day, and even in this letter gave no hint of the fate of the Government. However, Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, on his way home from dinner, happened to call on Melbourne, and was told the whole story. It is said that Melbourne put Brougham under a promise not to say a word on the subject to anybody until the announcement was first made to the Cabinet. However that may be, it is certain that Brougham, desiring probably to propitiate the *Times* (which for weeks had been scathingly attacking him), sent it this sensational and exclusive piece of information. The first news the other members of the Government had of their fate was the following announcement in the *Times* the next morning:

> We have no authority for the important statement which follows, but we have every reason to believe that it is perfectly true. We give it, without any comment or amplification, in the very words of the communication which reached us at a very late hour last night, or rather at an early hour this morning. The King has taken the opportunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the Ministry, and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The Queen has done it all.

It is interesting to note that the newspaper, in the next issue, denied on the highest authority that Queen Adelaide had the slightest connection with the incident, and ascribed the

downfall of the Government in a great measure to the unbecoming conduct of Brougham as Lord Chancellor.

As an instance of how carelessness in public officials leads to the awkward revealing of intelligence, a story from Ireland may be related. One of the chief permanent officials of Dublin Castle wrote a letter in the coffee-room of an hotel in Dublin, and dried it on a virgin sheet of white blotting-paper. A person staying in the hotel going subsequently to the writing-table, was attracted by the impression of large sprawling characters on the blotting-pad, and to his astonishment read in the signature the name of a well-known Irish Government official. He tore off the sheet from the pad, brought it to his bedroom, and with the aid of the mirror, was able to copy the entire letter. Addressed to another Government official in London, it contained the freest and most audacious criticisms of the Cabinet Minister who was then responsible for the management of Irish affairs. Its publication in cold type in *United Ireland* must have made the flesh of some members of the Government creep. But no one was surprised to read, shortly afterwards, the announcement that the writer of the epistle had retired from the public service. Indeed, the Irish newspapers have established quite a unique reputation for the discovery of State secrets. In 1888 there were serious agrarian disturbances in the district of which the town of Youghal is the centre. One day the late Captain Plunket, Divisional Magistrate, sent a telegram from Dublin to the local magistrate at Youghal, saying in cipher: "If necessary, do not hesitate to shoot." The "wire" appeared the next day in the *Freeman's Journal*, and was subsequently the cause of many noisy discussions and scenes in the House of Commons. But how did the newspaper get possession of it? Indeed, simply enough. A copy of the message was found on the public writing-desk of the telegraph office in Dublin, from which it had been despatched by Captain Plunket. Evidently he had been dissatisfied with the legibility of the first copy of the telegram, and, making

a second one, carelessly left the other after him on the desk. The newspaper had no difficulty in deciphering the cryptograph.

One of the most interesting Cabinet secrets of recent years was the exact proposals which were to be contained in the Home Rule Bill of 1893. The public were all agog to know in what it differed from the scheme of 1886. For instance, were the Irish Members to be retained at Westminster? The Press teemed with speculations on the subject, but nothing authoritative was known until Gladstone unfolded the plan in the House of Commons. Yet it was near being disclosed to an eager and expectant country long before the appointed time. The rough draft of the measure was as usual put into type at the offices of the Queen's Printers, and a dozen copies struck off for the use of members of the Cabinet only. In accordance with the great care that is always taken to guard State secrets, the "copy" of the draft was distributed among the compositors in portions so minute that each got only three lines to "set," so that none of them could form even the haziest conception of the proposals of the Bill from the bit he got to put into type; and to one of the most trustworthy overseers in the office was committed the duty of arranging these innumerable lines of type in their consecutive order. Then when the dozen proofs of the complete draft were "pulled," the type was immediately broken up and distributed. Yet one of these proofs was found on a writing-table in the library of the Reform Club before the Cabinet had concluded their deliberations on the Bill! It had been left there by an absent-minded Minister after writing a letter. However, that precious document was not sent to the Press. The finder happened to be himself the private secretary of a Cabinet Minister, and knowing his duty he returned the proof to its owner. That Minister must have been terror-stricken indeed, at the thought of the look which the face of Gladstone would have worn at the Cabinet Council had the Bill, through his carelessness, been made public before it was introduced in the House of Commons. But the incident helps to explain how the newspapers often get possession of

State secrets. If the document had fallen into the hands of one of the journalists who are members of the Reform Club, the temptation to publish it would, probably, have been irresistible.

Ministers, of course, are extremely wary in the safeguarding of Cabinet papers. But as the fox must sleep sometimes, he is occasionally caught napping, so accidents will happen to Ministers, and confidential documents go astray, no matter how careful their custodians may be. A secret State paper was once sold as waste. Gladstone's Administration of 1880–1884 had a volume printed of the plans of the defences of Constantinople and the Dardanelles from confidential surveys and reports. It was a most unique and valuable publication, and its circulation, of course, was rigidly restricted to Ministers and Permanent Secretaries. Still it was bought by a dealer along with other waste, from unknown sources, as a book of no consequence. The name of a noble lord who was a member of the Government was on it, however, and the dealer, recognising its importance, at once put himself in communication with him, though at first not successfully. Eventually the noble lord sent his private secretary, with apologies for the delay, and the book was recovered. It had accidentally fallen from the Minister's library table into the waste-paper basket beneath.

Of course there are occasions when the publication of a political secret is inspired for some adequate reason by an individual Minister, or by the Government as a whole. One of these connived-at disclosures was the announcement by the *Times* of December 4, 1845, that Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, proposed to repeal the Corn Laws—not merely a piece of political information, but an historical event—which caused one of the great political sensations of the century. As Peel had declared only a short time before his determination to stand fast by the Corn Laws, the news of the *Times* was characterised as absurd and impossible by most of the supporters of the Government. But in the course of time it

proved to be true, as we all know now. There was naturally a good deal of speculation as to how the newspaper got possession of that sensational State secret. A scandalous version which, though it is utterly unfounded, is still current, relates that Sidney Herbert, a young and handsome Minister—he whose statue by Foley looks down so benignly on wayfarers outside the War Office in Pall Mall—had been beguiled of the secret by Mrs. Norton, a fascinating woman and brilliant conversationalist, who attracted to her house all the leading writers and politicians of the time. At the great divorce trial of Norton *v.* Lord Melbourne (which ended in a verdict for the respondent) a letter from Mrs. Norton was read for the purpose of proving that so constant were the visits of Lord Melbourne to Mrs. Norton's house at Storey's Gate, St. James's Park, that her children became curiously familiar with the phrases of public life. Mrs. Norton said in this letter that one day after luncheon her little boy rose from the table and said, "May I resign?" and when she asked him what he meant, he answered: "I want, of course, to go out. Is not to 'resign' the same as to 'go out'?" But with regard to the secret of the proposed abolition of the corn duties, the popular story goes that on the evening of the Cabinet Council at which Peel made the momentous announcement, Sidney Herbert dined alone with Mrs. Norton, and under the combined influences of her beauty and her excellent dinner surrendered the secret. Further, it is said that, unknown to her friend, the lady drove to the *Times* office and told the news to Delane the editor, who thought the information well worth a cheque for £500.

The fable of the adventure owes much of its popularity to that striking scene in "Diana of the Crossways," where the heroine betrays a political secret of immense importance to the editor of a great London daily newspaper, which is supposed to have been founded on this incident in Mrs. Norton's career. Mr. Meredith, in a recent edition of the novel, has a note—written at the suggestion of the late Lord Dufferin, Mrs. Norton's nephew—to the effect that the

episode is pure fiction, having no connection whatever with fact. "A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty," the novelist writes, "the daughter of an illustrious Irish House, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of 'Diana of the Crossways' is to be read as fiction." But, no doubt, the fictitious story of an intrigue between Sidney Herbert and Mrs. Norton makes too compelling an appeal to the romance in human nature ever to be disbelieved, no matter how often it may be exposed and refuted.

As a matter of fact, the *Times* got its information from Lord Aberdeen, a member of the Cabinet, who gave it with the full knowledge and consent of Sir Robert Peel himself. Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary. His most earnest desire was to settle the dispute with the United States over what is now known as "the Oregon affair," and feeling that nothing would tend more to the spread of pacific views in a grain-growing country than the intelligence that the ports of the United Kingdom were about to be opened freely to corn, he sent the news to the *Times* so that it should appear on the morning the American mails were to leave. As this explanation is given in the "Life of Henry Reeve"—editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Registrar of the Privy Council—who had it from Delane, its absolute accuracy is unquestionable. It is pleasant, therefore, to think that the memories of a great statesman and a charming and accomplished woman are relieved of the charge of weakness and unscrupulousness which for years have wrongly been laid to their account.

Harriet Martineau was a lady to whom Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Melbourne Administration, confided some of the Government's most confidential proceedings. The episode, however, though extremely interesting, is lacking entirely in the element of romance. Miss Martineau had none of the wiles of a beautiful woman, and it was impossible for any man to be more staid or more highly respectable than Lord Althorp. It was in 1833, and Harriet

Martineau was publishing her series of tales designed as "illustrations of political economy" which were remarkably popular, when Thomas Drummond, private secretary to Althorp, called upon her with a request on behalf of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whether she would deal with the question of Irish tithes in the form of a story, in order to prepare the public mind for the Bill for the abolition of the tithe which the Government proposed to introduce. A draft of the Bill was given to her on the condition that she should keep it a profound secret. "It is a thing unheard of," said Drummond, "to commit any Government measure to anybody outside the Cabinet until it is laid before Parliament." It happened that a Royal Commission was sitting at the time to inquire into the sources of the Excise. Drummond had not gone five minutes when the Chairman of the Commission Henry Wickham, came to ask Miss Martineau to write a story also about the Excise, and supplied her with extraordinary disclosures which had been made at the private sittings of the Commission. Wickham, of course, exacted a promise of absolute secrecy. He was specially concerned that not a breath of what he had done should reach the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "It is a thing unheard of," said he, "that such evidence should be divulged to any one outside the Commission before the Chancellor of the Exchequer has first perused it." "I could hardly help laughing in his face," said Harriet, "and wondered what would have happened if he and Mr. Drummond had met on the steps, as they very nearly did."

A few days later Drummond called again upon Miss Martineau. He wanted to know what she thought of some alterations in existing taxation which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to make in his forthcoming Budget. "I would begin with the Excise," said she, "set free the smallest articles first, which least repay the expense of collection, and go on to the greatest." "The Excise!" exclaimed Drummond. "Ah, Lord Althorp bade me tell you that the Commission on Excise have collected the most

extraordinary evidence which he will take care that you shall have as soon as he gets it himself." "It was at that moment in the closet, within two feet of my visitor!" writes the lady chucklingly, in an account of the interview.

Harriet Martineau was an able and enterprising journalist. None knew better the nature of "copy" and its pecuniary value. Here was political intelligence of the most saleable nature imaginable, intelligence which her sense of the nature of news convinced her would make that "sensation" which it is the ambition of all journals to achieve; but given as it was under the injunction of secrecy, for newspaper purposes it was useless. The severest trial of the journalist is the possession of news which he cannot publish in honour. Yet no man has so many secrets of State and secrets of private life, which, if he could but make public, would cause a tremendous rush for his newspaper. Paradoxical though it may seem, a journalist is perhaps the most uncommunicative of men, and there is no more discreet or more trustworthy confidant of a secret. The stories he is told, which he dare not use, he will whisper to no one, for fear they should reach the less scrupulous representative of a rival organ. But think of his tantalising position! Here is a man who lives by printing things, possessed of an abundance of secrets novel, startling and entertaining, which he must not print. Is there not something of the element of tragedy in the situation? No wonder that many journalists walk stoop-shouldered, with weary eyes towards the ground, as if literally bowed down by the burden of confidences which they cannot throw off in the form of newspaper paragraphs.

Mr. John Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," tells a pleasant story of how a great political secret was kept sacredly inviolate by three poor Irish journalists. As Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Morley was in close communication with Parnell during the preparation of the first Home Rule Bill of 1886. One day the Irish leader asked if he might have a draft of the main provisions of the measure, for communica-

tion to half a dozen of his confidential colleagues. "After some demur," we are told, "the Irish Secretary consented, warning him of the damaging consequences of any premature divulgation. The draft was duly returned, and not a word leaked out." Mr. Morley adds that some time afterwards Parnell recalled the incident to him. "Three of the men to whom I showed the draft were newspaper men," said the Irish leader, "and they were poor men, and any newspaper would have given them a thousand pounds for it. No wonderful virtue, you may say. But how many of your House of Commons would believe it?"

Of course there was no conflict in the minds of these poor Irish journalists between cupidity and honour. Every reputable newspaper man knows that the disclosure of a secret obtained in such circumstances would be a gross breach not only of the sanctity of private confidences, but of the tradition and unwritten laws of the Press. But the weight of that political secret—one of the most eventful interest in the nineteenth century—must have been terribly burdensome to newspaper men having strong within them the professional instinct to proclaim things from the house-top.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

A WORKSHOP OF ROMAN CHRISTIANITY

FROM the catacombs, the subterranean burial-places of the first Roman Christians, to the basilica of St. Peter's, the greatest ecclesiastical building on earth, there is no break in the drama of history. When you come out from the cemetery of Callistus, on to the fields bordering the Appian Way, and look across to the dome of the great church commemorating Peter, you say to yourself, "That is the interpretation of this." This may see in its own humble features the lineaments of that; the church which dominates the Roman country—in imperial possession of Rome—may recognise that the silent underground galleries of the Appia had already taken as effective a possession of the capital of the world.

