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EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Family Affair		Oct.	1
dam's Curse	W. B. YEATS	Dec.	112
e of the Inhabited World, The	RT. HON. SIR EDWARD FRY	Dec.	42
New Light	FILSON YOUNG	Dec.	144
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, The Novels and Plays of	EDWARD HUTTON	Nov.	144
Ballads, West Irish	LADY GREGORY	Oct.	123
itish Empire, The French Canadian in the	HENRI BOURASSA, M.P. (*Canada*)	Oct.	53
rney Friendship, A	GEORGE PASTON	Oct.	136
mbridge Modern History, The	EMIL REICH, D.C.L.	Nov.	117
nada and Imperial Ignorance	W. BEACH THOMAS	Dec.	69
istian Democracy and the Temporal Power	ROBERT E. DELL	Dec.	54
ny	ALFRED OLLIVANT	Oct. 162, Nov. 162, Dec.	163
ypt, The Golden Age of	JOHN WARD, F.S.A.	Oct.	83
glish and Indian	CORNELIA SORABJI	Nov.	133
ch-Canadian in the British Empire, The	HENRI BOURASSA, M.P. (*Canada*)	Oct.	53
ch-Canadian and the Great Commonwealth, The		Nov.	1
nch Prelates on the Religious Crisis	Edited by M. A. GEROTHWOHL	Dec.	21
re, Sir Bartle	SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, Bart.	Oct.	69
tory, The Cambridge Modern	EMIL REICH, D.C.L.	Nov.	117
emen of the Future, The	BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.	Nov.	70
Zola Worked	The Author of "An Englishman in Paris"	Nov.	86
nd, Local Self-Government in	SIR ALEXANDER MILLER, K.C., C.S.I.	Nov.	48
Folk Ballads	LADY GREGORY	Oct.	123
s Sutherland, Limited	E. F. BENSON	Dec.	126
n, The Painters of	ARTHUR MORRISON	Nov. 99, Dec.	92

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Lessons of the War	LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G. . . .	Oct.	19
Liberal Party, New Developments within the	O. ELTZBACHER	Oct.	31
Local Self-Government in Ireland . . .	SIR ALEXANDER MILLER, K.C., C.S.I.	Nov.	48
Marama: The Moon God	ARTHUR H. ADAMS	Oct.	155
Mr. Marconi's Recent Invention . .	PROFESSOR A. M. WORTHINGTON, C.B., F.R.S.	Oct.	92
Music of Richard Strauss, The . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS	Dec.	80
On the Line	. . . . . .	Oct. 6, Nov. 10, Dec.	6
Painters of Japan, The	ARTHUR MORRISON .	Nov. 99, Dec.	92
Religious Crisis, The French Prelates on the	Edited by M. A. GEROTHWOHL	Dec.	21
Rodin	T. STURGE MOORE	Oct.	96
Rodolphe Töpffer	J. A. FULLER MAITLAND . .	Oct.	112
Roosevelt, A Year of President . . .	SYDNEY BROOKS	Nov.	31
Songs of the Russian People . . .	A. E. KEETON	Dec.	114
St. Francis, A Portait of	SIR MARTIN CONWAY . . .	Oct.	108
Strauss, Richard, The Music of . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS	Dec.	80
Temporal Power, Christian Democracy and the	ROBERT E. DELL	Dec.	54
The Coming of Downy V. Green . .	. . . .	Dec.	1
The Drone	LADY CURRIE ("Violet Fane")	Dec.	161
To a Terrier	MARY E. RICHMOND . . .	Nov.	161
War, Lessons of the	LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G.	Oct.	19
World, Age of the Inhabited . . .	RT. HON. SIR EDWARD FRY .	Dec.	42
Zola	The Author of "An Englishman in Paris"	Nov.	86

INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
ADAMS, ARTHUR H.	Marama : The Moon God	Oct.	155
"An Englishman in Paris," the Author of	How Zola Worked	Nov.	86
ARTHUR, SIR GEORGE, Bart.	Sir Bartle Frere	Oct.	69
BENSON, E. F.	James Sutherland, Limited	Dec.	126
BRABANT, LT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G.	Lessons of the War	Oct.	19
BOURASSA, HENRI, M.P. (*Canada*)	The French-Canadian in the British Empire	Oct.	53
BROOKS, SYDNEY	A Year of President Roosevelt	Nov.	31
CONWAY, SIR MARTIN	A Portrait of St. Francis of Assisi	Oct.	108
CURRIE, LADY ("Violet Fane")	The Drone	Dec.	161
DELL, ROBERT E.	Christian Democracy and the Temporal Power	Dec.	54
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	A Family Affair	Oct.	1
	The French-Canadian and the Great Commonwealth	Nov.	1
	The Coming of Downy V. Green	Dec.	1
	On the Line . . Oct. 6, Nov. 10,	Dec.	6
ELTZBACHER, O.	The New Developments within the Liberal Party	Oct.	31
FRY, RT. HON. SIR EDWARD	The Age of the Inhabited World	Dec.	42
GEROTHWOHL, M. A., Edited by	The French Prelates on the Religious Crisis	Dec.	21
GREGORY, LADY	West Irish Folk Ballads	Oct	123
HUTTON, EDWARD	The Novels and Plays of Gabriele D'Annunzio	Nov.	144
KEETON, A. E.	Songs of the Russian People	Dec.	114
MAITLAND, J. A. FULLER	Rodolphe Töpffer	Oct.	112
MILLER, SIR ALEXANDER, K.C., C.S.I.	Local Self-Government in Ireland	Nov.	48
MOORE, T. STURGE	Rodin	Oct.	96
MORRISON, ARTHUR	The Painters of Japan . Nov. 99,	Dec.	92

		PAGE
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	Danny . Oct., 162, Nov., 162, Dec.	163
PASTON, GEORGE	A Burney Friendship . Oct.	136
REICH, EMIL, D.C.L.	The Cambridge Modern History . Nov.	117
RICHMOND, MARY E.	To a Terrier . Nov.	161
SORABJI, CORNELIA	English and Indian—A Study . Nov.	133
SYMONS, ARTHUR	The Music of Richard Strauss . Dec.	80
THOMAS, W. BEACH	Canada and Imperial Ignorance . Dec.	69
WARD, JOHN, F.S.A.	The Golden Age of Egypt . Oct.	83
WORTHINGTON, PROFESSOR, A.M., C.B., F.R.S.	Mr. Marconi's Recent Invention . Oct.	92
YEATS, W. B.	Adam's Curse . Dec.	112
YOUNG, FILSON	A New Light . Dec.	144
YOUNGHUSBAND, BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. T. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.	The Horseman of the Future . Nov.	70

A FAMILY AFFAIR

FEW and far between they may be, but there are surely some occasions when it is allowed even to a man of business, even to a servant of the public, to leave his office chair, put off his long black coat and declare himself to be at home only to his friends and relations. The MONTHLY REVIEW has reached a day—the second anniversary of its birth—upon which we feel ourselves justified in taking such a licence; and if, since the windows of our poor basement cannot be barred, some member of the outside community passing casually by should chance to look in upon us, we can only hope that the decency and good humour of our proceedings may induce him to pardon their domesticity.

The REVIEW has, we hope, many friends, and as a periodical it may certainly boast of a whole clan of relatives; but the particular family to which it belongs is one of moderate size. It has, we may say, five brothers older than itself, and there are rumours at this moment of another on the way; but of this perhaps it is hardly proper to speak at present, though it is always the youngest member of a household that is the most eager to give the greeting of "Welcome, little stranger." For the time, however, five are quite enough to think about, and the two-year-old, though he would not have them know it for the world, does think not a little of coming at the tail of such a brotherhood. There they stand, men of experience, men that keep good company and are accustomed to be heard with

respect, men that have had losses, some of them, and at least two coats, and in short everything handsome about them. Will he too some day do such things as they have done, and be as famous? Certainly he is of the half-crown stock as undeniably as any of them, and feels his life in every limb; is often asked to good houses in company with his elders or even alone; gets patted on the head and is offered many tips by kind old gentlemen. But when he grows up will he really be the counterpart of his five brothers or of one of them?

In his own heart—and this again he would not willingly confess to them—he does not truly wish it. No doubt they know better what he should be; but he knows best what he can be. Besides, as a mere imitation of the others there is no place in the world for him. He admires, for instance, Brother National—his nearest in age and favourite companion—and Brother Contemporary, for the vigour and determination of their political activity; Brother Fortnightly for the breadth of his hospitality and his love of the drama; Brother Nineteenth Century for his ministerial manners, his safe judgment, and the social brilliancy of his connections; Brother Blackwood for his ghost stories, his campaigning yarns, and his unmethodical conversation. But the exercise of these gifts in each case amounts to the filling of a definite place in the public service, and as the Eastern king remarked when he killed his predecessor, "no man can succeed to the living." In the milder West a sixth son does not seek to dethrone a brother; he contents himself with looking for a vacancy elsewhere, and he is hardly to be blamed if he tries to create a new department and to be himself the first to fill it.

This was in fact the arduous and venturesome undertaking which lay before the MONTHLY REVIEW in September 1900, and if in the two years of probation which have passed since then, it has obtained any measure of success or of recognition, it has owed such good fortune entirely to the help of friends, and especially to some who have adopted its cause as their

own, and given their best work anonymously, propelling the ship from below the water-line, where there is neither bunting nor figure-head to attract admiring eyes. Without them the voyage would have been a perilous one, for it was a voyage of exploration into unknown seas, where the man at the helm, like the hero of Mr. Clark Russell's "Golden Hope," had nothing to guide him but the outline of an island seen in dreams. What of that country now, upon a nearer view: does it in any way match the Eldorado for which we set sail?

It does, and it does not. He is no true adventurer whose visions can all be fulfilled at once; and besides the glimpse of something beyond, the horizon that recedes "for ever and for ever as we move," there are the disappointments inevitable in twenty-four months of travel; the mistakes in direction, the failure of promised supplies, the finding of shallows where deep water has been reckoned on. But these are rather accidents of the route than deficiencies of the country itself; they do not take anything from the kindliness of its inhabitants, the richness of its life, or the beauty of the further-off Delectable Mountains, which can clearly be seen from it.

But it is, after all, not for the dreamer himself to say how far what he has found and brought back answers to the picture formed by his imagination at the start. Possibly his imagining was in itself absurd. He conceived that one review might be allowed perhaps to stand a little more apart from the rush than others do, to busy itself somewhat less with the strife of parties as parties, with the instant repetition of passing cries, with the opinions of those whose minds were long ago made up and publicly registered, or those who are in a hurry to sell their perishable wares before the inevitable deterioration sets in. Seeing that the more immediate needs and aims of to-day are so fully supplied elsewhere, it seemed possible that a hearing might be given to those who should speak from a standpoint a little more aloof, one from which it might be easier to see both theories and actions against the clear golden background of the past, and to catch a glimpse of ideals which

are only now emerging from the shining mist of the future. Even if our search must be mainly for the practical equipment of life, does it follow that we shall all find it with greater certainty by the straight and dusty high road than by more leisurely paths: there are some surely, and there may, perhaps, be many, who will as nearly attain the end, whatever it is, by walking the fields of history, of philosophy, of literature or of poetry, as by jolting and hurrying all their lives in express or parliamentary trains of thought.

Perverse or not, this is at least a pleasant imagination: if such a way of the world were, indeed, possible, there would be room in life even for the lasting, the beautiful, and the humorous: three species said to be now of great rarity and doomed to speedy extinction. The public, we are told, do not want art or literature, even once a month; they want "current topics," the things of to-day commented on by the men of to-day. If an "academic" and inexperienced management is to be blamed in this matter, let it be remembered, in excuse, that the error was no doubt partly induced by a sincere respect for the daily and weekly Press, which comments so fully and so ably on passing events, that it often seems to have cooked and served up the savoury meat and taken the blessing, before the others could return from their long month's hunting. And he who knows that he cannot, in any event, be first on the nail, is naturally tempted to take a more leisurely swing, and try, at any rate, to hit it more exactly and more gracefully.

There is, however, no use in denying that our dreamer has been unorthodox, and perhaps his best policy is to make his confession a full one, that if he is in the end condemned he may be sure that it is martyrdom and not a judicial error under which he suffers. To aim at being a little leisurely, a little detached, and, if possible, a little artistic, may after all be pardonable, even in the reign of Pierpont Morgan and the year of the Education Bill. But if the heretic is to speak out, he must say: "Further than this, I have interpreted 'the men of to-day' to mean the men of to-morrow rather than the men of

yesterday, with all their well-earned knowledge and honours; for I imagined that in a changing world, experience, when once grown cold and stiff, was worth less than the insight and ardour and adaptability of thought still warming with the first grapple of its powers. And I forgot the infirmity of many among our people, who can scarcely hear the human voice unaided by the ear-trumpet of a title. Further still, I thought it a point of honour, and even of universal policy, that we should not shrink from the hearing and weighing of any honestly held opinion or sincere work of art; that we should believe all things to have at least two sides, and few people to be the worse for seeing both of them. I confess also that this opinion led me into many and strong temptations: that I came to believe it possible to love England and her rivals too; to believe profoundly, as our great historians have believed, in the English character, and yet to wish its domination of the world restricted; to work for the great Commonwealth and for freedom both at once; to accept Christianity as a true salvation, but to honour also the fearless and unconsoled martyrs of inquiry and revolt, and any faith which teaches its followers how 'Out of ten thousand bitternesses wells the Eternal Peace.' And this I confess, knowing that I am cutting myself off from all the churches, and can expect no help from any party. And I have nothing to plead in stay of judgment, except that I can none other."

ON THE LINE

Resurrection. A novel. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. Completely revised, and with an appendix containing fresh matter. (Grant Richards. 6*s*. A cheaper edition, without illustrations, to be had for 2*s*.)—This is not a book for saints whose consciousness of sin is already so acute as to be well-nigh intolerable—nor for those who wear rose-coloured spectacles and would go blind for sorrow if they saw—nor for the sick—nor for the young. It is one of those very rare books which resemble experience in their effect. No one who has read it with attention can be quite the same person afterwards. Words like these are in themselves a judgment on the people amongst whom and the generation in which they are uttered. Both as an artist and as a reformer Tolstoy possesses genius of the highest order. That he does not stand in the first rank of artists, nor yet in the front rank of reform, is due to the fact that he has served two masters, that neither has been able to exact from him the full labour of a life-time. Ruskin did the same; but he concerned himself with pictures and with principles, not with men and women; and, therefore, his appeal is not, like that of the great Russian, universal. In some of Tolstoy's works the craftsman gets the upper hand—in others the Christian. Here, from the nature of the subject, the two are able to work together on terms of peace, if not of harmony, and the result is overpowering. If he were less of the reformer, we might be tempted to dwell exclusively on the

strength of his analysis of motive—on the quiet beauty of those passages, few and far between, but never to be forgotten, on which the unity of the chief character depends. If he were less of the artist, we might perhaps escape. Sensitive foreigners may have said, in the days of "Oliver Twist" and "Alton Locke," "These horrors, after all, are English. They do not happen in our country." So, if this work went as deep, and no deeper, we might say, "It is thus in Russia; not amongst us, thank God!" But it goes deeper. With the voice of the prophet who spoke, not to David alone, but to all those who, till the end of the world, live for themselves, Tolstoy murmurs in the ear of every one capable of error, of feeling, of thought, *Thou art the man.*

"'Resurrection' weighs on the conscience of society," said Prince Kropótkin. In Russia, society showed its sense of the weight by deforming the book and by excommunicating the writer who had dared to describe the idol of the Holy Synod, Pobedonóstsef.[1] In America, the plot was pulled to pieces and one most marvellous chapter omitted altogether. In Germany, everything that made against the Church and the administration of justice was left out; in France, everything that might hinder a man from going into the army. This happened early in the day; afterwards people saw the futility of it, and correct —or, at any rate, more correct—editions were issued. There is nothing but life in the book; and life will out. When one man has the power to make another see life, as he himself has seen it, the audience is never wanting. The work sold well, and the proceeds went to help the settlement of Russian Quakers in Canada. It is only fair to say that the Society of Friends, when they had read it, rejected all help for their brethren from that quarter. These facts are noticed in a remarkable, though rather irritating, preface to the new translation,[2] by Aylmer Maude, who, of course, considers it with a single eye to moral effectiveness, and therefore supplements it with an "Index

[1] Called Toporóf in the novel.

[2] This translation is a very good one; Tolstoy himself commended it.

to Social Questions, Types, &c." Tolstoy would do well enough without this assistance. *Good wine needs no bush.* A plain question is asked: "Why, and by what right, do some people lock up . . . and kill others?" A plain answer is given: "All the dreadful evil witnessed in prisons and gaols, and the quiet self-assurance of the perpetrators of this evil, results from an attempt to do what is impossible: from an attempt to correct evil . . . by using mechanical means."

Never before has any writer of fiction made such an exhaustive study of the mind of a man just over thirty. Here and there it is not unpardonable surely to think that the hero of "Souvenirs," if "Souvenirs" had possessed a second volume, might have resembled the hero of "Resurrection"; they have the same intense truthfulness, the same intense consciousness of self, the same strong predilection in favour of cleanliness without and within, the same interest in questions that affect landed proprietors. In other respects they are different. Nehlúdof is not ambitious, not especially gifted, not humorous. He has a gentlemanly way of behaviour that takes every one with whom he comes in contact; he loses his temper like a gentleman, and like a gentleman he regrets that he lost it. An indomitable sense of reality that cannot be stifled leads him first to despise, afterwards to respect, in the end to forget himself. The actual beginning of the story, his recognition of the girl whom he has wronged, when, many years later, he finds himself one of the jury at her trial for murder, was suggested by a barrister friend of the author, who had been present at a scene of the kind. Entangled in a web of deception, he frees himself at a bound. Far longer does it take him to free her whom he had led into the net; but he does it—and he does many another good thing by the way. Máslova rises because of him and he by her. Slowly, with the irresistible logic of life, the transformation is accomplished. A man—a woman—give up their lives to God. Love, in the ordinary sense of the word, has nothing to do with it. Pity sounds the *reveillé* of all the other virtues. Justice and charity rise hand

in hand in this still and solemn resurrection. Faith, often beaten down, springs up with strength renewed. Hope follows, lighted by the sun and moon, the healing powers of Nature. Last of all comes the awakening of the last and rarest of virtues, humility.

One self-approval in his heart of hearts

Nehlúdof keeps, until this also is engulfed and lost in "the peace and joy of life," discovered in the true comprehension of the words of Christ:

Then his lord called him unto him, and saith to him, Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee?

"And is it only this?" Nehlúdof suddenly exclaimed aloud; and the inner voice of his whole being said: "Yes, this is all."

Education and Empire. By the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane. (Murray. 5*s*. net.)—Here are two essays—one of which was first published in this *Review*—on Commerce and Education, two on the Imperial Constitution now in process of evolution; and one on Science and Religion. The first four are put forward as illustrating "some of the articles in a political creed"—a Liberalism which Mr. Haldane believes to be the Liberalism of the future. Its aim is to hand on, with interest, to the coming race of Englishmen, the imperial inheritance we have received from famous men and our fathers that begat us. Its method is the continual application of new science and new machinery to new needs: of clear views and an effort which "must assume the form neither of swaggering along the High Street of the world, nor of sitting down with folded hands on a dust heap." We need only commend to our readers this exposition of a creed with which they are not altogether unacquainted: one which was admirably illustrated for us last month by Mr. Kipling in the parable of the Mill, and which is touched upon from the political side by Mr. Eltzbacher

in our present issue. It is hardly too much to say that if Mr. Haldane's creed as to the duty of Englishmen be not the creed of the future, then there can be for England as a nation no future worth thinking of.

The remaining chapter—that on Science and Religion—is written from a point of view wider still, and though as "a plea for toleration" it may fairly be said to come within the scope of the higher politics, it passes at once beyond the limits of nationality. Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, Spinoza, Berkeley and Hume, Huxley, Spencer and Du Bois Reymond, Clifford and Johannes Müller—these are the twelve signs of the Zodiac across which this luminous train of thought passes on its flight towards the centre of our universe. The present religious situation—what may be called the solar system of our Western world of thought—sprang into existence as we see it on the day when Luther set up reason and conscience against authority, and "science and religion were face to face with none between." But the problem, as Mr. Haldane reminds us, is by no means a new one in itself; though we see it now from another side, it is the same question as that discussed by Socrates and by Aristotle.

> There is a view of the history of philosophy which sees in it, not system deserted for system, but the development and perfecting of a great conception which has remained substantially the same under forms and in language that have varied with the successive moods of the Time Spirit. To the question as to the ultimate nature of reality, of that into which all besides is resoluble, and in terms of which all else must be expressed if final truth is to be attained, the answer of the great thinkers of all ages has been that this ultimate reality is mind and not matter.

Mr. Haldane proceeds—and the lucidity and cogency with which he does so gives his argument an originality which he too modestly disclaims—to marshal on his side the great "generals of the forces of reason," and to direct the weapons of precision which they bring with them against "the loose procedure of the invading army of science." It is idle, he says, for theology to dispute the conclusions of science after once

conceding its premises: for instance, after once conceding that atoms and energy are final realities. From the necessity for such a concession we are saved by the men of science themselves. From Huxley to Müller they have pressed the point that these abstractions "have validity only as expressions of certain aspects of reality: they correspond to nothing that can conceivably be experienced, but form merely convenient workin hypotheses." Colour, weight, space, beauty, morality, are all equally aspects of the world as we experience it; "why then should atoms and energy . . . set up any better title to be the ultimate reality to which all else is reducible?"

Mr. Haldane then passes to another line of thought. The primary qualities of material things are for physiology itself meaningless "except as the projections of a brain which can perceive nothing directly, but can only, as it were, interpret the stimulations of which the nerves tell, and beyond these can have no real object of knowledge." Even the brain itself—the instrument of this perception—can be known only through the senses, "and is itself, therefore, only a projection of a mind that perceives." But Mr. Haldane, while affirming in the strongest terms that the claims of matter and energy are thus shattered by a single deduction from the premises furnished by science herself, does not seek to press his advantage beyond the power of the plain man to assent. The plain man believes in the reality of the world as it seems, and of all the aspects of that world, including its æsthetic, moral, and religious phenomena. He needs no more than the assurance that "beauty is as real as biology, and morality as mathematics."

The final stage is the most interesting of all, and is reasoned with a very rare power—the power of arousing, without aid of rhetoric or association, that feeling of intellectual elevation which is the counterpart of enthusiam in the sphere of the emotions. The conclusion of the whole matter is that

> God must be conceived, not as a force operating from outside in space; not mechanically, as a substance or cause; not as a magnified and non-natural human being, but as a spirit; as mind; as the subject for which the world is

object, and in which the limited plane of human intelligence appears only as a stage or phase.

Then comes faith, and makes mere man a sharer in the divine by giving him a higher conception of himself than one which is merely individual.

In the practice of religion we seem to realise the existence of the highest aspect of human life. . . . Regarded in that aspect the mind even of man is in direct relation to absolute mind, is what it is because it is not truly severable from God, the ultimate and finally real aspect of a universe which exists only in and through Him.

The object which Professor Lewis Campbell had in view in writing his short study of **Plato's Republic** (Murray, 2*s.* 6*d.*) was, he tells us, partly to elucidate some aspects of the dialogue for beginners, " but partly also to indicate some ways in which the spirit of the author of the 'Republic' may without violence be fruitfully applied to modern life, notwithstanding the extreme difference both of real and imaginary circumstances." Of the first of these aims we cannot profess to speak: the second has, we think, been most successfully accomplished. The book, brief and condensed as it must necessarily be, touches suggestively upon a great number of living questions connected with social and political life, education, athletics, music, poetry and art, the position of women and that of the industrial classes, and all this with an engaging air of modernity, with apt quotations from Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Joubert, and President Roosevelt, and with the force and effectiveness conferred by the view incidentally given of a definite and consistent personality. This last quality it is which marks the book off from the colourless utterances of the ordinary lecture-room, where the demonstrator rarely has the courage to lay his living *corpus fidei* beside his dead subject upon the dissecting-table. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Jenkin and others have supplied some interesting illustrations, of which the most useful and entertaining is that representing in section the famous Cave, where the human being, in his unenlightened state, is represented as sitting chained underground, so as to have within his range of

vision only the grotesque shadows of objects behind his back, carried along between a fire and the dim wall in front of him. The so-called philosophy of the prisoners in this den is the exact analogue of those pretensions of science which we have just heard Mr. Haldane treating less contemptuously, but not less relentlessly, than Plato. "If they were in the habit," says Socrates, "of conferring honours among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows, and to remark which of them went before and which followed after, and which were together, and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer, 'Better to be the poor servant of a poor master,' and to endure anything, rather than think as they do, and live after their manner?"

William Hazlitt. By Augustine Birrell. (Macmillan. 2*s*. net.)—"Well—I have had a happy life!" What better testimony could a dying man offer for the benefit of his fellows? What sort of life was that which led to it?

We have been told, with as much wisdom as wit, that it takes two people to speak the truth—a remark true in some special sense of biographers. Boswell could not have written the Life of Shelley; Hogg would have come to grief over that of Nelson. There has never yet been found the man who could write the Life of Napoleon—of Wordsworth—of George Eliot. In Mr. Birrell Hazlitt finds an expositor without his own bad qualities, less gifted certainly than himself, but gifted in the same way. The humour fits. Even where he cannot explain, he understands. We are never depressed by the sound of one fretting who cannot play. He knows the stops of Hazlitt; he pulls them in and out and discourses excellent music. And by the way he shows the manly stuff of his own nature; for as a letter reveals both him who writeth and him who readeth, so a Life discovers not only the character portrayed, but the character of him who portrays it.

"You are rich in friends. We cannot afford to cast off our friends because they are not all we wish," said Mary Lamb to Crabb Robinson when he finally cut Hazlitt (whose genius he had been the first to detect) because of his abuse of Wordsworth for writing in favour of the King. How high feeling ran against Wordsworth long afterwards, admirers of Robert Browning's "Lost Leader" know. We, who have forgotten all that, can afford to smile with Mary, and to love her brother a little better even than before for the gentle utterance, "Hazlitt does bad actions without being a bad man." The same might have been said of Heine. Hazlitt was a good hater. He made a fine art of abuse, and recklessness grew into a passion. Pen-fighting was yet commoner then than it is now. The charmed circle of "Mitre Courtiers" who surrounded Elia—and, it must be said, Elia at their head—"never saw any reason for not saying what they thought about a man in print because the man happened to be alive."

> "He slaughters you with savage looks,
> Because you don't admire my books."

And they went much farther than savage looks. Everybody became everybody else's sworn champion. Coleridge was furious with every one who did not admire every line of Wordsworth. Wordsworth more than agreed with him. Charles Lamb could not abide any one who was blind to the glories of Coleridge. Leigh Hunt worked himself into a pet because Hazlitt criticised Shelley. The eloquent and beautiful remarks which they addressed to the daily papers, each concerning the black heartlessness of the other, leave the world wondering yet that any accommodation was ever possible; but if they enjoyed a quarrel, they enjoyed the reconciliation scene afterwards, and no malice was borne. There was hardly any occasion of life on which they forbore to cultivate style. Which of them could have endured to let go such an opportunity as the rending of friendship? Robert Louis Stevenson, child of a later age, had the same instinct, but not the same chance. His friendly foes were not of the calibre of Hazlitt's. He fought the air.

Had Mr. Birrell been a purist, like Crabb Robinson, Hazlitt would have fared ill at his hands. There is plenty in him to enrage the serious, to confound the tender-hearted. But Mr. Birrell laughs and goes his way—omits all that deserves only to be omitted, with the candid confession that he is doing so—and enjoys the rest. There is one odd gap in his enjoyment. Why does he not like the delightful essay on "Persons one would wish to have seen"? It is hard to agree with him that the talkers in that essay talk too much like Hazlitt himself. Charles Lamb, as he quizzes and chats, is the Charles Lamb who did the same by Manning, and Bernard Barton, and how many others? What more does Mr. Birrell want? The men and women described by Hazlitt are as good as those described by Carlyle; that is, they are as good as all but the very best fiction. He excels also in the description of books, writing of them as if they likewise were men and women. In matters of the heart—in that imagination which springs from deep feeling, he is inferior to Elia; and he has no such play of fancy. He was not fond enough of other people to be a good correspondent; he never wrote you a letter unless he hated you. Yet it is noteworthy, how little we feel the want of letters throughout the record. This is due partly to the grace and spirit of his biographer, partly to the fact that an out-and-out sentimentalist—and Hazlitt was that—proclaims himself abundantly in whatever form he may choose to adopt. This perhaps may be the reason that unsentimental and undramatic persons are not fond of essayists. For them this charming little book has not been written. For all the others it is a dainty and rare example of the way to deal with that strange, subtle, evanescent piece of property that, having no other name for it, we call our neighbour's Life.

The Mabinogion. Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. With notes by Alfred Nutt. (David Nutt. 2*s.* 6*d.*)—Pleasant as it is to have this well-known version of the famous collection of Welsh legends offered to us in an excellent new edition of

moderate price, we should not have felt justified in speaking of it here if Mr. Alfred Nutt had not succeeded in making what may almost be called a new book of it. He has re-arranged and grouped the legends with great skill and insight, and has added to the text—no, he has added at the end of the volume, entirely apart from the text—authoritative notes such as perhaps no other living scholar could have given us. The tide of the Celtic Revival, in the full current of which we have been living for some years now, has of late set rather strongly in the direction of Ireland: this little book is a timely reminder that the magic of the mediæval twilight still lingers even nearer home for those who are true Forest Lovers.

The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin. 32*s.*). This work, as the author tells us in his preface, forms a unit in a new Italian "series of volumes, treating separately and in a popular style of the different periods of Italian history, under all its different aspects, and also comprising the history of other civilised nations." Hitherto, Italian readers have not had presented to them any collection of works in their own language similar to the popular historical series which are so well known in other countries. Even on Italy, ancient, mediæval, and modern, the best books, as Professor Villari complains, have been written by foreigners. The influence of Rome and Italy upon human progress has been of such transcendent importance, that non-Italians have been obliged to devote the most earnest study to Italian history, and to write for themselves the works which would more naturally have come from Italian hands. This is now to be remedied by an Italian series, whose quality, so far, is of the highest standard. It began with a new edition of Balzani's "Early Chronicles of Italy," and is continued, in the work before us, by the masterly historian who has already enlarged our knowledge of Savonarola, Macchiavelli and Florence.

The subject covers the stories of the rise of the Christian

faith, the fall of the Roman Imperium, the growth of the Church, and of the Papacy, and the beginning of the eternal conflict between Church and State, with that remarkable effort at compromise—the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire. All these colossal factors in the history of Europe had but one starting-point—Rome. The reverence felt by mankind for the Caput Mundi, the only single head that Europe and civilisation have had, amounted to a veritable idolatry; it has lasted, through all vicissitudes, for many hundreds of years; and it is far from extinguished yet. This prestige was the result of a world-supremacy which it is difficult for us with numerous sovereign states, in all shapes and sizes, to realise. Rome was so great that all the forces of discontent were concentrated against her. Her strongest opponents were the Christians and the Barbarians.

The idolatry and gloom of the Roman religion, and the centralised system of government, which crushed the individual for the sake of the State, produced a violent reaction which found expression in the totally antagonistic Christian faith. It was a protest as well against the Roman Imperium as against the Roman religion.

The barbarians were adventurers stimulated by curiosity. They wanted to inspect, and to have a share in, Roman civilisation. They came in such numbers that Italy at last became populated by slaves and barbarians, under the control of a small, exclusive, and degenerate caste. It is astonishing how long the names of Cæsar and Augustus sufficed to keep their Empire standing. Alaric himself was so charged with awe of Rome that he had to be pushed on by a spiritual force, a voice constantly urging him to penetrate to the city. Neither he nor any of his successors—Genseric, Ricimer, Odovacar, Theodoric, Totila—ventured to demand the Imperial crown. They were content to remain subjects of the Prince living at Constantinople, but tracing his descent from a Roman authority. Even as agents of that Prince they were intolerable to the Romans, who preferred the

heavy fiscal exactions of the Emperor to the wise and benevolent rule of a barbarian. Moreover, though Christians, they were Arians, heretics, with the growing power of the Bishop of Rome against them. The Lombards accepted the orthodox faith, but by that time the Bishop of Rome had become the Pope of Christendom, and was fully launched upon his ambitious career. The Lombards obstructed the territorial aggrandisement of the Papacy, and were ousted by the Franks, whose king, Charlemagne, was, in return for his services, crowned Emperor by the grateful Pontiff.

Thus the successive waves of barbarians were each in turn subdued by the spirit of old Rome. They could make no effective resistance against the military resources of the Roman Emperor, backed by the social ostracism of the Romans, and the influence of the Roman Pope.

This unquenchable prestige of Rome is one of the chief phenomena in history. It was never more strikingly exhibited than in the period covered by Professor Villari's work. Reckoned as a single volume (it is so published in the original Italian), it has no rival in English, and may be confidently recommended to all English readers who desire a short account of a series of events which have left an indelible mark upon the human race.

LESSONS OF THE WAR

I THINK it may be taken for granted that every one who has held any sort of responsible position in the Imperial Forces during the war—now happily brought to a successful conclusion—must have formed some definite opinion as to the strength and the weakness of the British military system, and naturally has his own theories as to how its strength should be increased and its weaknesses eliminated. The value of the opinions of any individual who ventures to express them must of course be judged by his previous experience of military matters, and by the opportunities he has had of watching the most modern methods of carrying on war, as exemplified in the operations in South Africa during the past three years. I think I may claim to have had a personal experience so varied, and such good opportunities of watching the general operations of the war, as to give me an exceptional chance of forming opinions which may or may not be absolutely sound, but which I think should at least be worthy of consideration.

I began my military career by spending ten months in an embodied Militia regiment during the Crimean War. Out of my subsequent fourteen years' service in the regular army I served for more than two years at the Cavalry Depôt as subaltern of the Regimental Depôt Troop, and for the last two years of that period as Acting Adjutant of my regiment—a position which brings its holder into the closest touch with officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

In giving one's opinion upon the present condition of the British Army, it is well to begin at the foundation and to consider the material out of which it is constructed; and of this it is difficult to speak too highly. Whether we look at the splendid courage of the men, which when well led makes them irresistible, and which, even when indifferently led, has enabled them to snatch victory when victory by the ordinary rules of war was impossible: or whether we look at their wonderful endurance of hardships—and often of unnecessary hardships—or their marvellous power of recovery from the demoralisation of defeat: it is difficult to believe that they are surpassed or even equalled in these military qualities by any troops in the world. It is unnecessary to say that they have some defects. But their defects, such as they are, are chiefly the result of a defective system and of defective training. They are accused of being wanting in self-reliance and initiative.

Yet I have seen a body of these men, drawn from several different regiments, exhibit these very qualities after quite a short training. They were, however, under the command of an officer who not only possessed these qualities himself, but had the rare gift of being able to inspire confidence in those serving under him—confidence both in themselves and in their immediate commanding officer. Such officers are not to be found every day; but that is another story.

To go into the whole question of recruiting and of all the various regulations under which men are at present enlisted would take up too much time and space. I will only suggest what appear to me to be the principles that should guide the authorities in framing regulations for military service. I was struck by what seemed the too large proportion of young soldiers in the ranks of our regiments—or of most of them. Now no one is a stronger advocate than I am of soldiers being enlisted whilst still boys. But I also strongly advocate that men who have a natural taste for soldiering should be encouraged to make the Army their life-long profession. I entirely believe in making the first term of service a short one. It gives the

very necessary opportunity to the men who find they have mistaken their vocation to escape from it to more congenial employment; and it affords to commanding officers of regiments the chance of getting rid of the hard bargains who under any system are sure to find their way into the service. But I would give every facility for re-enlisting to men whose first term of service has expired. I believe that in the Navy a man is allowed to re-engage and count his former service if he comes back within twelve months of taking his discharge. I would do the same in the Army. I know of course the stock argument will be used, that this would interfere with the formation of a large Reserve. But surely it is not a wise thing to force good soldiers out of the ranks to make them into indifferent reservists. For, paradoxical as it may seem, a good soldier does not necessarily make a good reservist. There are many men who, under the wholesome restraint of military discipline, are of exemplary character; but subject these men to the temptations and the trials of civilian life, in a position of constantly struggling for a living—and you find no men who so quickly go to the bad, and sink into the class called the submerged tenth. If there is any difficulty in keeping up the Reserve, other methods must be found of filling its ranks. Or, in place of the Reserve, improve and re-organise that grand and much neglected force, the Militia. If business-like methods were introduced into the management of the Army (which is perhaps too much to expect) there seems to be no valid reason why the Militia could not be strengthened to a very large extent and its efficiency immensely increased. How this could be done it would take at present too long to explain.

Before leaving the subject of the private soldier, I should like to give my view as to how the soldier of to-day differs from his predecessor, the soldier of half a century ago. To my mind there is in many ways a distinct improvement. With the advance of civilisation he has become more civilised. He is better educated, and on the whole he is a more sober man. There is doubtless room for improvement in the latter respect;

but, speaking generally, he is a soberer man than the average of the class from which our recruits are drawn. Nor do I think that his fighting qualities have deteriorated. He is possibly, and indeed probably, not physically so fine a specimen of humanity as the men who made up the regiments which fought in the Crimea in 1854–6, or which went from the Cape to India in 1857. The reason of this is that we now have to depend chiefly upon the urban population for our recruits, who were formerly drawn mainly from the farm-labourer class. There is no way of changing this state of affairs, and we must be content in this instance to accept things as they are, and not as we should like them to be. And as I have already stated, their slight falling off in physique does not seem to have affected in any marked degree their capacity for enduring hardships and fatigue.

