THE MAIN STREAM

WE have no sympathy with those who seek only to find amusement for themselves and others in the present troubles of the Liberal party. Our feelings, like those we believe of nine-tenths of the people of this country, are ranged on the side of the Government and not on that of their opponents, so far as the South African War and the questions arising out of it are concerned; but that is no reason for hailing with delight the possible destruction of one of the two parts of our constitutional machine. If the Admiral commanding one fleet in our Naval Manœuvres should find himself unopposed wherever he sailed, he would regard the contest as a failure rather than a triumph; and if the non-appearance of his opponents proved to have been caused by a fatal accident he would hardly care to be received home by his friends with boisterous acclamations.

We cannot, therefore, agree with that section of the Press which has been pouring ridicule upon the meeting lately held at the Reform Club. The proceedings were in no respect ridiculous; on the contrary, good feeling and self-restraint were shown to a remarkable degree, the Party gave the impression of being a loyal and courageous party, and some of the speeches showed that the finest elements of our political life are not wanting in the ranks of the Opposition. It is said that nothing was accomplished: that the wound was merely covered with a poultice. This may be a witty description, but it is hardly a

criticism, for a poultice may have been the appropriate remedy, if, as we believe, it is not a wound but something like a gathering, from which the patient has suffered.

Granted, however, that the trouble was skilfully brought to a head and a soothing effect produced, the remedy must be admitted to be a temporary one, and no time should be lost in beginning a radical cure, for the mischief is deep-seated and continuing. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have shown both courage and insight in proclaiming openly that the future is here involved in the present and past; but it is doubtful even now whether the full extent to which this is true has been understood: it certainly has not, to our knowledge, been expressed. "An honest difference of view," said Mr. Asquith, "about origins and causes, naturally colours and influences men's judgment of the present and their estimate of the future." Sir Edward Grey put the same point in a more concrete form. "When you come to particular motions in the House of Commons, the view we have taken about the war is sure to colour the view which we take upon that occasion in the House of Commons." These are plain and necessary warnings, given to one section of the party, that they must not expect or require another section to act inconsistently or to shirk the logical obligation of their admissions as to the past. There is, however, a further warning still more plain and necessary, which was not given either by Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, but which we venture to put forth ourselves, speaking, as we believe, on behalf of a large body of thoughtful and impartial men, who are in a position to take a rather more remote and sedentary view of the political maze in which their friends are hurrying to and fro "not without dust and heat."

The warning is this: the danger which threatens the Liberal Party is not only serious, but it is one not essentially connected with the question of the war or of South Africa; it will therefore not disappear with the cessation of the war or the arrangement of a satisfactory settlement; the present troubles are merely the symptoms of the malady, and will be succeeded

by others not less painful if no attempt is made to get rid of the poison and establish a healthier mode of life; for the habits of the last two years, and especially of the last two months, have been of the kind described by doctors as "imprudent," and by plainer spoken people as dissipated.

The theory has been propounded lately that the Liberal Party has "exhausted its mandate," that it has lost its *raison d'être*. We would say rather that it has forgotten it. It has been acting upon the creed that the duty of an Opposition is to oppose, and their object to turn out the Government and come in themselves. The only object on the other hand, which a true Liberal could admit as a legitimate one, is the provision and maintenance of a party more enlightened, more competent, and more patriotic, than that in power; such a party as may, when opportunity offers, supersede their inferior rivals, and in the meantime rouse them to emulation in the service of the country. The first duty of such a party is to criticise from the standpoint of a well-founded ideal. It is evident that when criticism degenerates into mere opposition, when it is based on malevolence or a selfish desire for office, it is useless, and will probably be ineffective: it is also evident to most of us at this moment that at certain national crises, for instance after the actual outbreak of war, criticism should only be offered by the most competent and most responsible, and with stricter regard than ever to the subordination of all other interests to that of the common weal. The time has come for saying plainly that the criticism offered by the Liberal Party during the present war, has not passed these tests: it has been inconsistent and merely embarrassing, it has become malevolent and unscrupulous.

A charge such as this must not be directed against a whole body without discrimination: but discrimination while it frees the many, presses more heavily upon the few. The few in this case are the leaders belonging to what has been called "the main stream," and the pro-Boers.