The Roman Church is founded upon three events: the apostolic preaching, the constancy of its martyrs, its position as the heir of imperial Rome—a position early figured and represented in the persons of its bishops. All these things have their monument in the catacombs, which bear indisputable traces of the sojourn and preaching of the Apostles, which are the earliest shrines of the Roman martyrs, and which preserve for us in the crypt in the cemetery of Callistus, set apart for the leaders of the Roman Church from Antheros to Eutychian (A.D. 235–275), the veritable nucleus of papal domination. It was the successors of these men who were

to fill the *rôle* left vacant by Constantine's departure for Byzantium; to be forced into a position of overlordship—through the uncertainty of the Emperor's government by lieutenants—first in Rome and then in Italy; to consolidate this power by constant accretions of Italian territory; and, finally, to acquire by spiritual conquest a universal suzerainty as real as that of the Roman Emperor. If those who inscribed the proud words round the dome of St. Peter's had known that hidden in the catacombs there were frescoes representing Peter as the new Moses striking the rock from which flow forth the saving waters of Christ—the name *Petrus* clearly written above him—even they must have thrilled with wonder and awe: the upholders of Petrine primacy could not have imagined or devised a parable of the first centuries better fitted to their hand.

The burial-places of the first Christians were their only certain property. The law allowed to every corporation its *religiosus locus*, its God's acre, and this was not confiscated even in the worst hours of the great persecutions. It was thus that the Christians, though they never lived in the catacombs, came to regard them as retreats, as places where it was safe to meet for prayer, for mutual encouragement, even for the catechising of neophytes and children. Round them were their dead, their loved ones, nay, round them were their martyrs, the men and women who were to prove that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," whose heroic deaths had been witnessed by many; the memory of whose heroism was to prove almost as potent as ocular witness when their burial-places became the nuclei of the first Christian churches, and the abounding reverence felt for them inaugurated the Christian cult of the saints.

The catacombs lie for the most part within a three-mile radius of the wall of Aurelian. They number forty-five, and it is calculated that the passages, galleries, and chambers of which they consist cover several hundred miles, forming a vast underground city—"subterranean Rome." For the first three

hundred years until "the Peace of the Church" this was the ordinary place of burial, certain catacombs being affiliated, from the third century, to the ecclesiastical regions in the city Even after the "Peace" Christians were sometimes buried here, until the fifth century, after which the catacombs were visited as places of pilgrimage for another four hundred years.

From the ninth century they fell into complete neglect; no one visited these sanctuaries of the sufferings, these monuments of the human affections and religious beliefs of the first Christians. Visitors heard that Rome was built upon terrible underground chasms, filled with snakes, some part of which was every now and then revealed to the terrified inhabitants. No one penetrated till the fifteenth century—the first pioneer belongs to the sixteenth—and it was not till the second half of the nineteenth that a new world was laid bare to the student by the excavations of De Rossi, who rediscovered the great cemetery of Callistus, containing the now famous "papal crypt," and whose labours have resulted in restoring to us nearly twenty catacombs.

The terrible underground chasms filled with snakes were found to be galleries of tombs, crypts of all sizes, lighted by shafts, some with seats for catechists, some adapted as miniature basilicas—decorated with frescoes recording biblical scenes, New Testament parables, and symbolical representations of New Testament events (in which the "Apocrypha" is not distinguished from the "Canon" and the history of Susanna and the Elders sustained the faith and comforted the courage of Christians by the side of the scene of Moses striking the rock and Christ feeding His disciples)—eloquent with inscriptions in the epigraphy of the first four centuries, recorded in moments of simple human emotion, intended only for the dead and those who survived them sorrowing; and lastly, covered with *graffiti*, with prayers, names, acclamations scratched on the walls of galleries leading to some favourite crypt by pilgrim visitors in later centuries.

In this hidden and quiet place of the dead there is recorded

a revolution parallel to a volanic upheaval of nature. Here we have a permanent record of the meeting of classical Rome with Judæa and Christianity; here the graceful art of Pompeii meets the imagery of the Hebrew bible; here the Flavii met the Jews of the Dispersion; here, as in a Titanic workshop, Rome, taking its religion from the Jew, moulded the Faith which the Chosen People had discarded into the greatest religious organisation on earth—Catholic Christianity.

The two arch-cemeteries are those of Callistus on the Via Appia and Priscilla on the Salaria. They are arch-cemeteries because their origin and the part they played in the early years of Roman Christianity gave them a pre-eminent importance, and having been bestowed upon the Church by their owners they became the official catacombs of the Christian community. Each bears in its bosom the record of the first Roman converts; each is rich in frescoes and inscriptions; each bears testimony to the fact that from the beginning the Roman Christians counted among them many of patrician and senatorial rank—we meet with the names of the *Aurelii*, *Caecilii*, *Maximi Caecilii*, of *Praetextatus Caecilianus*, and *Pomponius Grecinus*, and of *Cornelius*, the first bishop to belong to a Roman *gens*, in the catacomb of Callistus; and with those of the *Prisci*, *Ulpii*, and *Acilii Glabriones* in that of Priscilla. Priscilla, with her son the Senator Pudens, is the reputed hostess of Peter on his visit to Rome, and in the catacomb which bears her name there occurs repeatedly the Apostle's name—unknown in classical nomenclature—both in its Greek and Latin forms, *Petros*, *Petrus*. It is a region of this catacomb which preserves the tradition of the *Fons sancti Petri*, "the well or font of St. Peter," "the cemetery where Peter baptized," or "where Peter first sat," still unconsciously recorded in the Roman feast of "The Chair of St. Peter" on January 18. Here, too, was buried the philosopher Justin, martyred under Aurelius in A.D. 165, who lived in the house of Pudens, and here, when Justin was describing the rite itself in his Apology to the emperors, was frescoed the earliest repre-

sentation of the solemn moment of the breaking of bread at the Eucharist. The mystical number of the guests—seven—the fish on the table, archaic symbol of Christ, the "seven baskets-ful," in allusion to the miracle of the loaves, and the fact that the *agapê* was already dissociated from the Eucharist in the time of Justin, mark this out as a typical example of that symbolic treatment of real events which is characteristic of early Christian art. The celebrant stands at one end of the crescent-shaped table breaking the bread; five men and women sit at the table, the only other standing figure being that of a woman wearing the Jewish married woman's bonnet, filling, apparently, the office of *vidua* or woman-elder. The catacomb of Callistus—an agglomeration of separate *hypogaea*, which originated in the *crypts of Lucina* and the cemetery of those *Caecilii* who were among the earliest Roman families to embrace Christianity—is no less interesting.

The unique interest of these monuments lies in the fact that they are the incorruptible record of the sentiments, affections, and beliefs of the first Christians. In these frescoes and inscriptions no forgeries or interpolations could creep, no P^1 and P^2, no "Elohist" or "Jahvist" could confuse the issues and mystify the interpretation. The untouched story appeals to us in mute eloquence.

To what side does the testimony of the Roman catacombs lean? The critical method in history has destroyed the foundations of historical Protestantism; has it laid bare the foundations of historical Catholicism? The people who frequented the catacombs did not feel or think or believe like the men who reformed Christianity in the sixteenth century, but it is as true to say that they did not think or believe like the men of the Catholic reaction. The catacombs record a period when Christian life and Christian discipline still seemed more important than Christian dogma, when this last was not yet fixed, when it was still true that "what can be prayed is the rule of what can be believed"—*lex orandi lex credendi;* and here in the place of the dead "what could be prayed"

became a veritable norm of what Christians were to formulate as precious dogma later.

In the first place then, the frescoes and inscriptions frequently bring before us the notions of rebirth by baptism, and of eternal life by participation in Christ through the mystical commerce of the Eucharist—the Johannine conception; new birth and new life are the keynote ideas in this place of the dead. Sacraments, conceived as material channels conveying grace, are already an integral part of the Christian consciousness; but the assumption that "the seven sacraments" are to be found in the catacombs shows as little knowledge of the history of the Church for the first twelve centuries as of the habits or belief of the Christians of the first, second, and third.

If there had ever been an age of the Church before controversy we might say that the catacombs recorded it. But there never was such an age; what can be found here, however, are the spontaneous Judaic-Gentile beliefs of Christians who learnt their faith through terrible and comforting experiences almost as much as through the first apostolic preaching or the later ministrations of those visitors between Church and Church called in the New Testament "apostles and prophets." The religion of the catacombs was partly formed in the living; it is the Faith, formulated, gauged, and tested by the faithful. Hence there is not only spontaneousness, but boldness, liberty of spirit, the absence of all fear of being misunderstood, misconstrued. They did not think as we do, and centuries were to elapse before the minimisers or the maximisers would torture what they said and did with meanings they would not bear.

Of these bold, spontaneous doctrines none is more conspicuous than that of the intercourse between all the members of Christ, "those who have gone before us with the sign of faith," and those "who wait till their change comes, till this corruptible puts on incorruption." A Christian called upon his dead to pray for him in the realms of light, he called upon God to give to his beloved a place of light and refreshment,

he besought the confessors gone to their reward to pray for both them and him. So strong was this belief in a holy and indissoluble union between the members of the one Church and the one Body of Christ that at every celebration of the Liturgy the whole body of the faithful were understood to be present—either really or mystically; and thus the Commemoration of the Living in the mass speaks of those (present) who offer and those (absent) for whom they offer the sacrifice of praise, as all equally "standing round about." And as they offered and prayed for those who were with them in the same town, so they offered and prayed for those who were already with Christ—in *bono in Christo.* The three commemorations of the Roman Canon: the *Memento Domine . . . omnium circumstantium* of the Living, the *Communicantes et memoriam venerantes* of the Martyrs, and the *Memento . . . qui nos præcesserunt* of the Dead, may be thought of as liturgical features crystallised in the catacombs.

It is easy to see, too, how the funeral celebrations of the liturgy—given this initial idea of intercommunion and intercession among all Christians living and dead—extended the idea of eucharistic sacrifice. How easily the oblation of Christ—the Christian's one offering—became the means of intercessory prayer for all men and all occasions, and gave rise to the requiem mass, the mass for some special grace, the mass of thanksgiving, the mass in commemoration of a saint.

Bold treatment of sacred things belongs naturally to an age when the *sentiments* of the Faith, aspiration and hope, outrun dogma—before unfaithfulness in doctrine urged upon the early Church and its leaders the necessity for stricter definition, or unfaithfulness in life had made it easier to substitute a hard and fast creed for "the weightier matters of the law." The symbolism and inscriptions of the catacombs testify how freely such elements were at work there. Take as an instance the fresco representing Christ on a throne giving a book to Peter, with the legend: *Dominus legem dat* ("the Lord gives the Law.") In other examples of this subject Peter is

replaced by some simple but faithful disciple—"The Lord gives the Law to Alexander—to Valerius." The allusion is to the "tradition of the Gospel" in baptism; it is not hierarchical.

The catacombs influenced the Roman Church in another way. There are none but martyrs' names among the liturgic commemorations of the confessors of the Faith (whom we now call "saints"): and these names loudly proclaimed in the *Canon*—in the solemn portion—of the eucharistic services which were held at their graves, not only on the day of deposition, but on many other stated days besides, were the nucleus of that long line of "*canonised*" saints which figures in the modern calendar. When, after the "Peace," churches began to cover the city, the very grave of the confessor became the nucleus of the Christian edifice—that *confession* or sunk tomb which is the central point of the Roman basilica. And as the liturgy had been celebrated on the stone slab which closed the grave, so when churches were built the altar was placed over the confessor's tomb: "I saw under the altar the souls of those that had been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

Thus subterranean Rome prepared, as in the hidden working of a mine, not only many affirmations of the faith which was to assert itself in the light and replace the religion of classical Rome, but also the sanctuary of those great basilicas which were to spread over the surface of the city as soon as the Christians, in no real but nevertheless in a highly suggestive sense, "came up from the catacombs." The catacombs are the link between pagan Rome "drunk with the blood of the saints" and the Christian Rome which arose in the imperial city from the ashes of her martyrs. The pagan city on the seven hills as truly sunk into the grave with the bodies of the Roman martyrs as Christian Rome eventually took possession of the same *urbs septicollis* by carrying her dead into it.

M. A. R. Tuker.

IRISH EDUCATION— PRIMARY AND SECONDARY

THE amount of attention given to the Irish University question in and out of Parliament in recent years has to some extent obscured the equally pressing, if not more important, question of primary and secondary education in the sister kingdom. The three departments of Irish education have in the past few years been the subject of several government inquiries, and there is a great consensus of opinion that the present unsatisfactory state of affairs cannot much longer continue, and that a settlement of the several systems on right educational lines is of pressing necessity. Recently the most pronounced expression of opinion, and one covering the whole argument, has been the statement and resolutions passed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy assembled in Maynooth, and which were read in the parish churches throughout Ireland on the first Sunday in November last. There is no united and independent lay opinion among the Roman Catholics of Ireland on educational matters, and the effect of such a pronouncement by the bishops is to carry the opinion of his Roman Catholic laity with it.