The most difficult and delicate question to discuss, in writing about the British Army, is unquestionably that of its officers. Let us compare them with those of past times. Are they better than their predecessors? And do they attain to the highest standard of excellence which it is reasonable to hope for? I am afraid we must answer both of these latter questions in the negative. I shall presently point out in what respect they are not quite equal to the men who preceded them. With regard to the second point, I am supported by the report of the Commission on Military Education, which clearly shows that the supply of officers for the Army is not quite all that it should be. I disclaim any intention of asserting that the officers of the English Army are as a body inefficient. There are a large proportion of them who possess not only personal courage in the highest degree (because that, sometimes carried to rashness and undue carelessness for their own safety, is an attribute practically common to all), but many of the qualities which are necessary for successful leadership. The chief difference I have noticed in the behaviour of the modern officer is a certain want of touch in his dealings with the men. Of this, it is, of course, difficult to give instances; it is

due to the absence of that most valuable yet intangible quality —tact. In many regiments (not all) I was somewhat shocked at hearing junior officers swearing at their men. At the time when I was in the service, the relief to your feelings brought about by swearing at your subordinates was a luxury confined to the officers commanding regiments, who doubtless used it rather freely. The hardest-swearing commanding officer under whom I ever served, if he swore at any officer on parade, always sent for him next morning and apologised in full orderly-room. Had a subaltern in my time been heard by a field officer swearing at his men, he would infallibly have been placed under arrest. And it would be well if it were so now. The regiment or corps in which an officer's voice is seldom or never heard raised in tones of anger is, I have noticed, invariably the best disciplined. A few words of quiet reproof from a man who is known to mean what he says have more effect than volleys of oaths and foul language.

Perhaps the greatest defect of the modern officer is his want of initiative and extraordinary fear of responsibility. Although there are other causes, to which I shall allude, to account for this, I think it is largely due first to the age at which young men join the Army being constantly raised, so that they do not acquire the habit of command in early youth; and next to the fact that there are now very few opportunities of placing young officers in charge of small posts, &c., and so forcing them to accept responsibility.

One of the finest regiments I ever met with in H.M. service was the old 45th, and it was the custom of the regiment at that time (1856–57) to make the young subalterns do the work of Regimental Adjutant. This naturally involved more work and increased responsibility for the Colonel. But then what are colonels commanding regiments for, if not to train the young officers under their command, so as to make them fit to fill the highest position they can be called to? In the 45th again the regimental mess was similarly managed; and the mess was both excellent—as far as the then state of things in

South Africa would admit of—and very economical. The subject of regimental messes leads one naturally to the reason which is constantly repeated for the narrowing of the area from which we obtain our officers, with the result that a proportion of men (I am afraid a somewhat large one) obtain commissions who, it is at least charitable to hope, might have done better in some other line of life. Where are the country clergymen's sons who in times past furnished so many excellent and successful soldiers? Where are the sons of the small country squire or of the large tenant-farmer? There is, I fear, no doubt that they have been shut out of the service by the present system, which makes it impossible for any but the sons of wealthy men to accept commissions. It is said, with absolute truth I believe, that only five per cent. of mankind are fit to lead; the remainder are born to follow. But we deliberately throw away our chance of getting even our fair proportion of men fit to lead, because we so narrow our choice that we are practically compelled to take all who offer themselves, the sole qualification insisted on being the possession of sufficient money to live an extravagant and luxurious life, which is calculated really to unfit them for the rough work of soldiering. It is largely due to this that we saw officers carrying about bedsteads and elaborate *batteries de cuisine*, while in some instances their men had only one blanket each, and were on half or quarter rations.

No doubt it may be said I write with undue warmth on this subject. I confess I find it difficult to write with patience on a matter on which I feel so strongly. During the past war a great many commissions in the regular army were given to young officers of the irregular regiments, who had distinguished themselves and had shown aptitude for command. Fully fifty commissions were given to the division under my command. I knew the majority of these young fellows. They were gentlemen in the best sense of the word; many of them public-school boys. They had proved that they could command men and they had a practical knowledge of war which one

would have thought invaluable. Have these men been able to stay in the service which they were so well fitted to adorn? I do not believe that five per cent. of them are still in it. They have been driven out by the sons of the *nouveaux riches*, who apparently control the service, or at least its social system.

The sons of the country clergymen and of the squires and farmers have the great advantage of having, as boys, been in close touch with the boys whom they ought, as men, to command. With the sons of their fathers' parishioners or of his tenants or of his farm labourers, they have probably acted as captains of the village cricket eleven or of its football team, and have learnt to maintain their position without bullying or offending those in an inferior position to themselves.

Can the present extravagance of living in the Army be suppressed? I say most distinctly that it can. Let the order be issued and enforced, that Inspecting Generals shall make it part of their duty to see that the messing of an ordinary cavalry or infantry regiment of the line shall be kept down to a certain standard; that no expensive wines shall be allowed except on guest nights; and above all, that officers commanding regiments shall be held strictly responsible that their young officers shall not be forced to take part in expensive amusements or made to feel uncomfortable because they do not happen to have such long purses as some of their wealthier comrades. It may be imagined that these suggestions are novelties, and that it would be a hardship to enforce them. Not at all; they are the orders and regulations which were in full force forty years ago, when—as I can testify from personal experience—a poor man could live with perfect comfort in the Army, and was not made to feel out of place because he could not live up to the standard of the perhaps two or three wealthy men of his regiment. Even then, the expense of living in the Army was greater than was really necessary. The absurd idea that an elaborate banquet and highly-priced wines (not necessarily of high quality) were necessary for the happiness of boys who

had, up to the time of joining the service, luxuriated on roast mutton and rice pudding, was too prevalent.

But how are we to return to the state of things which—though not perfect—was decidedly better than the present? There is no indication on the part of the military authorities of an intention to introduce anything approaching a genuine reform. How, then, is reform to be brought about? It appears to me that it is only by a strong expression of public opinion, given effect to by the Parliamentary representatives of the people, that anything effectual will be accomplished. The Army belongs to the English people. They pay for it, and they furnish the material, the flesh and blood of which it is composed. And surely it is for them to see not only that the money is properly spent, but—far more important—that the lives of their sons and brothers are not unnecessarily thrown away by the stupidity and inefficiency of the officers appointed to command them. I have already mentioned the fact that of late years the age at which officers are permitted to enter the Army has been raised. I believe that if it is not thought desirable to send very young men on foreign service, some system could be devised by which lads of fifteen could be attached as cadets to regiments stationed at home. They could study the technical part of their profession while learning its practical details; and I would place these youths under a somewhat stricter discipline than the commissioned officers. In this, as in many other things, there is a great deal to be learnt from the Sister Service. There is a curious uniformity about naval officers which must strike every one who is in the way of meeting many of them; they are not only alike in manner, but there is a very high average of efficiency amongst them. How seldom we hear of any gross mistake made by a naval man! And how often we hear of their carrying out the most difficult tasks—even diplomatic tasks—with wonderful tact, courage, and discretion! I attribute this largely to the fact that they are "caught young," getting their professional training and acquiring the habit of command and a sense of responsibility

at a time of life when the mind is most impressionable. But enough has been said about the regimental officer.

I had thought of going somewhat fully into the subject of the light thrown by the late war upon our system of selecting General Officers. But it is a dangerous subject, and one in which it is easy to venture out of one's depth. I may, however, glance slightly at it and possibly succeed in not offending the majority of the senior officers of the Army. In the first place then I think we expect a great deal too much of our Generals. Only one Lord Roberts appears in a generation, and sometimes there is a generation without a Lord Roberts or his equivalent. It must not be forgotten that a man may be an excellent Colonel of a regiment and yet quite at sea when called upon to lead a brigade, to say nothing of a division. Again, a man who has led a division creditably and even brilliantly, has been known to break down under the tremendous responsibility of the independent command of an army in the field. How many Generals of Division were there in the Army of the Peninsula who could have taken Wellington's place with any reasonable hope of success? It is somewhat open to doubt whether our method of promoting men to positions of high command in the field is absolutely sound. A General usually rises to that post through a series of Staff appointments. Some of these are no doubt useful in training men for high commands; but there are many the holders of which are rather in the position of head clerks in an office. They emerge as excellent clerks, and even—to use the phrase of the Secretary for War—good peace-Generals; excellent organisers, but nothing more. There are men who have written books on strategy and tactics, full of the soundest theories, which when their authors attempted to apply them practically, crumble to pieces. They are like those misguided people who go to Monte Carlo to play on a "system," fully determined to break the bank, but come back "broke" themselves. The qualities mental and physical which go to the making of a good fighting General are not often found combined in the same person. When they are found, the man

who possesses them should be pushed on, without any question as to what staff appointments he may have held. I think I could name some eight or ten of the younger officers of the Army in South Africa who have given sufficient proof that they have got the stuff in them to make leaders of men. If they get a fair chance, may they be successful both for their own sakes and for the future good of their country!

One of the lessons taught by the war must surely be the necessity of a better organisation of the Mounted Infantry. The value of Mounted Infantry has been recognised for more than twenty years; but it has now become apparent that Mounted Infantry are going to play a much more important part in wars of the future than had up to this time been deemed possible. We must remember that Mounted Infantry formed part of Cromwell's army—the famous New Model, which was really the beginning of the English Army of to-day. But the Mounted Infantry of that day were formed into regiments under the name of Dragoons, rode smaller and less expensive horses than the cavalry, and were differently and more lightly armed. They were just as much trained to their special duties as were the cavalry. Our system of creating Mounted Infantry Corps in the present day seems to me to be a peculiarly happy-go-lucky one.

You take a company from a regiment of infantry, and you mount them upon horses of the management of which very few of them know anything.

You may, of course, get a few men who have been carters or cab-drivers, but in an ordinary regiment the numbers of even these will be very small. The officers are selected from the "horsey" men of the regiment. No doubt a considerable proportion of infantry officers can ride well. They may hunt or play polo; but how many of them have any knowledge of the management of horses in stables or—more important still—in the field? From what came under my observation during the war I was able to form a very clear idea of the reason why we lost such a vast number of horses, and so constantly required

remounting. Very few officers seemed to know the necessity for off-saddling their horses whenever they had an opportunity, even if only for half an hour. It is customary in South Africa, when riding long distances, to off-saddle every two hours, and encourage the horses to have a roll, which seems to have a wonderfully refreshing effect upon the animals. I remember talking to an old farmer whose loyalty was above suspicion, and whose homestead was frequently visited by patrols. He remarked that he did not wonder that the Boer horses out-marched ours and were in better condition. I asked him why he said so. He then told me that it was a common thing for a patrol to come to his place, and on his asking the officer in charge to come in and have a cup of coffee, he never thought of dismounting his men; or, if he did, of telling them to take the saddles off the horses; yet he would frequently stay for an hour or more, going on eventually with horses unrefreshed and probably thirsty. Neither, my old friend said, do they ever think of dismounting and leading their horses up the steep hills. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the little attentions that horses in the field require, if they are to do their work satisfactorily; but all this can be taught, and should be learnt by those who have anything to do with the command of mounted troops. The proper course, in my opinion, would be to go back to the system of Cromwell or of Marlborough, up to whose time the Dragoon regiments remained Mounted Infantry. Enlist the men for this special service, train them in riding and in stable duties as carefully as the cavalry soldier is trained. There is no necessity for enlisting such heavy men as are required for heavy or medium cavalry; the men, in fact, are all the better for being light weights, provided they are strong and healthy. Take as a model of what you want, not the present Mounted Infantry, but rather the Colonial regiments which have done the best work in the recent war; viz., the Cape Mounted Riflemen and the Imperial Light Horse. In the first instance, put the smartest cavalry officer you can get in command; insisting, however, that he shall trust entirely

to the rifle, and not allowing any *armes blanches* on any account. Make them, if possible, *corps d'élite*, such as the famous Indian Irregulars are or were. If you can bring them to the same pitch of efficiency as the two regiments I have mentioned, the British Army could boast of possessing the most formidable force for almost any purpose in the world.

In conclusion, I again repeat that the future of the British Army is in the hands of the British people. If they insist upon necessary reforms, the reforms will be accomplished. But I confess that one is inclined to despair of a people who pat their unsuccessful Generals on the back, practically condoning their mistakes, and wind up by hooting the one great soldier who saved the Empire.

EDWARD H. BRABANT.

THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE LIBERAL PARTY

IT would indeed be a strange irony of fate if in the most liberal country in the world the Liberal Party should remain condemned to impotence, generally unpopular, if not discredited, irreconcilably divided against itself, and, therefore, notwithstanding recent electoral successes, hopelessly moribund. The state of the Liberal Party, as all agree, is desperate, and, as it usually is in desperate cases, the diagnoses and prognoses of the eminent consulting doctors who have been called in differ widely. Some say that the Liberal Party has seen its day, and that its place will be taken by a Radical Labour Party; others talk of the advent of factions and of the break-down of the party system, and prophesy that the party in power will continue to rule for an indefinite period, there being no possible alternative government. Whilst thus the consultants take a nearly hopeless view of the state of the Liberal Party, the doctors in charge seem to have made up their minds that an intelligent examination and thorough treatment of the patient is useless, continue the old diet under which their patient has been wasting away for years, patch up the increasing sores as they break out, and continue their purely symptomatic treatment with their old-fashioned useless nostrums.

However, it would be self-contradictory and paradoxical

to assume that in the most liberal country in the world a powerful Liberal Party should have no place. Besides, it would be as great a calamity for Great Britain if the balance of power between the two great parties should remain permanently disturbed, as it would be for Europe if the balance of power should cease to exist. Therefore it would seem timely and necessary that a thorough investigation of the causes of the grave state of the Liberal Party should be made from a standpoint irrespective of party, and that the true nature of the important recent changes and developments within the party, which apparently ensure its continued suicidal division, if not its final break-up, should be fully understood and appreciated in all its bearings. And this investigation only becomes the more necessary if, as some have been rather confidently proclaiming, the country is becoming gravely dissatisfied with its present rulers.

If we consider the prevalence of Liberal views, in the fullest sense of the word, amongst the people of Great Britain, it seems nearly inexplicable that public opinion in Great Britain should be represented in Parliament, as on the basis of the last election, by 402 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, who for all practical purposes may be considered as one party, as against only 268 Liberals. But this minority of Liberals shrinks still further if we deduct from their number the Irish Nationalists, who, rightly considered, are not Liberals, but an independent and illiberal, if not intolerant, faction, which has thrown in its lot with the Liberal Party. If, however, this distinction should be disallowed, we may say that, leaving Ireland apart, the population of Great Britain, notwithstanding its Liberal views, is represented in Parliament by 381 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, and by only 186 Liberals.

Capitals, with their highly strung, excitable, much-reading population, are, as a rule, the seats of dissatisfaction, and the strongholds of the more "advanced" parties, whilst the Conservative element derives its strength from the slower-moving

and more sedate country population, whose views, manners, customs, and whose very fashions are always many years behind the time. Paris is turbulently Nationalist, Berlin determinedly Social-Democratic, Vienna thoroughly Socialistic and anti-Semitic. Hence it would seem natural to expect that London, with its restless millions, should favour advanced views, and be the stronghold of that party which calls itself the Liberal Party. However, we find that London is represented in Parliament by no less than 50 Conservatives and 1 Liberal Unionist, as compared with only 8 Liberals and Radicals. On the other hand, we find that the Liberal Party is the greatest political force in far-away sleepy Wales, which regularly returns from 22 to 28 members of Parliament out of 30 representing that Principality.

If there were no other symptoms of similar portent the fact alone that London, possessing the most liberal-minded part of the population of Great Britain, has determinedly set its face against the Liberal Party, whilst Wales embraces it, seems distinctly to indicate that there is something radically wrong with the Liberal Party, that the Liberal Party in fact does not reflect, as it did in former times, the progressive views of the Liberal section of the community.

We often see the saddening spectacle of formerly prosperous businesses, which have been built up by the untiring industry, energy, resourcefulness, and progressiveness of their founders, decaying for the lack of these qualities, within the lifetime of the next generation. Of late, we have frequently heard that British industries, which used to be paramount in the last generation, have collapsed or are being supplanted by the foreigner, owing to their inferior antiquated machinery, their obsolete business methods, and their disregard for the requirements of the times and of the wishes of their faithful old customers. We have seen such firms make an appeal *ad misericordiam* in the last resort, such as the ridiculous "Warranted hand-made," or the irrelevant "Established 150 years," or the pitiful cry "Support Home Industries" of

Bryant and May, which was adopted by that firm in preference to up-to-date machinery, to fight keen American competition. It would seem that, for similar reasons, the Liberal Party has been losing its hold on its excellent old connections, of whom many have only remained faithful from sentimental reasons, from a veneration for the great past of the party, or from over-punctilious consistency. It would seem that the machinery of the party, and its methods, have become hopelessly obsolete, that it has taken no account of the changes in the world, that it lives in a former age and on its past reputation, and that of its old grandeur hardly anything remains but its great name, which now no more represents the sentiments, the policy, or the people, which it used to personify. If this should be the case, if the Liberal Party should no more be true to its name and fame, and be no longer truly liberal, enlightened, progressive, and patriotic, its fate has been as inevitable in a liberal-minded and patriotic nation as that of Bryant and May in a free-trade country. Hence it comes that the appeals *ad misericordiam* of the Liberal Party, such, for instance, as the complaints against the "unfair" methods of the party in power and its taunt of "pro-Boers," are beside the mark, and as useless as was the unbusinesslike wail, "Support Home Industries" against the irrefutable logic of an able competition possessed of very superior machinery.

If we survey the foreign and domestic policy of the Liberal Party within the last decades, it would seem that it has been a singularly unfortunate and shortsighted one, a mere hand-to-mouth policy. Mr. Gladstone, with all his genius, had a singular lack of understanding for foreign politics. Instead of treating business with foreign states in a clear businesslike manner, he was apt to address foreign governments with academical platitudes, and vague, well-sounding commonplaces, with which he tried to cover his lack of grasp, and his lack of decision, as if foreign Cabinets were well-disposed temperance meetings. Bismarck used to complain of Mr. Gladstone's verbose, long-winded, and unintelligible despatches, and to

express his despair of doing anything with "Professor" Gladstone, or of making him understand the simplest matter. Mr. Gladstone's vacillating, grandiloquent, blundering foreign policy led the nation into countless troubles, and though he succeeded in explaining away to some extent in the eyes of his supporters his lack of foresight, energy, or success in foreign politics, with fine-sounding moral sentiments, such as "prudence," or "the strength of magnanimity," or "the efficacy of moral suasion," a strong belief has taken hold of the population that national humiliations, such as the death of Gordon or the Majuba disaster, with their consequent frightful wars, were caused by the rule of the Liberal Party. But the Liberal Party deserves no blame for them. If Mr. Gladstone had resolutely taken the responsibility for his grave mistakes on his own shoulders, instead of burdening the Liberal Party with them by proclaiming the policy of prudence, moral suasion, and magnanimity to be a fundamental part of the Liberal doctrine, the confidence of the general public in the foreign policy of the Liberal Party would not have been shaken. As it is, Mr. Gladstone's personal mistakes have discredited the Liberal Party, and his successors have done little to redress the error, and to lay the blame for those blunders at the right door. On the contrary, many of the present Liberal leaders seem to be still under the spell of Mr. Gladstone's influence, and, with characteristic lack of originality, are frequently heard to proclaim their belief in the efficacy of moral suasion and other fine moral sentiments instead of energetic action, at the most critical moments in the nation's history, when not fine feelings and gentle remonstrances, but immediate energetic action, is required. By following slavishly in Mr. Gladstone's footsteps, by elevating his personal deficiencies into a party virtue, and by conscientiously copying his mistakes, one by one, the present leaders of the Liberal Party have succeeded in discrediting their party, and in writing themselves down as unpractical doctrinaires, hazy sentimentalists, and unworthy trustees of the nation for the protection of its interests abroad.

The same shortsightedness which Mr. Gladstone displayed with regard to our foreign policy he also displayed towards the end of his career with regard to our home policy. Instead of relying upon the powerful liberal spirit which pervades the nation, and trying to draw from it a majority upon a liberal and national programme, he fixed his eye upon possible parliamentary combinations, to which combinations he tried to make the liberally inclined part of the nation subservient. The necessity of having the assistance of the Irish Party in order to come into power seems to have dictated his adoption of the Home Rule programme. He certainly succeeded in getting into power with this programme, but, by making the rule of the Liberal Party dependent upon the goodwill of the impetuous Irish Party, composed of intolerant men, inclined to violence, and elected by a largely illiterate population, he had to make such immense concessions to the Irish contingent that the liberal spirit of the Liberal Party naturally became gravely tainted. The unnatural alliance of Liberalism with Irish intolerance and turbulence, though convenient for purely parliamentary purposes, was bound to prove not a lasting bond, but a sterile and unreliable *mariage de convenance.* The union of these two parties was consequently instrumental in altering the liberal character of the party, and in alienating from it much of the sympathy of the liberally inclined section of the community. Besides, Mr. Gladstone's rash advances to other extreme factions, though comprehensible from a merely parliamentary point of view, served to vitiate still further the liberal character of his party, which henceforward had to take into its programme the extreme views of the many-coloured violent supporters of whom it had become the mouthpiece. Thus the new Liberal Party took within its fold all the violent elements of the nation, Irish Nationalists, Radicals, temperance fanatics, Little Englanders, and all the other extremists who are usually comprised under the general heading of "cranks." Hence it comes that the Liberal Party not only acquired for itself the reputation of being weak, sentimental, blundering, and pusil-

lanimous in its foreign policy, but of being besides eccentric, fantastic, and intolerant with regard to its domestic policy, being, in fact, no longer liberal in character but violently extremist, with a strong leaning towards crankiness.

As a parliamentarian Mr. Gladstone was no doubt eminently capable. Though he destroyed to a large extent the liberal character and the ancient reputation of the Liberal Party, and thereby robbed it of the distinction implied by its name, of its broad national basis, of its great traditions, and of its best supporters, he at least succeeded in preserving some semblance of discipline, some show of union and of unity of purpose among the inharmonious units which under his command marched together, devoid of the bond of true union formed by a common policy, and who were merely his personal supporters, but no longer a party in the true sense.

Since the party has been bereft of the unparalleled authority and prestige of Mr. Gladstone, the discipline of the incoherent units which were kept together by a person, not by a purpose, has slackened, the opposing tendencies and tempers of the various factions have become more and more pronounced, and insubordination within the party has become rampant. From a continuous, but controlled, state of ferment, which used to exist already under Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal Party has gradually come to a state of advanced decomposition, which is dissolving the discordant mass into its original component parts. Seeing the impossibility of stopping by any action the progress of the separatist movement, or of reconciling the irreconcilable sections of the party, the leaders of the different Liberal sections have latterly agreed upon a truce, or rather upon a policy of organised lawlessness within the party, so that they might at least appear undivided in the division lobby. The sorry makeshift of publicly hiding irreconcilable differences within the party under an agreed outer semblance of unity affords another proof of the shortsighted hand-to-mouth policy of the Liberal Party. Thinking only of their parliamentary show, and neglecting the far more important impression outside

Parliament, the leaders of the Liberal Party certainly succeeded in bringing their following into the same lobby. At the same time nobody was deceived about the irreconcilable differences within the party and its consequent loss of power. Therefore the step served only to further discredit in the eyes of the liberal part of the community the Liberal Party, whose proceeding was promptly and justly branded by Lord Rosebery as "organised hypocrisy."

The lack of discipline within the Liberal Party was especially damaging during the South African War. A strong man like Mr. Gladstone would have known how to keep his forces in hand. A weak, irresolute politician like Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, without imagination, real weight or authority, was not able to impose his will upon the various discordant elements. Consequently he resigned himself placidly and self-complacently to be played upon by various sections in turn, spoke now with disdainful indifference, now with strong disapproval of the war, censured British "methods of barbarism," and listened without remonstrance to the abominable and treasonable attacks of his Irish contingent. By this pennywise policy he certainly succeeded in pleasing the violent illiberal sections of his parliamentary following, especially the Irish, but he succeeded also in creating the impression throughout the country that the Liberal Party was no longer liberal, that it identified itself with Irish hostility to the Empire, or that it was passive and unpatriotic, if not cowardly and actively hostile, in the hour of the direst need. Hence it comes that the taunt of "pro-Boerism" flung at the Liberals by their opponents appears on the whole justified to the liberal multitude, and it may be that for years to come superficial public opinion, which then will have forgotten the split in the Liberal Party and the pitiful weakness of its leader, will consider the attitude of the Liberal Party as un-British and unpatriotic—a view in which it will certainly be strengthened by the other party.

It can hardly be doubted that the violence of the Irish members, which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was unable

to check, has done the greatest service to the Conservatives. The treasonable attacks of the Irish members in and out of Parliament have not only discredited the Liberal Party, their protector, but have also strongly influenced the country against Irish aspirations, which have been shown up in the most glaring light. Thus the leaders of the Liberal Party have themselves furnished the argument for a reduction of their allies, the Irish representatives at Westminster, to a quota proportionate to the Irish population.

Feeling too weak for a more active policy, because of its state of disunion, the Liberal Party resigned itself during the war to the policy of criticism in detail, hoping to profit from the mistakes of the party in power. But even the unique chances offered by our ghastly mistakes and misfortunes, such as the unpreparedness of the army, the countless blunders in Africa, the commissariat scandals, and the unwillingness of the Government thoroughly to reform the army or the War Office, did not afford an adequate leverage to the Liberal Party. As its attitude during the war had come to be considered as unpatriotic in the country, its sudden zeal for the reform of the army was judged to be as insincere a party move as the numerous embarrassing questions put by Mr. Swift McNeill in the House of Commons "in the interests of British prestige."

If we consider the uncomfortable position in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman found himself during the South African War on account of the irreconcilable differences which divided his party, his predicament and his indecision as to what part to take can be readily understood. It can also be understood that he thought it necessary to speak against the war in order to hold his party together. At the same time it appears that the arguments which he advanced in Parliament in support of his anti-war attitude were singularly ill-chosen in their effect upon the Liberal part of the population outside Westminster. Whilst the Liberal press, with very few exceptions, quickly found out that the African war was popular with the Liberal

public, and trimmed its sails accordingly, some of the leaders of the party itself, the champions of a "popular" policy, deliberately opposed popular sentiment, and persisted with incredible fatuity in explaining their disapproval of the war, according to precedent, with the same unfortunate arguments of a sentimental kind with which Mr. Gladstone used to cloak his numerous mistakes in foreign policy. Moral suasion and magnanimity were fetched from the lumber-room and recommended for use against the Boers in arms, and the ancient "Stop the War" cry was raised, as if we were still living in Mr. Cobden's age. Besides, that ancient nostrum, which until now has always proved useless, was nevertheless tried again on the British public. We were to be frightened with the unbearable burden of the war expenses, a sorry argument for peace, appealing only to mean spiritless men and cowards, and not to the British nation. The war was popular, and remained so in spite of the anti-war agitation of these Liberal politicians, a contingency which might have been foreseen, and which ought to have been foreseen, by the Liberal leaders.

From the foregoing it would appear that the Liberal Party has become essentially a parliamentary party, and that it has lost its ancient character of a liberal, popular, up-to-date, and essentially national party.

In its economic policy the Liberal Party seems to be as timid, as much behind the times, and as much out of touch with public opinion as it has often proved itself to be in purely political questions. In Mr. Cobden's time the Liberal Party had Free Trade prominently written on its banners, but notwithstanding the changes which have occurred meanwhile its cry has remained the same. As regards economic policy, the Liberal Party apparently still lives in Mr. Cobden's age, and little heeds the changes in the economic conditions of the world, or the altered views on economic policy within the British electorate. With regard to its economic views, the party no longer even professes to be open-minded and progressive, but has become narrow-mindedly conservative. It has abdicated

the free use of judgment, and it refuses even to reconsider the doctrine of Free Trade. For the Liberal Party Free Trade is no longer a policy but an unassailable dogma, which seems as undiscussable to the Liberal politicians as is the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to the Roman Catholic Church. Only lately prominent Liberals have proclaimed that Free Trade is—and always will be—maintained by the Liberal Party, and that Great Britain is—and must always remain—a Free Trade country. The Liberal Party denies the possibility of evolution in our economic policy, and according to its numerous pronouncements Free Trade is to rule Great Britain *in sæcula sæculorum*.

And yet, whatever may be the ultimate verdict, there are arguments to be faced which are new, and which are evidently impressing the jury. Before the Free Trade period Great Britain was chiefly an agricultural country. Agriculture was considered its mainstay. Protection was chiefly employed for the promotion of agriculture, and whilst it enriched the great landlords it hampered and stifled at the same time the development of our youthful, struggling, manufacturing industries. Hence it came that the demand for Free Trade emanated in Cobden's time from the very same manufacturers who now, under the altered economic conditions of the world, are nearly as loud in demanding protection for themselves and their workers as they were in demanding Free Trade then. It might be expected that the conversion of formerly ardent free-traders, like that of Lord Masham, the friend of Cobden and the creator of Bradford, would have had some influence on the attitude of the Liberal politicians. It might be expected that the swelling tide of public opinion in favour of Protection, which is getting stronger and stronger, especially in the manufacturing districts, would have opened the eyes of the Liberal Party. But no. Instead of looking round and seeing what it is claimed that intelligent industrial protection has done in the last decade for the United States and Germany, whilst at the same time Great Britain has been losing ground industrially, the Liberal Party

deliberately closes its eyes to the present aspect of affairs, but continues to extol British prosperity in Mr. Cobden's time, which nobody has tried to dispute. It argues that Free Trade, having made Great Britain prosperous in Mr. Cobden's time, must consequently be good for all time, a conclusion which is by no means indisputable. Protection, it is urged on the other hand, formerly sheltered agriculture, but is now demanded to shelter our suffering manufacturing industries. The consumer pure and simple is a negligible quantity in a country of workers. The British working man, like nearly every one else, has to be a producer before he can become a consumer, and when he is out of work food at the cheapest prices will be too dear for him. The present-day agitation is no longer for a return to the Protection benefiting the landowner at the cost of labour, but it is an agitation which demands the Protection of labour, the producer, the working man against unfair competition from abroad. These arguments may be good or bad, but they are making headway, and the point is that the Liberal Party still insists on repeating, Rip van Winkel-like, the arguments used in Mr. Cobden's time, ignoring the completely changed aspect of the world, the completely changed conditions under which our industries are labouring, and the different class of men from which the demand for Protection springs at the present time. Consequently it is only natural that British business men and their following, who used to be the powerful backbone of the Liberal Party, turn away from it in despair. What was formerly the party of business men has ceased to be so from sheer stagnation of thought within it with regard to economical questions.

In its colonial policy the Liberal Party has been equally shortsighted and behind the times. It was formerly the Liberal Party which was up-to-date, and wisely conceded self-government to our Colonies. Now the self-styled "main stream" of the Liberal Party is animated by a less liberal spirit, and represents a less broad-minded policy. It has steadily discouraged and ignored the powerful current of the Imperial movement in Great Britain and in the Colonies, probably in deference to the

Little Englander faction contained in the party. It has embittered the Colonies against Liberal rule by its un-British attitude throughout the war, which contrasted so strongly with the unanimously and enthusiastically loyal attitude of the Colonies. Lastly, it is opposing the demand of the Colonies for preferential trade within the Empire, not because an Imperial Zollverein might prove harmful, but because such preferential trade would be contrary to Mr. Cobden's dogma of Free Trade. It is strange to find so much blind unreasoning dogmatism, so much of the unpractical and doctrinaire, in a party which claims to be liberal, progressive, and unprejudiced. Exactly as George III. treated the American Colonies, justly according to his own ideas, but unjustly according to theirs, remaining deaf to their logical arguments, even so the Liberals of the present day turn a deaf ear to the reasonable wishes and natural aspirations of our great self-governing Colonies, oppose the powerful Imperial instinct which now pervades the whole British race, and ignore the future weight of the Colonies in the councils of the Empire. In fact, we are all Imperialists now in Great Britain and in the Colonies, with the exception of the leaders of the Liberal Party, whose action tends to destroy and not to tighten the bonds of unity of the Empire.

From the foregoing it would seem that the gradual decadence of the Liberal Party is clearly traceable to its cause. Mistakes committed in the past had greatly diminished the prestige of the Liberal Party, and had made its prospects of commanding a parliamentary majority problematical. Desirous of power, which Liberalism unaided was for the time being unable to command, Mr. Gladstone cast about for parliamentary allies, which he found in the more violent factions. Through the fatal absorption of illiberal elements, the Liberal Party gradually altered its character, and drifted more and more away from true Liberalism, identifying itself from necessity with the views of its violent supporters. In consequence, we find that the Liberal Party is now, nominally at any rate, under the guidance of a comparatively small group of true Liberals of an

old-fashioned type, who have remained faithful to the flag from sentiment, who are no longer able to impose their will upon their more powerful turbulent allies, who live on the memories of a great past, and who seem incapable of accommodating themselves to modern conditions of political and economical life. The present leaders, having seen Mr. Gladstone manage their ill-assorted crew when it was still fresh and ardent, have tried in vain to marshal the party to success, by not only adhering to his initial suicidal mistake of blending Liberalism with fanaticism, but by imitating also the tactics which Mr. Gladstone by his genius, personal magnetism, and energy, alone knew how to employ. Their unsuccessful and merely imitative tactics recall irresistibly the fact that the glorious army of Frederick the Great, which had successfully resisted nearly the whole of Europe, was easily smashed up, but twenty years after his death, by Napoleon the First, not in spite, but because of the slavish adherence to Frederickian tactics and traditions practised by his incompetent successors.

Such is the humiliating story of the decadence of the Liberal Party, and, if we survey it dispassionately, it must be confessed even by genuine friends of Liberalism, unless their love of country be entirely obscured by their love of party, that it would be a national disaster if the Liberal Party *in its present shape* should come into power. Happily the timely and patriotic action of Lord Rosebery has made such a contingency unlikely. His declaration of an independent Imperialistic policy—or shall we say his secession from the party—has created a most interesting situation. Lord Rosebery, surrounded by a small knot of adherents, represents all that has made our nation great—Union, Empire, Progress, a popular policy, and an administration conducted not on stale abstract principles, but with breadth of vision, practical sense, and liberal open-mindedness. On the other hand, the motley groups which have gathered round Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are devoid of unity of purpose, and represent the disintegration and break-up of the Empire, the rule of the

narrow-minded demagogue, not of the people, and an administration by the doctrinaire, the crank, and the faddist. Which of the two Liberal wings will be supported by the people?

The two Liberal camps differ not only in their policy but also in the character of their component members. The ablest and most respected Liberal politicians—some people are even unkind enough to say the most respectable men—in the Liberal Party, are to be found in Lord Rosebery's camp. On the other side are to be found a number of Liberals of the old type, the Irish Secessionists, and all the cranks and faddists of the party.

The nearer a General Election comes, the more urgently must the question suggest itself: Will Lord Rosebery's views or those of the other leaders prevail, or will the two factions perhaps amalgamate again? An amalgamation seems impossible in view of the irreconcilable differences dividing the two groups, but a unification may come through the submission of the weaker Liberal wing to the stronger part. In considering which will carry the day, let it be remembered that the trial of strength will not be decided by members of Parliament, but by the votes of the people.

When Lord Rosebery issued his Imperialistic manifesto, we were told by followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that Lord Rosebery was no more a Liberal. This brings us to the question, which is really the crux of the dissensions within the Liberal Party, and which sharply defines the two Liberal camps: What is true Liberalism? Is true Liberalism a doctrine, or a number of doctrines, the adherence to certain traditions, precedent cases and declarations, the imitation of Mr. Gladstone, and an all-round pandering to the appetites of Little Englanders, Irish Nationalists, temperance fanatics, and cranks, as the followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assert; or is true Liberalism a large-minded, and, before all, an open-minded, popular, and national policy, representing the powerful tendencies making for Unity, Empire, and Liberty, and a widespread desire for progress, good government, and

reform, irrespective of musty doctrines and antiquated programmes? For this is the sense of Lord Rosebery's policy. The former party sets class against class, race against race, nation against nation, and is distinctly particularistic in character; the latter party desires union and unity, the greatest good for the greatest number, and has a broad national basis. Surely, if we look at the two camps with an unprejudiced mind, it would seem that Liberalism, not only acceptable, but dear, to the majority of Britishers, is to be found in Lord Rosebery's party, and not with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his following.

But granted that Lord Rosebery represents the national idea and British Liberalism, the further question arises: Will he succeed in gathering round himself a sufficient following to found a powerful party, the Liberal Party of the future? To decide this question we must ask ourselves what constitutes a party, and where lies its strength?

A party, if it wishes to rule, must be a living and growing national organism, not the slave of doctrines and of its past. In this respect the Liberal Party of the future should learn from the Conservatives. Whilst the Conservative Party has progressed with the times, and has lost much of its traditional reactionary character, has become more Liberal, and has, therefore, strengthened its position with the people, the Liberal Party, as represented by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has stubbornly preserved its ancient character, and has insisted on repeating its ancient mistakes. It has, therefore, proved itself not Liberal but Conservative in the worst sense of the word, reactionary in spite of its name, and not the party of progress. Like the Bourbons, the Liberal Party has learned nothing, and has forgotten nothing. Under the rule of the present leaders the Liberal Party is no more a living and growing force, which rejuvenates itself by its own vitality, but has become a narrow progress-killing formalism. In consequence, it has been undergoing, and is still undergoing, a process of disintegration and reformation similar to that through which the Roman Catholic

Church passed in the Middle Ages from very similar reasons. Will Lord Rosebery prove a Luther to the Liberal Party, reform it, and make it again a living national force? Will he have the necessary fearlessness, strength, and determination?