Established in 1831, and based on what is known as the "Conscience Clause," so as "to afford combined literary and moral and separate religious instruction to children of all persuasions as far as possible in the same school" the National Board system (primary) has through nearly three-quarters of a

century worked on the whole well, and conferred essential benefits on the country. But there were inherent defects in the system which hampered its usefulness, caused it to drift into grooves, kept it too long wedded to exploded ideas and methods, and prevented it from advancing with the educational needs of the times. It is needless to dwell upon the results likely to arise from the policy of appointing an unpaid Board of Commissioners to manage the system, whose members are usually selected from the points given of social standing, public position, and creed, rather than from that of fitness as expert educationists. That the Commissioners have performed their work as well as they have by no means alters our view of the risks run in continuing the selection of members of that body by any such principle as that hitherto governing it.

Compared with Great Britain, one of the essential points of difference in the Irish system is that the schools are under the control of managers, the majority of whom, both in urban and rural districts, are the clerics of the various denominations. It is a thing much to be thankful for, that in a country like Ireland, where the religious difficulty is one always to be reckoned with in all public affairs, in connection with the primary schools it has long ceased to threaten the working of the system or interfere with its sphere of usefulness. Faults may be found with the managerial method of controlling the schools, but its general approval by the members of all creeds, and its success in exorcising the spirit of bigotry or religious intolerance immeasurably counterbalances any defects existing in it. In Ireland, too, the State bears the whole cost of primary education, and contributes about two-thirds towards the expense of building the schools; there is no contribution from local rates. The consequence is that the schools are not so well equipped, and do not reach the standard of efficiency in this respect that prevails in England. There is a general apathy among the people in all matters connected with primary education in Ireland. The management of the schools, when spoken of or thought on at all, is considered to be safe in the

hands of the clergy. The National Board pay the teachers, aid largely in the building of schools, and the people see no reason why they should contribute to their support or further development. Hence the system drifted into a more or less rigid and inelastic form for the want of any local interest and public spirit to frame it or shape it to meet the needs of town or country districts, so that a programme existed until recently which applied equally to the linen centres of Ulster, the rural districts, and the fishing villages of the south and west coasts.

The principle of "united secular, and moral and separate religious instruction" has been largely departed from, and has led to a multiplication of small schools under the control of the various clerical managers. Criticism has been passed upon this, and also upon the want of equipment in many, and the neglected condition of some of the schools. The establishment of small schools is objectionable from an economic point of view, and should only be permitted in cases of pressing necessity; and if such necessity does not exist, the tendency towards a multiplication of small schools should be checked, and so prevent a waste of energy and public money. As to the equipment and the neglected condition of schools, it has to be remembered that a very considerable number exist in extremely poor districts, where the managers find it difficult enough to keep the building in ordinary repair and supplied with fuel during the winter months. Further than this they cannot in such places be expected to go; and until some system of local or other support is initiated such schools must remain inefficient, and the majority in Ireland to fall short of the standard reached in the wealthier sister kingdom.

The result of the Report (1898) of the Viceregal Commission on Manual and Practical Education was to cause a great quickening of the dry bones of national education, and several sweeping reforms were initiated. The payment by results system was abolished, and was soon followed by a revised programme. Liberty was granted, as far as possible, to the managers to suit the education of the children to local require-

ments. Commendable as this last was, it was yet throwing upon the managers much too serious a responsibility. To carry this out with any prospect of success funds would be needed, and from what has already been said these are not available for any such purpose. We do not wish to cast any reflection upon the managers as a body when we say that most of them are unfitted by their life, training, and calling to initiate radical educational changes with a view to practical results. This would require not only expert knowledge of educational methods and requirements, but a power of organisation and readiness to undertake risks of failure, which, to say the least, is hardly fair to expect from the average manager of National Schools. In Ireland the typical school is marked by an absence of little museums, libraries, pictures, and illustrations of an attractive kind, flowers, and window gardens; in fact, of all those things which go to brighten the surroundings, stimulate the taste, and cultivate a love for what is beautiful in the children which they can hardly get in homes that are so often devoid of taste and comfort as the Irish children's are. Much of this the managers as a body might have accomplished, but they have not done so. To put upon them, then, the heavier responsibility and expect them to bear it will end in nothing but disappointment.

Another change initiated by the Board was an all-embracing system of science, drawing, and hand and eye training. Advisable as much of this was, it was rushed in a manner that brought many misgivings to the minds of experienced educationists on both sides of the Channel. Organisers were appointed who travelled from centre to centre; teachers were brought from remote districts to receive instruction during a short period of attendance; and even inspectors had to assemble and be introduced into the mysteries of such arts as paper-folding, brick-laying, and wire-twisting. The impossibility of giving sufficient instruction in practical science during a month's or six weeks' course, so as to be of any real educational value, is apparent on the very face

of it. What should have been the work of a generation was attempted to be accomplished in the course of a very few years; there was not only haste but waste in the whole ambitious scheme. From what has already been said, the difficulty of equipping the schools with the necessary apparatus for teaching science and hand and eye work is also evident, since the cost was thrown upon the managers. The Board, however, are now granting considerable sums in the way of free grants for the teaching of elementary science; but a very heavy expenditure will be involved if science teaching is to be made really effective throughout the country.

The hand and eye work having been "weighed in the balance" in some centres in England and found wanting, was adopted by the Irish Board of Commissioners and spread broadcast over the land. Suited no doubt, as it is, for such centres of technical work as the metal workshops of Birmingham, it is quite unsuited for a country like Ireland, the majority of whose children are scattered over rural areas, and whose training should be that which will best fit them for agricultural pursuits. It is evident that in adopting this scheme and applying it generally throughout the school standards, the Commissioners acted without paying due regard to the experience of the trials of the system in England, or considering the special needs of Ireland itself. If education has any practical end at all, it is to fit children for life, to train their faculties so that they may make the best use of them in the world of struggle and competition they are so soon to enter. Owing to many causes Ireland has in the past half-century, or more, been lamentably drained of its population. The teaching in the National Schools hitherto has been almost entirely literary; the children were taught to read, write, and cypher —but little more. The world of Nature has been a sealed book to them; they have had nothing to fall back upon as they grew up in country and village, but to drift into migration, or follow some pursuit that offered an escape from the land. Whether a more rational system of education would

have prevented the exodus is not the question; but there cannot be a doubt that the old system aided and abetted it. Now the peasant in Ireland is being rooted in the soil by the most generous measure of class legislation that our Parliamentary annals can show in modern times; and the education of the children in rural Ireland should in the future be that which will best fit them for domestic country life, and equip them with the knowledge which will enable them to make the most of their own and Nature's resources, and so find a successful field for their energy in the land of their fathers.

The Board of Commissioners to-day are, we believe, alive to their duty in this respect, and much good may be done if they act wisely and with circumspection. After a couple of years trial the expensive experiment of hand and eye training is now to be relegated to the third and lower standards, and whether it is to remain there or not in its present form is a question we need not speculate upon. Mr. Dale (H.M. Inspector of Schools, England) in his report on Irish primary education, says in the matter:

> What may be successfully attempted under the favourable conditions of a large English Board School may clearly prove quite valueless when transferred at the present juncture to an Irish country school hampered by irregularity of attendance and conducted by a teacher to whom even many subjects long familiar to English teachers are novelties. The simplest forms of hand and eye training, viz., drawing- and object-lessons present, naturally enough, great difficulties to him. It is, therefore, not surprising that he has failed to grapple even after a short course of training with the more ambitious forms of this instruction which in England have only been carried out successfully by a small number of exceptionally competent teachers. Nearly all the lessons in this subject, which I saw, were valueless for older children, so far as any real training of the intelligence was concerned; and this fact was, as a rule, frankly admitted by the teachers themselves, who generally characterised the work in the upper classes as "a waste of time."

This is wisely said, and yet self-evident to any experienced educationist. What astonishes us is, that it should have become necessary for such a comment to be made by an outside authority. We can hardly believe that Irish education-

ists are so lacking in intelligence and experience as not to have known this, and to have foreseen the results of the Commissioners' heedless rush for sweeping changes.

Free of reform, the Board showed the same recklessness in other things, and, as if with a magician's wand, they determined on having every school in Ireland a little centre of science teaching. In England no branch of science is specified to be taught under the Code, and in only some five or six hundred schools is it taken up as an extra subject. But in Ireland in about two years elementary science was taught in 2623 schools, and some 2000 teachers had received instruction in the subject in 1902, and the numbers must have largely increased since then. In the training colleges the subject can be adequately taught to the students, and a fair standard of proficiency be reached in their two-years course of study. But a few weeks or months course under itinerant organisers, when the total time of instruction, we are told in the report, is about 120 hours, is surely not sufficient to qualify teachers in elementary science, if their instruction is to be of any educational value to the children under their charge. The Commissioners, in their report, can hardly be serious in quoting elaborate statistics of the number of children who received instruction in these subjects, and the number of students attending district classes for a short course of training, and expect the public to believe that this is real educational work from which good results to the country will spring, and to set the seal of their approval upon it. Any one who has studied physical science knows that a certain amount of technical knowledge, and a certain skill in manipulation, is required for teaching purposes, which can only be gained after considerable study and practice. Anything short of this is mere pretence, and can serve no really high educational purpose. Nor do we believe, on the other hand, that it is advisable to bring elementary science teaching to the door of every peasant child in Ireland, no more than it is advisable to bring the technical teaching which would prove advantageous

to the children of such cities as Dublin or Belfast. The new programme for science teaching, embracing *four* alternative courses, is excellent in its way, but conceived on too ambitious a scale to be carried out with any degree of success. For rural schools the only course we approve of is that which practically embraces Nature Study; this we would make obligatory, and towards the successful teaching of a knowledge of Nature and her ways let the training the teachers have acquired in science also serve. We find ourselves again in agreement with Mr. Dale, who would confine practically three of the courses out of the four to the schools in the larger towns, and the study of Nature might with the best advantage be pursued in all rural schools. As this costly science teaching is being vigorously pursued in Ireland, it may be well to quote again from Mr. Dale:

> Looking to the existing conditions of Irish primary education, I cannot but think that Courses III. and IV., and the higher stages of Course I. in the syllabus, can at present be studied with profit in very few Schools. They are, for many reasons, beyond the capacity of both scholars and teachers. Even the older scholars in most Schools have not yet attained the facility in expressing themselves, whether by writing or drawing, which is necessary for that essential part of a lesson in experimental science—the recording of their observations and experiments by the children themselves. It is also undoubted that to give successful elementary instruction in such branches of science as magnetism and electricity, a teacher needs to possess considerable knowledge of the subject himself. Failing that qualification the lessons become pretentious and useless, and the main purport of them is obscured by the want of mastery over the technical terminology of the subject. . . . Nearly all the country teachers, under which head seven-eighths of the Irish teachers fall, live far from any town where they could have the advantage of the necessary lectures, appliances, and laboratories for following up their studies. They are bound, therefore, to be in the position of knowing but little more than they have to teach—a condition under which really profitable instruction can never be given.

We cannot but think that the eager pursuit of universal science teaching in schools is misdirected energy on the part of the Irish Board. If they want to see fruit for their labour in a generation let them confine themselves to a thorough

course of Nature Study in the schools, see that every school, where possible, has a garden plot in which the cultivation of flowers at least should be a feature of the school work. No one travelling in Ireland but must be struck with with the dearth of flower plots and climbing plants in the cottage fronts, and the unsanitary condition of the surroundings of the average peasant's home—things which give rise to a sad commentary on the teaching in the National Board's schools in past generations. The Commissioners, however, are now more alive to the cultivation of better personal habits among the children, and have drawn special attention to the duty of the managers and teachers in this respect.

The long-delayed abolition of results fees gave general satisfaction throughout Ireland; but this was accompanied by a new scheme of gradation and payment of teachers which has caused much discontent and been the subject of much comment. It is unnecessary to discuss the scheme here, complicated as it is, but we wish to point out that to the unrest it has created is attributed the serious falling off in the past two years in the number of male applicants to the training colleges. It will prove a serious matter to the cause of primary education in Ireland if confidence is lost in the quality of the teaching profession. The aim of the Board should be to attract the best material to the training colleges. These institutions are all denominational except one, and with that exception have been established since 1882. They are well staffed, well equipped, and receive considerable support from voluntary sources, as the government grants are not sufficient to keep them in a state of efficiency. It is to be hoped that the policy of the Board will not contract their sphere of usefulness, nor weaken their hands in their all-important work. They deserve well of the Board, for they have been the chief means in the past twelve years of raising the percentage of trained teachers from 39·5 to 55. Ireland thus stands well compared to England, the percentage of whose trained teachers in 1901 was 87. The loyalty of the colleges and their con-

fidence in the Board are essential to the satisfactory working of the whole scheme of primary education in Ireland, and these cannot be secured unless they receive generous treatment, with a due consideration and respect for their position to which their high educational standard entitles them.