A party is the embodiment of certain sentiments and wishes of the people, but the representation of certain popular sentiments and wishes is not sufficient to make a party a power. It is perhaps even more important that a party should have a good head than a good programme. As a matter of fact, the British people have too much sense to be captivated by the name of a party, or by its programme and promises. They have been too often disappointed. As the average investor looks rather at the names of the directors on a prospectus than at the interested statements of the promoter, even so the people put their confidence not so much in a party as in a leader. In the appreciation of the people the names of Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or Sir William Harcourt signify little. On the other hand Rosebery and Chamberlain are names to conjure with. It is only natural that this should be the case. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are in the eyes of the people the living personification of a great idea and of a great policy, and makers of history. Their personalities therefore strike the imagination of the people with the magic force exercised by our greatest men, and their characters seem familiar in every cottage. Compared with Lord Rosebery, men such as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt are merely shadowy figures, vague parliamentary factors, mere speechmakers of unknown value, character, and importance, whilst the people have a very definite idea of the personality, ability, achievements, and aspirations of men like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain, and can therefore to some extent gauge the effect of their rule upon the Empire and themselves. Men of the type of Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, &c., are to the people vague representatives of that curious species called Party Leader, of which the man in the

street does not see the utility, and for whom he feels neither interest nor sympathy. Only a great leader can make a party great—more especially a discredited party.

If the Liberal Party wishes to come again into power, it seems that it must not only reform itself and its programme, but it is absolutely necessary that it should find a first-class leader who would again give buoyancy, youth, courage, and confidence to the party, a leader whom the country and the Empire trust, and who would restore by his own commanding personality the prestige which the party had lost. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley were good seconds in command under Mr. Gladstone, but they have become rusty, and are hardly possessed of the ability, energy, imagination, and nerve required to reform and to lead the party. Besides, these men are too much bound up with their Gladstonian past to alter their methods. Consequently they would prove unacceptable to the British electorate, and still more so to the strongly Imperialistic Colonies, whose wishes will henceforth have to be considered. Therefore, unless a new man should arise, and so far there is no sign of his advent, there is only one man who could reform and lead the Liberal Party, who is trusted in Great Britain and the Colonies, and who could awaken the latent Liberalism in the nation, and that is Lord Rosebery. He has all the qualities required in a leader of men, grasp, energy, imagination, personal magnetism, and youth, but whether he will be allowed to lead, whether the old worn out parliamentarians, who at present nominally direct the Liberal Party, will be patriotic enough to efface themselves quietly in the interests of their party and of their country seems at first sight somewhat doubtful.

However, should men from the other camp try to compete with Lord Rosebery for public favour, trusting in their greater numerical strength in Parliament, they may probably find that Cromwell's celebrated principle rather to fight with one homogeneous well-disciplined troop than with a whole undisciplined army is equally applicable to the electoral field.

Therefore it seems not unlikely that the leaders of the Rump of the Liberal Party will be wise enough to find out in time whether the Liberal Imperialists with a Rosebery at their head, or the other disintegrating factions with various minor politicians for leaders, will command the confidence of the country and success at the poll, and they will consequently shape their policy accordingly.

Politicians as a class are extremely reluctant to strike out an independent line of action. They constitutionally prefer to err on the side of caution, and cling as long as possible to custom and tradition. The lack of originality and of courageous initiative has no doubt been the cause of the decay of the Liberal Party. Let us hope that Lord Rosebery will not repeat the mistakes made by unimaginative latter-day Liberalism, and that he will rely rather on the Liberal spirit pervading the nation than on the evanescent and deceptive outward strength of the party consisting of a number of members of Parliament trooping obediently after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman into the division lobby.

Lord Rosebery has a chance that occurs to a statesman once in a lifetime. The country is in many respects in a very bad state, and the reforms which are urgently needed have neither been effected nor even been attempted by "the only possible Government," notwithstanding its huge majority. Every opportunity which chance has offered to the ruling party has been thrown away, and every hope grounded on its rule has been disappointed. The country is sighing for a strong Opposition, if not for an alternative government, and its complaints are numerous and weighty.

To crown the record of neglected opportunities and of disappointed expectations, Mr. Balfour has been chosen Prime Minister, not from national but from personal reasons. To the nation Mr. Chamberlain would no doubt have been more welcome, and his ability and energy might have regenerated the numerous antiquated and inefficient institutions of Great Britain. The country requires, and requires urgently, reforms

under the guidance of a strong, far-seeing statesman at the head of a strong party. Could Lord Rosebery supply the need for reform at the head of the Liberal Imperialists, and what chance is there that the country would support a reformed Liberal Party under Lord Rosebery?

The liberally-inclined part of the community, which formerly voted for the Liberal Party, is no doubt to a large extent dissatisfied with the Government in power, and only votes for it, if at all, because it considers it "the lesser evil." Besides, the present Government has made many enemies to itself among its habitual adherents, and it is estranging the Liberal Unionists. In consequence, it seems likely that a large, perhaps a preponderating, part of the community would be glad and ready to vote for an alternative party of greater ability, if there existed another party which was trusted. Therefore, it would seem that the first and foremost object of the Liberal Party of the future should be to regain the trust which it has lost. To attain this the ideal party should

(1) Separate itself from its illiberal allies who have vitiated its liberal spirit and discredited the party, and who are an incubus to it;

(2) Rely on the liberal spirit of the nation, rejuvenate itself, break with its fatal traditions, live less in the past and more in the present;

(3) Make Prosperity, Efficiency, Economy, and Empire, its watchword.

The necessity of completely breaking with the past and its mistakes, of reforming the Liberal Party root and branch, and of making again a popular party out of what is at present only a parliamentary combination, was probably before Lord Rosebery's mind when he admonished the Liberal Party to "clean its slate." The chances for a true, up-to-date, and Imperialistic Liberalism, freed from Irish shackles, from the eccentricities of its other violent allies, and from the crotchets, fads, dogmas, and stock phrases of its reactionary doctrines, appear to be very promising. It cannot be doubted that the

majority of British people are liberally inclined, and that Lord Rosebery has with him all the sympathy of the country, and much of its confidence. He would have all its confidence had he not taken over the premiership from Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery has very unjustly been blamed for having been unable to make his short premiership a success, and to fulfil an impossible task with a nearly mutinous crew. Rightly considered, it required far more gallantry and moral courage to assume the command of a perfectly hopeless cause than to decline it. If we blame Lord Rosebery for his non-success in 1894, we might just as well blame the brave General Wimpffen for gallantly taking over the command of the French Army when MacMahon had broken down, the French soldiers were rioting, and when the surrender of Sedan had become absolutely inevitable.

Let us hope that Lord Rosebery will soon begin a vigorous campaign, that he will wake up the country, that he will create and organise for himself a party of irresistible strength, and that he will come into power upon a comprehensive business programme, determined to carry it through with the assistance of a homogeneous Cabinet of able administrators, not merely of able politicians. If he should find it necessary, let him take the bold step, and make a general, like Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and an admiral, like Sir John Fisher, First Naval Lord. The case of the Duke of Wellington is a sufficiently good precedent for such a step.

Hard-worked politicians of the Harcourt and Balfour type have not enough leisure for thoughtful deliberation. Parliament takes up too much of their time, and, consequently, the views of such men on policy or administration are apt to become unoriginal and pedantic. The daily grind of their innumerable duties becomes fatal to their imagination, kills their creative ability and administrative faculty, and they become men of routine subservient to tradition and party needs. This is the reason why so many brilliant parliamentarians have been such bad administrators. Lord Rosebery has

had the great advantage over most of our politicians that, apart from his native talents, he has been able to prepare himself during his long leisure for the post in which all well-wishers of the country and of the Empire, irrespective of party, hope to see him. His brain has not been staled by parliamentary fag, and he possesses, and has cultivated to a high degree, those qualities which are chiefly required in a leader of men, an administrator, and a statesman. Let us hope that he will come forward, convince us of his earnestness, determination, and perseverance, and return to power. His administration might prove the greatest blessing to the nation, and might rejuvenate Great Britain, consolidate the Empire, and ensure the continued greatness, prosperity, and safety of our dominions for generations to come.

O. Eltzbacher.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

II

THE present feeling of the French-Canadian is one of contentment. He is satisfied with his lot. He is anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace. He is moderately ambitious to improve his personal and national situation, though perhaps too easily apt to rely more upon Providence and the development of outside causes than upon his own efforts. His marked adaptability to all circumstances of life, coupled with his lack of ambition and of cupidity, prevent him from making any great effort to gather wealth and to save his earnings. About his future he remains most serenely unconcerned. This optimistic disposition of his individual temperament is equally manifest in his national life.

With his English-speaking neighbour he is anxious to live on friendly terms and to co-operate for the welfare of Canada. Within the limits of his own province of Quebec, as I have formerly stated, his legislation in favour of the English-speaking and Protestant minority has always been of the most generous character. He is equally desirous of giving to his British fellow citizen personal proofs of confidence and good-will. It is a noticeable fact that, whilst instances of a French-Canadian being elected by an English-speaking majority to any public function are almost unrecorded in the history of the country, there have always been, and there are still at present, English-

speaking Protestant members of Parliament, mayors or wardens, elected by constituencies, cities, or counties, largely French and Catholic. It may be remarked here that, although he does not feel any national sympathy for England or the British nation at large—judging them as he does through such historical and political events as affected his own nationality—he entertains the best of personal feelings towards his English-speaking fellow countryman. Strange to say, he seems to agree better with the Protestant Scotch or English than with the Catholic Irish.

As may be easily understood, such proclivities as I have described do not predispose the French-Canadian to look forward to any change in his political status. Just as he was eager for peace after his change of allegiance, the close of his long political struggles has brought about a similar reaction and made him strongly attached to political stability. Upon any proposed modification of the constitutional system of Canada he is disposed to look with distrust, or at least with anxiety. He cannot forget that all changes in the past were directed against him, except those that were enacted under such peculiar circumstances as made it imperative for the British Government to conciliate him. He asks for no change—for a long time to come, at least. And should any change be contemplated, he is prepared to view it, to appreciate its prospective advantages and inconveniences, neither from a British point of view nor from his own racial standpoint, but to approach the problem as it may affect the exclusive interests of Canada. He has loyally accepted the present constitution; he has done his ample share of duty by the country; and he feels that he is entitled to be consulted before any change is effected.

How thoroughly and exclusively Canadian the French-Canadian is should never be forgotten by those who contemplate any change in the constitutional or national status of Canada. This is so patent a fact, so logical a consequence of historical developments, that nothing short of absolute ignorance or wilful blindness can justify the language of those who talk

of drawing him either by persuasion or by force to a closer allegiance to the Empire. As a matter of fact, he constitutes the only exclusively Canadian racial group in the Dominion. A constant immigration from the British Isles has kept the English-speaking Canadians in close contact with their mother-lands; so that even now they still speak of the "Old Country" as their "home," thus keeping in their hearts a double allegiance. On the soil of Canada, his only home and country, all the national aspirations of the French-Canadian are concentrated. "Canadian" is the only national designation he ever claims; and when he calls himself "French-Canadian," he simply wants to differentiate his racial origin from that of his English, Scotch, or Irish fellow citizens, who, in his mind, are but partially *Canadianised.*

When he is told that Canada is a British country, and that he must abide by the will of the British majority, he replies that Canada has remained British through his own loyalty; that when his race constituted the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people, Canada was twice saved to the British Crown, thanks to him and to him only; that he has remained faithful to Great Britain because he was assured of certain rights and privileges; that his English-speaking fellow citizens have accepted the compact and should not now take advantage of their greater numerical strength to break the agreement; that when settling in Canada, new-comers from the British kingdom should understand that they become citizens of Canada, of a Confederacy where he has vested rights, and should not undertake to make the country and its people more British than Canadian.

Of all political evolutions which Canada might undergo—Independence, Annexation to the United States, British Imperialism, Annexation to France—the two latter are undoubtedly those that the French-Canadian would oppose most strenuously.

Independence is to his mind the most natural outcome of the ultimate destinies of Canada. But so long as the present

ties are not strengthened he is in no hurry to sever British connection. He realises that time cannot but work in favour of Canada by bringing to her population and wealth, and that the later she starts on her own course the safer the journey.

As to his relations with the land of his origin, I have already explained how the French-Canadian has come to be separated from his European kinsman, not only by political secession, but by racial differences.

Communications with France have of late largely developed. A growing number of young French-Canadians go every year to Paris to complete their studies in arts or sciences; a greater interchange of newspapers takes place; the literary movement in France is followed more and more closely by the educated class of French Canada; I would venture to say that French books are nearly as much read in Quebec as they are in several of the provinces of France. In other words, the French-Canadian is growing to be more French intellectually than he was fifty or even twenty-five years ago. At the same time, far from being weakened by this evolution, his attachment to his own institutions is rather gaining strength and defining itself more distinctly every day.

It may be argued that this parallelism is impossible, and that the French-Canadian will be gradually drifting towards closer political relations with France, or at least that idle aspirations will be bred in his mind that may later on prove a danger to the internal peace and unity of Canada. This contention is easily refuted by the example of the United States. The number of American citizens who come in closer contact with Great Britain is growing every year. In high social circles, English habits, English literature, English ways of thinking and speaking, are holding a larger position, and displacing many of the old Puritan or Pennsylvanian ethics. Who would think of drawing from these facts the conclusion that any portion of the American people contemplate bringing their country back to its former allegiance?

In fact, there is a deeper political estrangement between

France and the French-Canadian people than between Great Britain and the United States. Many constitutional changes have widely separated the two French nationalities. In Europe the French nation has given to her representative institutions, the form of which was borrowed from modern England, a decided bureaucratic and centralised spirit. From their inherited tendencies, not only have the French-Canadians adopted with enthusiasm the principles of British institutions, several features of which were brought to England by their Norman ancestors, but they have emphasised the principles of decentralisation, and direct responsibility to the people. Moreover, from an ethnical point of view, while British blood was constantly infused into the veins of the American nation, the French-Canadians have remained practically unmixed.

The love of the French-Canadian for his European kinsman is purely moral and intellectual. It is even more inclined towards the national soul of France and the productions of her national genius, than towards Frenchmen individually. This is strongly exemplified by the slight sentiment of distrust manifested by the French-Canadian to the new-comer from France, from the South of France especially. They soon get along very well. But the first movement is not one of warm sympathy, as might be expected from two brothers meeting after a long separation.

Of course the absolute innocuousness of the French-Canadian's love for France depends a great deal on the common sense of the English-speaking majority. If the Anglo-Canadian has enough judgment and sense of justice, as he undoubtedly has, to allow his French-Canadian neighbour freely to speak his mother-tongue, both in public and in private life, and teach his children that same language; if he allows him to keep his traditions and develop his national aspirations, and even to give free expression to his platonic love of France —if the Anglo-Canadian does not require the French-Canadian to entertain such sentiments for England as are only born of blood and flesh, and to accept new ties which neither moral

nor legal obligations impose upon him—there is not the slightest apprehension to be felt from this very peculiar double allegiance of the French-Canadian—intellectual and moral allegiance to France, political allegiance to Great Britain—because both are altogether subordinate to his exclusive national attachment to Canada.

Now, apart from his instinctive reluctance to contemplate any political evolution, what are the feelings of the French-Canadian with regard to Imperial Federation or any form of British Imperialism?

First, as may be naturally expected, sentimental arguments in favour of British Imperialism cannot have any hold upon him. To his reason only must appeals on this ground be made. That the new Imperial policy will bring him, and Canada at large, advantages that will not be paid by any infringement on his long-struggled-for liberty, he must be clearly shown.

Towards Great Britain he knows that he has a duty of allegiance to perform. But he understands that duty to be what it has been so far, and nothing more. He has easily and generously forgotten the persecutions of the earlier and larger part of his national life under the British Crown. He is willing to acknowledge the good treatment which he has received later on, though he cannot forget that his own tenacity and the neighbourhood of the United States have had much to do with the improvement of his situation.

In short, his affection for Great Britain is one of reason, mixed with a certain amount of esteem and suspicion, the proportions of which vary according to time and circumstances, and also with his education, his temperament, and his social surroundings.

Towards the Empire he has no feelings whatever; and naturally so. The blood connection and the pride in Imperial power and glory having no claims upon him, what sentiment can he be expected to entertain for New Zealand or Australia, South Africa or India, for countries and populations entirely foreign to him, with which he has no relations, intellectual or

political, and much less commercial intercourse than he has with the United States, France, Germany, or Belgium?

By the motherland he feels that he has done his full duty; by the Empire he does not feel that he has any duty to perform. He makes full allowance for the blood feelings of his English-speaking partner; but having himself, in the past, sacrificed much of his racial tendencies for the sake of Canadian unity, he thinks that the Anglo-Canadian should be prepared to study the problems of Imperialism from a purely Canadian standpoint. Moreover, this absence of racial feelings from his heart allows him to judge more impartially the question of the relations between Canada and the Empire.

He fully realises the benefits that Canada derives from her connection with a wealthy and mighty nation. He is satisfied with having the use of the British market. But this advantage he knows that Canada enjoys on the very same terms as any other country in the world, even the most inimical to Britain. From a mixed sense of justice and egotism he is less clamorous than the British Canadian in demanding any favour, commercial or other, from the motherland, because he has a notion that any favour received would have to be compensated by at least an equal favour given.

His ambition does not sway him to huge financial operations. Rather given to liberal professions, to agricultural life, or to local mercantile and industrial pursuits, he is more easily satisfied than the English-speaking Canadian with a moderate return for his work and efforts. He has been kept out of the frantic display of financial energy, of the feverish concentration of capital, of the international competition of industry, which have drawn his English-speaking fellow citizen to huge combinations of wealth or trade; and, therefore, he is not anxious to participate in the organisation of the Empire on the basis of a gigantic co-operative association for trade. He would rather see Canada keep the full control of her commercial policy and enter into the best possible trade arrangements with any nation, British or foreign.

He is told that Canada has the free use of British diplomacy, and that such an advantage calls for sacrifices on her part when Britain is in distress. But considered in the light of past events, British diplomacy has, on the contrary, cost a good deal to Canada. So far the foreign relations of Canada, through British mediation, have been almost exclusively confined to America. That the influence and prestige of Great Britain were of great benefit to Canada in her relations with the United States is hardly conspicuous in the various Anglo-American treaties and conventions in which Canadian interests are concerned.

Not only did the American Republic secure the settlement of nearly all her claims according to her pretensions, but Canadian rights have been sacrificed by British plenipotentiaries in compensation for misdeeds or blunders of the British Government.

In fact, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 stands as the only convention entered into by Great Britain and the United States in which Canada stood at an advantage. But when the Secession War came, Great Britain gave to the slave-owning States a half-hearted moral support, too weak to turn the tide of fortune on their side, but strong enough to raise the ire of the victorious Government. Canada paid the price of revenge. Not only was the treaty of 1854 denounced, never to be renewed, but in the Washington Treaty of 1871 Canadian fisheries were made accessible to the Americans at a time when they were most profitable, in order to reconcile the United States and pay for the protection offered by Great Britain to privateers of the Southern States. True, Canada was awarded a money compensation; but the United States was none the less given a valuable privilege within the limits of Canadian territory, and one upon which the Canadian Government had always relied to procure trade reciprocity with the Americans. This unfair transaction was strenuously opposed by Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, who acted on that occasion as one of the British plenipotentiaries. He went to

the length of threatening either to resign or to withhold the sanction of the Canadian Parliament from the treaty. At last he gave way under the pressure of his colleagues, Lord de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Edward Thornton, who convinced him that Canadian rights had to be sacrificed for the sake of Imperial interests.

Now with regard to disputes over boundaries. In the Treaty of 1842, whereby the northern frontiers of the State of Maine were delimitated, a large portion of Canadian territory was abandoned to the Americans by Lord Ashburton, who jocosely observed that he did not care for a few degrees of latitude more or less. Later on, the Oregon boundaries were also fixed in a way which Canada claimed was unjust to her; although it must be admitted that this time the Americans endeavoured to get more territory than they actually secured. Not later than last year the Clayton-Bulwer convention was denounced without any settlement of the Alaskan boundary being reached. Canada had no right under that treaty; but she always claimed that the anxiety of the United States for its removal offered a most propitious occasion for a fair application in her favour of the famous Monroe doctrine, so dear to the heart of the Americans. Great Britain waiving her rights in a treaty dealing with questions of a purely American nature—in the geographical sense—Canada rightly expected that this abandonment should be compensated by the settlement of another exclusively American problem. This view was strongly urged by the Canadian authorities upon the Home Government; it has even been stated that this was one of the primary conditions of the unfruitful negotiations carried on at Quebec and Washington in 1898-1899, under the presidency of Lord Herschel, but evidently all in vain.

It may be argued that all those concessions, made by Great Britain at the expense of Canada, were imposed by circumstances. It may be said also that by those same concessions Canada at large was affected, and that the French-Canadians had no greater cause of complaint than their

English-speaking fellow citizens. But that exclusive Canadian sentiment which I have described makes the French-Canadian feel more deeply any encroachment upon the integrity of Canada. Unlike the Anglo-Canadian, he does not find in the glory of Empire a compensation and a solace for the losses suffered by Canada. That he entertains any rancour against Britain on that account would, however, be a false conclusion. For the international intricacies in which Great Britain has been and is still entangled he makes full allowance. With his strong sense of self-government, he does not expect the motherland to endanger her own position on behalf of Canada. But if Great Britain is either unable or unwilling to take risks for the sake of Canadian interests, he does not see why Canada should assume new obligations towards Great Britain and run risks on her behalf.

As far as war and defence are concerned, he is still less disposed to consent to any Imperial combination. First there is that aversion to militarism that I have mentioned. Then he has a notion that all the sacrifices he may make on this ground will be so much that Canada will give without any probable return.

When he turns towards the past, what does he find? He finds that for the hundred and forty years that he has been a British subject, no more than his English-speaking fellow citizen has he ever been the cause, near or distant, of any trouble to Great Britain. Never did Canada involve the Empire in any war or threat of war. But the policy, right or wrong, of the British Government did cause his country to be the battlefield of two Anglo-American struggles. Upon those two occasions Canada was saved to the British Crown, thanks to the loyalty of his own race. During the Secession war, the peace of Canada came very near being disturbed once more, and her territory was threatened with invasion because of the attitude of Great Britain. And if he has been spared this and other bloody contests, it was only by the granting to the United States of such concessions as are referred to above.

So much for the past. When he considers the present and the future, the French-Canadian does not see any reason why he should enter into a scheme of Imperial defence.

The argument that if Canada stands by the Empire, the Empire will stand by Canada, cannot have much weight with him; and his objections on that ground are founded both on past events and on prospective developments. In the South African War he has witnessed an application of the new doctrine. Of the expenditure of that war he has been called upon to pay his share—a small one if compared with that of the British Kingdom, but a large one when it is remembered that he had no interest whatever in the contest, and no control over the policy which preceded the conflict, or over its settlement. Should the principle of military Imperialism predominate, he foresees that he may find himself involved in wars occasioned by friction between Australia and Japan, between New Zealand and Germany, between Great Britain and France in Europe, or between Great Britain and Russia in Asia. He does not see any eventuality in which the Empire may be called upon to help Canada.

He is ready now, as he was in the past, to support a sufficient military force to maintain internal peace and to resist aggression on the territory of Canada. But these eventualities are most unlikely to occur in the near future. The enormous area as well as the vast resources of the country offer such opportunities to the care and activity of its population, that social struggles are almost impossible in Canada for many years to come. Foreign invasion, from the United States excepted, is most improbable. The Canadian territory is easy to defend against attacks on her sea borders, which would offer great difficulties and little benefit to any enemy of the Empire. Moreover, from a purely Canadian standpoint such occurrences are most unlikely to happen. Left to herself Canada has no possible cause of conflict with any other nation but the United States. On the other hand, by entering into a compact for Imperial defence, she may be involved in war with several of

the strongest Powers. Therefore, as far as concerns any country outside America, the French-Canadian feels that the scheme of Imperial defence brings upon him new causes of conflict not to be compensated by any probable defensive requirement.

It is worth while mentioning here one possible conflict in which, if Imperialism carries the day, the racial problem of Canada might cause serious trouble. Although happily checked by a large interchange of material interests, the possibility of a war between France and Great Britain is not altogether removed. Were such a conflict confined to these two Powers, the French-Canadian could be counted upon to stand loyally neutral. Should even the French navy, by the most improbable of war fortunes, attack the coast of Canada, the French-Canadian could be relied upon for the defence of his country. But should the principle of Imperial solidarity obtain, were Canada called upon to contribute to an Anglo-French war in which she had no direct interest, the French-Canadian would no doubt resent most bitterly any such contribution in men or money as could be voted by the Federal Parliament. This would no longer be the defence of his home—which he is prepared to undertake even against France—it would mean his contributing to the slaughter of his own kith and kin in a quarrel which was foreign to him. It would hurt the French-Canadian in that most peculiar and sentimental love for the French national soul which I have already mentioned.

There remains to be dealt with the eventuality of a war with the United States. Rightly or wrongly, the French-Canadian is inclined to think that, in order to avert such a calamity, Great Britain would even go to the length of abandoning all British rights in America. And should British sentiment and British policy undergo such a change as would warrant Canada in counting upon the armed help of the Empire against the United States, the French-Canadian entertains some doubt as to the possibility of keeping up the struggle and carrying it to a successful issue.

Should the most sanguine expectations be realised; should the American Navy be annihilated even as a defence force; and were the British Navy to succeed in blockading and bombarding the American ports—the only effective blow which might be struck at the enemy—nothing could prevent the American army from occupying the central portion of Canada, and probably invading most of her territory. Canada would therefore, at all events, be the sufferer in the fight. Moreover, her ways of transportation from the Western grain-growing country would be interrupted; and whilst the Americans would get from their untouched territory unbounded resources of food supply, the British people would be at once deprived of American and Canadian breadstuffs. This alone, in spite of any military success in other ways, would force Great Britain to accept the terms of the American Republic.

Another point to be considered with reference to an Anglo-American War is the fact that there are now as many French-Canadians living under the star-spangled banner as under the Union Jack. Many of those migrated Canadians have become as loyal and devoted citizens of the American Republic as their brothers have remained loyal and devoted citizens of Canada. Although prepared to do his full duty in the defence of his land, the prospect of his becoming the murderer of his own brother is sufficient to prevent the French-Canadian from exposing Canada and the Empire to any war with the United States.

From all those considerations the French-Canadian concludes that Canada has never been, and never will be, the cause of any display of Imperial strength, with the single exception of a possible encounter with a nation that he is not desirous of attacking, and against which, in his mind, the Empire would be either unwilling or incapable of defending him. He does not therefore feel bound to assume military obligations towards any other part of the Empire.

The stronger Canada grows in population and wealth, the

slighter will be the dangers that may threaten her security, and the greater her contribution to the welfare and glory of the Empire. The French-Canadian thinks therefore that the best way in which he can play his part in the building up of the Empire is not by diverting the healthiest and strongest portion of its population from the pursuits of a peaceful and industrious life and sending them to fight in all parts of the world. He does not believe in fostering in Canada the spirit of militarism. He is only anxious to make his country attractive and prosperous by keeping aloof from all military adventures.

Indifferent as he is to commercial Imperialism, hostile as he is to military Imperialism, the French-Canadian cannot be expected to wish for any organic change in the constitution of Canada and to look favourably upon any scheme of Imperial Federation.

For years he fought to obtain full control of his laws, of his social system, of his public exchequer. With the principles of self-government, of self-taxation, of direct control over the legislative body, no other citizen of the British Empire is more thoroughly imbued than he is. His local organisation, in Church, educational or municipal matters, is still more decentralised and democratic than that of the English provinces of Canada. He likes to exercise his elective franchise and to keep as close as possible to the man, the law and the regulation that he votes for. He cannot view with favour a scheme by which any power that has heretofore been exercised by his own representative bodies may pass under the control of some Council sitting in London.

There remains to be considered the question of annexation to the United States.

As I have stated, left to himself, the French-Canadian is not eager for a change. He requires nothing but quietness and stability in order to grow and develop. He is satisfied with and proud of his Canadian citizenship. But should a change be forced upon him by those who aspire to a greater nationality, he would rather incline towards Pan-Americanism.

For a long time annexation to the United States was most abhorrent to the French-Canadian. In fact, when an agitation in that direction was started by several leading English-speaking Canadians, his resistance proved to be the best safeguard of the British connection. But should his past fidelity be now disregarded, and Canadian autonomy encroached upon in any way, should he be hurried into any Imperial scheme and forced to assume fresh obligations, he would prefer throwing in his lot with his powerful neighbour to the South. His present constitution he prizes far above the American system of Government; but if called upon to sacrifice anything of his Federal autonomy for the working of the Imperial machinery, he would rather do it in favour of the United States system, under which, at all events, he would preserve the self-government of his province. Should Imperial re-organisation be based on trade and financial grounds, he would see a greater future in joining the most powerful industrial nation of the world than in going into partnership with the British communities; and this sentiment is gaining greater force from the present influx of American capital into Canada. The fact that the union of Canada and the United States would bring again under the same flag the two groups, now separated, of his nationality has no doubt greatly contributed towards smoothing his aversion to annexation.

I have so far analysed the sentiments of the higher classes among the French-Canadian people, of those who control their feelings by historical knowledge or by a study of outside circumstances, political, military or financial. If I refer to the masses, mostly composed of farmers, I may say that they entertain similar feelings, but instinctively rather than from reflection. The French-Canadians of the popular class look upon Canada as their own country. They are ready to do their duty by Canada; but considering they owe nothing to Great Britain or any other country, they ask nothing from them. Imbued with a strong sense of liberty, they have no objection to their English-speaking fellow countrymen going

to war anywhere they please; but they cannot conceive that Canada as a whole may be forced out of its present situation. They let people talk of any wise or wild proposal of Imperialism; but if any change were attempted to be imposed on them, they would resist the pressure, quietly but constantly.

To sum up, the French-Canadian is decidedly and exclusively Canadian by nationality and American by his ethnical temperament. People with world-wide aspirations may charge him with provincialism. But after all, this sentiment of exclusive attachment to one's land and one's nationality is to be found as one of the essential characteristics of all strong and growing peoples. On the other hand, the lust of abnormal expansion and Imperial pride have ever been the marked features of all nations on the verge of decadence.

HENRI BOURASSA.

(Member of the Canadian Parliament.)

SIR BARTLE FRERE

Unless my countrymen are much changed, they will some day do me justice.—*Sir Bartle Frere to the Secretary of State,* September 22, 1879.

From the days of Clive and Warren Hastings to this hour, there has ever been a continued protest on the part of those who mould the thought and direct the action of the British nation against the doctrine that India is to be administered in any other spirit than as a trust from God for the good government of many millions of His creatures.—*Speech at Bombay,* January 8, 1867.

I have no respect for any policy which is not founded upon principle.—*Speech at Cape Town,* January 11, 1879.

THE progress of events in more than one portion of the British Empire has once more brought prominently to the front the name of Bartle Frere. Lord Grey, in a recent letter to the *Times,* has effectively voiced thoughts that were in the minds and hearts of many, by declaring that the hour has fully come when Frere's memory should be rescued from misrepresentation and neglect, and should receive from the nation the meed of honour which is its due.

Practically no one now denies that if the Crown a quarter of a century ago had adopted, and consistently carried into effect, the policy which Frere's name to this day represents, much grievous trouble might have been spared both in India and in South Africa.

Painful as it is to dwell upon the attacks made in bygone days upon a truly great man, it is even now by no means superfluous to recall the monstrously untrue charges brought

against his political character. He was, with grotesque injustice, identified with the spirit of "jingoism." He was charged with having advocated and pursued a policy of aggression and war—the invasion of Afghanistan, the seizure of the Transvaal, the forcing of hostilities upon Cetewayo. A leading statesman, after denouncing the "enormous guilt, the immeasurable responsibility," of undertaking "wilful, unjust, and destructive wars," and the special iniquities and horrors of the war in Afghanistan, went on to charge Sir Bartle Frere with the "policy of advance into Afghanistan," proceeding further to observe that "Sir Bartle Frere's mode of action at the Cape did not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan." In another speech, the same orator represented Frere as advocating a policy of aggression in South Africa. Other prominent speakers and writers, with a fine contempt for historic facts, held him responsible for what they censured as the unjust annexation of the Transvaal.

As to both of these subjects of reproach the same reply holds good. Lord Lytton's action towards Afghanistan, whether right or wrong, found no support whatever in anything that Frere had spoken or written. The annexation of the Transvaal, whether right or wrong, was accomplished before Frere had set foot in Africa, and, in point of fact, did not represent his policy at the time.[1]

Against his alleged responsibility for the Zulu War, his defence is not less complete and conclusive. As he himself said, "the die for peace or war had been cast long before" his arrival. The Imperial Government had decided on South African Confederation. They sent out Frere specially to accomplish it. There existed an insurgent spirit among the natives, having its focus in Cetewayo, whose power had to be reckoned with and destroyed at all hazards. The final choice simply lay between risking a Zulu War at once or being forced to undertake it a few months later, in the face of

[1] It need hardly be said that the facts of Sir Bartle Frere's life are authoritatively set forth in his biography by Mr. John Martineau.

increasing difficulties and dangers, which included a very probable Boer rebellion.

A survey of Sir Bartle Frere's long career of forty-five years devoted service to his sovereign and his country is of extreme and immediate interest, because it goes to show how entirely, both in India and in Africa, time has vindicated his policy and his prescience. In India he advocated for years, in opposition to many of the principal Indian statesmen, views with respect to the system on which our Eastern Empire should be governed, which to-day are accepted without question.

His opinions on the subject of the centralisation of Indian government were urged in season and out of season for many years. The question at issue, he maintained, lay within a very narrow compass, but concerned every department of the administration. The relations between the supreme and the local governments he deemed "very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory." Some people would find the remedy in reducing the powers and status of the latter:

> I will only state one objection to this—it would kill the Viceroy in six months if he attempted it. Of all bad plans of government for India I can imagine none worse than an overworked Viceroy and irresponsible secretaries governing in his name. I believe the only remedy lies in a course the exact reverse of this, namely, to make the local governments and administrations as strong and complete as possible, so that the Governor-General may govern through them, and may have time to attend to really imperial questions, and on them be able to ensure obedience to his orders. My object would be to make the Viceroy really supreme, and to have a real, concentrative authority. This, I believe, is to be attained by governing an Empire as an admiral governs a fleet, by having absolute authority over every ship through captains, each of whom is equally absolute in his own ship. The present system makes every head of a department in the ship look not to the captain but to the admiral for orders in his own special department. The master, the purser, the gunnery lieutenant, the chaplain, all go direct to the admiral instead of to the captain, who thus loses all real power of command. The admiral is overworked; he may think he commands the fleet, but the fact is the fleet is not governed at all. . . . The tendency to meddle is almost universal in men trained in a departmental secretariat, and irresistible by those who are invested with authority nearly absolute.

Closely connected with this point is Sir Bartle Frere's opinion, insisted upon again and again, as to the trusting of subordinates. On the north-west frontier, for instance, he was for investing local officers with large powers of initiative. Of Jacob, who for years ensured peace on the frontier of Sind, he wrote:

> Jacob is quite competent to get on alone, and is one of those men who do not get on at all well unless you let them alone. As to modern facilities of communication rendering it easier for a central government to control its distant subordinates, Frere held that they rendered it necessary to concede larger discretionary powers to officers at a distance, and to impose on them heavier responsibilities, because the facility of reference holds out a temptation to refer instead of acting, which did not exist before.

In the pacification of the frontier Sir Bartle Frere always warmly supported men like Jacob, Green, and Merewether, who, being on the spot, must presumably know points of detail better than their superiors at a distance. In entire harmony with the general principle here laid down is Frere's oft-repeated dictum that it is a fatal mistake to attempt to govern India from London. He applied the same doctrine to South Africa:

> Most of the mistakes in our government of South Africa have been caused by the fatal tendency to try and govern it from England. There, as elsewhere, the English Government has too often failed to place due confidence in its own representatives. It has listened to one-sided evidence and doctrinaire views, and has overruled or recalled Governors and High Commissioners, men of its own choice, who had every qualification for forming a just judgment on the scene of action, where alone a just judgment could be formed. The consequence has been a weak and vacillating policy. It has been this vacillating policy, the fear, founded on sad experience, that the English Government could not be depended upon to stand by its own word and support its own officers, which has alienated loyal men, both white and black, and has been, and continues to be, the abiding cause of confusion, strife, and bloodshed.

The doctrine of "masterly inactivity" in relation to India's neighbours is discredited in these days. But it was Sir Bartle Frere who first earnestly combated that futile and fatal notion. In the phrase "masterly inactivity" was summed up the policy which treated the ideal British Empire in India as having a

sharply defined boundary, enclosing annexed territory, within which the government should be administered with uniformity, and with the countries beyond which our intercourse was to be as restricted as possible. Against this idea Frere's heart and conscience revolted. He entirely repudiated a policy of aggression and annexation. But he warmly upheld not merely the policy but the duty of bringing good influences to bear on semi-civilised neighbouring States. He had an intense belief in the power for good of British influence and civilisation. He was convinced that our neighbours must be either our enemies or our friends, and he firmly believed in our power to acquire their friendship by gradually securing their confidence and respect.

Against Frere's ideas and beliefs on this subject was the view held by English Liberals and others that the only proper attitude towards the Afghans and the wild tribes on the frontier was one of permanent suspicion and estrangement. As between Sir Bartle Frere and statesmen of the opposite school the fundamental issue was, in what light are we to regard, and how ought we to treat, uncivilised or semi-civilised peoples. Frere was permeated with a profound sense of the duty we owe to them. Over and over again he evinced the strongest repugnance to anything savouring of injustice or wrong towards the natives of India or of Africa. He could not approve the annexation of either Satara or Sind, though he loyally acted on it when it was an accomplished fact. Nothing could be further from the truth than to represent Sir Bartle Frere as an advocate of a "forward policy" in the sense of a policy leading to annexations. Many people supposed that his condemnation of "masterly inactivity" implied approval of a policy of aggression. His whole career negatives any such view. Even at the time of the Mutiny he kept his head when so many other officials lost theirs. He had no idea of indiscriminate severity:

> If officers and gentlemen cannot control their feelings, we can hardly expect the common soldiers to curb theirs and all discipline will become loose. I allude to the butchery in cold blood of captives, with little, if any, inquiry,

and without an attempt to discriminate between men who have fled in vain terror with the herd and the ringleaders and armed murderers.