With a view to any contemplated changes by the Government in the system of education in Ireland the Roman Catholic hierarchy are early in the field with their views on the subject. They declare at the outset of their statement "that any limitation or restriction of the control which is now exercised by managers over the National system of education would be so injurious to the religious interests of our people as to make it imperative on us to resist the introduction of such a measure, and, in case it were adopted, to reconsider our whole position in relation to these schools." They further truly say that this National system "has removed, broadly speaking, all religious strife and contention from the primary schools." What the attitude of the Protestant managers would be we cannot at the present moment rightly tell. It is more than probable that those of the Church of Ireland would also "reconsider their position in relation to these schools." Since the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland its clergy, as a body, have fallen into line with the National system of education, and placed the parish schools under the Board. This has been a great gain to the children of the disendowed schools and no change should be lightly undertaken with the probability, as the Roman Catholic hierarchy say, of "convulsing the country, and perhaps throwing education back for generations." A system which has become well rooted in the country, which gives all the facilities really needed for religious instruction to the children, and safeguards their interests at the same time, ought not to be altered in principle except on the gravest and most urgent grounds of public policy. We have often in past years heard advocated the establishment of School Boards in Ireland; but the principle has now been abandoned in England. The new British system of County Council control is on its trial; but it

by no mean follows that should it prove successful that it would be equally fortunate in Ireland. We doubt if there are many people of experience, whose opinion is worth having, in that country who would be willing to hand over with any degree of confidence the destinies of primary or secondary education to the new local boards. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have spoken, and there has been little hitherto in the action of the new local bodies to inspire Protestants with confidence in their capacity or magnanimity for carrying on the great work of general education without friction, or with any degree of success. One education war, such as that now waging in Wales, is sufficient for a generation, if not for a century; we do not want to see it repeated, and probably on a fiercer scale, in Ireland. But there is no reason why local interest should not be aroused, and local help given to primary schools in Ireland. The committees already working in connection with the Agricultural and Technical Department could combine for mutual help and advice with sub-committees of managers' associations, which should be formed in every diocese at least, and some of which already exist. Supported by both the Education Boards in Dublin, we believe that local impetus would be given to primary education in Ireland so sorely needed, and that the schools would develop on those broad educational lines laid down by the National Board Commissioners with far-reaching and important results. The Board might well be strengthened by, say, four members of The Technical and Agricultural Council representing the four provinces nominated by that body on the County Councils, and approved of by the Government. We should gladly see an extension of the principle of expert members by the appointment of one or two more of its ex-officials, who by their long service would bring ripe judgment and experience to the administrative work of the Board.

Down to 1878 the Roman Catholic secondary schools in Ireland had received no monetary support from the State. In that year the Irish Intermediate Education Act came into

force, open to all denominations, and it was at once taken advantage of by that body. The income of the Board was drawn from a capital of £1,000,000 taken from the Irish Church Surplus Fund. This yielded some £30,000, and since 1891 the available funds of the Board have been largely augmented by the share to Ireland of the Local Taxation Duties amounting to about £56,000 a year. With an administrative revenue of over £86,000, the cause of Irish secondary education should be well served by the Board; and, confined as they have been by the stringent terms of the Act of Parliament, the funds have been allocated with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The grants to schools have been awarded in the form of results fees after an elaborate and searching general examination, covering a wide course of study, in about 250 centres throughout Ireland. A large number of exhibitions and prizes have also been given to the most successful students in open competition in the various grades.

The net results of the work of the Board since its establishment may be briefly stated. It created a high standard of education, which all intermediate schools tried to attain; it gave a uniform curriculum with a varied choice of subjects, which the schools accepted; and it established, from the point of view of mere examination, an excellent system, which was not only unimpeachable, but which was never seriously challenged. In a country like Ireland such a record bears high testimony to the manner in which the operations of the Board and their staff have been conducted. It aided, too, the Roman Catholic schools and colleges, which, from the first, well held their own in the honours and prize tests with the Protestant endowed schools of much longer foundation. The former have the advantage of being controlled by members of the various Orders of priesthood and sisterhood; hence, they can be more economically worked than the Protestant schools, and more of the results fees are available for educational machinery, the improvement and development of the schools, or the reduction of school fees. Practically all the Roman Catholic boys' schools

in Ireland are under clerical management, and, as far as we are aware, every Roman Catholic girls' school which enters for the intermediate examination is under the control of nuns. That advantage has been taken of the funds available for educational purposes is evident in some of the larger establishments, which we ourselves have seen, which for general equipment and arrangement can compare favourably with the best schools and colleges in the United Kingdom.

After twenty years work the faults of the system, recognised from the first by many, were so generally admitted that the Earl of Cadagon, then Lord-Lieutenant, granted, at the request of the Board itself, a warrant appointing them as a Commission to inquire into the general working of the system, and report as to the results. The one central idea, the essence of the system, dominating everything else in its working, is the great summer examination. On this the whole school work of the year turns. All the energy of teachers and pupils is concentrated in scoring successes at this examination in order to earn result fees and win rewards; and until the Board a few years since ceased to publish full lists of passes, honours, and prizes, the press columns afforded an unseemly scramble for prominence among the schools, and the advertisement pages paraded their distinctions in a manner worthy of the commonest commercial enterprise. The rivalry and jealousy this aroused has been more or less demoralising; such feelings poison the springs of true generous educational effort; and although this publicity has not been quite suppressed it has received a check by the wise action of the Board. Condemned and abandoned as the results system has been in the primary schools throughout the British Isles, it still maintains its position under the Irish Intermediate Education Board. It is idle at this hour of the day to criticise it adversely or defend it; the sense of educative public opinion has expressed itself in the general approval of its abandonment in the primary school system. But there are very special reasons why it has been adhered to in the Irish secondary schools. The Board

hitherto have been unable to introduce any general scheme of inspection, and in its absence there is no other equitable means of awarding State grants to schools of rival denominations. Without examination, therefore, any other reward, such as payment *per capita*, would be open to the gravest objections. A few years ago an attempt was made to distribute the fees as a "school grant," even with the examination, but the scheme apparently did not work; it produced grave anomalies, and within one year the Board reverted to the payment of results fees on each individual student who passed the examination, although the award is still called a "school grant." This was inevitable in the absence of any system of inspection, and a full consideration of the whole question forces us to the conclusion that the Board have no option but to adhere to the award on the results system, rightly condemned as that system is.

The result fee on each individual student may amount on the average to about £6 in the preparatory grade; in the junior grade to nearly £8; in the middle grade to about £18; and in the senior grade to the large sum of nearly £27. The total amount paid to 268 schools, according to the report of 1902, amounted to £57,513 4*s.* 5*d.*; the largest sum awarded to any one school being £1941 17*s.*, this to one of the Christian Brothers' schools in Dublin. We have taken some trouble to try and analyse the returns of awards paid to schools, and we find that the Christian Brothers received in one year over £13,400; the remaining Roman Catholic schools and colleges over £16,000; all the Protestant schools and colleges together about £11,600; the Roman Catholic girls' schools about £7800, and the Protestant girls' schools and colleges over £7200. We see then that as far as the Roman Catholic establishments are concerned they receive a large pecuniary State aid, and as far as an examination test can go, an aid they are deservedly entitled to. The temptation, however, on the part of the teachers to force boys and girls to become grant earners in this ingenious system of so many pounds and shillings

per subject is immense, and open to the gravest objections. The commercial element is seen in the manner in which it is said some of the larger schools prospect for clever and distinguished pupils so as to make capital out of their future successes. The pupils are tempted by the valuable exhibitions and prizes into an unhealthy rivalry. Opportunities are offered to parents to speculate in a sense on their children's chance of obtaining an exhibition in determining their period of school life. A mercenary element has been thus introduced into the whole system of secondary education in a country, above all others, from which it has been singularly free. The exhibitions range from £50 in the first division of the senior grade down to £10 in the third division of the junior; the total number of exhibitions won in 1902 was 245, and the amount expended in all rewards to pupils was £13,328. We see what a gigantic system of competition the whole thing is, how unwholesome it is, how mercenary, and how calculated to cultivate sordid ideals among the young in everything connected with mental effort. We admit at once, as we have already said, the impetus the system gave to secondary education in Ireland; but it is time a radical change was made, and that the efforts of the Board were turned not so much to test the amount of knowledge acquired, as to how it was acquired; to improve teaching methods, to institute some means of training teachers, and to help those that are endeavouring to put the teaching profession in Ireland on something like a proper basis.

One result of the present system is the change it caused in the attitude of the Christian Brothers, a well-known and esteemed branch in Ireland of the famous teaching Order. Before the passing of the Intermediate Education Act they were practically devoted to primary education, in which they achieved much distinction. Receiving then no State aid, they availed themselves of the opportunity the Act afforded and entered their pupils for the examinations. Their success has been great, and from the figures given in the yearly report of the Board it may be seen that they take about one-third of

the money grants to boys' schools. To earn this many hundred boys have been forced year by year from an education that would fit them for commercial and industrial pursuits into a grammar school course of study, which under other circumstances they never would have received, being quite unsuited to the occupation they intended to pursue. Ceasing to attend school at the junior grade year, as the majority of the pupils do, the knowledge of the languages they have acquired is quickly lost and the time spent on the acquisition more or less wasted. The Board have now, however, modified the rules and regulations and the subjects are grouped into four courses—classical, mathematical, modern languages, and experimental science, so that the grounds of objection against the system from this point of view no longer exist, however it may work out in practice with the Christian Brothers' schools. The results fees go largely in the reduction of school term payments, so much so that in the case of some at least of the Christian Brothers' schools they have almost reached vanishing-point, the ordinary fees in the largest Dublin schools being, we understand, 3*d.* to 6*d.* per week. The term "intermediate" or "secondary" must bear an elastic interpretation if it include schools run upon such fees as these.

The annual examination has proved a heavy burden on the resources of the Board; in 1902 the cost amounted to £11,715. In other words, this expenditure was involved in order to distribute in results fees to schools and rewards to pupils a sum of £70,841. We cannot think this is good economy nor that the best interests of education are served by it. Not considering the expenses of the staff, whose whole time is taken up in administering this system of examination, and whose labours must be arduous in doing it, it otherwise cost £1 in order to distribute £6. We doubt if there are many public departments in the kingdom which could show a similar result.

The failure of the Intermediate Education Act to meet the needs of the country and merit approval by its results lay

first in the fact that it tied the hands of the Board down to a system of pure examination, from which they could not free themselves; and secondly, in the constitution of the Board itself. Selected on the same principle as that which governs the National Board, it has never been an educational body in the strict sense of the word. It cannot be said that ever since the inception of the intermediate education scheme that they ever originated any change in accordance with modern educational movements, ever tried to improve the teaching profession, or tested the quality rather than the quantity of the teaching in the schools. Nay, further, though the Board received and published the reports of examiners in the various subjects, they have never to our knowledge utilised those in a general memorandum addressed to teachers from time to time drawing attention to defects arising from insistance upon mere knowledge for examination purposes, to defects arising from bad methods of teaching, and emphasising the higher aims and ideals of the teachers in their work, which are only too likely to be forgotten in the pressure of preparing for the yearly test. This may not be considered an official duty, but it has been thought so elsewhere, and what the National Board have done in this way is excellent and worthy of praise. But everything has been allowed to sink into a dull official grind in the rut of mere examination and nothing more.

Though the Board had been examining for so many years in experimental science and drawing, they lately handed over these subjects to the Agricultural and Technical Department, a newly established body, untried and inexperienced, and with no specially appointed staff at the time to undertake the duties. They have, however, been actively pursuing the work; they see that there is proper equipment for science teaching in the schools, and that the teaching is adequate; but there seems a tendency that science may unduly intrude on the average Irish school programme. The Board have also permitted the same department to become the repre-

sentative of the Council for the registration of teachers, whereas they were the properly constituted body to act from their long and intimate connection with the schools and colleges throughout the country. These matters do not increase the dignity of the Board as an educational authority, nor are they calculated to increase the confidence of the scholastic profession in their ability to keep pace with the general educational movement of the times. The Board themselves, as we have seen, by their own request for a Commission of Inquiry, have long been alive to the necessity of reform, and have repeatedly urged upon the Executive to enlarge their powers with a view to the improvement of the system. They have pleaded urgently for a scheme of inspection, and permission was granted for the appointment of a small temporary staff, who worked for some two years. As their report on the school has been kept confidential, we cannot judge of its value or the character of the work done. The appointment of a thoroughly experienced and qualified staff of permanent inspectors should be no longer withheld, considering, too, that this is the unanimous wish of the Board. But something more is needed than adequate inspection; the whole system of awarding results' fees, exhibitions and prizes by public examination should be abolished as the sole means of making these awards. The inspection of the schools should be thorough, not only to test the pupils' knowledge but the quality of the teaching as well. There is plenty of work to be done in seeing that the schools are suitable for the purpose of teaching and that they are properly equipped. Too many schools exist which were never intended to be so used, and even many that were are not up to the standard of modern requirements in the matter—air, light, seating accommodation—and would not satisfy a specialist in school hygiene. Hitherto of all the vast sums that have been granted to the schools there have been no conditions laid down that a single penny should be spent on school equipment, a fact quite Gilbertian, and not the only one to be found in Irish educa-

tional matters. The awards to the schools should be based on the maintenance of a proper standard of efficiency, the character of the teaching, and the satisfactory nature of the school buildings and their general equipment; in fact, in all those matters which affect the comfort and health of the pupils. The present scheme of exhibitions should be abandoned, and a number of free scholarships instituted which should go solely and entirely to the payment of school fees. Fifty to twenty pounds exhibitions are much too large, especially since it cannot possibly be assured that the money always goes for continuing the education of the successful pupils. A certain number of leaving exhibitions might be retained for students proceeding to the universities, as it is here that some monetary help would prove of most advantage.