On one occasion, when some mutineers were to be brought to justice, Frere noticed a scaffold being erected for their execution. "I think we have made a mistake there," he remarked to the officer in command, "the mutineers have not been tried yet." For some rebels in Sind he bespoke a fair trial: "Every officer under you should understand that he is not at liberty to hang any one he may think deserving, as some of them seem inclined to do." He cordially disapproved the system on the Punjab frontier of punishing foes by indiscriminately laying waste the land and destroying the crops in a country whose inhabitants did not acknowledge our sovereignty. He justified this view by pointing out that, as a rule, the border robbers did not plough, nor did the ploughmen habitually plunder. The effect was to unite plunderers and non-plunderers against us. Having treated all, bad and good, alike, how could we wonder at their hostility and distrust?

What can these people think of us? Bad as they may be themselves, do we give them any cause for thinking better of us? . . . I say nothing of higher motives. But I do very deeply regret that brave and excellent men should delude themselves into the belief that even as mere matters of policy such proceedings can ever be successful.

He lamented the then fashionable doctrine, now happily abandoned, that this is the only way to treat people like the frontier tribes, well knowing also, as he did, that by better treatment they can be brought to respect and even venerate our officers.

Once more Sir Bartle Frere, on the introduction of a new law for limiting the carrying arms without a legal permit, opposed a clause exempting Europeans from its restrictions, not only as an injustice to natives, but as injurious to the classes exempted. Frere greatly regretted that men in high station, while willing to patronise native chiefs, had no idea of the obligation to be liberal and courteous to all without patronising. He always felt it a duty to oppose any policy

of suppressing or suffering to go to ruin the Indian aristocracy and gentry, deeming it most important to have a strong, well-instructed, and contented aristocracy, as the natural chiefs and leaders of the people.

Mutatis mutandis, Frere's policy in South Africa was identical with that which he upheld in India. His treatment of the natives was such that many years after his departure they were still devoted to his name. So far was he from being responsible for the annexation of the Transvaal, that his first exclamation on hearing the news at Cape Town was, "Good heavens! What will they say in England?" Doubtless annexation was the only course possible, seeing that if England had declined to intervene Germany would probably have undertaken the protectorate of the Transvaal to say nothing of the imminent danger of an overwhelming attack by the Zulu hordes. But to represent the act as directly or indirectly Frere's work is simply to flout historic truth. Frere strongly and justly reprobated the neglect of the new government to fulfil the promise given to the Boers of a Constitution. It was a necessary preliminary to the establishment of a South African Federation that each of the component states should enjoy constitutional government.

As for his relations with the Boers, they trusted Sir Bartle Frere as they have never since trusted anybody until they came into contact with Lord Kitchener. Their feeling for Frere was precisely similar to that which they have lately shown for the great soldier who has just subdued them, perhaps as much by force of character as by force of arms. Both will be remembered as having conciliated the burghers' confidence and goodwill without permitting the least doubt to arise as to their attitude on the question of independence.

So magnetic was the attraction of Sir Bartle Frere's personality for the Boers, that the almost openly rebellious attitude which the malcontents had formed in their camp outside Pretoria, was changed at least to the extent of dissolving the camp itself; and it was at this precise moment

that the news was published that the Queen's representative in South Africa had been openly censured and discredited at home.

No discussion of Sir Bartle Frere's views with respect to our treatment of the coloured races would be adequate which omitted mention of his vigorous and effective measures for the suppression of the Slave Trade by sea in East Africa. His mission to Zanzibar was a complete success on all points.

Simply to describe—as nearly as possible in his own words—his real views and policy as to the relations which ought to subsist between the British Empire and its weaker neighbours is to refute utterly and irretrievably the case alleged by his enemies against his fair fame. All the facts above stated, and many more that might be cited of a like kind, were either known, or might easily have been learnt, by those public speakers and writers who chose to misrepresent him before his countrymen. The attacks upon Sir Bartle Frere stand perhaps unique in the record of indictments framed against public men by accusers who themselves held a responsible position. The slanders of a leading weekly journal deserve in particular to rank as rare curiosities of perverse malignity.

One of the strangest misunderstandings that prevailed concerning Sir Bartle Frere related to his views on Christian Missions and the duty of the Government with respect to them. Himself an earnest Christian and a warm supporter of missions, he was entirely opposed, both on principle and as a matter of expediency, to any intervention on their behalf by the Government. In the case of Cetewayo, he treated missionaries exactly as he would have treated any persons engaged in secular pursuits. He would not have forced either class of settlers on the Zulu chief; but the latter having once given leave to Europeans to settle in his dominions, the High Commissioner would not permit either trader or missionary to be unjustly driven out without remonstrance.

Lord Grey, in the remarkable letter already mentioned, speaks in felicitous terms of Sir Bartle Frere as "adding to the strenuous faith of an Elizabethan Englishman the serene gentle-

man which issued from a character of the highest Christian excellence." In these words he has summed up the impression of the man's personality, which everybody, great or small, high or low, young or old, formed concerning him. Those who knew him best during his life, and those who have most carefully studied the voluminous records of that life, one and all honestly declare themselves unable to detect any flaws in a most beautiful, most noble, nature. He never could see that what was wrong for an individual to do was right for a nation or a Government. He always regarded Secret Service with disapproval, holding that information unscrupulously obtained is seldom to be relied on.

When he had been in India only a few years, the Governor of Bombay, Lord Clare, described him as "an ornament to the service," and remarked, even thus early in his career, on his extraordinarily wide knowledge, and his competence and trustworthiness as an adviser.

In his talk he was careful not to give offence or make mischief or speak ill of any, but was prone rather to notice any good qualities in others. He was all kindness to young officers and newly arrived civil servants. He despised none. He was accessible to everybody. When Governor of Bombay he took all petitions himself. If there was a flaw in his method, it was one so characteristic of the man that it is a tribute to his memory not to overlook it. Successful in using to the highest public advantage the qualities of his associates and subordinates, he was occasionally at fault in crediting each and every one with the same disinterested motives as himself. At the same time nothing was more remarkable than his power of transmitting lower aims into higher in those with whom he was brought in contact.

It is amusing to recall that Lord Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay, had—to use his own words—been fighting with the Viceroy, Lord Canning, over which of them should secure Frere. Lord Napier of Magdala, as his colleague on the Council of Calcutta, "valued the friendship of

one who had so wide an experience and so comprehensive a grasp of public affairs both in England and Europe." Sir Charles Wood, anxious to appoint Frere Governor of Bombay, was greatly deterred by "the wish not to deprive the new Governor-General of the benefit of your advice and assistance."

Pelly said of Frere, "Had I been his son, I could not have loved and respected him more than I did, and all possible considerations have been as nothing to me compared with the pleasure I felt in being admitted to his personal friendship." Others have recorded the impression which his perfect sweetness and serenity of demeanour made on the fierce Beluchis and Mahrattas. When he left Satara, when he quitted Sind, the same grief was shown as was manifested afterwards at Bombay, and later still at Cape Town. One who witnessed his career in South Africa wrote that his memory would live there, not merely as a memory, but "as a guidance and an inspiration." No finer or more true thing was said of him than in these striking words of a Bombay official: "Your name will become the traditional embodiment of a good Governor."

Sir Dighton Probyn has borne witness to Frere's courage, his generosity, his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness for others, his absolute fearlessness of responsibility, and his deep sense of religion: "He could not have done an ungenerous thing, no matter how he had been tried or in what situation he had been placed." A certain resemblance is traceable between his character and Gordon's. Frere had been deeply interested in Gordon's work among uncivilised peoples, and Gordon wrote to express his sympathy with Frere in his troubles. Both, endeavouring to do their duty in the same Continent, were deserted by those in power at home.

Frere's subordinates were always able to rely on his support. Even when they made mistakes he was slow to condemn them if they had honestly tried to do their best. He would always give them the credit of success, just as he was equally ready to give to his chief the credit which was largely his own.

His intense family affection was a leading characteristic. Most keenly did he feel separations from his wife and children.

There is before me a treasured album containing the letters which this devoted father wrote from abroad to his young children at home. More delightful productions of the kind could not be imagined. They are models of what such letters should be, full of information—some of it such as might be thought rather difficult for children to grasp, yet conveyed with a sympathetic skill that would render it easily intelligible to the simplest child mind. His respect for children was too great to permit him to "write down" to their supposed level. *Maxima pueris debet reverentia* might have been his motto. The letters are continually illustrated with clever pen-and-ink sketches, views, scenes, incidents, animals, buildings, maps, plans—all admirably executed.

Sir Bartle Frere's love of fun was well developed. Especially in letters in which tact was required to save hurting a correspondent's feelings or otherwise giving offence his sense of humour was often very serviceable.

The story was told of him that a servant, who was sent to meet him at a railway station, was thus instructed how to identify him: "Look for a tall gentleman, helping somebody." The description tallied exactly. He was helping an old lady out of the carriage. On arriving at an Indian port by a very filthy steamer he writes: "Take care to have her well cleaned before you send any sick by her, else they will be stifled in their beds by the smell."

Only in case of flagrant misconduct did Frere ever inflict serious rebuke. But, when such a case did occur, he could be terrible in his indignation. On the other hand, whenever there was misunderstanding or friction between high officials, it was frequently Frere's part to act as peace-maker and to smooth down ruffled susceptibilities. His social tact was unfailing. At Calcutta, where official and non-official Europeans and natives all stood aloof from each other, Sir Bartle had a welcome for all. His sympathies were of the widest: artists, travellers, soldiers, missionaries, merchants, men of science, all interested him. For objects of art and archæology he had a keen eye, and he strove successfully to preserve some historic buildings at Satara, as well as valuable libraries and manuscripts.

To his enlightened wisdom many important Indian reforms were due. He insisted on the officials of Sind learning the Sindi language. For years he pushed forward his scheme for the port of Kurrachi, till he obtained in that connection the title of "the importunate widow." At Bombay he promoted the erection of the new city in the interests of the public health. His schemes for the reconstruction of the Indian Service, for providing against the recurrence of famines, for the making of roads, railways, and canals, for promoting irrigation and agriculture, for the encouragement of cotton-growing, for the provision of water supplies, for the building of new barracks—each exhibited an extraordinarily minute knowledge of the subject in hand. On all topics alike Frere writes as an expert. His talents as a financier were put to the proof on several important occasions. To him was due the first committal of Egyptian finance to English hands. The Khedive Ismail asked that Frere should be sent to him. Above all, in military matters, he managed to acquire a knowledge such as a civilian rarely attains to. During the mutiny his resourcefulness was of invaluable assistance to his neighbours in the Punjab. He had long foreseen the value of Sind's geographical position. He advocated the occupation of Quetta years before that step was adopted. He anticipated the Cape to Cairo line of telegraph, his advocacy of which was based on a practical knowledge of the proved feasibility of a similar undertaking in the wilds of Persia. His readiness to take a decided step on an emergency perhaps never showed itself more conspicuously than in his exercise of the Crown's prerogative at the Cape for the dismissal of the Molteno-Merriman Ministry for thwarting the military operations of the Imperial troops and carrying on warfare on their own account against the Zulus.

The versatility of Frere's genius is well illustrated by the titles of the subjects on which he wrote articles or delivered lectures or read papers. Zanzibar, Livingstone, East Africa, the Persian Gulf, India as offering a Career for Men, Indian Public Opinion, the Architecture of Western India, the Suitability of Christianity to all Forms of Civilisation, Foreign

Missions, England and Russia, the Turkish Empire, Central Africa and the Slave Trade, Madagascar, the Opium Traffic, the Scotch Land Question, Native Churches, Egypt—these are only some of the topics in the treatment of which he proved himself to be quite at home. His criticisms were never merely destructive: their chief usefulness was on their constructive side. To the last he was a learner as well as a teacher, despising nothing in the way of information, and his aptitude for detail never detracting from his breadth of view.

Such was the man whom his countrymen, having come to their right mind at last in their judgment of him, will for ever hold in honour as one of the greatest statesmen and one of the most truly good men commemorated in their annals. His rightness of judgment was based on a life lived with God. It was said of him that the Peace of God was in his face.

It was a consolation to Sir Bartle Frere, in the dark day of rebuke, when so many that should have stood by him failed and fell away from his side, that the two highest personages in the land showed that they, at least, were not unconscious of his deserts. At the time when the censure of the Imperial Government reached him in South Africa he was dissuaded from resigning office by the representations of those whose judgment he could trust. The strongest and most cogent appeal to his patriotism came from a quarter more exalted than the Secretary of State who censured him.

Such was the man. Such were his merits. His reward was misrepresentation, contumely, neglect. But the true recompense has come in time, though not in his time, and lies in the fact that the harvest which he sowed in tears will presently and richly be reaped in joy. It is difficult, and it would be idle, to suggest what exactly would be Frere's policy to-day in that great country which, since his tenure of office, has been in turn the hotbed of vile political intrigues and sordid financial schemes, and the theatre of some of the noblest deeds that enrich and illumine our history. The "trial of strength," as he prophesied, has been forced upon us, and has taken the shape of a war hateful in its circumstances and hideous in its tale of human suffering.

It needs but a hasty review of Frere's life to be assured, at least, of this, that with him the work, and not the workman, was the matter of supreme and final importance, and that he would consider his own long, bitter struggle and the clouded evening of his life as fully compensated for, if the day has really come (though he is not here to greet its dawn), the day of which he often spoke and in view of which he worked with heart and brain when every subject of the Sovereign should sleep as safe "in any part of the South African dominion as within the four seas of old England."

GEORGE ARTHUR.

P.S.—Since the above article was written, I have received permission from Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley to print the following letter, dated July 18, 1902:

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE ARTHUR,—Many thanks for your interesting letter about Sir Bartle Frere's work in South Africa.

"Your uncle was a man of great ideas, but as is too often the case with those of lofty aspirations, he was misunderstood by his contemporaries.

"As I recall the history of that time, I feel that he and Lord Carnarvon were about the only statesmen who then clearly foresaw the great future of South Africa, and who then realised what the Dutch in South Africa were then aiming at. The leaders in public life at home are usually so wrapped up in the immediate interests of party politics that in time of profound peace few pay much attention to Colonial affairs.

"But Sir Bartle Frere was an exception. At all periods, a close observer of events as they occurred throughout our Empire beyond the seas, he quickly saw through the aims of the Dutch in South Africa, and realised what, if unchecked, those aims must lead to. Few to whom he preached, however, heeded his warnings. Many pooh-poohed his advice as that of an autocratic Anglo-Indian with views entirely outside and beyond the scope of 'Practical Politics.' In other words, his far-seeing grasp of the South African position was too wide for the narrow limits of party considerations and of party exigencies.

"All this is now changed. The South African Empire which Sir Bartle dreamt of and hoped for, and sought to build up, has been made a reality by our home and colonial soldiers, and by the persevering energy and statesmanship of Mr. Chamberlain.

"If ever the history of recent events be fully and honestly written, the names of your Uncle and of the present Colonial Secretary will be therein recorded as the founders of our South African Dominion. Holding these views, as one who was then somewhat 'behind the scenes,' it is only natural I should wish that some recognition should be made, even at this late hour, of the great services rendered by Sir Bartle Frere when he ruled over Cape Colony.

"He was then neglected; but in such a case it can never be too late to remedy the fault we then committed. The only question is, in what shape or fashion such a national reparation could best be made.

"Believe me to be, sincerely yours,

"*To* SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, Bart." "WOLSELEY."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF EGYPT

"EGYPT had two thousand years' start before Europe awoke." So a great Egyptologist tells us, and the statement is under the mark. At least four thousand years before our era the Egyptians were accomplished architects and builders, and possessed ripe astronomical knowledge. The world has never seen structures equal to the Great Pyramid and the Temple of Khafra, each the grandest of its kind. The internal construction of the Pyramid shows a knowledge of scientific principles, in the treatment of enormous masses, combined with perfect workmanship, that has never been reached in modern times. These unrivalled monuments are actually more impressive in their massive symmetry from the total absence of decoration. Any ornamental additions would only have detracted from their dignity. The Egyptians, having achieved these successful works, seem to have attempted no others on the same grand lines in later ages. They built many pyramids and temples, but on a diminishing scale both of magnitude and merit. Egypt must have lost taste and talent for raising structures of stone, solid to the core, closely fitted without cement, composed, even in the most hidden parts, of enormous masses of polished granite. The latest pyramids of all were meretricious shams of unburnt bricks, merely veneered with a plating of polished limestone. And then, as might be expected, they ceased to command respect, and so pyramid-building went out of fashion.

But as cylopean building waned, decorative art came upon the scene. In the Twelfth Dynasty rock-hewn tombs, their walls covered with paintings and hieroglyphic records treated with artistic effect, became the vogue, mainly for persons of high rank. The tombs at Beni Hasan are the best examples preserved to us of this period. Pillars had to be left to support the roof, and these, instead of being of the simple square form of the Fourth Dynasty, had their angles cut off, and appeared with eight or sixteen sides, thus gaining lightness and elegance. This undoubtedly suggested the Doric column, which, two thousand years later, the Greeks carried to perfection in their temples. Thus the germs of European decorative architecture had their origin in Egypt, in the Twelfth Dynasty, about 2778 B.C.

The earlier dynasties seem to have confined their efforts to erecting one great monument for each king, with smaller tombs around it for the royal family. The times had so changed, however, in the Twelfth Dynasty, that every great man had his tomb, which was beautified architecturally outside, and also decorated within. The ceilings were painted with elegant designs, so fitting and so beautiful that the patterns were long afterwards exactly copied in Hellenic art. The tomb at Orchomenos, in Greece, was decorated, about 1000 B.C., with an elaborate design copied from one of the early Egyptian tombs; the origin is unmistakable.

During the Twelfth Dynasty, decorated scarabs came much into use, evidently worn by all classes, as they are found by thousands. The earlier scarabs were only used for royal names and titles. Dr. Petrie has clearly shown,[1] that the ingeniously interwoven designs on these scarabs led the way for all such scroll patterns, ultimately producing an entirely new style of decoration. Ornamental woven fabrics came into use at this time, in which the weaver, attempting to imitate scroll patterns, only achieved squared designs such as the "Walls of Troy," as curves could not be produced by the loom. Thus the Greek

[1] Petrie's "Egyptian Decorative Art" (Methuen).

Rock-Tomb at Beni Hasan. (Twelfth Dynasty.)

Rock-Tomb of Ameny—Beni Hasan.

Gold Pectoral of Usertesen III.,, inlaid with Sapphire, Turquoise, Cornelian, &c. (*found at Dahshur*).

Impressions of Cylinders.

Usertesen II. and Amenemhat III.

Usertesen III.

Gold Pectoral of Amenemhat III. (*found at Dahshur by De Morgan*). Inlaid with Sapphire, Turquoi se, Cornelian, Lapis Lazuli.

guilloche, the wave pattern and continuous scrolls, as well as the "key fret ornament," had their origin in early Egyptian designs. Egyptian art, as it became popularised for the many in the extended use of scarabs, was no doubt applied to jewellery and trinkets of every kind for personal adornment for all classes. However, the only specimens of decorated jewellery that have come down to us from this early period are from the jewel caskets of two princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty, found at Dahshur, by De Morgan, in 1894. The workmanship of these articles is superb. They show the most refined taste, inlaid precious stones being so skilfully inserted, that at first sight the colours seem to be enamel work. There were hundreds of tombs in the royal cemetery at Dahshur, and possibly all were originally full of similar treasures. But the place had been often plundered, every important tomb had been violated, and these two only had escaped robbery.

This was, literally and metaphorically, a Golden Age. When two young princesses possessed jewellery, now valued at £70,000, what must have been the riches of their Court! And this era produced a decorative art from which, long after, the Greeks learned theirs. The purest style of Hellenic architecture, too, was suggested by that of the Twelfth Dynasty. This wonderful Twelfth Dynasty was, even for the fellahin, a halcyon time. At Beni Hasan, on the rocky walls of the tomb of Ameny (a great viceroy under USERTESEN I.), we find the following statement proudly made: "In years of famine I made the people live, I ploughed the fields for them, there was not a hungry man in the land. . . . When the Nile rose, producing wheat and barley and all things, arrears were not exacted." The words are almost the same as in Lord Cromer's Reports of the Irrigation Department during the late years of "Bad Niles," when he states with evident satisfaction that not a soul perished from want in a trying time, and all rent was remitted.

Literature was cultivated, and some of their historical tales and romances have survived. Professor Petrie has published a number of these old-world stories, all of which are most inter-

esting.[1] One of them relates "The Adventures of Sa'nehat," who was evidently a prince of royal birth, exiled for many years, as royal princes have been in later days. The account of his adventures in foreign lands is wonderfully realistic, and bears the stamp of simple truth. At length he makes peace with his king (he was probably a son of USERTESEN I.), and is welcomed with favour, a sort of royal prodigal, the princesses coming out to meet him with timbrels and dances. It carries us back to primitive society, and is quite an interesting and affecting tale.

Of the poetry of this age we have some fragments. The king was an object of worship, as the representative of God upon earth. Here is a verse of a hymn of praise to USERTESEN III. from a papyrus found in the Fayum at Illahun by Dr. Petrie. I have ventured to borrow it from Petrie's "History of Egypt," vol. i.

1. Twice joyful are the gods,
   thou hast established their offerings.
2. Twice joyful are thy princes,
   thou hast formed their boundaries.
3. Twice joyful are thy ancestors before thee,
   thou hast increased their portions.
4. Twice joyful is Egypt at thy strong arm,
   thou hast guarded the ancient order.
5. Twice joyful are the aged with thy administration,
   thou hast widened their possessions.
6. Twice joyful are the two regions with thy valour,
   thou hast caused them to flourish.
7. Twice joyful are thy young men of support,
   thou hast caused them to flourish.
8. Twice joyful are thy veterans,
   thou hast caused them to be vigorous.

. . . . .

10. Twice joyful be thou O, Horus! widening thy boundary,
   mayest thou renew an eternity of life!

There are several stanzas, each with a different refrain, and this, one of the oldest poems in the world, was written nearly two thousand years before the sweet singer of Israel penned his

[1] Petrie's "Egyptian Tales" (Methuen).

The Obelisk, Heliopolis, showing titles and Cartouches of
Usertesen I.

One block of Syenite, 70 feet, brought from the quarries of Assouan.

immortal verse, and probably a thousand years before the days of Homer.

Not only was this the Golden Age of Art and Literature, but the kings seem to have really cared for their people ; rich and poor alike received encouragement and protection. These beneficent rulers of the Twelfth Dynasty were also great Irrigation Engineers. The development of the Fayum province, an oasis won from the desert, was their work, and possibly the great canal, two hundred miles long, which still performs its useful office, was made by them.[1] The land of Egypt was flourishing, and its overflowing population needed an outlet. These great Irrigation Works thus provided a new province, which to-day is still the most fertile land in Upper Egypt. Herodotos visited the Fayum 450 B.C., and describes the wonderful ancient system of irrigation and the artificial reservoir, then known as Lake Moeris, constructed to store up the waters of High Nile. To encourage the permanence of the new district and testify to its importance, two of the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty made their pyramids in the Fayum, erected colossal portrait-statues of themselves, and built the great temple called the Labyrinth. Of all these structures the indefatigable Petrie found remains, and has published several volumes recounting his discoveries. As to the Irrigation, the Regulator, where the Bahr Yusuf enters the Fayum province, is still at work, carried on under the ancient method of five thousand years ago. Major Hanbury Brown, R.E., in his interesting work "The Fayum of To-Day," says that this, and the ancient system of water-wheels, are in many instances so good that his engineers found they could not improve on them.

The temples built by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were more remarkable for their exquisite decoration than for imposing size. Nothing remains but fragments, the buildings themselves all disappeared in the troublesome times of the

[1] This canal is called Bahr Yusuf—"The Water of Joseph." The Arabs tell us it was made by the Hebrew patriarch. But he probably only repaired it, as more than fifteen hundred years before his time it was in existence.

barbaric Hyksos, who held the land in bondage for five hundred years. But everywhere remains of these temples are found, buried under the inferior structures of the Eighteenth Dynasty. At Koptos, Dr. Petrie dug up a slab of USERTESEN's temple, with a portrait of the king, beautifully carved. It was found face downward under the foundation of a temple of Thothmes III.

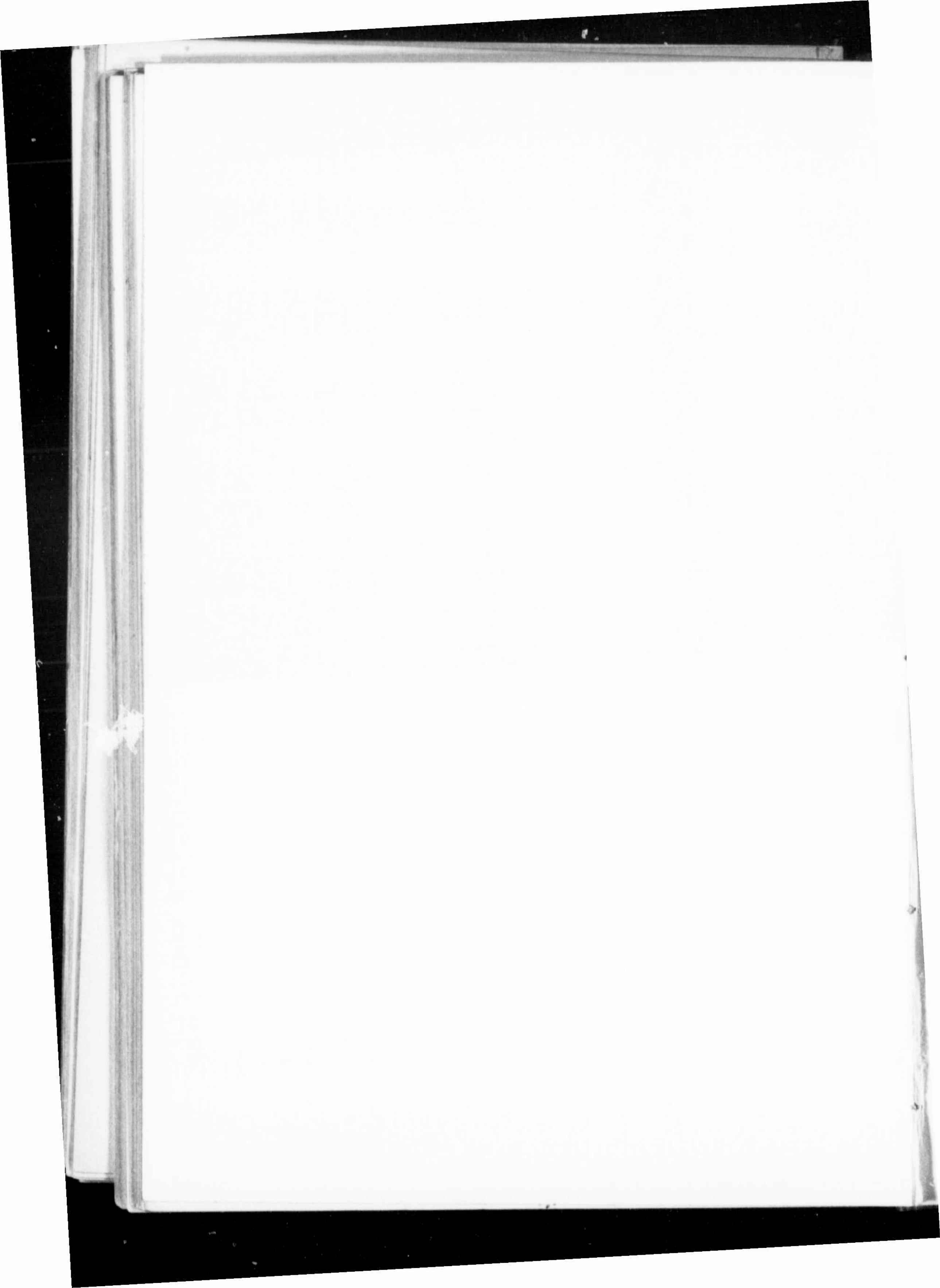
The pyramid field of Dahshur, explored by De Morgan, has yielded wonderful relics of the Twelfth Dynasty. A short way south of it are the scanty remains of the two pyramids of Lisht. These have recently been explored and the southern one proved to have been the work of USERTESEN I. Eight colossal statues of the king, seated, were found lying on their sides, in a sort of court beside the pyramid. They are of the finest sculpture, in white stone, and originally were elaborately painted. But the Nile is now twenty feet higher than in the old days, and infiltration has removed the colours. Many other carved stones and statues were found; all are now in the Cairo Museum. No signs of USERTESEN's tomb were found. These remains had evidently formed part of a superb temple attached to the pyramid.

At Karnak this year (1902) M. Legrain unearthed a number of carved blocks, bearing the cartouche of USERTESEN I., buried deep under a temple of Thothmes. These were all exquisitely engraved, and had been broken up when in a perfect state. The superiority of the early work over that of more than a thousand years later is very evident.

USERTESEN I. founded or restored the great temple of the University of Heliopolis, the On of the Bible. Dr. Petrie tells us of an ancient leathern roll which gives an account of the ceremony, and that the king himself held the cord in laying out the foundations. Here Moses learnt all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and it continued its teaching work down to the time of Plato, who studied there for some time. Every vestige of the temple buildings has disappeared, the stone having been carried off to build Roman BABYLON, Arab FOSTAT, or modern CAIRO. Nought remains of the once great university

USERTESEN I. dancing before Min (*found by Dr. Petrie at Koptos; now in University College, London*).

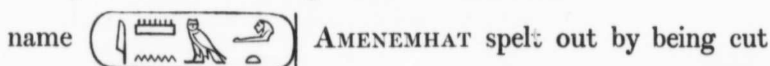
Carved blocks with cartouche of USERTESEN I. (*found at Karnak by M. Legrain, 1902*).



town save the Obelisk of Usertesen I., still bearing his name and titles in excellent carved relief. It is the oldest obelisk, and, at the same time, the most ancient inscribed royal monument in the world. It was perfect, with its golden apex flashing in the sun, in 1200 A.D., as described by El Latif, the Arab chronicler.

Fragments of buildings of the Twelfth Dynasty kings have been discovered on nearly every ancient site in Egypt, and as far as the Sudan, inscriptions are found recording the conquests of Usertesen I., who was always regarded as the first conqueror of Ethiopia.

This, the Golden Age of old Egypt, seems to me by far the most fascinating period of its history. Its memorials are rare, but always of deep interest. In my little collection there are scarabs of Amenemhat I., Usertesen I., and their successors. Of cylinders, I have one which is unique. It bears the cartouches of Usertesen II. and Amenemhat III., the two kings who, departing from the usual custom, placed their pyramids in the new province they had won from the Libyan desert. This combination of insignia is remarkable, for these kings did not reign in succession. The intermediate king, Usertesen III., did not trouble himself with the Fayum. The seal was doubtless the sign-manual of a governor of the district, having on it the titles of the two kings who had formed the new province; it is well engraved, in steatite. I have a very curious revolving bead of Amenemhat I., with his name



Amenemhat spelt out by being cut through the coating of lime covering a curious nodule of flint, pierced naturally, so that it can revolve on a spindle. I have other cylinders of these kings—Amenemhat II. and Usertesen III.—all differing in design, and found on various occasions in different parts of Egypt.

A unique memorial of this remarkable dynasty—a literally golden relic of the Golden Age of Egypt—has recently come into my possession. It is the signet ring of Usertesen I., in solid gold, as fresh and perfect as when made for the royal use.

Most fortunately, the native who first discovered this treasure did not consign it to the melting-pot, as has too often happened when objects in precious metals fell into native hands.

At the time it was brought to my notice I was journeying with Professor Sayce, whose theory was that the ring had been used in its royal owner's time, as a foundation deposit, and to this was due its remarkable state of preservation. But doctors differ in their opinions, for Professor Petrie, to whom I afterwards showed the ring, at once said that the natives must have found the mummy of USERTESEN. In his opinion, so valuable an article would not be used as a foundation deposit—such deposits being generally, he explained, small models of objects, and seldom of intrinsic value. The king's signet—for such this was—would be worn by him during life, and would be placed on his finger in his coffin. Therefore, the reappearance of USERTESEN's signet may denote the finding of USERTESEN's tomb.

No royal mummies of the Twelfth Dynasty have yet been discovered, so far as we know. Perhaps they were taken out of their pyramids long ago, in sudden panic of war or of invasion, and hidden away for safety in some distant desert or mountain gorge, by their pious guardians. Each pyramid had its appointed hereditary guardian whose office continued for many centuries. And now the place of concealment of mummies of the Twelfth Dynasty may have been discovered. All the royal mummies of the Eighteenth Dynasty, now in Cairo Museum, were thus hidden away for safety in ancient times, and so were lost to the world for two or three thousand years. A family of Arabs discovered about a hundred of them, all huddled together in a shaft near Thebes in 1871. The thieves managed to keep their secret for several years, until they had made away with all the rich decorations of the mummies, and no doubt melted down the golden ornaments.

It is wonderful that the royal signet of the king who erected the Obelisk of Heliopolis, should be preserved to our day. It is the oldest royal ring known, for it is twelve hundred years earlier than that of Thothmes, found by Dr. Petrie at Gurob, in the Fayum. The ring of USERTESEN, as becomes a relic

Gold Signet-ring of USERTESEN I. (B.C. 2758–2714) (*enlarged nearly one-third*).

of the Golden Age, is of pure solid gold, weighing 678 grains. The cartouches [1] (and the kingly titles above them) on the Ring of USERTESEN are similar to those on his Obelisk at Heliopolis, on the statues from Lisht, on the slabs from Koptos and Karnak, and on cylinders and scarabs of the same monarch.

The translation of the titles and royal names is as follows:

SETEN BYTY. King of Upper and Lower Egypt. KHEPER · KA · RA. SA RA. Son of the Sun. USERTESEN.

The royal titles were those applied to the kings of Egypt generally. The first one (*Seten byty*) refers to the union of Upper and Lower Egypt under one sovereign, the Water plant typifying the river Nile and its banks, while the Bee is the emblem of the cultivated Delta. The second royal title, "Sa Ra," refers to the king's position as representative of the Deity upon earth, "*Son of the Sun*," the Goose being the word "SON," the circle representing "RA," the SUN. The two royal names within the ovals are clearly spelled out in hieroglyphic signs. Each name had also originally a distinctive meaning, but many of these are lost to us.

In Dr. Petrie's "History of Egypt," vol. i. p. 164, mention is made of a jeweller's Weight of the Twelfth Dynasty, which is preserved in Vienna, and he alludes to a similar one in another collection, possibly both belonging to a set of royal standard weights. The Weight in Vienna had evidently been a standard for weighing gold, as Dr. Petrie works out. This interesting plaque bears the royal cartouche of USERTESEN, also the name of its owner, one HORMERA, who had apparently been the royal goldsmith. Thus it is possible that we know the name of the maker of the SIGNET RING of USERTESEN.

JOHN WARD.

[1] *Cartouche* is the term for the signs enclosed within an oval line. This arrangement was only permitted to be used for royal personages. The hieroglyphs above the ovals express the royal titles.

MR. MARCONI'S RECENT INVENTION

BY the communication made to the Royal Society on June 10, 1902, Mr. Marconi has placed himself, beyond all cavil, in the foremost rank of scientific inventors, and there can be no doubt of the enthusiastic and ungrudging admiration with which his new invention has been received by scientific men. It seldom happens that any particular application of scientific principles is altogether the work of one man. Inventions are rarely sudden, but for the most part grow from insignificant beginnings, and there are but few to which many minds have not contributed. Wireless telegraphy has been no exception. The work of Marconi was preceded, and necessarily preceded, by that of Henry and of Lord Kelvin, of Maxwell and of Hertz, of Branly and of Lodge; and Mr. Marconi has perhaps till now been regarded less as an original inventor than as (what may rank far higher) an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker of indomitable courage who had set himself a task of such obvious difficulty as few scientific men had thought it worth their while to face.

The principal obstacle to the advance of wireless telegraphy has hitherto been bound up with the imperfectly understood and imperfectly controllable nature of a fundamental phenomenon on which the whole thing has depended. The receiver of any wireless message is a long vertical wire whose upper end is insulated and lower end connected with the earth or sea—

not continuous, but broken in the middle by the insertion of a little glass tube containing a heap of loosely packed metallic filings. This little heap of filings constitutes the "coherer" of Branly. It has a remarkable property. Under ordinary circumstances it has little or no electrical conductivity, and if the terminals of a voltaic cell or battery of cells are connected to the two sides of the heap, no appreciable current will flow. The filings are in fact not really in electric contact with each other but separated, probably, by excessively thin films of non-conducting air. But when electric oscillations, such as are started by a sudden spark-discharge into a similar wire at the distant transmitting station, travel through space up to the long wire, then, if this wire be properly tuned to the oscillations, the electricity in it is set surging up and down, and the separating films are broken down and a true electric contact is established between the filings, so that the local battery connected to the two sides of the heap can now send a current round the local receiving instrument. This current is, however, immediately interrupted again by the action of a mechanical "tapper" which, by shaking, dislocates the connections of the filings. Thus the method of wireless telegraphy is that the sender by means of his spark-discharges, controls from a distance the conductivity of the receiver's circuit and enables the receiver's own battery to give local signals of the "permissions" accorded to it. These permitted, but locally produced signals constitute the message.

All depends on the "coherer"—*i.e.*, on a loose heap of metallic filings; and therein has lain the weakness of the whole system. For it will be easily understood that the mechanical shaking or tapping of the heap does not always produce exactly the same amount of dislocation, so that the electrical conductivity of the coherer is a variable and uncertain quantity, and this interferes with the proper tuning of the receiving wire so as to make it readily respond as a resonator to the electric oscillations which reach it.

The need of removing this difficulty has long been recog-

nised as an open challenge by electricians. Mr. Marconi has at last succeeded where all others have failed, and he has succeeded, not through a chance discovery, but by a reasoned application of facts and principles already known; by taking, in fact, a logical step which was open to every one to take who had the knowledge of the facts.

He has replaced the coherer by a "magnetic detector," in which he takes advantage of the fact that the responsiveness of iron to a magnetising force is much more immediate when its molecules are influenced by electric surgings in their neighbourhood. If a piece of iron is subjected to a slowly changing magnetising force caused, for example, by the alternate slow approach and recession of a magnetic pole then the magnetisation of the iron follows the changes in the magnetising force; *not immediately*, however, but after an interval, and to this lagging behind on the part of the iron Professor Ewing has given the name of Magnetic Hysteresis. The amount of lag, or lateness, depends on the quality of the iron. The molecules of the iron swing only slowly into their new positions, as if hindered by the drag of a viscous fluid. It had also been shown by Gerosa, Finzi and others that the hindrance was much diminished and the response to the magnetising force was much more immediate if electric surgings were maintained in the neighbourhood of the iron. Also should be mentioned here the well-known fact that any sudden change in the magnetic condition of a bar of iron produces in any coil of wire wrapped round it (technically termed a "secondary" coil) a correspondingly intense and sudden induced current.

By reflecting on these facts Mr. Marconi has been led to interpose in the middle of the long receiving wire, instead of a coherer, a fine insulated copper wire coiled in a single layer round a bar or bundle of iron wires which was subjected to a slowly varying magnetic force, by the slow rotation in front of it of a horseshoe magnet whose N. and S. poles alternately approach and recede from the ends of the bar. When a signal arrives the rapid electrical surgings set up in this wire influence the

freedom of motion of the molecules of the iron and the magnetic state of the bar suddenly jumps so as to correspond more closely to the changed magnetic force. Each such jump produces an induced current in a second, flat, "secondary" coil wrapped round the bar, and connected to a telephone or other suitable receiver of the message. If the rotating magnet be removed or its rotation stopped the signals are no longer recorded.

The method thus reached by a beautiful chain of reasoning appears to be a complete success; it gets rid of the uncertainties of the coherer, and carries with it the enormous advantage that the receiving wire is now continuous and of constant resistance, so that its adjustment, or "tuning" (on which its sensitiveness as an electric resonator and the possibility of isolating messages depends), can be effected far more accurately and more easily than was previously possible.

On the old system the transmitter by means of his arbitrary spark-discharges was able to control the conductivity, for a local electric current, of a heap of filings hundreds of miles away. On the new one, by means of the same sparks, he controls the mobility of the molecules of an equally or still more distant bar of iron so as to enable them to leap to new positions under the influence of a local magnetising force.

A. M. Worthington.

RODIN

THE value of a work of art is proved by its success, and by its success alone. What it means to each man individually as an experience, that is its worth for him. As yet there has been discovered no theory comprehension of which brings success, no law obedience to which must suffice. The life that kindles is not understood.

Reason may and should teach us to respect the success of works of art with other men, even when for us they fail, in proportion as those with whom they succeed offer to us the guarantees of a marked increase in vitality or refinement or nobility drawn from their commerce with such works. It is human to desire to imitate the admirations of great men, of genuine and of successful men; but though we thus perform our duty to the race by adding our individual reverence and respect to the awe with which it worships all forces that have fostered its greatest and most signal souls, we have not shared in the success of a work of art until we too have undergone its quickening and transforming influence—have had our senses bathed in felicity, our minds cleared and freshened, our imaginations enkindled and lifted up.

Rodin's success has been very markedly success with individuals; though it be now not a little swelled by the deference, insensible or ignorant, of hypocritical admirers, yet it rests in a very signal degree on the fact that his works have been real and intimate experiences to a large number of gifted men. In such success with gifted persons originated that reverence now

consecrated to our received classics; and, when a new success of this kind appears to cut athwart the classical tradition, we need to remember, more than at another time, how that tradition arose; for it is a misuse and degradation of those monumental achievements—our all too scanty sign-posts on the dark roads of the æsthetic country—to ignore their origin, how they were planted, who set them up. Only by the instinctive submission before it of quick and delicate natures has any work grown to be a classic. Though now all—or most men—bow before they feel, it was those who felt and bowed when none expected it of them, who did the work: nor have we any other test of the soundness of their judgment beyond the corroboration it receives from new generations of those who take after them in their capacity for overwhelming impressions. Any theory of æsthetics which forgets that the mastering experiences of finely gifted men are for it what facts are to a scientific hypothesis, will lose its way, will hinder, will blind.

It is beside the point to say that Michael Angelo thought poorly of Flemish art if we have evidence that it has quickened, inspired, and constrained the love of a large number of distinguished souls. It is to degrade art to the level of a theological dogma, to attempt to nail one living admiration to the cross of an authority, even the highest, for "it is impossible to Thought a greater than itself to know"; and therefore the pedant will that strikes the nail is the only authority really appealed to; though in anger it deluge us with citations and traditional reports, its own black brows and foaming lips are the only god its cruel deed propitiates. Let us appeal to authority, but not the authority of words, sentences, and formulas. The authority we must appeal to is the awe which Michael Angelo creates: Does this countermand the decrees of Durer and Rembrandt within you? For you does Phidias ostracise Rodin? And not what each reports of the matter should satisfy us that it is really so; nay, we must watch and see and judge others by ourselves; then shall we know if we have anything in common, or if the only relation between us is one brought about by locality and

accident. The power which is recognised in an æsthetic success, that is beauty; and wherever that power is there also is beauty, though wit and word fail to define it; real and present to all whom it concerns, behold it live.

When an artist of the importance of M. Rodin is recognised to be working among us, it is a great gain if we can regard him reasonably, with as little bias as possible. Many there will be, doubtless, to constitute themselves the bitter enemies of an innovator of such power; many again whose ardent and ingenuous dispositions will render them his infatuated adulators; but not a few also who recognise that with neither of these two classes does reason often dwell, for both are opposed to free discussion because they desire to see the artist's position settled according to the dictates of their passion; yet it will not lie with either to award to Rodin his final rank, but with slow-moving time.

Where prejudice does not reign what are the difficulties in the way of accepting Rodin, or of condemning him? These questions I would attempt to answer. One objection made to his work I shall set aside, for having seen by far the greatest quantity of it, I can honestly say I have never seen drawing, maquette or finished work, of which the intention appeared to be lewd or improper. I have seen works of art of which the intention was obviously lewd or lascivious, by a great many artists, among whose number there are the very greatest and most reverenced names; but by Rodin I have seen nothing against which I could bring this charge. He has represented lustful, like other passion, but never so far as I am aware other than seriously, without the least suspicion of a desire to incite or entice.

That adroit art critic, Mr. D. S. MacColl, who charmed us all at the Rodin dinner by the hazard and dexterity of his speech on French art, and who may have seemed to figure as the voice of our unfortunate country in this matter—Mr. MacColl has had, or so it appears to me, the misfortune to confuse the points at issue in regard to so much of the greatest living

sculptor's work as is still seriously contested.[1] He proceeds by dividing sculpture into two schools, that of "still life" and that which strives "to add to form the equivalent of movement, character, and passion." As far as I am able to follow him, all good sculpture, whether Greek, Gothic, of the Renaissance, or of recent years, belongs to the latter school, though there is some mediocre sculpture unspecified, presumably in the former; or does this portentous division really only amount to saying that bad sculpture is not good? And if so, I think, the ignorant might suppose that the sculpture which decorated the last Paris Exhibition (those nymphs tumbling in clouds, shouting through trumpets, and chaotically confused with wings and drapery), could hardly deserve the name of "still-life sculpture"; rather might they deem them to have emanated from the influence and to form the school of Rodin, for he has abundantly bestowed upon us clouds of marble in whose pillowy cavities amorous nudities coil and toy; for such sculpture shares with Rodin's a rapacity for movement, and a delight in proving that though, as Solomon says "God made man upright," he has been under no compulsion to retain that decorous position. But Mr. MacColl will assure them that he was speaking chiefly of the means used to express movement, and that a topsy-turvy naked lady may be produced on what he calls "still-life" principles; but let us hear him further. "The effort by a system of exaggerations and sacrifices to give to the still-life element in drawing a co-efficient of action, passion, and emotion," is "the leaven," he tells us, with which artists like Rodin have been thoroughly leavened. But surely I am right when I point out that the sculpture of the Paris exhibition also substitutes exaggeration and sacrifice for mechanical exactitude. Its most marked characteristic was the way it developed certain features of limb and body and suppressed others; these nymphs were far less like real women or even casts from life than many among M. Rodin's works; and certainly the object of these exaggerations and sacrifices was

[1] See also his paper in the *Saturday Review* for May 17, 1902.

to create an air of animation and movement. In truth I know not where we shall find the school of still life: bad sculpture is often lifeless, but, on the other hand, it is frequently boisterous. What Mr. MacColl had, I imagine, desired to demonstrate, was that artists like Goya and Rodin are governed by temperament to an unusual degree. And, therefore, they do not so much desire to see with reason's eyes as to express what their own eyes have inflicted upon them, often with ruthless severity. For them the vividness of an impression tends to become its sole value; yet though such vividness is of prime importance to quicken mechanical methods and inert means of expression, so that without it no æsthetic success seems possible, still, as the proper function of art is the service of beauty, more is necessary; and in so far as artists tend to be so absorbed in expression as to undervalue beauty of subject-matter and propriety of address, they must drift towards eccentricity.

Now it is quite safe to say that all true art has employed, more or less systematically, sacrifice and exaggeration, whether its aim has been to represent movement or repose; there is diversity only in what things are sacrificed and what have stress laid on them; therefore it is as meaningless to make this the distinction of one school as it is unnecessary to inform us that bad sculpture is not good. Such criticism, indeed, is merely "worth examining, inasmuch as it is a fair sample of a class of critical dicta everywhere current at the present day, having a philosophical form and air but no basis in fact," and I must beg the reader to bear with me while I examine yet another of these inflated phrases, which, by being pricked, may help us to come at ideas of real importance.

"Call, if you like, the still-life of a beautiful form regarded purely as human ornament the centre: the moment you depart from that, one side or the other [*sic*], to render degrees of human feeling in the moved shape [*sic*] and allow that to affect your modelling, you are embarked on the eccentric course." Was this written without thought or with a smile? For no one, so far as I am aware, ever has liked to call

"the still-life of a beautiful form, &c.," the centre. Eccentricity and centrality are not opposed in this manner; but, as I suppose these terms to have been best employed hitherto, centrality is applied to a character that yields instinctive service to the most enduring demands of the human spirit; eccentricity to one which disowns or discards some or all of those demands which humanity seems ever bound to attempt the satisfaction of the moment it has earned a little leisure by even the partial satisfaction of its more pressing appetites. Cleanliness, in regard to which Hokusai was eccentric; manners, in regard to which Turner was eccentric; knowledge, in regard to which Keats's well-known saying about the rainbow was eccentric; virtue, in regard to which Verlaine was eccentric; beauty, in respect of which our whole modern civilisation is eccentric. Cleanliness, manners, knowledge, virtue, beauty, these things are aimed at wherever life becomes organised, and in proportion as one passes through the suburbs and approaches the centre of civilised life are aimed at with success. This is why London is still suburban, and why ancient Athens remains in so great a degree the centre of civilisation. London appears to the mind's eye a filthy place as compared with Athens; Lord Salisbury cannot be pictured, advantageously, standing beside Pericles; and in something of the same way Rodin's work may suffer when compared with that of Phidias; but the onus of this rests with us all, and the life we lead, rather than with Lord Salisbury and Rodin.

Perhaps enough is now said to give us as good a notion of what is usually meant by eccentricity as any definition could, and to convince us besides that Mr. MacColl is quite wrong when he assumes that motion and emotion in themselves can be regarded as eccentric, or that the representation of them in sculpture can or has been seriously so regarded. No, the Laocoon fails where the Metopes of the Parthenon succeed; for, with all its ability, it does not convince us of its propriety, but is at once perceived to possess what beauty it has on a lower plane. It is very noteworthy how frequently gifted men

have been eccentric, and this not only in their life but in their conceptions, so that our race may easily seem to have suffered almost as much by the violence of their reckless sallies in attempting to widen its empire, as it has gained from the inspiration of their energetic example, or by the territories which, as a result of their frequent disasters, have at length been made known. Mr. MacColl admiringly refers to Rodin's "unmatched readiness to go with Nature where she goes," a phrase that very well presents the fallacy that lies at the core of that anarchy everywhere prevalent in journalistic art criticism to-day. Mr. Santayana has dealt a death-blow to these notions, which I cannot now give the space to apply to the present case, more especially as on a former occasion[1] I fitted his arguments to Sir Walter Armstrong's futilities; and besides, it has been evident to all serious thinkers for ages that the object which humanity has at heart is not to go with Nature her way, but to conquer her, and force her to come with it the way it aspires to go.

> Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
> Nature and man can never be fast friends,
> Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

Lastly, the attempt made by Mr. MacColl to drive in all those who demur before the "Balzac," appeared to me not only out of place in a speech on such an occasion, when all sections of Rodin's admirers were supposed to be gathered together with one accord, not only wanting in delicacy, but based on false assumptions. Surely he should not have ignored that the question asked about the "Balzac" where it is discussed seriously, is not, as he assumed, whether Rodin has the right to express movement and feeling by any means which lie in his power; but whether the movement and feeling which he has expressed are suitable for a public monument; or, again, can marble lend itself to such a treatment of form and on that colossal scale? Indeed, does not the pose seem a little

[1] See the MONTHLY REVIEW for April 1901.

theatrical for a public monument, and would that treatment not have seemed happier in a statuette? I have dealt at this length with Mr. MacColl's airiness, because, as I have said before, he may well have seemed to figure as the voice of our unfortunate country in this matter, and I hoped that there were among us a sufficient number of those who conceive of these things in a different spirit to make a protest both desirable and welcome.

With the logic and methods by which works of art are produced the public is not concerned, and it helps to underline the suburban note of our art criticism when it indulges in a pseudo-scientific jargon like this. "Thus we get the rhythm A.B.B.A., and the balancing volumes set up a corresponding play of planes." The public is merely concerned with beauty, that is, the power which a work of art possesses of affecting it profoundly and delightfully. The critic's sole business, when he speaks in public, is to call our attention to the works that possess this power and help us to lay hold on those which possess it in a very high degree. Art succeeds, as far as the public is concerned, when it creates an atmosphere exhilarating, refining, or elevating. The technical discussion of works of art in public is indecorous. Such things should be the secrets of the professions and crafts, and guarded with jealousy from the profane ear.

Reynolds, to whom all who write about art in English would do well to go to school, Reynolds says in his discourse on Gainsborough, "we have the sanction of all mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art, to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." Instead of labouring for anarchy by denying that one subject has more dignity than another, or asserting that the presentation of vice and disease are as delightful as the presentation of health and virtue, how much wiser would it be to quote from one of those rare souls whose thought resulted in comprehension, and say to any who pedantically insist on the necessary superiority of even a feeble imitation of central masterpieces, "we have the sanction of all

mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." And I think we may see why mankind thus approves whatever shares in a touch of genius with its power of felicitous expression, since, in his loneliness, disheartened by the constant failure of voices to effectively reach him, man recognises that nothing is more re-creative than this unerring and engaging capture of his most intimate comprehension, even though the communication itself should seem worse than trivial. Yes, indeed, the life that kindles is far from being understood. But this is not to say that, when noble, weighty, and beautiful subject-matter is conveyed to him by genius, he does not, or should not, prefer it. All is not equal in nature for human eyes, nor can even genius render squalor the equivalent of beauty, disease of health, or vice of virtue; yet as precious as health, virtue and beauty are is this genial potency for communion, and even affection for its best is perceived to require genius.

But it is claimed for Rodin that he has produced not only works of genius but works of the very highest rank. In my opinion he has. Art moves us both profoundly and delightfully when it creates an Olympian world freed from our daily chains; but it moves us even more powerfully when it shows us the human promise of health and beauty battling with the extreme misery of our conditions, succumbing to them, but dying hard; when it shows them to us respited, breathing, and straightening up, illuminated by a gleam of sunshine on that sombre background; or when it shows them to us purified and ennobled by endurance, fulfilled or carrying with confidence the assurance of fulfilment out from among us. There are works of Rodin which may, if any tragedy can, purge us by subjecting us, freed from personal bias, to the emotions of terror and pity—that may exhilarate us, against the odds, as Œdipus and Othello exhilarate us. Life is so essential to human beauty and victory, that he who imparts such an intense life to every form he creates, who presents age and pain and despair as unalterably alive, is

for us especially, since he has lived in our times, the lord and revealer of beauty.

I fear to be misunderstood in what I have just written, for it is not alone the main position of human life in regard to circumstance, the representation of which constitutes tragic beauty; the main facts of life's situation are indeed necessary to produce terror or pathos, but beauty they do not suffice for; they constitute but one out of three necessary factors in tragic art. There are besides, the beauties proper to the tools and materials used as a means of expression; without these there is no art of any kind. Lastly, there are those beauties which every living form, however squalid or degraded, shares with all natural objects: the play of light and shadow, the subtle or forcible gradations arising in the aspect of a form in consequence of its structure and surface. These last beauties belong inalienably to life over and above what it may tell of the woes and indignities it has undergone, or of the frustration of its native hopes and aspirations.

All these beauties must be seized in any work that ventures upon the dangerous field where harmonies, allied to those of tragedy, alone can reign; the profoundly absorbing field of our sorrows. For centrality in this field a spirit is demanded akin to that of those through whose eyes humanity has chosen to gaze upon its misfortunes. Rembrandt alone has illustrated the gospels; all other painters, by comparison with him, stop short in theological purlieus. He alone makes misery live like the beggar-maid in the robes of a queen; of tatters he makes more lovely lace, of worn leather fairer than tinselled slippers; for him, as for Rodin, age-bowed backs, toil-wrung limbs, and failure-deadened faces have had the patience of that most choice artificer Time lavished upon them, and are daily cherished and caressed by the god of light.

Turner, a man of the people, unsupported by the traditions of social rank or professional esteem, when he had painted a greater number of landscapes, classical by their dignity and power, than had before existed in the world, entered on a wilderness of

experiments, an endless journey from which he never returned. Yet those works of his last years are not only proof of the unmatched deftness of his hand and the insatiable curiosity of his eye, they serve, like the voyage of a less fortunate Columbus, to remind us how the call of the undiscovered and unknown is answered by courage and devotion in the realm of beauty as elsewhere. If Rodin has now embarked on such a voyage, as to some of us it may seem probable that he has, we must remember that he also grew up unsupported by the traditions of social rank and professional esteem; that for his eyes, too, the constructive framework of accredited ideas appeared chiefly as an offensive fortress, which he had to storm and take, and if he regards it now with the indifference of a conqueror, and though he should never return to it with other eyes, yet his departure may still mean for us all that Turner's does. The latent anarchy of his professed theories is very different both in its origin and result from that of our anchorless and unseaworthy journalists.

I apprehend, besides, that all the praise that Reynolds, when speaking to art students, bestowed on Gainsborough's habits of work is due to Rodin. His patience, ingenuity, and solicitude never wearied in experimenting with a view to the discovery of new beauties, both with his finished works and works in all degrees of completion, using them as Gainsborough used "broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of glass" to frame a "kind of model landscapes," using them to discover new arrangements and compositions for future groups and reliefs; and though we might wish that so much of this had not been made public, yet we have to blame the lack of taste and dignity of a journalistic age for this, while we can acknowledge that it bears witness to "the love which he had to his art; to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which everything was referred," for "we certainly know that his passion was not the acquirement of riches but excellence in his art, and to enjoy that honourable fame which is sure to attend it." I am afraid Reynolds went a little too far

when he said "sure," and the countrymen of Alfred Stevens may have to resign themselves to substituting "which ought to attend it."

Of late years Rodin has produced a goodly number of works of convenience. We may regret that there should be this class of works to be discounted, but we can scarcely blame him, since obviously all the money so gained is employed on the production of works which command at the very least our respect for their sincerity.

Certainly we have no right to scoff at him as Mr. MacColl has thought proper to scoff[1] at our great veteran artist Watts for devoting so much of his work to the illustration of well-meant allegories. I venture to assert that none of those allegories are more futile than a certain colossal hand of the Creator, which Rodin has represented holding up a lump of marble in the hollow of which a little Adam cuddles his Eve; or more pretentious than a certain column of cloud and rock and half evolved nymphs surmounted by a Corinthian capital, on the top of which a head is tilted forward as in brooding, and which Rodin has entitled "The Poet and Life"; for false literary motive and lack of constructive propriety it would be hard to surpass either of these. And perhaps their marketableness, however valid as an excuse, is not really so honourable as the well-meant solicitude of Watts for the edification of his fellow creatures. Yet it is not for us to reproach Rodin or Watts with these things, which the evident misery of the life in which too many of us contentedly idle, has wrung from the one in pity, from the other in seeking the wherewithal to continue his serious work. Be it ours to revere these open-handed creators who have bestowed on their respective nations so many and such priceless possessions, and both of whom have lived down swarms of petty decriers, and now only from time to time suffer some captious onslaught which teases us rather than them.

T. Sturge Moore.

[1] See the *Saturday Review* for May 24, 1902.

A PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THOSE great men of the past, whose names and fame are commonly remembered among us, do not all enjoy a like prestige. Some are remembered for their writings, some for their deeds, some by the accident of the position they held upon the human stage—very few for their characters, their life, for having been the men they were. Who forms in his mind a picture of Plato as a man of flesh and blood? Who does not so think of Socrates? The one is lost in his writings; the other still lives, a picturable personality. Among the great men we so picture, Francis of Assisi is still one of the most alive. His sermons are forgotten, but not the way he spoke. The manner of his living, the kind of things he said, his attitude towards other men, his view of life, his line of conduct, how he looked, what he wore, how he bore himself, the effect his personality produced on others—all these aspects of the living man are as discoverable to-day as if he were living among us. Why this should be the case is not hard to say. Francis in his life-time affected his contemporaries not so much by his notions as by his personality. He had such a winning way with him that most men yielded to the spell of his presence. When they left him they talked not about his ideas, but about him. They told one another what he had looked like, what kind of a person he was, what he had done rather than what he had said. His actions gained him a following; he did not set

out to enlist followers to enable him to act. His order formed itself in spite of him.

Hence we possess personal descriptions of Francis, and countless contemporary tales of what he did, and how he behaved, written down at a time when such chronicling of an individual's doings was rare. He even described himself. The most detailed literary portrait of Francis is that written by his follower, Thomas of Celano, who says that

> he was of a cheerful countenance and kindly expression, neither shy nor bold. He was rather below middle height, his head of medium size and round; the face at once long and projecting; the forehead small and flat; the eyes of medium size, black, and candid; the hair black; the eyebrows straight; the nose thin, symmetrical, and straight; the ears small and protruding; the temples flat. His speech was kindly, yet ardent and incisive; his voice strong, sweet, clear, and resonant; his teeth close, regular, and white; lips well-formed and fine; beard, black and straggly; neck thin; shoulders straight; arms short; hands delicate; fingers long, with nails projecting; legs thin; feet small; skin delicate; and very little flesh.

There are details enough here to enable us to picture the man, to some extent at any rate, as his fellows saw him. The literary art of the day was powerfully affected by the Franciscan movement. Under that influence it became descriptive; it paid attention to the aspect of nature and of man; it descended to details; it found a new interest in the external world. Franciscan poetry was one of the results of this impulse. Another result was the Franciscan legend such as we find it in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," or the Christian story as told in the fascinating *Meditationes Vitæ Christi.*

The literary art then was far ahead of the pictorial in Italy. Italian painters contemporary with St. Francis were a poor lot. Some of them carried on late classical Roman traditions. The best were Greeks, trained in the Byzantine schools, who came to exercise their art in Italy; and the best of these Greeks at that time was one Melormus, whose works are all destroyed or gone—forgotten. The fact that he painted a portrait of St. Francis was noted some years ago by

Professor Thode, the historian of Franciscan art, in his excellent book.[1]

Wadding, in his well-known "Annales Minorum,"[2] after quoting Thomas of Celano's description of the saint, which is translated above, continues:

> Pisanus and Ridolphus transcribe with slight changes this same description of the holy man; and it is confirmed by the old portraits of him by Melormus, a Greek painter, who was most famous at that time. He painted them at the command of the Count of Monte Acuto while the holy man was motionless in prayer.

This must have happened in the year 1212, when St. Francis stayed in the house of the said Count at Florence.

Professor Thode at the time of writing could find no trace of this picture or of any copies of it. Such copies at one time existed in considerable numbers, for St. Francis' admirers were fond of possessing a portrait of him. Thode knew of the former existence of one such copy that was recorded as being at Bergamo in 1775, but had disappeared. Attention having thus been called to this lost portrait of St. Francis by Melormus, it has been carefully looked for but the original has not been discovered. It no doubt represented the saint without a nimbus and without the *stigmata*. The copies made after Francis' death and canonisation would have both these additions. Such copies have been found. One is in my own possession. A better one is in the gallery of Pisa, and a photograph of that accompanies this notice. Possibly, it may enable some reader to point out one of the lost originals, for it is clear that Melormus painted several.

Evidently it is not a good portrait, nor is it, perhaps, even a good copy; but it manifests something, at any rate, of the Byzantine character of the original, and it is plainly the likeness of a definite person, not a mere invention. My own copy,

[1] *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien* (von Henry Thode. Berlin: 1885), p. 84. His reference to Wadding is incorrect. It should be i. 122, not i. 212.

[2] "Rome," 1731, fol., vol. i. p. 122.

Copy (now at Pisa) of the lost portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, painted by *Melormus* in 1212.

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which is in very bad condition, shows the figure of the saint down to the waist, and the left hand holding the book. It also makes the face somewhat broader. In both Francis is seen blessing, as was his wont when he met a person or entered a house. It must be admitted that the cheerful countenance and kindly expression mentioned by Thomas of Celano are wanting, but here are the long face, the small forehead, the black eyes and hair, the thin, symmetrical, straight nose, the well-formed, fine lips, the straggly black beard, the thin neck, and the long fingers, which we are told belonged to Francis.

All the other so-called portraits of St. Francis which exist differ *in toto* both from this one and from the description. Gradually, as time went on, an imaginary St. Francis was constructed by Italian painters till a typical likeness emerged. But that typical likeness does not resemble the man as he actually was. One can easily recognise the Francis of Italian art, just as one can recognise the Peter or the Paul; but the typical Francis of the painters was no more like the real Francis than were the typical Peter and Paul like the real Peter and Paul. In the image here photographed we possess a dim likeness of the real Francis. With a little goodwill it is even possible to think that one beholds through it a semblance of the shadow of the man himself.

MARTIN CONWAY.

RODOLPHE TÖPFFER:

DRAUGHTSMAN, HUMORIST, AND SCHOOLMASTER

IN the sentimental "thirties" there cannot have been many people, among the admirers of a certain Genevan schoolmaster, who foresaw that his fame would be carried down, not by the handful of short stories of a sentimentality quite in keeping with the taste of the time, but by half a dozen oblong volumes of tales in which the vehicle of caricature was used with all the felicity of a genuine impromptu. M. Vieuxbois, M. Crépin, and the rest, seem to have been created before the eyes of their author's pupils to beguile the long winter evenings, and their adventures to have been literally invented on the spur of the moment. But for an incurable affection of the eyesight, Rodolphe Töpffer or Topffer—he seems not to have been quite sure himself whether he preferred his name spelt with or without the dots—would have been a professional painter, like his father before him; we may guess that his taste would have been for landscape, and that his colouring would have been inferior to his drawing. The grounds for this assumption are not merely that the single example of his work in colour to be found in the British Museum is very far below the level of his outline work, but that in a couple of delightful volumes of "Réflexions et Menus-Propos d'un Peintre Génevois," he shows unmistakable preference for the art of

design as compared with that of colour. These reflections, which set out to be an essay on the art of drawing in Indian ink, were put together in Töpffer's spare time during no less than twelve years, and were then not finished. They treat of things in general and the painter's art in particular, in a rambling, desultory style that has a distinct charm of its own. Surely the art that consists in concealing all semblance of premeditation has never been more skilfully used since the days of Sterne, a writer whom Töpffer closely resembles in spite of certain great differences. Southey's "Doctor," that massive masterpiece of digression, cannot compare with Töpffer's work in this direction, and the Swiss schoolmaster has some of Sterne's charming way of disarming criticism by naïve confession. Here is his preface to the first of the seven books of the *Réflexions*:

Je fais un traité du lavis à l'encre de Chine. Ceci en est le premier livre. Il était fini quand je me suis aperçu qu'il n'y était question ni de lavis ni d'encre de Chine. Mai je ne puis manquer d'en parler dans les livres qui vont suivre. En attendant, je dépose celui-ci dans mes menus-propos; c'est le coffre où je jette toutes mes paperasses. De là, il ira plus tard rejoindre ses frères, à moins que ceux-ci ne viennent l'y joindre.

The first four books of the series were contributed to the "Bibliothèque universelle de Genève," and won for the author the friendship of Xavier de Maistre, who recognised a kindred spirit, and encouraged Töpffer to give himself up more completely to literature. It was characteristic of the writer of the "Voyage autour de ma chambre," that he sent Töpffer a stick of veritable *encre de Chine*, and generously acknowledged the younger man as his literary disciple and heir.

Rodolphe Töpffer was born at Geneva in 1799, and soon after 1820, when he spent some time in Paris, began his career as a schoolmaster; his first essay in literature was made in 1826, when he published a criticism on an exhibition of pictures at Geneva, following it up with articles which were afterwards incorporated in the "Réflexions," already mentioned. The

Academy of his native place appointed him professor of *belles-lettres* in 1832, and he died in 1846.

In the present day Töpffer's literary work seems hardly worthy of the admiration bestowed on it by such men as De Maistre and Sainte-Beuve, the latter of whom wrote a long eulogy, which was reprinted as a preface to the posthumous editions of Töpffer's last work, a very sentimental novel, "Rosa et Gertrude." The eminent critic was right as far as contemporary opinion went, for not only this, but Töpffer's earlier essays in fiction, enjoyed a surprising degree of success. They were translated into English and German, and the British Museum, though very poor in the books by which the author's name best deserves to be remembered, is rich in his merely literary productions. One of his most charming books is the "Voyages en Zigzag," an evidently authentic account of the journeys which he undertook every summer, from 1837 to 1842, in company with his pupils and Madame Töpffer. No wonder that when such pleasant walking-tours were arranged for the summer, and such amusing picture-books were brought into existence before their very eyes in the winter evenings, the pupils were reluctant to go home for the holidays. The account of the summer tours, like the volume of short stories collected under the title of "Nouvelles Génevoises," is illustrated by many vignettes in the text and full-page engravings after the author's own designs. Although the full-page illustrations have not as a rule the same spontaneity as the smaller pictures, there is a charming design called *Une Halte*, which shows us a picnic luncheon by the side of a mountain stream; Töpffer himself lies on one bank, with another man, probably a guide, smoking beside him; on the opposite bank Madame Töpffer, in a poke-bonnet and ample cloak, is seen unpacking a somewhat attenuated ham from a large clothes-basket, from which have already been taken numerous round loaves of bread of immense size and plenty of bottles of wine. The provisions have evidently been brought on the backs of two donkeys who graze behind the schoolmaster and the guide.

The boys, of whom there are seventeen in all, get water from the stream, and it is a comfort to see that neither they nor their master are obliged to wear the top-hat, which goes with the strictest propriety through the alpine scenes of "Nouvelles Génevoises." This collection of stories includes all Töpffer's other literary works except "Rosa et Gertrude," "La Presbytère," the "Réflexions," and a posthumous volume of "Mélanges." The first of the series, "La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle," is one of the most charming, though it has not much in it by way of story, and in most of the others it is clear that story-telling for its own sake did not appeal very strongly to Töpffer. This autobiographical sketch, as it seems to be, shows, what Töpffer's best works most rarely show, a feeling for human beauty, in the youth whose regular if effeminate features, and long hair, are represented in every sort of circumstance. "L'Héritage" and "La Traversée" obtained the admiration of Saint-Beuve; in "Le Grand Saint-Bernard" and "La Peur" there is a fantastic touch not unworthy of Hoffmann; but "Elise et Widmer" is a terribly sentimental affair.

The reproduction and publication of the caricature-stories was insisted on by an earlier admirer of Töpffer's than either Sainte-Beuve or Xavier de Maistre, no less a person than Goethe, who chanced to see the originals of some of them soon after they were finished. Five books, "Vieux-Bois," "Jabot," "Festus," "Pencil," and "Crépin," were reproduced by the author himself, and were subsequently published by Aubert, of Paris; another, "M. Cryptogame," was issued in 1845, by Dubochet, of Paris, but was much more roughly reproduced. On the covers of some of the volumes appear the names of other caricature-stories, as we may suppose, but there is no reason to assume that they are genuine works of Töpffer, although a "Histoire d'Albert," and an "Essai sur la Physiognomie," are mentioned in De La Rive's notice of the author prefixed to "Rosa et Gertrude." Töpffer has a special felicity in drawing, whether by word or line, a certain most agreeable type of old

gentleman who goes through life full of curiosity and anxiety to improve himself, yet as unsuspicious and innocent as a child. M. Bernier, the Genevan pastor, who, in "Rosa et Gertrude," befriends the two heroines in a succession of misfortunes, and who tells their melancholy story, is of the same race as M. Prévère of "La Presbytère," and the elderly heroes who encounter such surprising adventures in the caricature-books. It may be that M. Pencil, whose acquaintance I have not the honour to possess, is of another type; but all the rest have a strong family likeness, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they are of the lineage of Uncle Toby, the race that in later years has produced M. Jérome Coignard and M. Bergeret. M. Jabot at the ball; M. Vieuxbois, ever ardent in the pursuit of the stout, but elusive, "objet aimé"; M. Crépin with his children; M. Fadet, the master of deportment, and more than one of the various tutors engaged by M. Crépin; M. Festus, eagerly undertaking his "voyage d'instruction"; and M. Cryptogame, as anxious to escape the toils of matrimony as M. Vieuxbois is to enter them—all of these have the same keenness in the pursuit of their desires, and the same guileless, open minds.

The shortest, but not the least amusing of the set of books, is, "l'histoire véritable de M. Jabot, et comme quoi, rien que par ses manières comme il faut, et sa bonne tenue, il sut réussir dans le monde." It contains the adventures of the gentleman at a ball, and, after every one of them, like the refrain of a ballad, M. Jabot "se remet en position." An admirable incident of conversation is inscribed, "M. Jabot croit avoir témoigné par sa pose autant que par un léger jeu de physionomie, qu'il saisit à merveille la pensée d'une dame qui s'embrouille." The face of the puzzled lady is admirable, though a mistake seems to have been made with her chin; the hero's attentive attitude is inimitable. When the galop begins, M. Jabot, having no partner, tries to obliterate himself, but he backs into a violoncellist with sad results. A few minutes afterwards, he backs again, this time into a tray full of glasses of negus; he obligingly gets on a chair to snuff a candle, the chair is whirled

Mr. Vieux Bois change de linge

Troisième rencontre, déclation. Soupirs. espoir.

L'objet aimé s'éloigne. Forte amertume

away, and he is left hanging on the wall by his wrist; after recovering himself, he is somehow entangled with the dancers and is carried round the room in the course of the galop. He becomes involved in various differences of opinion with other guests, and finds himself engaged to fight five duels; subsequently he buys three dogs, which bring about an acquaintance with a marquise in the next room, who owns a fat pug. The adventures of the neighbours and their dogs are very diverting, and the well-behaved M. Jabot is at last made happy with his marquise.