The Intermediate Education Board cannot make any grants to primary schools; but there is nothing to prevent the pupils of such entering for the examinations. It is very necessary that some arrangement should be made between the primary and secondary school boards, by which the very best pupils in the National schools, selected by examination on the recommendation of the inspectors, should be advanced to and educated in the secondary schools by means of free scholarships. The gulf separating the two systems is far too wide, it must be narrowed and bridged in the work of co-ordination, of which the foundations have got to be laid.

Irish educational affairs are represented in Parliament by the Chief Secretary, and anxious as Mr. Wyndham is known to be to institute reform, political affairs of greater public interest, though not necessarily of greater importance, claim his attention and that of the House for consideration. Ireland has now three public boards dealing with education; the amalgamation of these under a central authority, on the grounds of economy and the necessity for co-ordination, is advocated by some. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in their address repudiate a State department for the present systems; and although much may be said in favour of it we hardly think

the time is ripe for any such sweeping reform. But we do think that Irish educational needs require the attention of a special parliamentary secretary, who should be responsible to the House and to the country for maintaining the whole educational machine in a fit working order, and who would take in hand the work of reform from within, by which all that now presses for amendment can be accomplished without violence to existing institutions, and with the approval of all reasonable men. Of the improvements to the country by wise educational reform we have not a doubt. Ireland is poor, and her resources are undeveloped; of that there can be no question. Her tax-paying power is low, and surely it is sound policy to make her richer, to develop her resources, and so increase her tax-paying power. Taking it on the lowest grounds of self-interest such a policy will pay. From this point of view we cannot understand why the equivalent grant was ever withheld. It is probable that, judging by the past few years, much of it might have been wasted; but surely it does not pass the wit of man to reform the existing machinery of primary and secondary education, so that better results may be had from the great expenditure of money under the present boards. The equivalent grant would meet all the additional funds now required to improve the primary schools and the position of the teachers under both systems, without which Irish education will remain at best a semi-paralysed thing depending on crutches.

"IRISHMAN."

THE MAJOR COMPLAINS

WE are all sharers in the task of Hamlet. The world persists in getting out of joint: the majority of us as regularly persist in wishing to set it right again. Every evening, at dinner, the reforming task is commenced. The criticism which then begins goes on until it has ended—generally in smoke; which is, perhaps, the true reason why Mr. Frederic Harrison recently animadverted so furiously against the burning of the weed.

Criticism has been defined—though Dr. Murray may not be aware of it—as the higher grumbling. Looking through club-windows at the crowded street, watching the self-satisfied younger ones—who know not the world as we have known it—hurrying by; how much excuse can be found for that superior kind of criticism! The War Office is by no means the only dustbin for loaded words. We are justified in making a cockshy of the cocksure.

Illusions, like pearl-buttons, are going, if not gone. They have been drifting away during the best part of a century. Science has been too candid about ourselves. The power the giftie *has* given us; not so much to see ourselves as others see us, as to see ourselves as the X-rays see us—as the angels may be supposed to see us; and the consequence does not flatter. We have to get our portrait painted, to describe ourselves to our friends, to look repeatedly in the least unkind looking-glass, to recreate our proper self-conceit. How very far have

habits of thought and fashion travelled since the spacious times of George IV.! Comparisons are, indeed, apt to be odious. Imagine a lay lord of these days inventing a uniform to wear in foreign countries, as Byron did. We are content to impress the natives with knickerbockers in tweed. Picture a Benjamin Disraeli of to-day leaning against a mantelpiece, uttering epigrams, quoting the *Revolutionary Epick*, babbling of isms and ites, while with jewelled nervous fingers he jingles multitudinous golden chains, hanging resplendent over a flamboyant waistcoat. You cannot picture it. The possibility has drifted beyond dreams. We are victims to the drab, flat truth. Posing is a lost art. The genuine poseur is as dead as Beau Nash. The utilitarians have already secured a dreadful triumph. Comfort is becoming a fetish. A Shakespearean student named Bernard Shaw not long ago called starch "white mud." That is going too far. It is very like sacrilege. We must rally round the white shirt-front. If we don't there are other things besides colonies which may drift away from us. How much has gone since our soldiers in the Peninsula cut off their pig-tails! The smock has gone; the stock has gone; where are the whiskers of the sixties? The Bishop of Carlisle recently criticised his hat, comparing it unfavourably to that which an Archdeacon wears. When a man—and a bishop of all men—speaks disrespectfully of his headgear, there is something rotten in the state of Bond Street. A silk hat is the most sacred, righteous, respectable, unnecessary of conventions. It is the symbol and badge of rank. Abolish it, and where is human dignity? Samuel Clemens recently talked Twainishly about man in, and out of, his clothes. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh did the same thing, a great deal better, seventy years ago. What those sages have said is, of course, as true as truth. The clothes are five-sixths—nay, fifteen-sixteenths—of the man. Take them away, and where is the majesty of the shivering white thing? There is only one person—a royal person—the monarch of all he surveys—who could doff his clothes and still bear a confident shining

presence. But then he has the divinity that doth hedge a king, and probably will say so some day with a peroration of Hochs. Leaving royalty, however, to come again to the world of ordinary clay, what a falling off would be there! Take away the monocle, and where would Tariff Reform be?

The spirit of disillusion is on the prowl everywhere, and nowhere more mischievously working than in our favourite forms of recreation. I refer not to sports and pastimes, although decadence is amongst them also. Cricket is rapidly becoming a science instead of a game, affording ample occupation for the statistician. A modern batsman is an automatic run-getter, who needs ten minutes' interval for tea. Football, too. Where are its olden joys and glories? It has become a colossal speculation, a comparative triumph of organised finance. People pay to be packed uncomfortably together while watching hired performers work at the game. Sometimes the referee, who must always have a thick skin, needs the feet of a fast runner. There is a kind of popularity whose manifestation is brickbats. As for racing—buzz! The motor-car —a dreadful machine, the motive-power of which is somehow connected with a smell—rushes by. The hoot of its horn is the knell of the sport of kings. Some one lamented the other day that it was impossible to bet on automobiles. They are too certain. How pathetic is that plaint! Golf—but that's a pastime beyond grumbles. Every one of worth plays it. It therefore can hardly be called a game. It is, rather, a good habit; its practice should be numbered with the cardinal virtues. Bridge has captured our women-folk. Our daughters are becoming—very becoming—experts at it. Soon it will invade the nurseries. Then we—the aged ones who remember an earlier day—will have to revive ping-pong, or return to peg-tops and the mysteries of "alley-tors" and "commoneys."

Pastimes, however, are not the solid man's real forms of recreation. Those are three: the drama, literature, and politics. Every one of these tried and honoured ways of mental refreshment is touched with the dead hand of deca-

dence. Their ancient glories are dim. Where once there were giants, now there are pigmies—the consequences of a go-as-you-please, indifferent day.

To take the theatre first. What are its main characteristics now? Banality and clothes. Occasionally, it is true, a playwright deals with man, woman, and life; but when he does so the aspect of the eternal question treated is nearly always that which we avoid in our newspapers; or, if we find it in books, we take care to burn the volumes or remove them to the dusty obscurity of the tip-top shelf. Modernity sneers at the affectation of the older plays—the copy-book speeches of the hero, the gushing sentiments of the ringletted heroine. Let modernity sneer; but better would it be to have the affectation and cleanness of *Black-Eyed Susan*, or the plays of Tom Robertson, than the neurotic studies and dirty stuff which so many people to-day struggle to see. Artificiality is a hundred thousand times more acceptable than animalism—if one or other must be the alternative. Then, "musical comedy"—was there ever such rubbish? The stage is turned into a milliner's shop, with a chorus who might be milliners' assistants for all the acting they can do, going through a series of idiotic antics and clockwork movements, to the accompaniment of some bald American melody. There is no ingenuity, no prettiness, no wit. For two years one of these overdressed exhibitions is expected to last, the comedian's jokes remain unchanged or unimproved from beginning to end of the run; and even then are too frequently served up afresh in the old "play's" imitation and successor. Pantomime—alas for pantomime! 'Tis as dead as Joey Grimaldi. If that king of clowns could come from his quiet grave by clattering Pentonville to revisit the glimpses of the limelight, as spectator of the modern pantomime, what a tragedy he would witness! Gorgeousness and the music-hall rule where once was simple refreshing fun. Cinderella has a cockney accent, her sisters talk about "spoof" and "the bookies," the intervals between the ballets are noisily occupied by "knock-abouts." Years

ago we went to see a nursery-tale retold with honest fun and a few really comic songs, "Hot Coddles," for instance. We went to spend a sympathetic three hours with the Babes in the Wood, and were prepared to be melted by their pretty troubles, knowing full well that the fairy-queen was going to help them, perhaps even then was waiting in the wings to relieve them and foil the malice of the demon-king. Nowadays, the Babes when left in the forest talk Londonese, sing a coon-song, and indulge in high kicking. As for the harlequinade—the clown might as well make firewood of his red-hot poker. That ancient game is done. We have, however, something to be grateful for. The syndicates who rule so much of the theatrical roast—in the provinces at all events—make some effort to relieve tediousness while we wait. Where once was a plain or pictured curtain is now a screen for a series or advertisements of whiskies, boots and bicycles. The programmes, too, which we are privileged to purchase, supply us with useful information about firms of all kinds and standing—from Piccadilly to Flushing. In all this decadence and disappointment there is one real hope for the British Drama. His name is Barrie.

Books, as recreations, are little better than the modern stage. I confess, I sigh for the days of the old three-decker. Then the production of a novel was a costly business, and a publisher looked thrice at a manuscript before he printed it. The result was a work which the mind could bite. Authors took their craft seriously, put soul into the work. They had their reward—partly in golden guineas; but more in what the heart most cherishes—fame, appreciation, and remembrance. Their names and their works live, and will live—despite the prose-deluge which hasty writers of slovenly style pour down upon us, threatening with smotheration all that has gone before. Why are we oppressed with so many poor books? Is it because the fountain-pen and the typewriter have made word-production so easy; or is it because of a lowering of ideals—the putting of the financial reward beyond the maker's

joy of soul? It was said the other day by one who ought to know, that the first thing a modern novelist asks is not: "Is the work worthy?" but: "How much shall I get on account of royalties?" Penny-a-linism and payment by words! Heigho! The trade of letters is indeed a trade. And there are those who say the literary agent has no use!

There is one person who might raise an effective protest against the bargaining spirit in the world of literature, if he would. I refer to the Poet Laureate! He is the national representative of the Muses, the official voice of Apollo. Why is he so silent? Never was there a time when the inspiring cry of the poet from the heights was more needed. Yet the strings of our Laureate's lyre remain untouched. Can he be silent because his previous songs roused the howls of the envious? Let them howl! Some day the majesty of his verse will be realised and his message understood. Meanwhile, the deluge of barren books—books which the authors themselves must forget within a few weeks—continues to fall on our protesting heads. I sigh for the days of the old three-decker, when the Laureate had a voice.

The world of politics—another wilderness! Oh, for the statesmen of yester-year! Never has illusion deserted any sphere of human influence and activity as it has the High Courts of Parliament. Where are the orators, the men of ideals, they who brought genius to the management of affairs? Gone with the rotten boroughs; frightened away by the foreshadow of the Caucus. The modern member is an ambulatory vote. To see him at his greatest you must go upon the Terrace at the time of tea! Tea! Shade of Pam! As for oratory, the worst possible punishment for a modern member would be a series of the speeches which his fathers and grandfathers loved to listen to. Nowadays, what pleases him best is a little tickling chaff, to which he can say, "Yah, yah!" or "'Vide," before drifting off to the smoking-room. The old three-hour stretches of oratory, with the apposite Latin quotations which then besprinkled them, would be to the present-

day M.P. a purgatory of intolerable boredom, interspersed with Dutch. This is the day of the lounger playing with the jumping-cat. Give me the past, with all its ponderousness and personal discomfort—those were, at least, the defects of the qualities of stability, determination, self-respect and seriousness.

But no more growling.

B. B. B.

IMMORTALITY

I THAT had life ere I was born
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night:

I am as old as heaven and earth;
But sleep is death without decay,
And since each morn renews my birth
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,
Though it at last outworn shall lie,
This that is servile to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wake
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

A. St. John Adcock.

ON THE LINE

THE personality of Robert E. Lee is a fine and interesting one; and his son's **Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee** (Archibald Constable. 1904) affords us a greater insight into his private life than we had before. The book is exactly what a biography should be. For the author—who bears the most honoured name in the Southern States, that of his father—has on all possible occasions effaced himself in favour of the hero; and has told his story in the most engaging way. The great Confederate leader must take a high place amongst the eminent commanders of history, when one considers the enormous difficulties he had to overcome, and the success he achieved; and the present work shows that his private character was as fine as his public one. Before the war began, he was in the regular army; and was generally considered to be one of the most able and distinguished officers in that force. He was a great student of war; and, what all such individuals are not, he was pre-eminently a leader of men. He had been superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, where he achieved a notable success; and, had he remained in the regular service and fought on the side of the North, he would undoubtedly have risen to the chief command. Hence the part which he ultimately took was clearly against his own material interests; and, at any rate, this shows how disinterested throughout his conduct was. Three days after the secession of Virginia, his

own State, he resigned with much anguish his commission in the Army, with the intention of never again drawing his sword, save in defence of his own State. The necessity for this, however, soon arose. So when he was shortly afterwards offered the command of the Virginian forces in the now inevitable struggle, he at once accepted. As is well known, the regular military machinery remained in the hands of the North; whilst on the Confederate side everything had to be created. Into this arduous task Lee at once threw himself with enthusiasm. Though the regulars were at the beck and call of the North, they really formed a small proportion of the enormous armies placed in the field. Still the nucleus and machinery where there; and this gave them an enormous advantage. On the other hand the Southerners, being mainly agriculturists, were much more easily adaptable to soldiering. But the task of making them so was nevertheless stupendous.

The success of Lee's work is apparent by its results. The South hardly ever failed in a pitched battle; although, during the war, the North put into the field three times as many men. But this inferiority of numbers was bound to tell in the end. To start with, losses affected the Federals much less than the Confederates, seeing the preponderance of one population over the other; whilst, moreover, the North was not dependent on the country for all the sinews of war and the necessaries of life. With the Navy on its side, the North was infinitely better placed in this respect. The truth is, the more the Southerners prevailed against one portion of their enemies, the more likely they were, in following up their successes, to be enveloped by the remainder. It is certain that at one time success seemed within the reach of the South; and had it not been for some adverse and unforeseen circumstances, such as the death of Stonewall Jackson, they might in the end have proved successful. But in the issue, Lee was unquestionably right in surrendering when he did, although it is true that resistance might have been prolonged a little while longer. All the same, the situation was clearly hopeless.

With the restoration of peace came the bitterest trial for the South. In breeding, education and refinement they were infinitely superior to the North. But now the vanquished were put to every possible indignity. Northerners, and generally of a very low class, were sent to fill all governmental and administrative posts; and even coloured judges were appointed. Lee, like most other Southerners, was ruined by the war; and was in consequence offered numerous posts, all of which he refused except one—the presidency of the Washington College at Lexington, in Virginia. After the war this institution was in a deplorable state. Funds, pupils, buildings, library and everything else were at a very low ebb; and the salary of the president was consequently infinitesimal. At first he was inclined to refuse this offer; but not, as might be supposed, because the post was not sufficiently lucrative. It was simply because he doubted his ability to perform that work satisfactorily. At length, however, he accepted; and from thenceforth till the day of his death he devoted all his energies to the welfare of the college. It became his main object in life. He had led the South in battles innumerable, and seen many of its young men die in the field. To what better object then, he contended, could he devote his remaining years than to train the young men of his State to do their duty.

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb (7 vols. Methuen). For few men of letters is there felt a stronger affection than for Charles Lamb. The feeling is partly founded on the established tradition, accepted by many who only knew him by name, that he was an exceptionally lovable person. The tragedy of his private life arouses pity; his tender guardianship of his sister invests his figure with romantic interest. But the affection is also due to the abundant material which we possess for an intimate knowledge of his habits and character. He is something more than a mere acquaintance. His own essays and verses abound in personal touches, and

the blanks in his self-revelation are filled by his voluminous correspondence. Many of his enthusiastic friends were literary artists, who have painted his portrait in every variety of attitude. We know his eccentricities, and pardon his failing; we are spectators of his petulant outbursts; we hear him stammering out his jests, his puns, his repartees, his wise and deep and witty sayings.

As a critic Lamb did inestimable service. He was a pioneer who may almost be said to have discovered the Elizabethan dramatists. But in other respects we hold a view which may possibly be denounced as pestilent heresy. We think that every week there are now produced essays which, in literary merit, rival all but the very best of Elia, though they possess neither the mellow charm which belongs to musings on bygone men and manners, nor the autobiographical attraction which is as fascinating in a favourite as it is repellent in a stranger.

Whether Lamb owes his fame to his own transcendent merit, or to his share in a movement which developed into a literary revolution, is for our present purpose an idle question. He is an established classic of English literature, and deserves to be edited with the enthusiasm and learning of his most recent editor, Mr. E. V. Lucas.

It is with the new edition that we are chiefly concerned, and we have nothing but praise to bestow upon the editor's work. It contains a considerable number of Lamb's essays and verses which have not been previously identified or collected. The "Dramatic Selections" and Garrick Extracts (vol. ii.) form a new and important feature. The two volumes of letters, though, owing to difficulties of copyright and the reluctance of private owners to permit copies to be printed, the collection is still admittedly incomplete, include eighty new letters, as well as the correspondence of Mary Lamb. The notes, which are for the most part relegated to the end of each volume so as to leave the text free, are remarkably complete, and few literary allusions have escaped

Mr. Lucas's industry. In the notes also will be found reproductions of many of the woodcuts which illustrated the original editions. Of the eight well-known portraits of Lamb, seven are given as frontispieces. The etching on copper by Brook Pulham is, we suppose, reserved for the forthcoming life.

The edition is, in fact, a notable one, and the care and skill which have been lavished upon it justify the hope that Mr. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb" will be, what the edition already is, the standard work.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XVI

THE SYMPATHY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

M. DE BEAUJEU, breathing a little hard, came past the agitated maids and found the incomparable Charlbury all trembling.

M. de Beaujeu appeared vastly concerned. "Hélas, mademoiselle, I fear I am come at an ill moment," says he. "You are distressed?"

"You—you are welcome, monsieur," Rose stammered, and the blood came surging to her cheeks. She moved unsteadily, and Beaujeu sprang forward and took her hand and led her to a chair.

M. de Beaujeu was now smiling. "Your pardon—but I cannot but see there has been some trouble. Believe me, mademoiselle, I am grieved."

"I thank you, monsieur, I thank you," said Rose, and her trembling hand clung to his, she looked up into his eyes.

Beaujeu drew himself up, a figure most heroical in the sunlight. "*Mordieu*, but has one done wrong to you, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Ah, impossible!"

"No. No. It made an end," Rose murmured to herself.

"If you are content all is well," said Beaujeu, and the sneer in his tone made her start, made her gaze at him wide-eyed Suddenly her eyes grew brighter. For M. de Beaujeu stood

tall in the sunlight, and the white hawk face was clear revealed, and his eyes glittered pale blue. He smiled down upon her, enjoying vastly his hour. "But surely I heard something of offence?'" he asked blandly.

There was silence a moment while she gazed intent. Then, "What was it? What did you hear? Tell me!" Her cheeks were white now, her breath came short and quick, her eyes were glowing like dark gold. "Tell me! Say it!" she cried.

"*Bien*, you have asked for it." Beaujeu smiled. "What was the title now? Ah, Delila. Thus, dramatically——" he made her a bow and gave the hero's bitter laugh, and cried: "'Delila, good-night!'" Monsieur's noble shoulders then shook with inward mirth.

A little gasping sob broke from her: her hands clenched in her lap: but her dark eyes' gaze was steady and, "Yes, I know that tone," she said, in a low voice. "It is familiar, sir. Six years' past I heard it from—from another Mr. Dane." Beaujeu had leant his arm on the mantel, and so brought his face into the shadow. "Ah, need you hide now?" cried Rose scornfully.

Beaujeu stood up stiffly in the sunlight. "Mademoiselle," says he, in his French accent, "I could not guess that you wished to admire me. You flatter me pleasantly. But it appears then you have ill fortune in your friendships?"

The wide intent eyes did not falter at his sneer. "Ay: and I have had trusting friends," said Rose quietly.

"How? Do they all doubt you? Ah, infidels."

"I think you should know—Monsieur—de Beaujeu."

"Who, I? Nay, mademoiselle. But why was your first Mr. Dane thus discourteous?"

"Let Mr. Dane answer!" cried Rose, flushing.

M. de Beaujeu made a jest. "How?" he cried. "Your incomparable charity has been rejoicing two at once?" He affected to look in search of another gentleman. His pale eyes were sparkling. "But no! Impossible? Certainly this other would be ashamed to be in your presence again." Monsieur's thin lips curled.

Rose gazed at him a moment. Then, "Do you think still that I betrayed you?" she said, in a low voice. "Indeed——"

M. de Beaujeu flung up a white, protesting hand, and broke in. "To me, why protest? I know you altogether, mademoiselle—incomparable that you are! *Mordieu*, but these Danes, how suspicious a race. It is beyond all pardon. Forget them, mademoiselle."

"You bid me?" Rose murmured very low. "You bid me then?"

M. de Beaujeu made an airy gesture. "Ah, no! Bid? It is not in my power, my right. I advise it, that is all. *Enfin* beyond doubt they will come to an evil end, these slanderers. By example, where is the first Mr. Dane?" he asked blandly.

"You——" cried Rose, in a flash of scorn. Then her voice broke in a sob. "Ah, God, if you knew how I've longed!" she gasped and hid her face in her hands.

Above her spoke Beaujeu's hard sneering voice. "In effect you appear to desire the gentleman;" and the girl trembled. "Believe me it is more than he merits. Pray what befell the unworthy? Is he dead?"

There were tears on the pale cheeks, the dark eyes were darker yet when she looked up at last. "You can tell me," she murmured. "Is Mr. Dane dead?" The misty eyes cried to his pale, cold and glittering. There came the sound of a coach drawing up in the lane.

Beaujeu took up his hat. "Certainly, mademoiselle," says he with a smile, "certainly he is dead——"

"My lord Sherborne, ma'am," the maid declared.

"Yes, Mr. Dane is dead long ago," said Beaujeu. And dying had wished you"— he signed to the open door—"this worthy glorious fate."

Dark came the blood to her face, then fled away, and Beaujeu triumphant laughed at her.

Passing my lord Sherborne in the doorway, "Your obliged servant, my lord," said Beaujeu, chuckling, and was gone.

CHAPTER XVII

MY LORD SHERBORNE SLAMS A DOOR.

My lord Sherborne came in, and Rose gazed at him a moment, then started up with eyes ablaze in her pale face. "You?" she gasped.

My lord Sherborne came smiling to this martial beauty and took her hand. She snatched it away. "Why—child—" says my lord in pure amazement.

"You dare?" she cried, flushing.

"Faith, I could dare more," says my lord, drawing nearer.

"I wish no jests from you," she cried, and the ring of her voice stayed him. My lord began to doubt whether he had well chosen his hour. Sure 'twas a virago he had never seen that stood tall above him with heaving bosom and wide nostrils and flashing eyes. "I wish not to hear your voice again ever," cried the girl fiercely. M. de Beaujeu's wit, and the pain and the shame of it, had stung her to madness—and behold here was another fine gentleman come a-jesting. "You have done what any gentleman would shame to do," she cried, "and you choose my house, my presence for your vileness."

Sherborne drew himself up. "You'll tell me at least, ma'am, for what you blame me."

"Pho, my lord, do not play at innocence. It becomes you ill. You well know who set your bullies on a guest of mine."

Sherborne laughed: "Oh, 'tis Master Jack is the trouble then. Why, child, my lads were but to give him a flogging for his impudence."

"Do you dare to speak so of my friends?"

"Faith, Rose, that he should be your friend I am well content. But when he presumed to boast of more, it was time to punish his impudence in the natural way."

"Boast, my lord?"

"Of your favours, child," said Sherborne smiling.

"That is not true. Mr. Dane is a gentleman."

"He may so become—in the lapse of years. At present 'tis a coxcombly boy. Hence my cudgels. I could scarce fight the lad—that were too like a slaughter of the innocents."

"Ay, indeed, your courage is famed!" And my lord flushed at that, for it was too precisely true. Rose laughed, "Sure, my lord, your excuses are worthy of you. There is but one thing more I desire to hear before you go—why was my house chosen for this—why was I to see it?"

My lord looked at her askance, saw the flashing eyes of wrath and a red spot aflame on either white cheek, and: "How? Did the rogues come here then?" he cried. "To your presence? Zounds, I thought the boy had come whining to you with his bruises. Faith, child, I ask your pardon. On my word the rogues shall pay for this! 'Twas villainous insolence!"

Rose turned away from him with a laugh. "You may go now, my lord. I have heard enough. Please you to remember—at my door you will hereafter be refused."