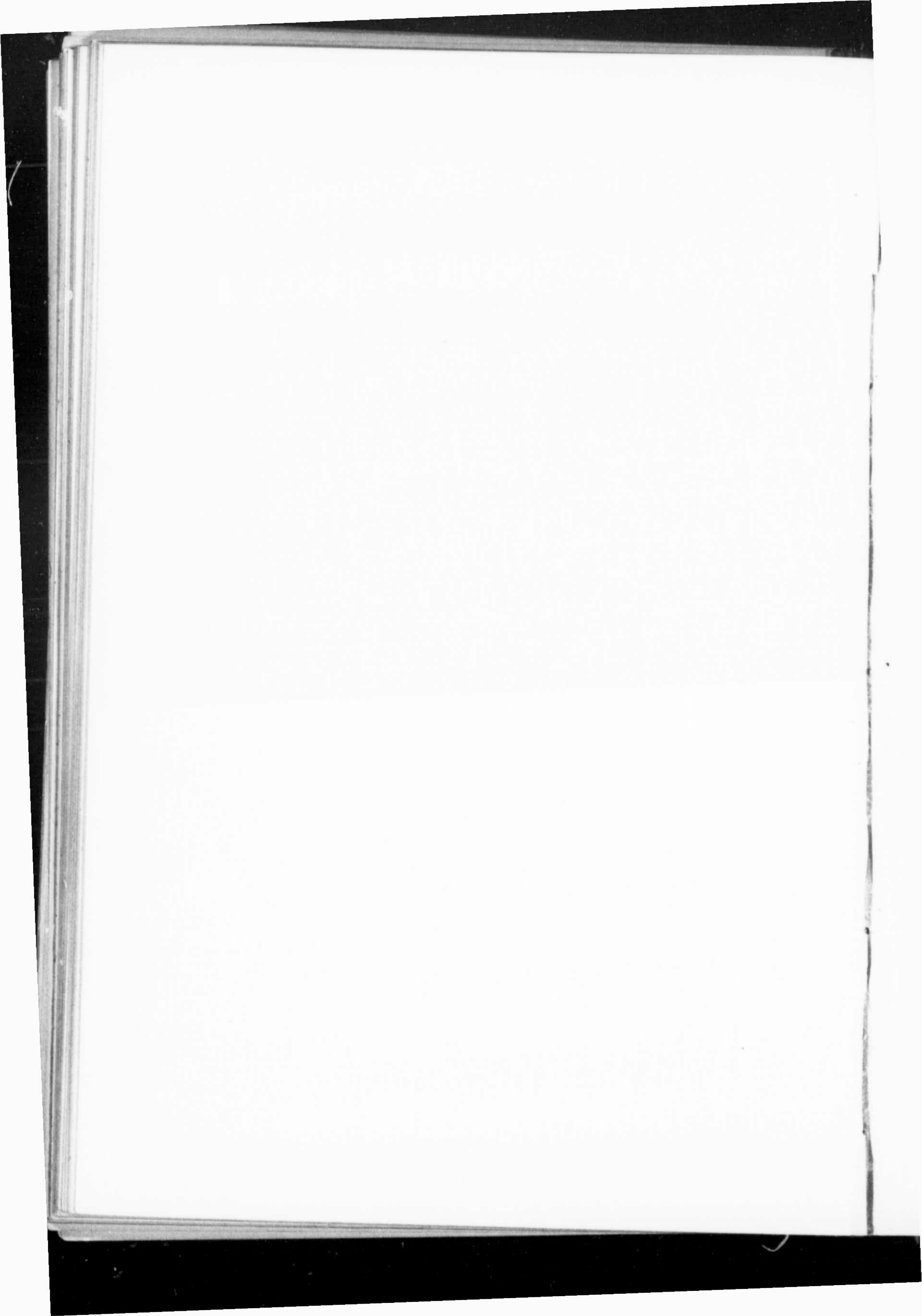
If M. Jabot, "qui se remet en position," has given one phrase to the French language, M. Vieuxbois, "qui change de linge" continually, has provided another allusion which even now is not uncommonly met with. This habit of changing his linen is indulged in after each of his many attempts at suicide, for whenever anything goes wrong in the course of his love affair with a nameless "objet aimé," life becomes intolerable to M. Vieuxbois, and with great determination he proceeds to make away with himself (see the first of our illustrations). Playing the violoncello and retiring into desert places are among the less summary methods to which he occasionally resorts; and at times he is permitted by the author to carry off "l'objet aimé" for some little distance. Many misadventures by land and water befall the lovers; there is a hated rival for the lady's hand, who is worse than drowned, for he gets entangled in a mill-wheel, with which he revolves for many pages together, being always represented in the course of his revolution on each page successively, just to keep the reader in mind that he is still going round.

Töpffer's experiences as a schoolmaster gave him plenty of material, and it is perhaps this which makes one of the funniest of the books also the most bulky. Long before the eleven sons of M. Crépin have finished the education they derive from a number of preceptors, the reader has begun to wonder how many more pictures there are still to be looked at. Mme. Crépin is easily persuaded to engage a master of deport-

ment, the priceless M. Fadet, for the elder boys, while their father prefers M. Bonichon's method of teaching by experiments in natural science, which offend the cook sadly. The success of M. Fadet's lessons is so conspicuous that all the elder Crépins behave with exemplary propriety. They have been told that when any "incongruité" takes place in company, one should feign to admire the view; one day their father sneezes into the soup at dinner, whereupon these well-mannered lads rush with one accord to the window and gaze from it in the exact attitude they have learnt from the master, who remains at table with the gratified parents. The latter part of the book is taken up with the study of phrenology under a Professor Craniose, who, like most of his predecessors, comes to a bad end; Fadet, for example, ties his cravat so tightly that he chokes. The figure of Fadet is one of the most successful in all Töpffer's gallery; he is dapper, faultlessly dressed, and has a lock of hair trained perpendicularly from his head, curving over in front, and untouched by all that he goes through. Even in the agonies of death the lock remains as it has always been. Mme. Crépin's long feathers make a suitable counterpart to M. Fadet's curl.

It might be maintained that more things happen in "Dr. Festus" than in any of the other books. It is like a novel by Smollett in its redundancy of adventure and in the character of one or two of them, which are perhaps a little highly spiced for the present age. He starts on mule-back for a "grand voyage d'instruction," but the saddle slips round with him and he finishes his ride in such a position that he obtains no material for the book he intends to write concerning what he observes. Throughout the book the poor doctor is carried, now in a lady's box, now in the trunk of a tree, now in a telescope, and again in a sack, from one adventure to another, finally returning home with nothing but a shirt to his back. His journey in the tree-trunk is the subject of the second of our illustrations. There is a "milord anglais" who is separated from "milady" for a great part of the story, and for a consider-

Le chêne est tiré par six paires de boeufs de la race de Schwitz jusque devant la maison du Sieur Taillandier, et le Docteur reprend ainsi le cours de son grand voyage d'instruction jusque là si heureusement commencé.



able time divested also of his raiment; there is a delightful "maire," who is forced to disguise himself in a variety of costumes belonging to one sex or the other, while his own official uniform is worn by nearly all the other characters, including milady; and the uniform is always followed about by a "force armée," consisting of a very awkward squad of two diverting persons who, on one occasion, present arms "avec une étonnante précision" to the uniform as it dangles on a tree, being for the moment unoccupied by any wearer. Even when Dr. Festus with it on him is launched to a prodigious distance in the air, owing to his having attached himself to the sail of a windmill, "la force armée suit l'habit." The aerial gyrations of the three bring about a very pleasant skit on the astronomical professors of several nations.

M. Cryptogame is an entomologist, who at an early stage of the story becomes convinced that the fair "Elvire, agée de 36 ans," will not make him happy. He is represented writing her a letter of eternal farewell, sitting with a remarkably knowing smile, with two butterflies pinned on the top of his tall hat, and a net beside him. Elvire finds the letter, and tries various cajolements to regain him, including the singing of the "grand air de *Didon*"; he embarks for the New World, but finds Elvire on the same vessel. After several efforts to escape, he proposes a game of blind-man's buff, in the course of which he plunges into the sea, Elvire after him, the captain after her, followed by the crew, the live-stock, and, lastly, the rats, "par esprit d'imitation." An Algerian brig captures the empty ship, and rescues every one except M. Cryptogame, who takes refuge on an island, which of course turns out to be a whale. In the interior of the whale he finds "un docteur qui pêche à la ligne dans le courant digestif"; and before long a new batch of human beings is washed down, among them a "belle provençale" of very ample proportions, whom Cryptogame proceeds to marry; but the subsequent festivities so upset the whale's digestion that most of the party are cast into the sea once more, and are saved by a Neapolitan ship, leaving the bridegroom and the piscatorial

doctor inside. The whale is harpooned within the Arctic circle, and on emerging into the unaccustomed climate, the two companions freeze into solid blocks. Some Norwegian whale-fishers, taking the doctor and M. Cryptogame on board their ship, meet and capture the Algerian brig that contains Elvire, who, like the Moorish crew, has also been frozen; she and they are passed up a most diverting rope-ladder from one vessel to the other, as the captors think they will be able to sell the frozen crew to great advantage in Spain to the "entrepreneurs d'auto-da-fé." Elvire's behaviour as soon as she begins to thaw is very remarkable: she is seized by an old Turk, but catching him by the beard, she twirls him round her head, and finally flings him into the sea; and M. Cryptogame and the doctor, now melted, are compelled to wear turbans instead of hats, the entomologist appearing with his eternal pair of butterflies pinned outside his turban. Elvire has one of her constitutional "crises," induced by the doctor's admiration, and she starts in pursuit of the faithless Cryptogame round a mast; by degrees the whole *personnel* of the ship is hurrying round the mast with the animals (not forgetting the rats) at their heels, till the rotary motion is at length imparted to the very ship. This marine wonder is observed from the shores of Africa by the dey of Algiers, who puts all his wise men to death for not knowing what the spinning ship is; shortly afterwards a general conflagration and the escape of the dey's lions drive the whole nation into the sea, and the extent of the disaster is indicated by a picture of a great number of turbans floating on the surface of the water. Once more M. Cryptogame, Elvire, and the doctor are picked up, this time by the Neapolitan ship containing the "belle provençale," who, on seeing her bridegroom, "lui saute au cou." The discovery of M. Cryptogame's marriage brings on the "fin malheureuse d'Elvire, qui à l'ouïe de ces seules paroles, éclate de jalousie et de rage." The final revelation of the Provençale as a widow with eight fine-grown children does not appear to blight M. Cryptogame's prospect of happiness.

In spite of the wildly impossible and too numerous adven-

tures of M. Cryptogame, his biography cannot compare with those of Vieuxbois or Jabot, and even these might have been more effective than they are if their author had possessed just one more gift, that of planning a story from beginning to end. All Töpffer's work suffers from the same fault, a fault which is of course easy to excuse in books that were veritable impromptus. In "Rosa et Gertrude," the miseries of the girls are piled up as if to fill out the required amount of space; but there is no adequate reason why they should ever have been subjected to such trials, and their troubles are so unrelieved that the book is not very easy reading. Several of the short stories have good ideas, but very few are carried out with any great degree of skill. It is in the planning of his story, not in the details, that Töpffer falls short. Many a sentence of M. Bernier's is admirably just and finely felt; but the lack of the story-teller's skill cannot be concealed, and the appeal of the author's work as a whole is mainly to the young, or to those whose sense of humour is robust enough to carry them through a whole series of unconnected adventures.

As a draughtsman, his skill in rendering various expressions while keeping the likeness of his character is very remarkable, and one always feels that he has managed to "hit off" exactly what he has imagined. He is a master of line, and every touch tells; he has the feeling for landscape, and all his books abound in charming little bits of scenery, though few have so elaborate a design as that of the illustration reproduced above, in which M. Festus is carried in the trunk of a tree. It is obvious that the hind wheels of the cart do not run quite true with the front wheels, and the purist in matters of drawing may often find similar fault, but the whole scene is treated with the hand of a genuine lover of nature, and a strong instinct for the charms of a typically French landscape.

Individual tastes in humour differ perhaps more widely than in anything else; and it is worse than useless to try to persuade

people that a thing is funny if they do not see it for themselves. It may have been a sense of this wide difference which made Töpffer prefix to all his caricature-stories the same preface: "Va, petit livre, et choisis ton monde; car, aux choses folles, qui ne rit pas, bâille; qui ne se livre pas, résiste; qui raisonne, se méprend, et qui veut rester grave en est maître."

J. A. Fuller Maitland.

WEST IRISH FOLK BALLADS

I HAD often been asked, and often wondered, why our Irish people, so rich in the instinct and the temperament of poetry, should be comparatively poor in songs and ballads. For, except the political ballads of '48, and the "Come all ye's" of streets and markets of to-day, there are but few songs in the English tongue that can be said to belong to the people. And I only knew the Irish ballads in translations, and fine as are some of the translations of Callinan, Walsh, Ferguson, and, above all, Mangan, they have lost so much of the folk quality in the change of language that they hardly give the impression of having come straight from peasant lips.

I am sorry to confess that it was only a few years ago, when Douglas Hyde published his literal translations of Connaught love-songs, that I realised that while I had been searching from year to year the columns of nationalist papers for some word of poetic promise, the people about me had been keeping up the lyrical tradition that existed in Ireland before Chaucer's time, and were still singing of love and sorrow and the lesser incidents of life in the language that has been pushed by degrees nearer and nearer to the steep western seaboard, the edge of the world. "Eyes have we but we see not, ears have we but we do not understand;" many besides myself who have spent a lifetime in Ireland must make this confession.

The ballads to be gathered now are but the remnants of a once great lyric literature. The rest was swept away

in this last century, in the merciless sweeping away of the Irish tongue and of all that was bound up with it, by England's will, by Ireland's need, by blind official pedantry.

To give an idea of the ballads of to-day, I will not quote from the translations of Douglas Hyde or Dr. Sigerson, for these can be read in their books; I will give instead a few of the more homely ballads still sung and composed by the people and, as far as I know, not hitherto translated.

Those I have heard since I have begun to look for them in the cottages are for the most part sad, but not long ago I heard a girl sing a merry one, in a joyful, mocking tone, about a boy on the mountain, who neglected the girls of his village to run after a strange girl from Galway, and the girls of the village were vexed, and they made a song about him. And he went to Galway after her, and there she laughed at him, and said he had never gone to school or to the priest, and she would have nothing to do with him. So then he went back to the village and asked the smith's daughter to marry him, but she said she would not and that he might go back to the strange girl from Galway. Another song I have heard was a lament over a boy and a girl who had run away to America, and on the way the ship went down. And when they were going down they began to be sorry that they were not married, and to say that if the priest had been at home when they went away they would have been married, but they hoped that when they were drowned it would be the same with them as if they were married. And I heard another lament made for three boys who had lately been drowned in Galway Bay. It is the mother who is making it, and she tells how she lost her husband, the father of her three boys, and then she married again and they went to sea and were drowned, and she wouldn't mind about the others so much but it is the eldest boy, Peter, she is fretting for. And I have heard one song that had a great many verses and was about "a poet that was dying, and he confessing his sins."

The first ballad I will quote is about sorrow and defeat and death, for sorrow is never far from song in Ireland, and the names best praised and kept in memory are of those

> Lonely antagonists of destiny
> That went down mournful under many spears;
> Who soon as we are born are straight our friends,
> And live in simple music, country songs,
> And mournful ballads by the winter fire.[1]

In this simple lament, the type of a great many, only the first name of the young man it was made for is given. It is likely the people of his own place know still to what family he belonged, but I have only heard he was "some Connaught man that was hanged in Galway," and it is made clear it was for some political crime he was hanged, by the suggestion that if he had been tried nearer his own home "in the place he had a right to be," the issue would have been different, and by the allusion to "the Galls," the English.

It was bound fast here you saw him and you wondered to see him, our fair-haired Donough, and he after being condemned. There was a little white cap on him in place of a hat, and a hempen rope in place of a neckcloth.

I am after walking here all through the night, like a young lamb in a great flock of sheep; my breast open, my hair loosened out; and how did I find my brother but stretched out before me!

The first place I cried my fill was at the top of the lake; the second place was at the foot of the gallows; the third place was at the head of your dead body, among the Galls, and my own head as if cut in two.

If you were with me in the place you had a right to be, down in Sligo or down in Ballinrobe, it is the gallows would be broken, it is the rope would be cut; and fair-haired Donough going home by the path.

O fair-haired Donough, it is not the gallows was fitting for you, but to be going to the barn, to be threshing out the straw; to be turning the plough to the right hand and to the left; to be putting the red side of the soil uppermost.

O fair-haired Donough, O dear brother! It is well I know who it was took you away from me; drinking from the cup, putting a light to the pipe, and walking in the dew in the cover of the night.

O Michael Malley, O scourge of misfortune! My brother was no calf of a

[1] Stephen Phillips.

vagabond cow, but a well-shaped boy on a height or a hillside, to knock a low pleasant sound out of a hurling stick.

And fair-haired Donough, is not that the pity, you that would carry well a spur or a boot; I would put clothes in the fashion on you from cloth that would be lasting; I would send you out like a gentleman's son.

O Michael Malley, may your sons never be in one another's company; may your daughters never ask a marriage portion of you; the two ends of the table are empty, the house is filled, and fair-haired Donough, my brother, is stretched out.

There is a marriage portion coming home for Donough; but it is not cattle nor sheep nor horses, but tobacco and pipes and white candles, and it will not be begrudged to them that will use it.

The idea of the "marriage portion," the provision for the wake, being brought home for the dead boy, gives this lament a touch of extreme pathos.

It is chiefly in Aran, and on the opposite Connemara coast, that Irish ballads are still being made as well as sung. The little rock islands of Aran are fit strongholds for the threatened language, breakwaters of Europe, taking as they do the first onset of an ocean "that hath no limits nearer than America." The fishermen go out in their thin canvas curraghs to win a living from the Atlantic, or painfully carry loads of sand and seaweed to make the likeness of an earth plot on the bare rock. The Irish coast seems far away, the setting sun very near. When a sea fog blots out the mainland for a day, a feeling grows that the island may have slipped anchor, and have drifted into unfamiliar seas. And the fishermen are not the only dwellers upon the islands; they are the home, the chosen resting-place of "the Others," the fairies, the fallen angels, the mighty *Sidhe*. From here they sweep across the sea, invisible, or taking at pleasure the form of a cloud, of a full-rigged ship, of a company of policemen, of a flock of gulls. Sometimes they only play with mortals, sometimes they help them. But often, often, the fatal touch is given to the first-born child, or to the young man in his strength, or the girl in her beauty, or the young mother in her pride, and the call is heard to leave the familiar fireside life for the whirling, vain, unresting life of the irresistible host.

It is perhaps because of the very mistiness and dreaminess of their surroundings, the almost unearthly silences, the fantasy of story and of legend that lies about them, that the people of Aran and the Galway coast seem almost to shrink from imaginative subjects in their fireside songs, and choose rather to dwell upon the incidents of daily life. It is in the songs of the fat green plains of Munster that the depths of passion and heights of idealism have been found.

It is at weddings that songs are most in use in the West, even the saddest not being thought out of place, or at the evening cottage gathering, while the pipe, lighted at the turf fire, is passed from one hand to another. Here is one that is a great favourite, though very simple, and somewhat rugged in metre, but it touches on the chief interests of a coast dweller's or an islander's life, emigration, death by drowning, the land jealousy. It is called "a sorrowful song that Bridget O'Malley made." She tells in it of her troubles at the Boston factory, of her lasting sorrow for her drowned brothers, and her as lasting anger against her sister's husband. She sent it home from America, for Aran, as the people say, is "a nursery for America," and they are not afraid of the voyage or the busy, noisy life, but only hope they may come back at last to be buried in the "clean graveyard" at home.

Do you remember, neighbours, the day I left the white strand? I did not find any one to give me advice, or to tell me not to go. But with the help of God, as I have my health, and the help of the King of Grace, whichever State I will go to, I will never turn back again.

Do you remember, girls, that day long ago when I was sick, and when the priest said, and the doctor, that with care I would come through? I got up after, I went to work at the factory, until Sullivan wrote a letter that put me down a step.

And Bab O'Donell rose up, and put a shawl about her; she went to the office till she got work for me to do; there was never a woman I was with that would not shake hands with me; now I am at work again, and no thanks to Sullivan.

It is a great shame to look down on Ireland, and I think myself it is not right; for the potatoes are growing in the gardens there, and the women

milking the cows. That is not the way in Boston, but you may earn it or leave it there; and if the man earns a dollar, the woman will be out drinking it.

My curse on the curraghs, and my blessing on the boats; my curse on that hooker that did the treachery; for it was she snapped away my four brothers from me, and best they were that ever could be found. But what does Kelly care, so long as himself is in their place?

My grief on you my brothers, that did not come again to land; I would have put a boarded coffin on you out of the hand of the carpenter; the young women of the village would have keened you, and your people and your friends; and is it not Bridgid O'Malley you left miserable in the world?

It is very lonely after Pat and Tom I am, and in great trouble for them, to say nothing of my fair-haired Martin that was drowned long ago; I have no sister, and I have no other brother, no mother, my father weak and bent down, and O God, what wonder for him!

My curse on my sister's husband; for it was he made the boat; my own curse again on himself and on his tribe. He married my sister on me, and he sent my brothers to death on me, and he came himself into the farm that belonged to my father and my mother!

Another little emigration song, very simple and charming, tells of the return of a brother from America. He finds his pretty brown sister, his "cailin deas donn," gathering rushes in a field, but she does not know him, and after they have exchanged words of greeting he asks where her brother is, and she says, "Beyond the sea." Then he asks if she would know him again, and she says she would surely; and he asks by what sign, and she tells of a mark on his white neck. When she finds it is her brother who is there and speaking to her, she cries out, "Kill me on the spot," meaning that she is ready to die with joy.

This is the lament of a woman whose bridegroom was drowned as he was rowing the priest home on the wedding-day:

I am a widow and a maid, and I very young; did you hear my great grief, that my treasure was drowned? If I had been in the boat that day, and my hand on the rope, my word to you, O'Reilly, it is I would have saved your sorrow.

Do you remember the day the street was full of riders, and of priests and friars and all talking of the wedding-feast. The fiddle was there in the middle,

and the harp answering to it; and twelve mannerly women to bring my love to his bed.

But you were of those three that went across to Kilcomin ferrying Father Peter, who was three and eighty years old; if you came back within a month itself, I would be well content; but is it not a pity I to be lonely, and my first love in the waves.

I would not begrudge you, O'Reilly, to be kinsman to a king; white bright courts around you, and you lying at your ease; a quiet well learned lady to be settling out your pillow; but it is a fine thing you to die from me, when I had given you my love entirely.

It is no wonder a broken heart to be with your father and your mother; the white-breasted mother that crooned you, and you a baby; your wedded wife, O thousand treasures, that never set out your bed, and the day you went to Trabawn, how well it failed you to come home.

Your eyes are with the eels and your lips with the crabs; and your two white hands under the sharp rule of the salmon. Five pounds I would give to him who would find my true love. Ohone! it is you are a sharp grief to young Mary ny Curtain!

Some men and women who were drowned in the river Corrib on their way to a fair at Galway in the year 1820 have their names still remembered in a ballad. Mary Ruane, "that you would stand in a fair to look at, the best dressed woman in the place;" John Cosgrave, "the best a woman ever reared; your mother thought that if a hundred were drowned your swimming would take the sway." But the boat went down, and "when I got up early on Friday, I heard the keening and the clapping of hands with the women that were drowsy and tired after the night there without doing anything but laying out the dead."

Here is a little song of daily life in which a girl laments the wanderings and the covetous hunger of her cow:

It is following after the white cow I spent last night; and indeed all I got by it was the bones of an old goose.

It's what she is wanting, is the three islands of Aran for herself, Erisbeg that is in Maimen, and the glens of Maam Cross; all round about Oughterard, and the hills that are below it; John Blake's farm where she often does be bellowing; and as far as Ballinamuca, where the long grass is growing; and it's in the wood of Barna she'd want to spend her life.

And when I was sore with walking through the dark hours of the night,

it's the water-guard came crying after her, and he maybe with a bit of her i his mouth!

The little sarcastic hit at the coastguard, who may himself have stolen the cow he joins in the search for, is characteristic of Aran humour. The comic song, as we know it, is unknown on the islands. The nearest to it I have heard there is about the awkward meeting of two suitors, a carpenter and a country lad, at their sweetheart's house, and of the clever management of her mother, who promised to give her to the one who sang the best song, and how the country lad won her. There is another that I thought was meant to make laughter, the lament of a girl for her "beautiful comb" that had been carried off by her lover, whom she had refused to marry "until we take a little more out of our youth," and invites instead to "come with me to Eochaill reaping the yellow harvest." Then he steals the comb, and the mother gives her wise advice how to get it back. "He will go this road to-morrow, and let you welcome him. Settle down a wooden chair in the middle of the house, snatch the hat from his head, and do not give him any ease until you get back the beautiful comb that was high on the back of your head." But an Aran man has told me, "No, this is a very serious song; it was meant to praise the girl, and to tell what a loss she had in the comb."

Douglas Hyde, who is almost a folk poet, the people have adopted so many of his songs, has caught the sarcastic touch in this "love-song":

"O sweet queen to whom I gave my love; O dear queen the flower of fine women; listen to my keening, and look on my case. As you are the woman I desire, free me from death."

He speaks so humbly; humble entirely. Without mercy or pity she looks on him with contempt. She puts mispleading in her cold answer; there was a drop of poison wrapped in every quiet word.

"O man wanting sense, put from you your share of love: it is bold you are entirely to say such a thing as that. You will not get hate from me, you will not get love from me; you will not get anything at all but indifference for ever."

I was myself the same night at the house of drink, and I saw the man,

and he under the table. Laid down by the strength of wine, and without a twist in him itself. It was she did that much with the talk of her mouth.

But I am told that the song that makes most mirth is "The Carrageen," the day-dream of an old woman, too old to carry out her purpose, of all she will buy when she has gathered a harvest of the Carrageen moss, used by invalids:

If I had two oars and a little boat of my own, I would go pulling the Carrageen, I would dry it up in the sun; I would bring a load of it to Galway, it would go away in the train, to pay the rent to Robinson, and what is over would be my own.

It is long I am hearing talk of the Carrageen, and I never knew what it was. If I spent the last spring-tide at it, and I to take care of myself, I would buy a gown and a long cloak and a wide little shawl; that and a dress-cap, with frills on every side like feathers.

(This is what the Calleac said that was over a hundred years old.)

I lost the last spring-tide with it, and I went into sharp danger.

I did not know what the Carrageen was, or anything at all like it; but I will have tobacco from this out if I lose the half of my fingers!

This is a song addressed by a fisherman to his little boat, his "curragh-kin":

There goes my curragh-kin, it is she will get the prize; she will be to-night in America, and back again with the tide. . . .

I put pins of oak in her, and oars of red pine, and I made her ready for sailing; for she is the six-oared curragh-kin that never gave heed to the storm, and it is she will be coming to land, when the sailing-boats will be lost.

There was a man came from England to buy my little boat from me; he offered me twenty guineas for her, there were many looking on. If he would offer me as much again, and a guinea over and above, he would not get my curragh-kin till she goes out and kills the shark.

For a shark will sometimes flounder into the fishing-nets and tear his way out, and even a whale is sometimes seen off the coast. I remember an Aran man beginning some story he was telling me, "I was going down that path one time with the priest and a few others, for a whale had come ashore, and the jaw-bones of it were wanted, to make the piers of a gate."

As for the love-songs of our coast and island people, they seem to be for the most part a little artificial in manner, a little over-strained in metaphor, so that they seem a little passionless, perhaps so giving rise to the Scotch Gaelic saying, "as loveless as an Irishman." Love of country, *Tir-grad*, is, I think, the real passion, and bound up with it are love of home, of family, love of God. Constancy and affection in marriage are the rule, yet marriage "for love" is all but unknown, marriage is a matter of common-sense arrangement between heads of families. As Mr. Yeats puts it, the peasant's "dream has never been entangled by reality."

However this may be, my Aran friends tell me "the people do not care for love-songs, they would rather have any others"; and new love-songs do not seem to be made up from time to time by lovers, as laments are by those who cry over their dead. Yet when a love-song breaks now and then from the stiff tradition, and gives some local or personal touch, it seems to be welcome enough. Classical allusion, joined to native exaggeration, has been the breath of all Irish poets since Naoise addressed Deirdre as a woman "brighter than the sun," and it has made the love-song a little monotonous and unreal at last.

The girl of the songs, with her dew-grey eye and long amber hair, is always likened to Venus, to Juno, to Deirdre. "I think she is nine times nicer than Deirdre," says Raftery, "or I may say Helen, the affliction of the Greeks"; and he writes of another country girl that she is "beyond Venus, in spite of all Homer wrote on her appearance, and Cassandra also, and Io that bewitched Mars; beyond Minerva, and Juno the king's wife"; and he wishes "they might be brought face to face with her, that they might be confused." "She comes to me like a star through the mist, her hair is golden and goes down to her shoes; her breast is the colour of white sugar, or like bleached bone on the card-table; her neck is whiter than the froth of the flood, or the swan coming from swimming. . . . If France

and Spain belonged to me, I'd give them up to be along with you," and he gives "a thousand praises to God that I didn't lose my wits on account of her." Raftery puts some touch of distinction into each one of his songs, but monotony brings weariness when lesser poets, echoing the voices of so many generations, repeat the same goddesses, and the same exaggerations, and the same amber hair.

There is more of an original touch than is usual in this Aran song, Bridgid na Casad:

Bridgid's kiss was sweeter than the whole of the waters of Lough Erne; or the first wheaten flour worked with fresh honey into dough; there are streams of bees' honey on every part of the mountain, there is brown sugar thrown on all you take, Bridgid, in your hand.

It is not more likely for water to change than for the mind of a woman, and is it not a young man without courage will not run the chance nine times? It's not nicer than you the swan is when he comes to the shore swimming; it's not nicer than you the thrush is, and he singing from tree to tree.

And here is another, homely in the beginning, and suddenly rising to great exaggeration:

Late on the evening of last Monday, and it raining, I chanced to come into Seagan's and I sat down; it is there I saw her near me in the corner of the hearth; and her laugh was better to me than to have her eyes down; her hair was shining like the wool of a sheep, and brighter than the swan swimming. It is then I asked who owned her, and it is with Frank Conneely she was.

It is a good house belongs to Frank Conneely, the people say that do be going to it; plenty of whisky and punch going round, and food without stint for a man to get. And it is what I think, the girl is learned, for she has knowledge of books and of the pen, and a schoolmaster coming to teach her every day.

The troop is on the sea, sailing eternally, and looking always, always, on my Nora Bán. Is it not a great sin, she to be on a bare mountain, and not to be dressed in white silk, and the King of the French coming to the island for her, from France or from Germany?

Is it not nice the jewel looked at the races and at the church in Barna? She took the sway there as far as the big town. Is she not the nice flower with the white breast, the comeliness of a woman; and the sun of summer pleased with her, shining on her at every side, and hundreds of men in love with her.

It is I would like to run through the hills with her, and to go the roads with her, and it is I would put a cloak around my Nora Bán.

The very *naïveté*, the simplicity, of these ballads make one feel that the peasants who make and sing them may be trembling on the edge of a great discovery, and that some day, perhaps very soon, one born among them will put their half articulate, eternal sorrows and laments and yearnings into words that will be their expression for ever, as was done for the Hebrew people when the sorrow of exile was put into the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, and the sorrow of death into the lament for Saul and Jonathan, and the yearning of love into what was once known as "the ballad of ballads," the Song of Solomon.

I have one ballad at least to give that shows, even in my bare prose translation, how near that day may be, if the language that holds the soul of our West Irish people can be saved from the "West Briton" destroyer. There are some verses in it that attain to the intensity of great poetry, though I think less by the creation of one than by the selection of many minds; the peasants who have sung or recited many songs from one generation to another having instinctively sifted away by degrees what was trivial, and kept only the best, for it is in this way the foundations of literature are laid. I first heard of this ballad from the south, but when I showed it to an Aran man he said it was well known there, and that his mother had often sung it to him when he was a child. It is called "The Grief of a Girl's Heart."

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you, and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market-days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them; and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird, and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O, Donall og, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady; I would milk the cow, I would bring help to you; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ohone, and it's not with hunger, or with wanting food or drink or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse. He did not come to me, he made nothing of me, and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O aya! my mother, give myself to him! and give him all that you have in the world; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come east and west looking for me.

My mother said to me, not to be talking with you, to-day or to-morrow, or on the Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe; or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP

With Unpublished Letters from Madame D'Arblay and Dr. Burney to Mrs. Waddington

II

THE last public act of Burke, before going out of office in 1783, was to present his old friend, Dr. Burney, with the organistship of Chelsea College. The Doctor, who was in full practice as a fashionable music-master, did not retire to Chelsea till 1790, when he was sixty-four years of age. At this time he gave up teaching, but continued his literary labours, producing a "Life of Metastasio" in three volumes, and writing all the musical articles for Rees' new "Cyclopædia." His charm of manner and conversation had attracted round him an immense circle of acquaintance, musical, literary and fashionable, insomuch that his leisure time, as long as his strength allowed, was taken up with social duties—calls, correspondence, and attendance at parties or concerts. It will be remembered, in proof of his fascination, that Dr. Burney was believed to be the only man to whom Dr. Johnson had ever pronounced the words, "I beg your pardon, sir." "My heart," declared Johnson on another occasion, "goes forth to meet Burney. I question if there be in the world another such man for mind, intelligence, and manners as Dr. Burney,"

Mrs. Waddington has preserved several letters addressed to her by Dr. Burney between the years 1805 and 1807. These

characteristic epistles contain, besides information about himself and his family, various allusions to the music and musicians of his day. The vivacity with which they are written prove that neither years nor infirmities had power to dim the spirits of the popular historian of music. From the following letter, dated May 7, 1805, we learn that Dr. Burney had been commissioned to choose a grand piano for his correspondent, who was about to pay one of her rare visits to London:

It was my full intention to have had the honour and pleasure of writing you a long letter to-day, after being at Broadwood's yesterday, and choosing the best of three large pianofortes of long compass both ways, conditionally; not to take it up if a better one comes out of the workshop before your arrival in town. I likewise intended touching upon several other particulars in last letter to Fanny Phillips; but coming home from a dinner and music at Mrs. Crewe's at near one o'clock this morning, I found on my table such a number of letters and notes that required immediate answers, I shall be obliged by the early departure of our post to write in the laconic style of Pennant and Briggs to the only person for whom I wished, in the midst of present hurries, to amplify and treat at large some dear reminiscences of past times. When I tell you that I have nearly finished my laborious and arduous undertaking for the new Cyclopedia, and that I am no longer an A.B.C.-darian, and yet talk of hurry, you will wonder what occupies my perturbed and active spirit now. But the truth is that during the present springtide of London visitants and dissipation, the poor octogenarian, in gratitude when he is able to go out, cannot resist, as he ought, the kind invitations of friends to dinners, concerts and conversaziones:

"For blind as a beetle, and deaf as a post,
Their shot and their powder is totally lost."

I am sorry your stay in the capital is likely to be so short, for in spite of the ill-humour of politicians and afflicting events in the West Indies,[1] London was never more gay, festivities more frequent, or the houses of the great and affluent more crowded on nights of being at *home* than at present.

I have not had leisure to read the "Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess"; but I have seen it at Mrs. Ord's, who read to me a few pages, which are well written, and replete with wisdom and purity of sentiment. The part she read, during the short time I could stay that was not interrupted by visitors of tastes in literature different from our own, or with no taste at all,

[1] The temporary successes of Villeneuve and the Toulon fleet.

was the characters of my favourite authors and moralists, Addison and Johnson, which are nicely discriminated. Mrs. Ord was somewhat of your opinion that Hannah More was the author, which I thought myself was likely. Yet there was an enlargement and even a force, I thought sometimes, that inclined me to doubt of the work coming from my old blue-stocking friend, H. M.,[1] who, I think of late is inclined to overshoot the mark in exacting from the gay too much obedience to her dictates, and too many sacrifices at once, by which she gains too little. In point of health, from *high living* to total abstinence from what a patient has been long habituated is dangerous—as Armstrong says—"By slow degrees the Ark was won; by slow degrees Hercules grew strong."

And have you not observed, dear Madam, that if any man of real merit is *avantageux*, conceited or affected, and asks more admiration than is his due, the world is at war with him, and grants him too little. And I am not sure that a princess, presumptive heiress to the sovereignty of this country, should, like a private individual, be kept in total ignorance of the wickedness and worthlessness of the generality of mankind, but particularly such as surround monarchs, and have ten thousand plans of availing themselves of their ignorance of their private lives. Let such a person be made acquainted with the existence of vice and immorality, and taught to detest and abhor them, and be guarded against imposition and counterfeits. I have not a moment more left to pursue this subject, which perhaps I ought not to do till I have read all the work in question, in which perhaps the author has shown the consequences of a prince whose excessive piety and ignorance of the world rendered his life miserable, like that of our poor Harry VIth, and his reign and kingdom full of the most dire events. The politicians and revolutionary spirits of the present times, it is to be feared, will not submit to be governed by a saint. What effect have the virtues of our present mild, beneficent and religious prince had on his turbulent subjects? God bless you, dear Madam. Fanny Phillips will answer the rest of your letter. Pray believe me with the most sincere regard and friendship,

Yours most affectionately,

CHAS. BURNEY.

The following undated letter from Dr. Burney's grand-daughter, Fanny Phillips,[2] to Mrs. Waddington, which may be attributed to this period, contains an extract from one of the infrequent communications that found their way from Passy to Chelsea:

I should not thus long have appeared ungrateful for my dear Mrs. Waddington's permission to write to her, but that till now I have had nothing

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[1] Hannah More was the author of the book in question.

[2] Daughter of Susan Phillips, Fanny Burney's favourite sister.

interesting to communicate. But that excuse for a long silence no longer remains, since we have received a most kind and consolatory letter from my dearest Aunt D'Arblay. Her paper is almost entirely filled with so interesting an account of darling little Alex that I cannot forbear to copy it, from a certainty that my dearest Mrs. Waddington will sympathise with the feelings of his dear mother.

We had always intended Alex for a pupil of his uncle,[1] but our long and enforced absence from England compelled new projects; we had purported doing for him whatever we could entirely *chez nous*. M. D'Arblay began him in the rudiments of mathematics, and he made a progress in arithmetic really surprising, but his little head worked so constantly that he solved and invented difficulties in the night, instead of sleeping, and alarmed for his health, his father was forced to remit this species of instruction, but Latin, French, writing and geography went on smoothly, while history, English, and to the best of my ability, religion, fell to my share. We had every reason to be content with our little scholar, and to own the truth, we were not ashamed of the bantling: but as he grew older, we observed in him so strong a love of learning, so passionate a desire for improvement, and so decided a taste for literature, that we grew discontented with *ourselves* from the effect of growing more than contented with *him*. It then appeared to us that we could not do him justice; we could by no means, however, consent to relinquish entirely our home system; we therefore prevailed on the *chef* of the principal *école* of Passy to receive him for three hours every morning. The master of his particular class took a fancy to him so great that he called him a Phœnix alike for facility and application, and after studying only ten months he finished the *vacance* by receiving at the grand yearly gala of the examination of scholars, and distribution of prizes at the public *salle*, such marks of distinction as drew tears—not bitter ones—from the eyes of your two D'Arblays; and I know not that my dear father's would have been perfectly dry had he seen his little godson called upon by the head-master to receive in the midst of a *salle* of seven hundred spectators the first prize for *bonne conduite*, which was Thomson's "Seasons" in French prose; and then called by the *sous-prefet* to receive upon his little head a crown of oak-leaves. Then such applause! Afterwards he had the same ceremony for first prize for mythology, then the first for version, and lastly for themes. Much more could I add, but must remit to my next opportunity.