But my lord smiling put a hand on her shoulder and stayed her: "Lud, child, what wrath. Why will you hector so?"

"I cannot hope that you could understand. I wait for you to go, my lord."

My lord's brow was drawn. "Begad, not yet," he muttered. "Enough folly, Rose. You were not used to take me so, and——"

"I was used to think you a gentleman."

"'Used'?" Sherborne muttered, flushing. "What has come to you?"

"I have come to know you—and so (must I bid you so often, my lord?) I desire you go."

My lord glowered at her. His full face grew dark and his eyes were shot with blood. "I am done with, am I?" he said hoarsely. "You have found a new plaything? This French fellow is to be your pet?"

"No, my lord," said Rose quickly. "M. de Beaujeu is far above me as I above you."

My lord gave a peal of laughter. "Above us! God save us then! A curst French dancing-master. Do you know whence he comes? Do you know who he is?"

"I do," said Rose under her breath.

"So," says my lord, scowling at her a moment. Then "But begad do you know what he has done?" he cried. "Faith, you blame me for the bullies that came to cudgel the boy, but who bade me send them? Why, child, who but your fine friend, M. de Beaujeu!"

"It is a lie," cried Rose.

My lord laughed. "You think so, child? Listen. He told me when the boy was to come here; he bade me have him cudgelled in your house. 'So,' says he, 'the boy will conceive she hath betrayed him, and will hate her vastly.' Then I asked him what it was to him, and he says sneering, he would not have a friend of his tangled with a woman of the town. So, ma'am, is that a lie too?" For Rose was trembling and her lips drawn in pain. "Ask your kind friend M. de Beaujeu."

"It is a lie," Rose murmured piteously. "It is a lie!" but she did not look at my lord.

"I swear in God's face it is true," said he. "Nay, bring the fellow before me and see if he will deny it."

Rose turned away from him and caught the open window and leant against it, and stood looking out at the sunlit fields through a haze of tears.

In a moment my lord came to her. The stains of rage had passed from his face. Not ungently he put his hand on her shoulder—she quivered beneath it—and his voice trembled as he spoke low in her ear. "Child, forgive me. I gave him the lie when he said it. I'ld not have told you now but you forced me to it. You've but to give me the right, child, and no man dare breathe a word against you again."

She sprang away from him, she turned upon him, fierce in

her splendid beauty, and her eyes flashed bright. Still on her white cheeks the tears lay sparkling: "You?" she cried, "you? Since you have told me that, never! Not if God himself bade me—never you!"

My lord stared at her, and again wrath darkened his face. He muttered an oath, and then, "Best pray for your Frenchman's soul, ma'am," he cried. "By God, 'tis now time!" and he flung away from her and went out slamming the door mightily.

So Mistress Charlbury was alone at last. She stood still by the window watching the long shadows darken on the grass, breathing the sweet evening fragrance of the hay—"A woman of the town." She was white and cold, and her hands, her lips trembled nervously. "A woman of the town"—Mr. Dane thought her that, called her so to other men. She put her hand to her breast, for something was gripping, crushing her heart, and then one great sob shook her.

Ay, he was back! He, that she had longed for six years, come back to revile her, to put her to shame—to draw her into brawls like the women that stood for hire that he might come and sneer at her troubles—he, her love. And she had prayed that he might come to her again. Indeed, 'twas answered . . . Ah, God . . . Even God mocked her. What use in crying to Him? . . .

Nay, but this was unjust. This was wicked. God had answered her. Mr. Dane was come back safe from the wars—safe. And was that nothing? Nay, let God forgive her! Indeed she had seen him, as she had prayed to see him, stalwart, handsome, gay as of old. Ay, that was much. He was happy at least—and so—and so—why, perhaps 'twas best. For she was but a common country lass and a player girl withal, unworthy him. But once he had not thought so. Well—the past was past! God had given her to see him safe and—and happy. Let God be thanked! She fell on her knees in the shadow.

The incomparable Charlbury loved like a woman.

CHAPTER XVIII

MR. WHARTON UPON LOVE

THE tragical hero did not come back at once to his friend Mr. Wharton. It appeared to him a moment for wine. Sure, wine was a man's best mistress. Wine never cheated a gentleman. So the distressed lover drank much fiery tavern burgundy with men he knew, and more (since 'twas he who paid) with men he did not know. Good company all, begad! Faith 'twas a rollicking night!

And so when he came with a lurch to the presence of Mr. Wharton this lover betrayed was crimson-cheeked and wild of eye. "Two knaves," says Mr. Wharton, as he looked up from his cards. "Why, Jack, you are warm." And then he beheld a set of bloody knuckles, and "What, pinked too?" he cried.

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "I c—came off cheaply," says he and dropped into a chair.

The Earl of Laleham, Mr. Wharton's massive companion, stared at him and grunted: "Sherborne's bullies again, eh?"

"What is it to you?" Jack snarled. "Curse you, Wharton, give me some wine."

"You are civil to-night," said Wharton with a good-tempered laugh, and passed him a glass of claret.

"Wine, I said," Jack growled, and reached for the burgundy and gulped down a bumper and another. Mr. Wharton opened his eyes. "Oh, ay, Wharton, I look a fool. I know that."

"'Tis the beginning of wisdom," said Mr. Wharton.

Jack laughed and drank again. "And, damme, a fool I have been."

"Who has denied it?" said Mr. Wharton, tilting back his chair and eyeing Jack curiously.

"Ay, ay, you were right enough," Jack nodded at him sagely. He was still drinking. "D'you know, Wharton," says he with a philosophic air, looking through his wine, "I

take it 'tis one of the things each man must learn for himself."

Mr. Wharton quelled a yearning to laugh. "Begad, 'tis so," said he gravely.

The Earl of Laleham, a man of blunt wit struck in, "And what is this knowledge of yours, Jack?"

"Why, Dick Laleham," said Jack, sipping his wine, "why, that women are all alike—cheap."

To which my Lord Laleham stolidly: "Humph. Boys' talk."

Jack, filling the glass again, stared at him, and Mr. Wharton, anxious to preserve Jack's new faith, said in a hurry: "What, Dick, do you not know women yet?"

"Oh, damn that cant, Tom Wharton."

"Also, Dick Laleham," says Jack, winking at Wharton, "damn all fools."

"You say that for me, Mr. Dane?" cried Laleham.

Jack rose on wayward legs and made him a bow. "Why, my lord, if the cap fits you——"

"Here, carry your wine decently," cried Wharton, reaching across and pushing him back to his chair. "Let us hear how you had your knuckles rapped," and he passed another bottle.

Jack laughed. "Do you know, it was devilish funny. I begin to ap—ap—appreciate it. Once upon a time there was a fair lady and a young fool. You ap—appreciate, Dick Laleham, I say I was a young fool in c—case you should be lonely. She told me to come to her to-day." He dipped his finger in spilt wine and drew with shaky lines a square on the table. "That is her little green room. The t—temple of Venus. Madame Venus was there," he made a blob of wine. "Jack Dane was there," he made another, "when this—this is a door." He leant back in his chair and regarded them severely. "D'you gen'lemen understand this is a door? Well, this door comes open," he made a smear, "and four gen'lemen with cudgels jump at Jack Dane." He looked at his diagram

sadly. "I think this picture is a damned silly picture," he said critically, and smeared his hand over it. "Well, Jack Dane c—c—catches up one of Madame Venus's chairs and flings it at them and jumps out of the window. Now, I think that was devilish c—clever of Jack Dane. He pulls out his sword, and then up c—comes the Irishman and the four gen'lemen run off with their cudgels. Four ways. Jus' not like sheep. Do you know how sheep run, gen'lemen. 'Tis very int'resting." He imitated running with his fingers on the table, and doing so saw his own damaged knuckles. "I wonder how I did that? D'you know I—I don' know how I did that?" He looked round with a stupid smile.

"By running after other men's women, Jack," said Wharton sharply.

"Qui' right, Mr. Wharton, qui' right!" cried Jack, and drank again.

"Zounds, I'll not see what this proves," grunted Laleham.

Jack gave a shrill vinous laugh and Wharton laughed with him. "Oh, innocence?" cried Wharton. "How much was Venus paid for this, I wonder?" and he looked keenly at Jack.

Jack shook his head smiling. "Don' mind," he said, "don' mind."

"Begad, you take it the right way," cried Wharton, still watching him. He pushed the bottle against Jack's hand, and Jack unsteadily filled his glass and drank again. "You have the right stuff in you, Jack."

Jack caught hold of the table and pulled himself out of his chair. He tried to bow to Wharton, then moved one of his supporting hands to reach his wine and at once fell sideways to the floor.

Mr. Wharton came leisurely to look at him. He still smiled. Mr. Wharton summoned servants, and the love-lorn hero was carried (always smiling) to bed. Mr. Wharton turned to my lord Laleham: "Begad, Dick," says he, "'tis a happy ending," and he walked away for his pipe.

My lord Laleham's heavy mind wrestled with the evidence: "So the wench sold him to Sherborne?" he said at last, slowly, "just as she has sold herself."

Mr. Wharton put down his tobacco-box, and bending to strike a light, "You believe that then, do you?" said he.

Laleham's eyebrows went up: "Believe it? Why? Why not? Do not you?"

Mr. Wharton puffed till his pipe was alight: then drawled: "I believe what I know, Dick."

"But this——; why, 'tis clear ——"

"As a riddle," said Mr. Wharton, and sat down and crossed his legs.

"All the town knows the woman!"

"I never knew all the town right yet."

Laleham was much puzzled and scratched his large head: "Zounds, and do you take her part, Tom Wharton?" he muttered.

Mr. Wharton laughed. "Did you ever know me take the woman's part, Dick?" he drawled. He smoked on for a while, then took out his pipe. "But I like to see things as they are," says he, "and I'ld give you a hundred to ten she knew nothing of Sherborne's bravoes."

"Do you mean she is honest?" cried Laleham, and Wharton nodded slowly behind his smoke. "Damme, if I thought so——."

"You'ld say so—like a fool."

"But if he loved her?"

"He'll need to get drunk again."

"And that will cure him?"

"If not we'll repeat the medicine."

Laleham frowned. "You think yourself devilish wise," he muttered angrily. "And what if she loves him?"

Mr. Wharton grinned. "What if she does?" he drawled. "She may ove him till we are all in hell, for me. Damme, Dick, it would be a pleasant memory for her in future affections."

"Zounds, you'ld have them both spoil their lives for—for what then?"

"You have a curst taste in phrases," said Mr. Wharton critically. "Well, Dick, say that I'ld not have friend Jack 'spoil his own life'" (Mr. Wharton paused to chuckle). "Do you see, to be tied to a wench, 'tis ruin and hell?"

"And she?"

"Why, Dick, I was born a man myself," says Mr. Wharton, taking out his pipe to yawn. "And the women may take care of the women. Bless them for their eagerness to do it!" He knocked out his pipe and took up another. "Now tell me, you champion of true love, would you like your friend Jack tied to a theatre wench?"

"Why, no," Laleham muttered. "No. But begad, Tom, you talk like a knave."

"Faith, I am," said Wharton. "I judge it uncomfortable to be a saint. Well, will you play me another hand?" And with that they fell again to the cards.

It was after my lord Laleham had gone that M. de Beaujeu, who had supped gaily at Locket's, came to Mr. Wharton and stood before him smiling.

"Oh, he is well enough," said Wharton. "He had made himself three parts drunk and I finished him. A head and a huff in the morning—another wench in a week."

"Admirable. I heard him call her 'Delila.' I thought that it had sufficed."

"Begad," Mr. Wharton laughed, "it would sound so.

"Now who sent the bullies?"

"I suggested them to my good friend Sherborne,"

Mr. Wharton gave a sinful chuckle.

And M. de Beaujeu smiling, said amiably: "I think that I now call quits with Mistress Charlbury;"—— who had been praying for him, who lay asleep with tears wet on her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIX

MR. HEALY COMES THROUGH WHITEFRIARS

BEAUJEU was received at the door by Mr. Healy, who asked at once, "And how was the lady?"

"Her incomparable self," said Beaujeu, laughing, and passed on.

"Was she so?" Mr. Healy followed him. "And did you hear what the cub called her?"

Beaujeu, putting off his sword, looked at him smiling, "Delila, was it?"

"It was that," says Mr. Healy, with emphasis. "And I would be glad to have the thrashing of him."

"What?" Beaujeu stared at him. "Damme, Healy, what do you think of a wench who plays at love with you to sell you to another man?"

"And what do you think of a man, Beaujeu, that calls his love false with devil a cause?"

"Faith, four cudgels would be cause enough for me."

"And who would it be that sent them? Will you tell me she knew of it?" Beaujeu turned away to the wine. "Do you tell me that now?" Mr. Healy cried insistent.

"In fact," says Beaujeu quietly, "I sent them. That is, I bade Sherborne send them." Healy said nothing. Beaujeu turned for an answer and found it in his eyes. And seeing it M. de Beaujeu flushed and, "I desired to break the boy of his folly," he cried; "I know what the wench is."