With the following letter, dated February 5, 1806, Dr. Burney encloses two sets of original verses on his friend Mrs. Crewe, whose husband had just received a peerage:

[1] Charles Burney, held to be the best Greek scholar in England, after Porson and Parr.

My VERY DEAR MADAM,—I fret so much, and mentally scourge myself for not writing more frequently "as you've no notion," as Miss de Rolla[1] would have said. But time, or, indeed, energy to write a letter worth postage has not of late been among my possessions. My long recumbent position in or on the bed, while nursing my Malvern mishap,[2] has so enfeebled me that I totter about like a Darby without a Joan, and am become so *nesh* that every breath of fresh air brings back my cough. I have been out but one evening since my confinement of two months. But do ladies who have blessed the world with twins do double duty in the straw and in the Church? *Je n'en sais rien.* The single time I went out was to sacred music at Hanover Square, which I thought next to being *churched.* But I have been coughing ever since, so my piety was not accepted as a *purification.*

Have you ever been at the performance of *La Buona Figliuola?*[3] Impossible, dear madam, while Lovatini[4] was here; but you probably know the music, which is charming, particularly the opening of the duet, *La Baroness amabile,* which Lovatini, forgetting his Buffo character, opened in the most sweet and sublime character of *cantabile.* Now if I had as sweet a voice, and equal powers of taste and expression as Lovatini, I would addiess the opening of this duet to my dear friend the *ci-devant* Mrs. Crewe, now a *Baroness.* Mrs. Crewe was promised a peerage during Mr. Fox's former administration, had he remained in power a little longer. About eight years ago, when the Duke of Portland was in power, it was talked of again, at which time I scribbled the rhymes No. 1, supposing that being ennobled would add little to her celebrity. But now the deed is done, I have hitched into rhyme the same thought in a different measure, No. 2, and given it to Miss Crewe to put in the Album at Crewe Hall, where I have already *made my mark;* and where there are verses and mottoes by all the wits of fashion that have visited Crewe Hall for more than twenty years. . . .

Not a word have I received from your loving and beloved friend, Madame D'Arblay, of a subsequent date to the 5th of May, 1805. She has, I am certain, valid reasons for not writing to a country against which her husband's sovereign is *si acharné.* In May next there will be three-fourths of her pension due; as you give me hopes of visiting the capital again in that month, I shall visit you with as much hilarity as I used to go a'Maying in the days of my youth; and I shall be very happy if Mr. Waddington should be sufficiently

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[1] Was Dr. Burney thinking of Miss Larolles, the voluble lady in *Cecilia?*

[2] There is no mention of this accident in Madame D'Arblay's memoir of her father.

[3] A favourite opera by Piccinni.

[4] Giovanni Lovatini, an admirable tenor singer, who appeared in London in *La Buona Figliuola* as early as 1767.

recovered to be consulted on the most safe and speedy mode of transferring it to Passy.

God bless you, dearest Madam. If I thought an octogenarian might speak out, and tell his passion without offence, I should assure you that you have ever been at the pinnacle of my admiration and affection; but "I never says nothing to nobody" that is likely to disturb the peace of fond husbands, therefore adieu, dear Madam. There can be no harm, I hope, in assuring you that I have the honour, with the highest regard and friendship, *d'être à toute épreuve,*

Yours most faithfully,
CHAS. BURNEY.

Mrs. Crewe was the daughter of Dr. Burney's early friend and patron, Mr. Fulke Greville, and was generally allowed to be one of the most beautiful women of her time. She married Mr. Crewe in 1776, and for many years entertained the most distinguished of her contemporaries at Crewe Hall, Cheshire, and at her villa at Hampstead. Reynolds painted three portraits of her, Sheridan dedicated *The School for Scandal* to her, and Fox, who was one of her warmest admirers, wrote some lines in her praise, which were printed at the Strawberry Hill Press. Even when she was a middle-aged matron with grown-up children, Miss Burney says that she "uglified" everybody near her, and that her son looked like her elder brother. It seems to have been almost entirely on his wife's account that Mr. Crewe was raised to the peerage in 1806.[1] One specimen of Dr. Burney's verses will probably be sufficient for the reader. The following were inspired by "The Report of Mrs. Crewe's Advancement to the Nobility":

"By Beauty lifted high in youth,
In riper years by faith and truth;
By love Parental next we see
Her title to nobility.
And of another step secure,
From Friendship warm, sincere and pure.
By Nature kindly thus endowed,
Exalted far above the crowd,

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[1] In the same year Mr. Fox bestowed a pension of £300 a year on Dr. Burney, at the instance of Mrs. Crewe and Mr. Windham.

Possessed of virtues of the mind,
And all that captivates mankind;
His Majesty (God bless him) ne'er
Had less to do to deck the fair:
With such ingredients well-prepared
All regal influence might be spared;
Her virtues only had to wait
His fiat to consolidate,
And tell the world what friends well knew,
That honours long had been her due."

At the end of 1806 Dr. Burney suffered from attacks of feverishness and nervous debility, which drove him to Bath in the beginning of 1807. In February of that year he writes from South Parade a long letter on the subject of a musical *protégée* of Mrs. Waddington's, whom he had been asked to patronise. Incidentally, he gives expression to some of his own views on the art in which he was, theoretically at least, one of the leading experts of his day.

My dear Madam,—I implicitly and as speedily as possible complied with your wishes concerning Miss Richards. I sent a note to her father, to acquaint him that I had been honoured with a note from my respected friend, Mrs. Waddington, expressing an earnest wish that I would entreat them to call upon me at my apartment, to converse with them on the present state of music in London and Bath, and to arrange a meeting either at Mr. Richards' house, or elsewhere, at which there was a good instrument, to afford me the pleasure of hearing Miss Richards perform. Unluckily I have no instrument, nor had Fanny Phillips. Mr. Richards' habitation, I was told, is very distant from mine and out of my beat, as I only walk upon my African parade when the sun shines, and never ride but in a chair to the old Corporation Bath, mobbled up with flannel nine times round me, having been warned to beware of cold as my greatest enemy. Yet fortunately hearing from my friend, Lady Crewe, who has been here three weeks within two doors of me, that Mr. and Miss Richards attended her nieces, the Miss Grevilles, where there was an excellent pianoforte, and being invited to dine with Mr. Greville, the father of these young ladies, I begged Lady Crewe to contrive that after dinner I might hear Miss Richards, when the Miss Grevilles had exhibited their performances as *principiants.* And all this was brought about very naturally. So that I can now assure you, dear Madam, that Miss Richards' performance gave me a twofold satisfaction and pleasure: first, as your *protégée*, and secondly, from the gratification I still receive from hearing good music well performed. Miss Richards

played a concerto by Dupuis,[1] in which he has introduced every species of difficulty which he could devise; detached, and, indeed, unconnected with any pleasing theme; but effects are produced truly wonderful, of hand as well as of imagination. And the precision of Miss Richards' execution of these difficulties, and the quiet and unaffected manner in which she sits at the instrument pleased and equally gratified my eye and ear. The second movement has the merit of a pleasing subject, which is never forgotten nor disguised by difficult accompaniments. Yet there are difficulties *par ci par là* to show the *hand;* and what is still better, pathetic passages of expression to manifest feeling of the *heart.* Miss Richards is a very modest and pleasing girl, apart from her musical talents, which are such that I think I may venture to say the concerto she played so well is full of difficulties which not one student on the pianoforte in a thousand will ever vanquish. Her father was engaged at a concert, and could not come to Mr. Greville's in the evening, but when he called upon me with his daughter, we had a long, and luckily uninterrupted discussion of musical subjects; and I have conversed with none of the musical people of Bath who seem so enlarged in their ideas of good modern music as Mr. Richards. The rest are *not up to* Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Dr. Harington,[2] a learned and ingenious man, who has written and set several humourous catches and glees very successfully, seems now to to have become (*entre nous*) a *Methodistical* musician, and to like nothing but *Salmodia.*

In the summer of 1807 Mrs. Waddington, accompanied by her eldest daughter, Frances, paid another visit to London. She seems to have written to inform Dr. Burney of her arrival, but omitted to give him her address.

You promised to come and *jaser* with your old broken-down admirer [he writes on July 13], but you did not tell a body where you were to be found; though it is but a useless inquiry, as it is not the fashion to let in visitors of a morning, unless to dull old-fashioned folks, when one may rather be said to be *taken in* than *let in,* and so loth to part with you that there is an end put to the rest of the unanswered morning calls. At length, wishing to convey to you some signs of life, I inquired of our dear Mrs. Ord's servant the place of your residence, who believed that you were in Half Moon Street. Now let me tell you that if a slice of bride-cake has not been sent you by the *ci-devant* Fanny Phillips,[3] it must be ascribed to her not knowing where to send it. For this blessed morning the Gordian knot was tied,

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[1] Thomas Dupuis, organist of the Chapel Royal.

[2] Dr. Henry Harington, who was in practice as a physician at Bath. He published a volume of glees and catches in 1797, and a sacred dirge for Passion Week in 1801.

[3] Fanny Phillips married Mr. Raper on July 13, 1807.

"And the happy, happy pair
Are gone the Lord knows where."

Tuesday morn. 5 o'clock. To-day I am to be honoured with a visit from the *rinomata virtuosa* Catalani,[1] who, having been told that *il vecchio Storico della Musica* could not go to the Opera, or any public place, very obligingly said that she would go to me, and fixed on Friday last with Lady Bruce, who negotiated the business. But hearing from Lord Bruce that though, such was my curiosity, I should be but too happy in seeing and hearing the witchcraft at any time that was most convenient to herself, yet if she had a morning to bestow on me, it would best agree with my invalidity—why then, says the enchantress, we'll change the day, and on Tuesday next go to him with great pleasure at two o'clock. None are to be present, but Lord and Lady Bruce, her *caro sposo,* and Sapio, or some Italian to accompany her.

To-morrow Lady Crewe fetches me to her new *villeggiatura* at Paddington —I have to pack and pay—and on Thursday go to Bulstrode, where I hope to arrive before the deluges of rain that are due to us after so long a drowth, shall chill the air and render the paradisaical garden impracticable. The Duke (of Portland) will not himself be there till the end of August. I shall have the whole chateau to myself, and its gracious Lord has desired I will take what servants and company I please.

In a different hand a note is added to this letter to the effect that:

Dr. Burney has just received from an American gentleman come from Paris, a very long and satisfactory letter from his daughter, Madame D'Arblay, who is well.

Mrs. Waddington appears to have replied to this letter with a proposal that she should pay Dr. Burney a visit at Bulstrode. The house would be especially interesting to her from the fact that Mrs. Delany spent so large a portion of her later years there with her friend the Dowager Duchess of Portland. At Bulstrode, again, Mrs. Waddington's parents, whose engagement had been opposed by the bride's family, had been married, the Duchess having interested herself in the romance, and wrung a reluctant consent to the match from the

[1] Catalani, who was born in 1779, made her *début* in London in December 1806, at the then enormous salary of £2000 a year. In 1807 her earnings, from all sources, are said to have been over £16,000. She was married to M. Valabreques, of the French Embassy at Lisbon.

head of the family, Mr. Granville of Calwich. Dr. Burney's next letter was written the day after the last, July 14, and shows the writer in some embarrassment about his boasted permission to take what company he pleased to Bulstrode.

You can have no conception [he begins] of the hurry, confusion, fears of offending, difficulty of extricating myself from a thousand ties and manacles—in short, *emancipating* myself from cares, kindred, and what I think duties to my partial friends, before I can leave my home for a few days—*mais ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*—and when I have turned my back on my Lares, I soon tranquillise and accommodate myself to circumstances. Your letter concerning Bulstrode was written in a hand so different from your usual autograph, which shames the graphic art, that I threw it aside, and did not open it for some hours. Miss Fielding called when I expected every moment to be fetched to Paddington by Lady Crewe to see her new villa. Her carriage came a few minutes after Miss Fielding's departure, and I did not open your letter till my return, when our post was gone. You may be sure, dear Madam, that I shall be glad to see you at all times and in all places. I know not which part of the house, which is under repairs, alterations and additions, I shall be in. I thought I should have had all that's left to myself, but Lady Crewe tells me that Lady Charlotte and Lady Mary are going thither directly, which I was glad to hear, for they are always good to me, and as far as I shall be able to enjoy their company, will enliven the place. I know that the housekeeper and domestics will be very civil and attentive. I shall hope to have a quiet, warm and comfortable sick-room, detached from all form, and when his Grace comes, from greatness. But come and try how it is. My enjoyment of the most delightful of all gardens will depend on the weather, and my recovery of strength.

You do not like the Catalani as well as the Billington. I think we narrow our pleasure by *l'esprit de comparaison*—the tone of Mrs. Billington's voice and her brilliancy of execution are unrivalled as far as her *genre* goes. The Catalani's style is so different, not only from the Banti [1] and Billington, but all others, that I try to forget all singers but the single one I am hearing—and seek for *beauties* where there is a fund of real merit, while others are trying to find *fault*. A greater variety of *riffieramenti* I never heard, nor is she wholly without grace and pathos. And then her *person*, *manners* and *good humour* are such as to captivate more than her vocal powers. Indeed, she has been so obliging to me that if I were to seek for faults in her voice and performance, it would very ill-become me to point them out, and stigmatise her to the public.

[1] The Banti, a soprano with a wonderful voice but very little science, sang in London in 1778 and 1799. In 1802 she was replaced by the popular favourite, Mrs. Billington.

If I had time to write a dissertation on her performance, there is a variety sufficient for a volume of remarks.

"Praising is harder than finding fault." Was there ever a singer, a poet, a painter or an architect that escaped criticism? Her price and applause are envied by professors. Naldi,[1] whose merit consists in acting more than singing, meets with nothing but praise and admiration, and what is his voice but a *bow-wow?* His causticity, in speaking of the Catalani's gains, is truly Italian. Of her price of £200 for each performance, he says, "She has a fine benefit every night," and the great expense of her public and private performances, he says, is "a new tax on the United Kingdom." All this is natural. She is as much in the right to receive as the professors and public to find fault. *C'est dans l'ordre.* I have always said that the salaries given to Mrs. Billington and the Catalani would ruin the opera. No great performer will ever come for less, and to be able to grant such salaries to one performer, all the rest must be miserable and miserably paid. Dancing, composition, decorations and machinery must be starved.[2] How I run on! and packing and domestic arrangements not half done! . . .

Adieu, dear Madam,

CHAS. BURNEY

At the end of 1807 Dr. Burney had a paralytic attack, which greatly enfeebled him, though he lived nearly seven years longer. He had no energy left to write garrulous, gossiping letters to his friend at Llanover, and the only other scrap in his handwriting among Mrs. Waddington's papers, is the following brief note, dated June 1808, which describes the routine of his invalid existence:

MY DEAREST MADAM,—The Median and Persian laws by which I at present exist, are the following: I never quit my bower till twelve o'clock, when, in tolerable weather, I take an old lady's drive about Hyde Park, and in summer, walk in Kensington Gardens till near two; then devote the third hour to calling on dear friends who interested themselves about my health during my confinement by personal inquiries at my door without being let in; and since the few warm days that succeeded our Nova Zembla frigidity, set me up, and

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[1] Giuseppe Naldi, born 1770, sang in London from 1806 to 1819. He is described as an excellent actor, with a weak, uncertain voice. He was killed in 1820 by the bursting of a new cooking-stove, with which his friend Garcia was experimenting.

[2] Dr. Burney's prophecy of the evil results of the "star" system have been more than fulfilled.

enabled me to go into my parlour, or *chambre d'audience*, I gave notice to the elect ladies on my list that I should be visible from three to five o'clock, after which I dine, read, or hear reading, and write or dictate letters, but never more will be out in the open air after sunset. But I have a trick of waking at sunrise, and if not in acute pain, read or write in bed till ten or eleven o'clock. Such is the monotonous life of your very old and affectionate servant,

CHARLES BURNEY.

It was not until 1812 that Madame D'Arblay obtained permission from Napoleon's ministers (the Emperor was on the march towards Moscow) to return to England with her son. She was anxious to place the young Alexander at Cambridge, and also to see her father before he died. She brought with her the partly finished manuscript of her last novel, "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," which was published on March 28, 1814. A few days earlier Madame D'Arblay wrote to Mrs. Waddington:

The newspapers will tell you that the 28th is to be my day of trial. All is entirely done, and waiting only the sewing and stitching. I have nothing more to do with it, and hardly a moment even for alarm, much as there is *de quoi*, but my whole soul is occupied with Paris! not with *what* will be the catastrophe, but with *which way* and *how* it will be brought about, with regard to the inhabitants. My own best friend has a martial presence of mind that makes me fear less for him than I should for any other human being, in case of difficulties that are personal; but he will be only one of an immense cluster, and must run all risks with those by whom he is surrounded. And the terrors of my female friends—some of the sweetest women in the world—affect me without measure. M. D'Arblay ceases not a moment regretting M. de Narbonne [1]—all his late letters written since that event name no other subject. I am astonished beyond all words at the manner in which that event has been borne here by one who I thought devoted to his very shadow. But let me enter into no other subj——

I was stopt by the guns.

I am in a state of frightful agitation relative to news. News of every turn and colour shakes me now in such dread uncertainty——

Midnight. Imagine my gratification—I was stopt again to receive a letter announcing that M. D'Arblay was very well in Paris the 18th of February. This news seems quite recent, and has relieved me unexpectedly. An English lady has written it at his desire to Mr. Reeves of the Alien Office. Nothing,

[1] M. de Narbonne died at Torgau in November 1813.

therefore, can be more satisfactory. Yet what difficulties must there be of passing letters when, even so, a month is taken up for the delivery of a billet from Paris to London, though the Government receive their packets in three or four days! I am breathless now with expectation for the declaration to be made on the opening of Parliament relative to peace or war.[1]

That I do not write to Madame de S(tael) is not *prudery*, as you suspect, but *prudence*, and more than prudence, *far more*. I should delight to let her know how truly and cordially I admire, nay, am enchanted with her work—and will try to do so through the Lockes—or by some means that won't involve me in personal renewals at this tremendous epoch.

You must lock up four vols. of the "Wanderer"; that is Mrs. Locke's plan not to peep—and write a letter for every volume.

Adieu, dearest Mary.

The winter of 1809–10 had been spent by Mrs. Waddington and her daughters at Edinburgh, where the family had seen much of the literary society of the town, and made friends with Scott, Jeffrey, Archibald Alison and other celebrities. Shortly after "The Wanderer" appeared, Mrs. Waddington wrote to the all-powerful editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to plead for a kindly notice of the novel, which had been treated with scant mercy by other critics. That Jeffrey had a high opinion of Mrs. Waddington's literary judgment is proved by his letters to her, some of which are contained in the same packet as the Burney epistles. On March 28, 1812, for example, he had written in answer to some observations she had made on books of the day:

As for Allison,[2] its review, which you call abuse, is the best I ever wrote on a matter of free speculation, and Burke and Price are both wrong. This is one of the few things I am sure about, and I really have a strong desire to convert you to the right faith. For Madame de Stael, I have never seen her "L'Allemagne" yet, and never asked for it. You see what a savage I am. Moreover, I do not greatly admire her, and I do not tolerate idolatry.[3]

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[1] When Parliament met on March 29, it was announced that the negotiations with Napoleon had been broken off. Paris was already in the hands of the Allies, but the news had not yet reached England.

[2] Jeffrey had written a long exposition in the *Edinburgh Review* of Archibald Alison's "Essays on Taste," which he greatly admired. The paper was afterwards expanded into an article on Beauty for the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

[3] Madame de Stael was one of Mrs. Waddington's literary idols.

"Corinne" is clever, and upon the strength of your recommendation I shall get the other immediately, and review it candidly, if I find I have anything to say about it. I envy you the gift you have of admiring, but it would wear me out—and do you not sometimes suffer the agony of seeing your idols deposed by some weakness?

There are some wild poems published here by a lad of the name of Wilson [1] —a seraph of the Lake School—and very amiable. Lord Byron has also published a quarto of a strange sort of gloomy misanthropical poetry [2]—*but* powerful and vigorous. I have thoughts of reviewing both.

In reply to Mrs. Waddington's petition on behalf of Madame D'Arblay, Jeffrey writes on May 17, 1814:

I don't know what to say to you about "The Wanderer." The cry is pretty general against it, and among judicious and good people as well as others. There is no disguising the fact, and I am afraid there is only one way of accounting for it—not that the judges are—but that the work is—bad. If a popular work—I mean a work intended to please and instruct general readers —is generally disliked, how can it be a good work? There is no getting over that. Yet you must know that I like the book better than anybody I meet with here—and better than anybody almost that I have heard of but you. I think it has great faults, but I do not think it *very much* inferior to her earlier works, the faults of which seem to be forgotten in order to contrast their excellence with the faults of this, which is worse written than they are, and a little more diffuse, but has the same merits of brilliant colouring, decided character and occasional elegance. Now I can't tell whether I shall review it or not, nor can I promise to speak of it as you do, if I should. Gently and favourably I certainly shall speak, because I have the highest veneration for the personal character of the author; but I must speak what I think. I do not think it is quite pretty in her not to say a word in that long foolish preface of Miss Edgeworth or Madame de Stael, and to praise herself so directly. The last may be partly simplicity of character; the first looks petty.

Jeffrey reviewed the book in February 1815, but the greater part of his article is taken up with a dissertation on the novel of manners in general. Coming to Miss Burney's work in particular, he points out the absurdities of the plot, observing that in the conduct of a story she never excelled, while her characters are equally superficial and confined.

[1] Better known as Christopher North. His "Isle of Palms" was published early in 1812.

[2] The first two cantos of "Childe Harolde."

> We are sorry [he concludes] to speak so disadvantageously of the work of so excellent and favourite a writer; and the more so as we perceive no decay of talent, but only a perversion of it.

It is curious that Jeffrey finds no fault with the style of the "Wanderer," which Macaulay aptly described as a "barbarous patois," a sort of "broken Johnsonese," and compared to the perorations of Exeter Hall and the leading articles of the *Morning Post.*

Fortunately for herself, Madame D'Arblay, as she assures Mrs. Waddington, was unable to read a single review of her book, her whole attention having been taken up with the last illness of her father, who died on April 12, 1814, at the age of eighty-eight. Early in 1815 she rejoined her husband, who had been reinstated in full military rank, in Paris, but on the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba and march on the capital, she fled to Brussels, where she remained till after the Battle of Waterloo. In October 1815, she returned to England with General D'Arblay, whose health had suffered from the exertions of the last few years, and settled at Bath.

Meanwhile events were moving rapidly for the Waddington family, who spent the winter of 1815-16 at Rome. Here Frances, the eldest daughter, became engaged to Bunsen, then a young student, and was married to him in July 1817. In the same month Emily, the second daughter, was married to Colonel Manby, a union that was cut short by her death in 1819. Mr. and Mrs. Waddington returned to Llanover in the summer of 1817, with their youngest daughter Augusta, afterwards Lady Llanover. On February 11, 1818, Madame D'Arblay writes to inform Mrs. Waddington of the death of her brother Charles.

> This loss is a bitter—bitter sorrow to me, and will remain so through my life. My dear Brother was indeed dear to me—and to Him, after his *closest* Family, I am well convinced I was all he most prized—both in opinion and affection—upon Earth. And he had a confidence in me such as he had in no other human being. His letters, full of trust, love, or pleasantry, were arriving continually. Heavily I mourn him, and shall mourn him through life

—yet . . . I need not tell my dear Mary this loss, however severe, bears no species of comparison with that every way irreparable one that shattered not only my mind but my very faculties on the opening of this century.[1] By faculties I do not mean my reason—that was not moved, but my energies—my very wishes for energy—dear, equally or rather surpassingly dear as were the inmates of my Home and of my Heart that I still, God be thanked, preserve! But I had them *with* Her—therefore they could not *replace*, though they could —did—*console* the deprivation. . . .

Alexander came home to us for three days only last week—academical business has carried him back already to Cambridge; but, to my inexpressible gratification, and to the exulting pleasure of his father, he is a wrangler, and a High Wrangler, this year's superiority to all that has preceded it considered. He is the tenth, where there are twenty-eight. The first ten this year are nominated High Wranglers. What a joy to me! Dreadfully did his poor father require this cordial. His illness was so augmented, and his sufferings so intense, that we have been obliged to have recourse to new medical aid.

General D'Arblay's health grew rapidly worse, and he died at Bath in May 1818.

The last of Madame D'Arblay's letters that has been preserved by Mrs. Waddington is dated 11 Bolton Street, Berkeley Square, July 1821. The correspondence had evidently languished in the preceding years, owing in some measure to Mrs. Waddington's annoyance at Madame D'Arblay's delay in complying with her request for the return of her letters. She seems to have been aware that her friend was preparing her memoirs and correspondence for publication.

It was indeed a sad length of time that had elapsed—in your own words, since you had written to me [begins Madame D'Arblay], when *in December* I received a letter in answer to my last in July 1820; though in July I, even I, with my poor, tardy, and reluctant pen, had written twice *by return of post* to two letters that expressed urgency; notwithstanding *till* July *not one word*, in that whole 1820—and for how long I remember not of 1819—had reached me from my erst, most kind, most anxious, most tender, and most indulgent correspondent. The change, indeed, has been in unison with the period, melancholy, uncongenial!—I deem it attributable—according to your own confession from Rome—to my not burning or returning all your letters—and from that avowal, which robbed their profusion of its charm, I mentally relinquished them—and have only waited for opportunity to collect in order to destroy or restore them.

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[1] The death of her favourite sister, Susan Phillips.

Should you ask why I did not quiet your mind by this assurance, I answer, that *to quiet your mind*, from the lamented period of its first and early distresses, as far as I have had the power, has ever been a soothing and favourite object to my own; but to give you this promise prematurely I thought would produce the contrary effect; for to say I would *collect* your letters, was to inform you that they were dispersed; and would that have given you quiet? No, my dear anxious friend, no, to have known they were, some at Calais, with our books from the Custom-house; some at Paris, with our remaining chattels, some, nay most, at Richmond, with Mrs. Broome[1]—and the rest in sundry trunks and packages, with my other goods—to have known this would have harassed you trebly, and plunged your affrighted imagination into every magazine, newspaper and gossiping pamphlet for at least a quarter of the present century. Yet was this a dispersion that imperious and cruel circumstances had rendered unavoidable, and such as had involved them in the same intricacies that encircled my own manuscripts that I held most sacred. Now, however, that I can give you a solemn assurance *That All Are Collected*, and safe, and under my own immediate Lock and Key, I take once more my pen, to give you this only comfort it is in my power to bestow.

Do not, however, infer, my forever dear—though I *think* estranged Mary! that I have done nothing consonant to your wishes till I could comply with them wholly; on the contrary, I took the most solid and essential measures to obviate any future mischief or disturbance to you upon the arrival of that epoch which takes your manuscripts from my care and protection—and I will now copy the paragraph which proves my real attention to your wishes, and which, in case of accidents—as every day is uncertain of its morrow, will keep a satisfactory claim in your hands.

COPY.

"Extract from the Will of Frances Burney, Widow!! of Lieutenant-General Comte Alexander Jean Baptist Richard D'Arblay. . . . In like manner, I desire my son to return to my dear, early, partial friend, Georgiana Mary Ann Waddington, Great-niece of my venerated Mrs. Delany, All and Every Letter or Paper in her handwriting that may be found in my possession after my decease unread and unexamined. They are endorsed, For Mrs. Waddington. I beg my son will deliver them to her, or her Commission immediately after my Funeral.

"Witness my Hand,
"FRANCES D'ARBLAY."

To write this was among the first *devoirs* I compelled myself to fulfil, when able to fulfil any, after the dread laceration that tore from my tortured heart its Companion, its Confidant, its Partner in all, on whose unsullied Honour,

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[1] *Née* Charlotte Burney, Fanny's youngest sister.

Delicacy and Sympathy I had implicitly relied, for the just disposition of whatever might remain of mine, in case, by sudden dissolution, I had been called away first. But the First Call has been His, and every moment of my solitary leisure, in the absence of my son, that my poor care and grief-worn eyes will permit, has, from that desolating 18th of May, been invariably consigned to the examination, arrangement, selection or destruction of Letters, Documents and Manuscripts of every description in my possession. But the hoards are so immense, and my interruptions are so long, from my enfeebled and aching sight, and weakened and wearied spirits, joined to the frequently disabling effect of one line—one word, in stopping my investigations, that my progress is still but small on the *whole*, though the *parts* that I have done with are countless! for it is not only all my own letters from my many friends, or written by myself, and fallen back to me by deathful rights, conjugal, filial, or sisterly—with all my own innumerable personal manuscripts, but all of every sort that belonged to the most honoured of Partners, the most revered of Parents, and the most darling of Sisters—making altogether four collections of such enormous magnitude that even were I much younger and much healthier than I am, I could not expect to go through with them. But I have completed a general list of them, and I am taking in succession from that list those I regard as most sacred, or those concerning which I have confidential reasons for being most anxious. *Yours* are included under this last class, and I am *now* reading, and as well as I can, sorting them for *you*, or for the *Flames*. They are indescribably interesting, even yet! and so touchingly tender, and so fondly trusting, that, oh my dear Mary!—you can never look over them, I *think*, without a recurrence to those feelings which made you for so many years hold to your heart's core as the dearest of your Friends

Your ever truly affectionate,

F. D'ARBLAY.

P.S.—You know now that your letters are safe, and are your own, but do not, therefore, dearest Mary, "die," but rather live "in peace"—with me especially I entreat.

It seems improbable that any regular correspondence was kept up between the two friends during the remaining nineteen years of Madame D'Arblay's life. Perhaps Mrs. Waddington was afraid of adding to the labours so grandiloquently described in the foregoing letter; perhaps she was not altogether satisfied of her friend's discretion. The "Memoir of Dr. Burney," published by his daughter in 1832 appears to have found but little favour in the sight of the Waddington family, while Madame D'Arblay's own "Diary and Correspondence," which was

published between 1842 and 1846, was even less to their taste. Mrs. Waddington, who became a widow in 1828, survived her friend just ten years, dying in February 1850. Her youngest daughter, Augusta, who married Mr. Hall (afterwards Lord Llanover) in1823, edited the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," which appeared in 1861. In this work there are some not very flattering editorial allusions to Madame D'Arblay. Since Lady Llanover obtained her first-hand information on the period and the persons dealt with in the book from her mother, it must be inferred that Mrs. Waddington's regard for her old friend had been somewhat diminished by the vanity and egoism which add to the unconscious entertainment of Fanny's invaluable "Diary."

George Paston.

MARAMA: THE MOON-GOD

A SOUTH SEA LEGEND

ENAMOURED of dark Ina's naked breasts,
Pale Marama, the Moon-God, dreaming leant
Low from his grey canoe whose eager sail
Bore him, too swiftly, past her island home.

For as his venturing prow athwart the night
Flung cloudy spray, he lingered and he saw
Dark Ina droop and falter, faint with love,
Deep in the arms of earth-born Tangata.

And Marama, with all the blossom-stars,
Fadeless and perfect, for his hand to pluck,
Yet felt his chill blood startled into warmth
And knew he loved this little nestling flower,
Dewy with youth and tremulous with all
The wonder and the strangeness of the world,
Whose doom was but a brief, tempestuous day,
A little loving and a long, long death.

He knew the stars were like a jewel-chain,
Fadeless and perfect, swung across the years;
And yet he loved this little nestling flower—
Glistening on earth a moment like a tear—
A wonder born to blossom and to fade,
And like a withered leaf flicker to death.

One night to meet her lover Ina went,
Her eyes a-dream, her hair a dusky cloud
Starred with the red hibiscus, and her lips
And limbs and long slim body ripe for love.

The breeze, warm-scented as her lover's breath,
Whispered and went, and on the moon-laved beach
The wavelets pouted and complained. The dark
Was passionate, mysterious, a-throb,
And all the air with love was magical.

She listened for his coming at the pool
Filled with old dreams, brimming with memories
Of words most wondrous, and of silences
More wonderful. Lo! how the palms above
Retold the murmur of their long farewells.

Sudden a radiance blazed about the maid,
And every fern-frond gleamed, a silver thing,
And creek and pool were molten. At her side
Flamed shimmering the Moon-God, Marama!

"I love you," he was saying, and his voice
Was low and sweet with sighs, and infinite
In tenderness, and grave and soft with tears.
(It seemed the echo of some sweet old tune
She just remembered she had long forgot.)

"I love you, Ina; for my heart is thrilled
With strange unwonted warmth, and all my world,
That seemed a bowl of flame, a crescent fire,
Is cold and desolate and lone and cold.
And all the stars are cold; and I shall die
Unless you give me all your bosom's dower
Of warm, warm love!

"Dark Ina, lean to me,
And I shall throne you in the spacious night
To shame the changeless stars with the rich bloom
Of your brief life—nay, you shall never cease,
But at this budding morning of your day
Remain for ever; your young heart shall send
A flush of Spring-time through eternity."

Dark Ina trembled towards him. (It was sweet—
This half-remembered music long forgot.)
And Marama, the Moon-God, pleaded still,

"Your earth-born lover, Tangata, must fall
And waver down to darkness like a leaf
Plucked by the quiet hand of passing Death."

Her Tangata! Across the swirling strain
Of vague and haunting music broke the word,
A clashing discord; and she stood erect.

"I love him," said she simply, "and he loves.
What talk is this of alien things? We love."

But Marama still pleaded, and his voice
Was low and sweet with sighs, and infinite
In tenderness, and grave and soft with tears.
"I love you, Ina."

(Now, ah! now, she knew
The meaning of the strain. It was the song
Of love that drifts for ever down the years,
Its every note a sigh, within whose strands
Is woven all the passion of the earth—
All that was ever uttered to a maid,
And all the endless sweet unutterable.)

And so she trembled towards him, and he drew
Her slowly in his arms, and like a flame

Swaying and floating in a restless air
The two moved ever upward through the dark.

And Tangata, bereft, sought all that night;
And stumbled through long years in search of her.

But Marama was kind, and Ina learnt
To love his patient tenderness. He taught
Her all the traffic of his silver world.
She smoothed the shining clouds across the sky
With patient hands, or petulantly flung
Into the blue the flying wisps of white
That chase the scudding sunbeams over the hills;
And in the twilight noiselessly she drew
The filmy veil of night about the earth,
With mother-words hushing the world to sleep.

But after many years her lonely heart
Whispered for Tangata; and to his land
Of silver cold the Moon-God brought the man.

The lovers met, and sighed; for love was dead.
Still Ina was as flawless as a flower
Breaking to blossom; but the years that passed
Unseen, soft-footed, in that place of gods,
In the man's frame had dug their talons deep,
And he stood grey and gnarled, as if his soul
Had shaken off the soft effeminate garb
Of youth—the cunning dye of hair and lip,
The padded curve of throat and limb—wherewith
Life decks us out for our brief journey. Now
He stood forth proudly, naked in his strength,
Tense, watchful, valiant, every muscle tried,
A runner stripped and ready for the race—
The last great race with Death. And so they stood,
The mortal and immortal changing looks.

Then Tangata bent low; for love was dead.
She was a goddess, distant as a star;
But, flashing like drowned faces on the stream
Of his disordered thoughts, swirled memories
Of moonlit nights, the ever-questing creek,
The pool dream-haunted, the remembering palms,
That murmured still the lovers' long farewells.

He sighed; Man's pitiable lot was his:
To see the dawn flare ruddy from the hills,
The beacon of a day he will not know;
To taste the perfect promise of the bud
That will not bloom for him; to dream—and die.

But ah! the gods might reach the golden end,
Go singing from the first kiss to the last—
Each perfect moment sweeping to the next,
More perfect! "O, this narrow life!" he cried.

But Ina caught him to her with a moan,
"O comfort me, for I have cast away
My heritage! For ever I have done
With hopes and fears; I may not even dream.
For I know all that is and is to be.
There are no shadows on my soul; no mist
Dims my far gaze; and pitilessly clear
The narrow vistas of the years sweep out
To cold infinity. As with a wall
The future shuts me in; there is no room
For aspirations or despairs when all
Appointed Time is mine this hour.

But you,
Poor starveling dwellers in the dusk below,
May wrap your little lives about with dreams,
May sigh and wish and wonder. And your life,
That flickers painfully and glooms again,

Is lit with wild impossibilities
And glorified with madly-thronging hopes.

For you are born swathed in the cloud of night,
And dream through some sweet hours of fantasy,
And die in rosy mists. Out from the dark,
Pulsing with strange uncertainties you come;
And, with your heart's quest still unsatisfied,
Into the dark again. You have your dreams,
Your royal yearnings and your rich despairs,
That fleck this sombre life of yours with hues
Of sunset splendour. Ah! you mortals pluck
A glory that the gods can never win!
This, Tangata, the wondrous heritage
I flung away with Death! O, comfort me!"

And Tangata was troubled; then he laid
His sorrow down, and said, "I may not love
The maiden; but the goddess I may serve."

And Ina with a sigh turned to her task.
And so for many busy years the two
Who once had kissed and trembled, silently
Laboured in loving service to the world,
Goddess and slave, until the appointed time
When Tangata must die. Then Ina said,
"Sweet is the red hibiscus, but it fades;
And fair the palm-tree, but the palm must fall."

And Tangata sighed wearily; for now
His time had come, and he was tired of all,
And ready for the grapple with his foe
Down in the valleys of the dusk.

And calm
His answer. "Fair the palm-tree, but it falls;
And sweet the red hibiscus, but it fades.

But palm and flower have heard the song of winds
From far-off dreamy islands faintly blown,
Bearing the mandate of a strange unrest
That stirred and wondered, stirred and would not die.
And palm and blossom doomed to fall and fade
Have felt the fragrant fingers of the rain
Caressing frond and petal with the touch
Of a blind soul that yearned for brotherhood—
All dumb things vaguely merging into one.

"So this poor futile life that too must fade
Is fragrant with your love and musical
With many memories—so it dies content.
And here in Marama's bright land no shade
Of Death may enter; therefore let me go
And meet my old antagonist on earth,
Down in the valleys of the dusk to run
My last great race."

He ceased; and Ina flung
Athwart the sky a many-coloured bow,
And Tangata, his old grey head erect,
Descended to the dusk. And to this day
That radiant span is bright with Ina's tears.

Arthur H. Adams.

DANNY

LVII

THE DEVIL IN A BAG

THE Woman woke with a start. She sat stark upright, and hearkened. There were no longer voices in the hall; all about her was silence, loneliness, and invading night; and Danny gone.

"Christ keep me!" she cried to her heart, rose, and rushed to the hall to see.

There sat the Laird, a shadow in the dusk.

"Send Danny here to me!" he ordered hoarsely, ere she had entered.

"Is he not with your Honour, then?" gasped the Woman, her heart a-quake.

"If he was," said the Laird, harsh and hoarse, "should I send for him?"

"He is not with me," cried the Woman.

"Where then?" asked the Laird. "It was you took him out to safe-keep him while Widow Ogg was here."

"Is Widow Ogg gone then?" gasped the frightened Woman.

"An hour since!" said the Laird.

"Then God help your Honour!" cried the Woman, "for our man is gone too!" And she turned and fled.

"And is this your safe-keeping?" cried the Laird after her.

"Belike he has just gone to meet Robin home from the

*** Copyright by Alfred Ollivant, 1902.

street or bides him in the byre!" she screamed over her shoulder as she fled.

"Go and see, and bring me word *at once*," came the Laird's voice, pursuing from the hall.

The Woman scuttled back to the kitchen, huddled a shawl about her head, and was plunging forth into a night of storm and rain when the sound of uncertain feet hurrying towards her in the dark stayed her.

"Robin!" she cried. "Robin Crabbe!" and the old man trotted in, dripping, passed her unheeding, halted jerkily, and as jerkily sat down.

The Woman summed him up in a glance.

"You are fou! and you are fley'd![1] and ha' ye seen Danny?" she cried.

The old man seemed not to hear.

He sat drenched, leaning a little forward, his hands set stiffly on his knees, and breathed loudly through his nose.

The Woman took him and shook him by the shoulders fiercely.

"Hearken here!" she shouted as to one deaf. "*Danny is away! Our man is away!* There's been no sign seen of him since yon dark warlock-woman left the house an hour agone. Did ye meet him on your way back from getting drunk?"

Robin shook his head mistily.

"Na," he said, "na, na."

"Did ye meet any?" shouted the Woman, shaking him.

"None but the Devil," said the old man testily.

"The Devil!" cried the Woman.

"Just the Devil in a bag on his way to being drowned," repeated Robin.

"O you man!" screamed the Woman. "O ye dirty drouthy tyke!" And plunged into the night, where wind and rain battled murderously.

Robin left alone began suddenly to snigger, smacking his knees and telling himself a tale.

[1] Fley'd = scared.

"I was just within the gates when the warlock that was bearing him fluster't into me. 'What's all that yelpin' and skelpin' under your arm?' I cries, and lays hands on her. 'It's the Devil I have in a bag!' she skrikes, 'just the Devil I have in a bag. Hands off! I'm away to drown him.' And the warlock was away on wings 'fore ever I could stay her."

He fell into sudden laughter at his adventure, and rose to his feet.

"The Devil's drowned by this!" he was saying, "the world's rid of the Father of Hell!" when the door burst open and the Woman was blown in, wind-battered and breathless.

"The storm's ower fierce!" she panted. "I couldna win to the byre."

In despair she turned to the old man, now going forth.

"See here!" she gasped, going across to him. "Our man is away—do you mark me? There's been seen no sign of him since yon dark woman left. Belike he bides over at the byre as whiles he does, when the rain's on—and him ower cannie to get a wet coat."

"At the byre," said Robin, "as whiles he does," and began to go forth.

"And if ye should find he's not there ye're to return and tell me," continued the Woman. "Mind now!"

"Oo aye," repeated Robin, nodding like a mandarin, "return to tell ye."

"Sure now?" cried the Woman, urgent at his heels.

"Certain sure now," said Robin, and stumbled forth into the night, nor returned.

LVIII

THIS SIDE THE GRAVE

NEXT day the Woman was down before it was well light, waiting Robin and the Warden home from their dawn-huntings on the hill.

Long she looked forth, but looked forth in vain; so she went

back to her house-business, little distressed ; for when the chase led the hunters far they would often be away till the heat of the day.

It was not indeed till noon that Robin appeared. The Woman, at work on her hearthstone, scanned him grimly.

" You are late !—and little wonder," she said, marking in the old man a certain familiar dilapidated air.

" Little, indeed ! " said Robin sourly, " seeing I have been all this while biding Danny on Fir-Tree Knowe, and yet he has not come to me."

The Woman knelt bolt upright.

" Biding him ? " she screamed.

" These fower hours," said Robin.

" When ye reached the byre last night, was he not there ? " screamed the Woman.

" There ! " said Robin, round-eyed. " I have not seen our man since our hunting yester's morn ! "

The Woman rose from her knees, as one stabbed to the heart.

" Then the Lord have mercy on us ! " she cried. " Our man is gone ! "

She swung about and rattled down the passage.

Some while she was away, and came back, slow-footed, sodden.

Robin was awaiting her, gnawing his knuckles.

" What is it all ? " he asked, afraid.

" It is just this," said the Woman. " It is your drunkenness has lost to us our man."

She sat down grey and gasping, and told him of Danny's disappearance, and of the promise that he (Robin) had made and not kept.

" I mind nothing o't," said poor Robin at the end.

" Ye'd not," said the Woman bitterly. " Ye was far ower fou."

" I was not that fou," Robin replied. " I'd been down the street to drink Widow Ogg God-speed, and maybe I'd had a

sup o' drink, but no more. Then I came home, and I do think I'd a touch of the fever, for I'd an ill dream that I met the Devil in a bag on the way to being drowned."

"It was not the Devil that was drowned," replied the Woman; "it was Robin Crabbe—drowned in drink. And your drunkenness has lost to us our man."

Her hands were to her apron, and her apron to her face; and she began to rock.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" unselfish still in her sorrow. "Missie, hear me and send comfort to his Honour this day! He was more than son to him—more than son."

"What said his Honour when ye tell't him?" asked Robin fearfully.

"He ne'er uttered," sobbed the Woman; "it was just past words for him! He was more than son to him—more than son."

"Belike he has just gone hunting as of old," said Robin, feigning a faint cheerfulness.

"Hunting!" scoffed the Woman. "He has not been night-hunting these fower years—not since the day his Honour took him on his knee in the hall and gar'd him not to. Na," she said, "na; it's yon dark warlock-woman has wrought her will upon my man; and he has gone, never more to return this side the grave."

She broke down utterly and began to sob.

"Never more will I let him out dawns to greet you," she keened. "Never more will you kill together now. Never will I put a kiss upon him—my wean to me! Never more will he wake his Honour of nights with his girnings, him talking to Missie in his sleep. Never more, I say, Robin Crabbe, this side the grave."

Robin regarded her a moment like a frightened child; then he drew a sudden breath and ran away at a little sodden trot.

"Where to?" cried the Woman, looking up with pouring eyes.

"To his Honour!" gulped Robin, trotting on.

"Na!" cried the Woman, clutching him back. "It is *you* are responsible. It is *your* drunkenness has lost to us our man. He will be like to kill you."

Robin burst into sudden tears.

"I carena a boddle for his killings!" he cried. "It is my Danny I am troubled for," and trotted on.

Huddled against the door, an old quavering figure, he told of his drunkenness and the promise he had made and had not kept. No armour of insolence was now his, no rude nonchalance of demeanour. Shakily, and not without much sniffling up of tears, the old man told his tale without adornments; and there came no word of comment or rebuke.

With restless fingers on the handle Robin waited.

"Ha' ye nothing to say?" he asked at last, staring dimly across the hall; but no word answered his appeal.

"Will ye no scold at me?" he begged, choking. "Ye might!" he cried, and drew a step nearer, "just a bittie!" And then saw he was addressing an empty chair.

"The Laird's gone down the street," he cried, hope glimmering at his heart. "He has gone to have a word with Widow Ogg."

The Woman looked at the clock.

"He's ower late," she said, "our man will not return this side the grave."

LIX

SIMON DEAD AND GONE

The people were watching in their doors when the great gates clanged. Only Widow Ogg, standing out in the street in the rain bonneted, did not hear. The carrier's cart was at her door; the man was loading fast, but not fast enough for her, when a still voice at her shoulder spoke.

"Let be," it said.

The widow leaped round, smothering a scream.

The Laird stood beside her, gaunt and bleak and white.

"Your Honour's before your time!" cried the dark woman, and the fear was on her horrible to see. "I'd have been away by now, but I was just biding—biding—biding," she stammered and stuck in her speech.

"Biding who?" said the Laird.

"The doctor!" said the dark woman glibly. "Simon's none so well. He was taken last night. It came on him sore and sudden. I ne'er quitted his bedside the night through. One while I did fear he was dying—my son dear to me as my soul!" and she began to whimper in the old familiar way.

"He was dying, and yet you were for moving him in the rain!" said the Laird, "this son dear to you as your soul!"

"It was your Honour's orders!" cried the other. "It's little pity Mr. Heriot has ever shown to me or mine that I should think it like he'd spare us now."

"I'd see the lad," said the Laird briefly.

"Ye canna!" cried the widow, thrusting before him. "He's far ower sick."

"I must," said the Laird. "I've some skill in medicines."

"There's no need now!" cried the widow. "The lad's better."

"He can't be both," said the Laird, pushed past her, entered the sluttish room, and looked into the sleeping-hutch beyond. Then he turned.

"You mistake," he said. "The lad's not dying. If he's anything he's dead and—gone!" and he pointed to the empty bed.

He came back to her, tramping.

"I can feel for you," he said, "for I too have lost a son, dear to me as my soul—and gone as mysteriously as your dear lad has."

"I know nothing of him," said the widow, shivering. "And as to Simon he had the fever on him sore, as I tell 't your Honour; and he'll have just slipped out of bed and passed me while I was packin'; and the rain on, and him just in his sark!

Oh," she cried, falling into the old whine, "I will be a childless woman the day! He'll have gone to his grave! he'll have gone to his grave!"

"Heart up!" said the Laird. "Here's his ghost back again." And at the moment in shuffled Simon, ragged, rain-draggled, battered.

"O minnie!" he sobbed, "I am come home a corp!" and he flung himself face downward on the bed.

"I tell't Mr. Heriot!" cried the widow, and pointed dramatically at the broken figure on the bed. "He has the fever; he is raving."

The Laird bent over him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is just Joliff has killed me quite again!" blubbered the youth, wriggling on his face. "Yon muckle Englisher has murdered me sore."

The Laird plucked suddenly at the sufferer's shirt. It came forth from his trousers and the lad's bare back was discovered.

The Laird looked with interest.

"The lad is in pain, but not in danger," he said. "Yet he's too ill to quit this day, I'll order the carrier to unload."

He stalked forth, gave his orders to the carrier, and stood a long hour in the rain seeing them carried out, the people gathering in the street, heedless of the rain, to watch; then he came back to the widow.

"I am now going home in hope that my son may return to me, as yours has to you," he said.

"What if he was dead?" said the dark Woman, with dreadful grin in the gloom.

"If he is dead he will not return to me," said the Laird; "but I will return to you," and he tramped off through the people waiting without in the rain.

LX

THE LAIRD RIDES SOUTH

ARRIVED home, the Laird sent for Robin.

The Woman was afraid for him, and implored him with tears not to go.

"It's the very way he was the night before he killed Simon Ogg's father!" she cried. "Do not go, Robin. He will be like to kill you."

"And I will thank him," said Robin, and went.

The Laird stood in the hall like a white Saul; and now there was no Danny David-wise to charm the dark spirit forth; but Robin stood by the door, too miserable far to be afraid.

"What do you know of one called Joliff?" asked the Laird.

"Joliath!" said Robin. "He is no better than a heathen —he is Engleesh; and man to him of Altyre."

"Altyre!" said the Laird. "It was from Altyre the warning came!" and lifted a yellow label from the table at his side.

"That cam' from her of Altyre," said Robin. "Him that inhabits there is married on a woman, and she is fair and has the fondness for Danny."

"How d'you ken that?" asked the Laird sharply.

"I was in Campbell-town at the Hire last back-end," said Robin, "and Danny was with me, and she came by in her chariot, and he saw her and followed after, crying to her like as it might be to Missie; and she stopped her carriage and got down and took him in her arms and put a kiss upon him before the people and slobberments, and yattered[1] over him, eye-wheedling him. And he talked to her as he would to Missie. And I jalouse she has a devil, and put a spell upon him because of his beauty."

"What like is this woman?" asked the Laird.

[1] Yattered = murmured.

"She is like to nothing on earth," said Robin. "She is like to Missie in heaven, just decked out in the duds of the Scarlet Woman."

The Laird sat back with shut eyes.

"I will ride," said he.

Robin gaped upon him.

"Ride?" he gasped.

"I said ride," said the Laird. "Harness me Nebuchadnezzar."

"Neddy-cud-nebber!" screamed Robin. "He's not been out of the byre since Missie had him out, ten years since; he has a coat like a sheep."

"I will come round to the byre in one quarter and climb him there," said the Laird.

"But I tell ye!" gasped Robin.

"And I tell *you!*" said the Laird.

"Man!" cried Robin.

"You hear!" said the Laird, and closed his eyes.

Like one dazed Robin went.

. . . . .

Twenty minutes later, for the first time since Missie's death, a horse's feet sounded on the gravel far down the drive.

The Woman in the kitchen heard the sound, and a wringer in her hand, scuttled round to the front-door to see.

Then she stood, hand to her brow, and looked with amazed eyes.

"The World's End's on us and a'!" she cried, and started furiously in pursuit.

"I'll gar you go horseback-riding, ye doited old ranty-go-round!" she screamed. "Are you daft quite? Will you go search him yourself? Come back! Come down! I order you! Is it no enough to lose the one, but the other must follow!"

The Laird jogged on, like an old white Quixote on a white Rosinante.

The Woman saw the vanity of pursuit, and stopped.

"Oh," she wailed, "he is clean daft, and deaf and doited and a'!—him riding forth to war like Balaam on his cuddie, who should be in his bed on slops!"

She turned to Robin, who stood behind her, dull-eyed and miserable.

"Put out after him!" she ordered. "Rin, man! rin! Pull him off! Tell him I forbid him flat! Deborah Awe forbids him!—him and Neddy-cud-nebber going forth to search the highways and hedges with none to tend them!"

Robin made no move to obey.

"Are you a man?" cried the Woman. "Will you do nothing, and stand by and see his Honour riding to his death?"

"I care not," said Robin soddenly.

The Woman broke down and sobbed.

"You care not," she cried; "you that first lose Danny through your drunkenness, and then stand by on one leg and wipe your eye, while his Honour goes horseback-galloping to his end. You care not—why should you? I will lose them both, but what is that to you? It was to me Missie left him to mind him and mend him and gar him change his feet; it is me she will be sore on when we meet—why should you care?"

"I wish I were dead," said poor Robin.

"Robin Crabbe!" cried the other, shocked.

"I do so," said poor Robin.

"Then you have fallen far from grace," said the Woman. "Have you no gratitude to the good God who made you?"

"There is no God," said Robin brokenly. "Danny's dead; the Laird's daft; and I'm aff to get fou."

. . . . .

The Woman spent a lonely day upon her knees in tears and prayers for the soul of her wee man departed; and in between whiles solicitously kept a-stirring a mess of meaty comfort against his return.

And the Laird, like a great white icicle a-horse, rode south.

. . . . .

Toward nightfall Robin returned, to peer blindly into the kitchen.

"Is he home?" he asked.

"Home!" wailed the Woman. "Home! He will never be home this side the grave."

Robin turned dumbly.

"Woman!" he cried, "have you *no* heart of a woman?" And was stumbling forth into the dripping night to pour forth his heart's bitterness to Missie in the streaming heaven above, when the Woman caught and clutched him back.

"The Laird's gone, and Danny's gone; there's no need a third should go!" she cried wildly, and set him by the fire and nourished him with a comfortable mess of gruel, which she, motherly heart, had kept a stirring the day through.

"It was for our wee man!" she explained. "But he will never need it now this side the grave," yet put another pan upon the hob and kept it stirring.

. . . . .

At midnight on her way to bed, looking into the hall, the Woman found the Laird returned.

He sat there in the white of the moon, his cloak about him, his bonnet on his head, the grim eyes shut, like some dour soldier-monk whose vigil is passed, and seems to sleep in stone; and on his lips a strange white smile.

"Ha' ye any tidings?" screamed the Woman, and ran in on him.

He sat lost still in dreams, the smile upon his lips, nor seemed to hear.

"Do you hear me?" cried the Woman in his ear, and shook him. "Is Danny back?"

He stirred and came back from sleep.

"Not yet," he said. "I bide him here," and was falling away into his dreams.

"Will he be back then?" cried the other urgently.

"Surely so," said the Laird, and nodded and nodded in his dream.

"How d'you ken that?"

"She tell't me."

"Who tell't ye?"

"Marjory," said the Laird, and sank back smiling into sleep.

The Woman ran to tell Robin.

"His Honour has trysted with Missie outbye!" she cried, pale with awe. "And our man will return—she tell't him, who tells true."

. . . . .

His cloak about his shoulders, the Laird sat white-headed in the night; and the dreams were on him.

At last, upon the stroke of one, it came to him, that for which he had waited since his home-coming; a crying in the night without.

Straightway he woke; and the dreams lifted.

He rose and tottered furiously across the hall; and already behind him down passages there was a hurry of shuffling feet and slamming of doors.

His fingers were hardly on the bolts of the outer door when two hands clapped upon him from behind.

"Away out of it!" yelled Robin, and thrust him aside.

"Is he there?" screamed the Woman, scuttling up from behind.

"Can I see through the door, Fool?" cried Robin, striving on his knees.

"Open it then!" she implored.

"Open it!" gurgled Robin. "And am I no' wrestling with it—and you—and the Devil—and a'?" and heaved the door wide.

In crawled a little shadowy misery.

Robin peered down.

"It's no' him!" he screamed, and flung up his face. "Where is my God?"

"It's his wraith!" screamed the Woman. "Pity—pity upon us!"

Two anguished eyes turned up to them.

"It's himself!" screamed Robin. "Missie tell't true!" and fell back against the wall.

"My wean! My wean to me!" sobbed the Woman. "O Missie! O my wean!" and wrapt him up in tender arms, clouding him with kisses.

The Laird said nothing. He stood in the path of the Woman, with arms thrust forth.

"I have him," said the Woman jealously. "There is no need for you to fash."

"He is mine," said the Laird, and stood like a pillar in her path.

"Have him all to yourself then!" she snapped, and placed her treasure in his arms with a little bump.

Tenderly the Laird wrapped his cloak about the little knight, and marched upon hushed feet back to the hall.

"He is mine," said the Laird, and gathered him jealously in his arms. "He is mine," and marched away, the love upon his face.

LXI

ROBIN AND THE ENGLISHER

Far into the next day Danny slept, unlike himself.

"He sleeps late," said Robin, awaiting his battle-fellow at the kitchen door.

"Ay," said the ominous Woman, "and it will be well if it be not that sleep from which none wake."

At noon he did wake. Robin and the Woman watched him trailing miserably at the heels of the Laird.

"He is weary, is our man," said Robin uneasily.

"And it is not only weariness," replied the ominous Woman.

Jael, the soot-and-sulphur cat, his enemy of old, crossed his track and cursed him deliberately, and Danny trailed on unheeding.

"It seems he canna see," said Robin, sucking a knuckle.

"He can see," said the Woman. "He winna."

The two were still at the door watching as the little knight trailed home an hour later.

"He seems less," said Robin.

"He is less," said the Woman, "and like to be. He has left his heart behind him in the wilderness."

"If that is all," said Robin, "I will soon mend him for you."

"Never!" said the Woman. "Male he is, for so God made him, but not man that he can pick a new heart from any dyke. It's yon dark warlock-woman has laid a ban upon him to take the power from him."

The Woman was right. Tender as ever, faithful still, and of perfect courtesy, the heart had died out of the little man as the sun dies out of the West.

Now no more he sallied forth, gay gallant in grey, on lonely enterprise against the heathen of the wilderness. Instead he draggled all day long at the Laird's heels, or lay wearied of life and listless in the hall. As of old he went his morning-round with Robin in the dew, but, now no longer alert to defy the thunder, he jogged palely at the old man's heels. Foumart might cross him, the scent of the otter rise like incense to his nostrils in the dawn, and he still plodded on, careless of insult.

"He has killed his last!" said Robin, returning home upon the second day, and sat down in the kitchen and sobbed.

"If that was all he would not die," cried the Woman. "He is not altogether man, is not my Danny. He can live for love as well as murder."

"That he can never!" gasped Robin. "Battle was his breath; blood his drink. He cares no more to kill; and he cares no more to live; and I aye tell't ye!"

"And I tell you!" cried the Woman. "I kenn't the way

it would be. He's in just the very taking a lass was, once I kenn't, that was ill-wished by such another as yon dark warlock-woman. She just lived, yet lay like one dead. There was no power in her, yet nor scar on her to show for it. Then she just dwined and dwined and dwined—as does our man; and she seemed to little day by day—as does our man; until she died—as will our man." And she began to sob.

Robin fell back upon liquor, and a bottomless despair; and the Woman wrung her hands all day.

Of the three at that time the Laird seemed the least troubled. A dimness of dreams had fallen on him like a mist. For the most part he sat all day long in the hall, wrapped always in his cloak in a sort of waking sleep; and Danny lay at his feet, like one dead.

"Danny might die!" cried Robin bitterly, "and his Honour would still just sit and glower, and sit and glower."

"He is far away," said the Woman, "and faring further. He is just dreaming away, and away. Since Missie trysted him in the wilderness he thinks of little else. I have heard him talking of her in his sleep."

And indeed it almost seemed as if it was so. That very noon, as she looked into the hall to see how it fared with him, he woke, and stared across at her; and there was a letter in his hand.

"If any comes for me," he said, "I will see them."

"Who's like to come for ye?" cried the Woman astonished.

"Missie might," said the Laird, and was back again in sleep.

She toiled back to the kitchen.

"The Laird has had his call," she said to Robin. "That's a sure thing. He thinks Missie is coming from heaven for him."

"And if any comes from heaven for him, who more like than Missie?" said Robin dully.

At the moment there came a knock at the kitchen door, very low.

The Woman sat down with quaking knees.

"Open!" she gasped, pale as her apron. "Open, Robin! If it was Missie come from heaven!"

Robin had risen, and had gone to the door.

The Woman waited with shut eyes.

There was a long silence, then Robin spoke: "This is no Missie from heaven," he said at last, deliberately. "This is an Englisher from Hell."

The Woman opened her eyes to see a huge sun-bearded stranger grinning in the door.

. . . . . .

In the yard the Englishman, a tender-fingered, sun-bearded man, sat on an old tree-stump, and Danny lay across his knees. The Woman was standing by, watching, as a mother watches her child in the surgeon's hands; while afar off in the wood-shed sat one upon his thumbs, his back upon the little group.

To him the Englishman looked up and called.

"Dos't know what's coom to this lad o' thine?" he asked.

He who sat upon his thumbs far off, with bowed back, answered nothing.

The Woman came across to him.

"The gentlemans is speaking to you," she said. "Why for do you not reply?"

"I have no Engleesh," said Robin, loudly. "Myself I am a Christian."

"Be ceevil for the sake of our man," urged the Woman, in hushed tones. "Maybe if you would reply to his questionings he could say what was amiss with our man."

"That would be fine indeed!" cried Robin, flaring. "I am to tell Joliath what is amiss with my man, and he will to go to his Honour——"

"Do you know, then, what is amiss with him?" interposed the Woman.

"I would not be like to know!" cried Robin bitterly, "I that have loved him and tended him, and been fellow to him these ten years."

" If you know," cried the Woman sharply, " why have you not said ? "

" I have not been askit," said Robin, tears in eyes.

" Do you wait to be askit," cried the angry Woman, " when Danny's a-dying, and we all seeking the cure ? "

Robin rose and began to move away.

" If it is his Honour's wull to put the curing of Danny into the hands of paid foreign folk, it is not for me to interfere," he said.

" You was curing him fine ! " jeered the Woman, " you that has been sitting sopping at the ale-house these two days, because you said Danny would die."

Robin came back to her with gleaming eyes.

" I will not shame you before your Philistine," he muttered in her ear, " you that are his concumbine for all the world to see. I will wait to smite you in your mouth of lies till he has gone."

" Hold away !" shrilled the Woman. " Go and dream dreams and get drunk—you and your Devils in a bag ! "

" Talkin' o' bags ! " called the Englishman after him, " see here ! I've summat for yo' little man ! " But Robin stumbled on blindly, and ran into the Laird entering the yard.

" Where to ? " asked the Laird, pausing, and eyeing him sternly. " To the ale-house, to get drunker ? "

Robin stood before him, a little ancient figure, with dim ringlets and greatly shaking face.

" There is one biding Mr. Heriot in the yard," he said, with shivering bitterness—" your Honour's Englisher, that you have paid to do for money what I would have done for love." And he turned and trotted off village-wards.

LXII

BAN AND COUNTER-BAN

Noonday folk were drinking in the alehouse when the great gates at the street-end clanged.

The potman went to the door.

"God's sake!" he cried, and drew a whistling breath.

"What is it?" asked old Andra curiously.

"Whisht!" whispered the potman, motioning for silence. "It's his Honour."

"What of it?" cried young Cockie Menzie. "Who fears his Honour these days?"

"I do," whispered the potman, "when the wrath's on him."

"Is the wrath on him?" asked several, instantly sobered.

"He's marching down the street like the death wind," whispered the potman, withdrawing into the shadow of the door. "I'd be sorry for the soul that crossed his path this day."

A drinker rose, stole across the sanded floor, and peered forth. Another followed. Soon they were all gathered at the door, huddled man behind man, the last of them upon a chair; only Robin, drinking in the dimmest corner, stirred not.

The Laird was coming down the street alone—not the tall old tottering man of these later days, but one who marched striding, his mouth like a sword, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"What's yon on his arm?" whispered Andra.

"It looks like a death-clout," whispered another.

"It'll be the Englisher's bag," said Robin dully from the dimness.

The topers in the door watched.

"He'll ha' come to call for some one," muttered young Menzies.

"God help who'e'er it be!" whispered a second.

"It's Widow Ogg!" said all in one hushed breath, as the Laird turned into a garden and disappeared.

A moment later a sudden dreadful scream smote their ears.

"God's sake!" cried the potman, and staggered back.

"It's her death-scream!" said young Menzies, white as whey, but still holding his position at the door.

"God rest her soul!" cried poor old Andra, shaken to the soul. "He's killed her, as he did her man."

"Ay," said dim Robin, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."

"Here he comes forth!" cried the watcher at the door, and in mortal fear fell back with the others behind the bar.

The Laird swept by the open door, cold, grim, inexorable. A long minute passed, and no man spoke; then down the street there came a pattering of hurrying feet, and with it a whining, whimpering, wailing noise as of some forgotten ghost hunting ancient earth-haunts. Then the dead woman stood in the door.

Her hair was loose, and her face showed dusky through it.

"I'm a dead woman the day!" she hoarsed, and tottered across to the bar. "Give me drink. I'd wash my soul in fire!"

"What ails the body?" chattered the potman, pouring for her with trembling hand. "What ill has his Honour done ye?"

"He put his hand on me!" hoarsed the woman. "He put his curse on me!" and drank, greatly gulping. "I'll ne'er see another dawn! He cursed me; and here's my curse again!"

She gave her skirt a sudden hitch, sank upon bare knees in the sanded floor, and with dreadful face uplifted, and with foul hair loose about it, began to curse.

"May he never know rest in his bed or his grave! May his death come soon, and may it come slow! May the child of his heart be the cause of his end!"

She lurched, caught, recovered, lurched again, and tumbled in the sand, her hair about her dusky face like cobwebs.

"Ay," said a dim voice from the corner, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."

LXIII

HOW SIMON FAILED TO EARN A GUINEA

Later Robin hurried home to tell the Woman what had befallen Widow Ogg.

The Woman hearkened, callous seemingly as stone.

"Is she dead?" she asked at the end.

"Na," said Robin. "It seemed it was but a fit."

"I would she were," said the gaunt Woman, hate like a black flame in her eyes.

Robin looked up, surprised.

"And you the Christian!" he sneered.

"Go in to the Laird," said the Woman hardly. "He has a word for you."

Robin went in, and found the Laird sitting shrouded in the hall, and Danny like one dead at his feet.

Robin beheld his little battle-fellow lying listless there, and gulped.

"So your Honour's Englisher has cured our man fine!" sneered the old man, trembling on the brink of tears.

"He may not have told me the cure," said the Laird, "but he has told me the cause of the trouble, which is more than ever you did—Widow Ogg kidnapped him."

"Kidnapped him!" cried Robin, startled out of himself.

"In a bag," said the Laird, "and ran off home and bid Simon take and drown him then and there."

"And did the lad dare?" cried Robin, "he that has the fear of Danny on him worse than the fear of the Devil!"

"Just so," said the Laird, "and his minnie knowing it, told the soft lad it was not Danny, but the Devil was in the bag."

"The Devil in a bag!" cried Robin as in a dream.

"And if he drowned him he'd rid the world of a worthless fellow and get a guinea reward from the police," said the Laird; and continuing told how Simon had set off then and

there, had run all night, till he came in the break of the morning to the wee lochan on Windyhope, and there had flung his burthen into the water; how it chanced that "your friend the Englisher" was not far, and hearing a strange outcry had come thundering up. to find Simon skipping like a madman on the bank, screaming that the Devil was drowned, and that he'd earned a guinea for ridding the world of the Father of Wickedness, and pointed to the bag moving faintly beneath the waters. The Englishman had waded in, fished up the bag, and loosed the mouth. Out had crawled Danny, more drowned than alive.

When Simon saw that:

"I aye kenn't he was the Devil!" he had screamed, and fled for his life; but the Englishman had pursued, caught, and half-killed him. Later, on returning to the lochan to minister to Danny, he had found the little man gone.

"The rest," said the Laird, "you know—except that I have been down to Widow Ogg—and she packs, she and Simon, before nightfall."

Robin listened dumbly as in a dream.

"And now we've found the cause of the trouble," said the Laird, "the question is, can we find the cure?"

"I would ask your Honour's Englisher," sneered Robin, coming to himself.

"I have," said the Laird, "and he says all Danny wants is heartening. Now, can you hearten him?"

"So it is to me your Honour turns in the latter end!" Robin cried passionately. "Cure him! who would cure him if I could not, who have been fellow to him in sorrow and sickness, and battle and murder, morning, noon and midday, these ten years? Cure him!" he cried with kindling bitterness, "if your Honour had come to me at the onset, there would have been no need to cure him at all."

"You would have made him whole before ever he was ill?" said the Laird.

"I would so," said Robin.

"If you could do this before," said the Laid, curtly, "why have you not?"

"I was waiting till you had finished fooling with him," said Robin, shivering. "You and your foreigners and Engleesh," and was going out.

"Put a name to this cure of yours," said the Laird.

"I call it the killing cure," said Robin shortly.

The Laird looked at him.

"The killing cure?" he asked suspiciously.

"Killing is curing where Danny is concerned," retorted Robin. "And if I can entice him back to caring to kill, I can entice him back to caring to live."

"Mind then!" said the Laird, hard as iron, "no murder."

LXIV

THE KILLING CURE

THAT evening Robin began the cure, hope glowing at his heart. He sat upon a basket in the sun outside the wood-shed; Danny was on one knee, and on the other a wire cage prisoning as gallant an outlaw company as ever harried a poultry-yard.

Then the old man began to whisper in the little man's ear of the good and bloody days gone by, and ever shook the cage to stir the souls within; while Danny, listless-eyed, reached up a fond tongue to caress the cracked cheek above him. Kindling as he went, the old man swept the strings of memory, singing the glories of many a stricken field; until Danny, kindling too, thrust forth a long grey muzzle to the cage and sniffed.

Sweet in his nostrils was the scent of the gentlemen-banditti within, and memory-stirring. His soul came tiding back into his eyes. He waxed and waxed, until it seemed he was his ancient glowing self again.

Rising on Robin's knee, he thrust forth a massive paw, and

tapped at the bars of the cage. Forthwith Robin set the cage upon the ground. Softly Danny leaped down, and cried to the gentlemen adventurers within to come forth and comfort him.

Then Robin clutched his champion by the neck and snatched him back, and thrust him forward, tarring him ever on.

Such was the noise of his urging that the Woman came clacking into the yard in her pattens to see.

"What is this rout and raging of the heathen?" cried she, hitching high her petticoats.

"It's the killing cure," Robin replied, thrusting, snatching. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"It is crueltee," said the Woman. "And it is a joy to you to make to suffer God's dumb creatures."

"It is that," said honest Robin. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"Ah!" cried the Woman, with high petticoats, "you're a' one are men and vermin. Killin's the least of your cruelties."

"It's all in a good cause," cried Robin, thrusting, snatching.

"What cause?"

"The cause of curing Danny."

"You will never cure my man by heathen-murders and bloodinesses!" cried the Woman. "He is not as he once was, and as you still are. He has ceased to be a man; he has ceased to care for murder, he has come to be a Christian quite."

"Blethers!" said Robin, and shot forth a fat buck rat.

It was a ten-yard course to the drain. The rat had four of them, then came Danny, and the rat got home by a tail.

"Wh-o-o!" whistled Robin, and drew a long breath; for Danny had stopped as if struck.

Then he came back, not scurrying for the mouth of the trap as of old, alert for the next, but ploddingly.

Robin snatched up the cage.

"Ho, the Danny!" he shouted, flaming forth with war-cry to stir. "Ho, the Danny! ho, the man! Remember

Jonathan and the passages of Michmash!" and shook forth on top of him a shower of rats—a left, and a right beneath his nose, and a wrench, such as of old his soul loved.

He turned not a hair's breadth aside for one of them.

"Danny, man!" whispered the old man, patting him as he passed.

For the first time in history the little knight snatched back his head and snapped.

The old man stood up and drew a shaking hand across his mouth: it was as if a son had struck him.

"Keep me!" gasped the Woman, and could say no more.

Danny trailed away. When he came to the gate he turned, looked at Robin, then trailed back to the old man's feet, lifted himself, and wagging a hopeless tail, licked the hand that he had snapped at; then he dropped, and trotted out of the yard, the most pathetic sea-grey misery that ever trailed a broken heart behind.

Twenty minutes later Robin and the Woman still stood in the yard.

"It was the pitifullest thing!" said the old man for the fiftieth time, while the tears coursed down his cheeks—"the pitifullest thing! 'Forgive me!' he said. 'It was none of me. Danny's dead.' And so," sobbed the old man, "he is."

"Where will he be?" asked the Woman, drying her own eyes.

"He'll none be far," said Robin. "He'll be lying his lone, and wearing his heart away because he will never kill more," and he turned off into the house to the Laird.

. . . . .

That old man knew already. He had been at the window when there had passed before his eyes across the green a small, sad shadow in grey, trailing a broken heart behind.

As Robin entered he turned from his post at the window, and with bleak angered eyes.

"Much good you have done!" he cried.

Robin looked at him.

"Kill him your own gate!" he sobbed, and flung forth.

. . . . .

All that evening and on into the dusk Danny was away. He shunned the house, and he shunned all company. Man-like, as the Woman said, he preferred to break his heart alone.

Towards nightfall, at the time of that deep stillness that often falls between the sleeping of the day and the waking of the night, the beetles twanging in the hush, and everywhere the scent and stir of night stealing forth from the hidden places of the dark, Robin was on the hill where the birch-woods march with the moors, searching a vagrant hen, who had stolen her nest up there.

On Fir-tree Knowe, on the western face of Lammermore, in that same spot where in dear summer evenings of the long-ago Missie had been wont to come, she and her young knight, to watch the shadows stealing over the land, pale Burnwater, and afar the sea, like a spear of gold barring the gate of earth, lay the mourner, grey head between grey paws, watching the glory gather in the West and fade away.

Robin stood afar off and watched him, nor for awhile could speak.

"Come, then, mannie!" he called at last, his heart full of tears.

The little knight rose, and trailed across to him, weary, sad, and small, the dying glory of the sunset in his eyes; and Robin, sniffling, lifted him in fond arms, and kissed him there, where none were by to see but God and the pale evening star. Then the two set off together through the falling night like a pair of lovers made one after many years.

. . . . .

It was Danny found her they sought in a dry ditch among the bracken at the edge of the wood. She would not stir for him, clucking curses at him; but Robin caught her deftly by the legs, counted the eggs, and then replaced her; and as he did so, and saw Danny watching him with tired eyes, he called

to mind the day when the ancestress of that same lady-hen had mothered a mixed brood, and Danny, happening on them in the wood, had slain the little pheasants, nor touched the chickens, and what then had come of it—Missie's white anger, the Woman's glee, and his own exertions to save Danny from instant death.

"It was 'Mind, no murder!' then," gulped the old man, tramping down the hill. "And it's 'Mind, no murder!' still. But now," he said, with misty eyes on the grey shadow before him in the dark, "I do think there will be never more any murders to mind."

A shadow, faint as a ghost's, fell across his feet.

"*What then of my murdered minnie?*" whispered a voice a of that ghost in his ear.

(*To be continued.*)