"You learnt as he has learnt, maybe!" Mr. Healy flashed a *riposte*. And that got home, for Beaujeu's glass shook in his hand. He grew white, then flushed again. Mr. Healy put a hand on his shoulder. "Beaujeu, man," says he, softly, "you have the wit of the devil and the devil's pride. And are you the happier for it, think ye?"

In a moment Beaujeu laughed. "Why, I am what I am —and that is tired, Healy. I'll give you good-night."

"Not yet," says Mr. Healy, holding him. "I'll be wanting a word with you—" and then, as Beaujeu stiffened, he laughed—"No, my Lord Lucifer, 'tis purely my own affair, this."

"Then I am with you," said Beaujeu graciously, and sat down and stretched his legs.

"In the wisdom of providence," Mr. Healy observed, "it began with a bit of a sword. 'Twill be in your mind that the Seraing blade was light in the hilt. So I took it (your yawns will win you no mercy, my dear) to Lodge, at the 'Crown' in Thames Street. 'Tis the only lad in this town with a soul for steel. Well, Beaujeu, to give me a taste for virtue I came back through Whitefriars and admired a full crop of bullies and blowens warming themselves by the river. I was past the thick of them, I would be on the edge of Alsatia, when I came on two hang-dogly knaves at the top of a court. Distressingly tremulous they were, and their eyes did not know which way they would be wanting to look. 'Sure you've a conscience between you,' says I, and retired to a doorway not to distress them. So I waited a while, hoping for the sake of their souls the gentlemen's faces were deceitful, when some tumultuous legs came out of a house, and 'twas four more knaves in the pattern of my two, conveying a gentleman that was desperate anxious not to be conveyed, and holding off a lass with red hair that was desperate anxious to be conveyed with him. My two first friends went off to help, so 'twas a decent party of six to a man and a lass, and even so my gentlemen were not content. They grumbled and sweated amazing. 'Beggar it, od beggar it,' says one, puffing. 'There is no suiting you. Master will not go and mistress will not bide.' 'Twas purely embarrassing for him indeed, so to deliver him, 'A bailiff,' says I to the heavens, 'A bailiff!' and my voice carries decently."

Mr. Healy paused to laugh. "Begad, Beaujeu, if you would see alacrity go into Whitefriars and pass word of a bailiff. The bullies gathered like flies, and my six good gentlemen were wrapped up in them, and I was howling still of

bailiffs from my doorway. It was getting a tumultuous crowd, and there was a score repeating my remark, so I thought I would have leisure for investigating. I entered the crowd and I perceived there was a discussion in the centre of it—my six friends being eager to disclaim the decent title I had given them, and the Alsatians bidding them be tarred first and chatter after. Then one of the six swears by his mother and father he was after a treason matter and no debt at all, and desires to show his warrant. So out he lugs it. 'Snatch it, my bully boy,' says I to a gentleman that looked humorous, and he did so, and 'twas tossed about in the crowd, and my six gentlemen were screaming after it, wondrous. I cast my providential eye around, and I saw my old gentleman and his lass trying to get quit of the crowd with two of the tipstaffs hanging to them yet. 'Hustle 'em, boys, hustle 'em,' says I —and begad, you would say, 'twas one of the national sports of Alsatia. Did you see Klopstock's horse turn the French out of Mannheim? Faith, 'twas a minuet to this. I came by my elbows to the lass and her man, and cut them decently out of the mess. There was a plump scoundrel had the impudence to be helping me, and, 'A kiss for my pains, my tackle,' says he to the maid. 'And I will not deny you, my dear,' says I, and despatched him sideways into the thick of it. 'Sir, sir, whom do I thank?' 'Twas the old gentleman gasping in my ear. 'You may say God when you have the time,' says I. 'Come on now.' And I whirled them away (sure and I was chiefly carrying him) to the river, and had them in a wherry and was off up-stream. We landed into the Savoy, and by then my old gentleman had got his breath, and, 'Sir, are you of the Duke of Monmouth's men?' says he, grasping my hand affectionate. 'Oh, begad,' says I. 'So that is why they were wanting you. Sure now you must be a mighty valuable gentleman to be still sought for.' 'I am that—to some that are in high places,' says he, mysterious. 'You will find it trying to the health,' says I. 'And where will you be hiding now?' At that he was looking at his lass and she at him, mighty despairing." Mr. Healy

stopped suddenly. "And the end of it is, Beaujeu, they are the other side of the wall," said he.

"I have never been so near thinking you a fool," said Beaujeu.

"You'll be flattering me," says Healy with a shrug. "And would I let them fall into Sunderland's jaws?"

"You might have let them fall into hell before you brought them to spoil our game."

"Now have you known me spoil a game, yet?" said Healy quietly. "You will still be safe in your bed for me. I——."

"With a wench in the house?" Beaujeu sneered.

"You are a boy in his teens with your talk of women. Look you now, Beaujeu, I answer for all."

"Zounds, yes. She is an amalgam of discretion and chaste beauty. You assayed her in five minutes."

On which Mr. Healy contrived that Beaujeu should look in his eyes. "You may talk so of your own love," says Healy very quietly. "Of a lass that is under my care you will not."

Beaujeu laughed. "You have lived too late, Healy. You were made to be Don Quixote's twin. Will you break your head for every blowsy lass of the streets? Zounds, man, she must go. We ——-"

"If I have been your friend, Beaujeu, you best know," said Healy and paused. "Well, and I have bade them to our house as my guests. I will have no more to say to you."

Beaujeu stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Why, if you put it so—let them stay, and God be good to us all!"

"I think He is not like to be the worse to us for it," says Healy. "And now, Beaujeu, I'll remind you that the old gentleman had a trouble with Sunderland."

"Ah, you are not entirely romantic," said Beaujeu quickly. "Well, what was it?"

"Will you hear? Come on then," said Healy, and led the way to the next room.

M. de Beaujeu beheld an old gentleman in black broadcloth

and his own grey hair, a lean old gentleman sucking to no great purpose at a pipe. M. de Beaujeu saw sitting on a stool at his knee a lass of a cream-white face, of a small defiant nose and a glory of red-gold hair.

"Mistress Leigh—Doctor Leigh—," says Mr. Healy, "I present M. de Beaujeu."

And while Beaujeu made his bows the old man lifted himself to his feet and bowing stiffly: "Sir, sir, I fear we trespass on you."

Beaujeu receiving a swift curtsey from Mistress Leigh put up a deprecating hand. "Faith, sir, I do trust that Mr. Healy has made his guests welcome."

"Mr. Healy has been indeed our friend, monsieur."

"So I apprehend," said Beaujeu drily.

Mistress Leigh was standing beside her father and her bright blue eyes gazed direct at Beaujeu. "We do trust that M. de Beaujeu is pleased to approve that?" she murmured.

"Could I do other?" says Beaujeu with a bow of admiration and the shadow of a sneer.

Mr. Healy kindly paraphrased his friend. "Beaujeu being, like myself, doctor, no friend to my lord Sunderland."

"Do you interest yourself in our English politics, M. de Beaujeu?" Dr. Leigh inquired innocently.

"I believe I may say that I do, eh, Healy?"

"'Tis politics and your important self you are consumed with."

"The candour of friends, you perceive, Mistress Leigh," says Beaujeu laughing. "But M. le Docteur, Healy tells me that you also are the victim of a villainy of my lord Sunderland —— ?"

"I am, I am," cried the old man flushing. "Like my poor boy. Ah! monsieur, you do not think that we are common rogues? Yes, it is true that we were living in Alsatia. We were hiding—yes, with all the scoundrels of the town—but we, monsieur, you do not think that we —— ?" His voice failed him.

For he saw Beaujeu's eyes set upon his and glittering pale: in the grim lines of Beaujeu's face he read neither pity nor trust. But M. de Beaujeu spake quietly out of much experience: "I see very well, M. le Docteur, that I should be a fool to think you a rogue. Believe me, you need no defence."

"I thank you, monsieur," said the old man, not without dignity. But his daughter did not appear very grateful. Mr. Healy was conscious of a purely human longing to hear her tell her opinion of Beaujeu to Beaujeu's self.

"Also a victim of my lord Sunderland is welcome," says Beaujeu. "But your story may I beg?"

The old man looked at him dubiously. "Sure, doctor," says Mr. Healy laughing, "'tis less of a devil than it likes to appear."

"In effect, M. le Docteur, I am to be trusted," Beaujeu remarked.

"Well, monsieur, we do trust you," said the old man. "I will tell you. I was secretary to his Grace of Monmouth long ago—before he fled the country. He—he was a gentle lad, monsieur——" and the old man's eyes filled with tears. M. de Beaujeu, having no pity at all for the Duke of Monmouth, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, monsieur, well, I weary you. When he landed in Devon I had a little school in Kensington village. Thence my lord Sunderland sent for me secretly by night. I think, monsieur, I have never seen a man so anxious as my lord. He had persuaded himself that the Duke of Monmouth would conquer, and yet could not be sure of it. He kept me long, asking questions no man on earth could answer of the future. At last, after much of this, my lord bade me go. Then again he called me back and bade me wait. And he brought himself to his purpose. I was to go to his Grace with tidings that my lord was indeed his friend, and I was to carry to his Grace the dispositions of the King's troops. I—I was unwilling. But my lord Sunderland worked upon me, reminding me of my affection for his Grace. God forgive me! It was wrong. I went."

"Certainly," Beaujeu muttered, "certainly I must meet my Lord Sunderland." Mr. Healy smiled broadly—reflecting that the Beaujeus of this world were made for the sake of the Sunderlands.

"It is not all, monsieur," the old man went on unsteadily. "When his Grace was beaten at Sedgemoor I was in Ilminster and I won back to London. Many people were very kind to me. Then his Grace was taken, and again a messenger came to me from my lord Sunderland. My lord bade me go to his Grace in the Tower and tell him privately that my lord was still his friend, that my lord would prevail with the King to spare his Grace's life. So, when his Grace was brought to the King's presence, on peril of his life he must say nought to the King of my lord's dealing with him lest the King should distrust my lord."

"I have always admired Sunderland," said Beaujeu coolly. "Monmouth trusted him then?'

"It was the one hope, Monsieur. Yes. He was silent . . . He trusted——he trusted—— He was swiftly beheaded." The old man wiped his eyes.

"Had you ever a letter in Sunderland's hand?" said Beaujeu.

"There were the dispositions of the army—and another paper. I have them not."

"But he must think that you have. Faith, M. le Docteur, I do not wonder that my lord Sunderland has sought you diligently."

"We have fled from one place to another. And always there have been spies."

Beaujeu looked dubiously at Healy. "I've a tolerable skill in concealing my traces," said Mr. Healy, chuckling. "There'll be devil a trace, Beaujeu. And Sunderland will be passing a peaceful night this day."

Beaujeu arose. "I will not conceal from you, M. le Docteur, that we are anxious ourselves to deal with my lord Sunderland."

"Monsieur, you will bring him to justice?" the old man cried eagerly.

"Justice?" Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Justice? 'Tis reserved for him in the hereafter. But I think I will bring him to ruin. No, *mordieu*, he shall make his own ruin. It will be the more entertaining . . . *Bien*, M. le Docteur, I will beg you to keep within doors for some days. We had best have no risks. But I give you my word that you are safe. We are adequate to preserve our friends. I wish you heartily a good-night."

"La, sir," Mistress Leigh was making a curtsey. "'Tis the heart of you that leaps to the eye." Beaujeu gave her a curious glance. Her eyelashes were modestly drooping.

In the hall Beaujeu put his hand on Healy's shoulder. "Faith, man, I should have blessed your name," said he. "Why did you begin at the wrong end with babble of a wench?"

"'Twas for the good of your disbelieving soul." Beaujeu laughed. "Zounds, but it falls pat. I must have played a hand with Sunderland without this."

They passed into Healy's room, "Is it time?" said Healy.

"All that and more." Beaujeu dropped into a chair and loosened his coat. "Do you see, Healy, I was fool enough to let the incomparable Charlbury guess who I am."

Healy looked at him keenly. "That would be consoling to her?" he inquired.

"It was, I doubt," said Beaujeu and laughed loud. "So; and the incomparable will have told my lord Sherborne that the knave Beaujeu is in fact an English outlaw. Then the outlaw had best see Sunderland speedily and provide for his skin."

Mr. Healy sat down on the table. Mr. Healy asked a second question. "And why would she give your neck away?"

"I trust Sherborne told her that 'twas I contrived for Jack to turn and rend her. Conceive how she will love me." He chuckled gently.

Mr. Healy took hold of his arm. Mr. Healy asked a third question. "Now, what did you do to that woman at first?"

Beaujeu turned with a sneer on his lips. "*Corbleu*, I think I kissed her. Eh, I was young."

"I doubt you were mightily like your cousin," says Mr. Healy sharply. "Man, you have made hell for yourself and for her. And do you like the nip of it so?"

Beaujeu sat staring straight in front of him for awhile. Then he put his hand on Healy's. "You are a good fellow," says he with a laugh and gripped. "You are a good fellow, Healy. So why will you be a fool?"

(*To be continued*)