It is futile to deny that there are both in the House of

Commons and in the country those who have merited the name of pro-Boer. The term has been much misused: it has often been flung unjustly at all who differ from the majority as to the origin or inevitability of the war: but it has a meaning. It is legitimately applied to a spirit and a method. The spirit that cannot engage in controversy without hatred, the method of gaining an end by foul and reckless means—these are always evil, but they are at least human evils: such a spirit and method when turned against a man's own country and countrymen, are a horrible form of unnatural crime, and do more harm to the welfare of the world than many wars. The man of liberal mind does not easily quarrel for a difference of opinion; he remembers both the liberty of others and his own dignity. Even when he would give much to influence the action of his fellows, he will only attempt it by ways that are honourable both to them and to himself; if he fails he bows without bitterness to the will of the majority, until the wheel shall turn. There may come a crisis when he must resort to force in the defence of sacred rights, which are not matters of opinion: but it will be the force of arms and not of calumny or curses, and he will stake his own life before he urges others to risk theirs. If the suspicion should be forced upon him that his country is in the wrong, is guilty even of a great crime, he will be slow to convince, he will sift and re-sift every grain of evidence; if in his judgment the proof is irresistible he will strain every nerve to undo the mischief, to reverse the policy, but he will keep silence before the world, he will not use his mother's shame to enforce his own arguments.

The pro-Boer is different: *homo passionatus etiam bonum in malum trahit, et faciliter malum credit; dicit sæpe quod dicere non deberet.* His opinions we regret, but we are not angered by them: if they were dispassionately and scrupulously urged we should not blame him for them. His feelings and tactics are another matter; but even these must be considered historically, and with as little indignation as may be. The pro-Boer, as we know him, may be said to date from the Jameson

Raid, and he draws his original inspiration from several sources. One is a strong dislike to capitalists, another is distrust of Mr. Rhodes, a third, hatred of Mr. Chamberlain. So strong was the impulse of this current from the first that the natural sympathies of patriotism and Liberalism were, in many minds, speedily submerged and carried away by it; and men like Mr. Labouchere were already belittling the grievances and disabilities of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal at a time when Sir William Harcourt was still in a mood to remind President Kruger of the origin of the Great Trek, and when Mr. Morley was still of opinion that "the Transvaal, in my judgment, cannot withdraw from the five years franchise." The object of the pro-Boers at this time was to "give master Joe another fall"; their methods included advice to the Transvaal upon the invasion of British territory. Their hatred was extended to include Sir Alfred Milner. His appointment the *Daily Chronicle* (Mr. Massingham) had described as "an ideal one," adding that he "may be trusted to do justice, and to do it with firmness, with tact, with good sense." Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* had also declared "that Sir Alfred Milner is the best man for the post there is no manner of doubt . . . a man with a better judgment, a leveller head, and a kinder heart you will not easily find"; yet by September 1899, this unanimously chosen umpire was execrated as "a lost man, a lost mind," because he had given a decision against their views. This was after the dispatch of September 5, and in spite of his applause of the dictum last quoted, Mr. Morley was still urging "this five years franchise without dubious terms" upon the Transvaal Government, adding the words "we must be patient—not too patient: I do not ask it"; and Sir William Harcourt was still of the opinion "that the claim to be a Sovereign International State, put forward on the part of President Kruger, was not justified; that the British Government were right in repudiating it." The pro-Boers, however, immediately afterwards accused Mr. Chamberlain of "going to war for a consonant," though the dispatch of September 22, which contained the "consonant,"

contained also an offer to guarantee the Transvaal against any attack on its independence. On September 27, Mr. Kruger, without replying to this dispatch, mobilised the Boer commandos; on the 29th he took over the railways and expelled the Uitlanders; on October 7 the Reserves were called out in England; on October 11 the Boer Ultimatum was issued.

The pro-Boers were almost silenced for a time. During the earlier stages of the war their efforts were put forth chiefly in the formation of Conciliation Committees and Stop-the-War Societies. Their main line of argument was that war is never necessary, is always unjustifiable; a contention, in any case, discreditable to their intelligence and judgment, and now maintained with a violence which had nothing to do with peace in any true sense of the word. A period of military success followed, and then the General Election. The Liberal Party could never have expected a substantial success, but some impression might have been made upon a majority handicapped by so many miscalculations and disasters. It was a great opportunity for leaders, and the leaders failed lamentably. Mr. Morley had by June come to believe that our Government had practically declared war by calling out the Reserves. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had not yet come to believe anything definitely. The result was that the Government gained the unparalleled success of a second term of office with an undiminished majority, not as the reward of merit, but in recognition of the fact that there was no possible alternative party.

The pro-Boers, exasperated by this failure, passed into a frenzy of unreason; they held meetings at which De Wet was cheered and English generals were hissed; they boasted that they preferred the title of pro-Boer to that of Christian; their Press grasped unscrupulously at the most palpably false accusations not of our politicians but of our soldiers. Anonymous statements were printed alleging orders for "no prisoners" from Lord Kitchener; a proclamation that the nation was "wearying of the war" was founded on a letter from a single Noncon-

formist minister; Mr. Stead published, under the sensational heading "Has the Army broken in our Hand?" a garbled letter taken without inquiry by another paper from yet another in America; inferring to the satisfaction of himself and our worst enemies that our soldiers were mutinying against orders of policy, and this from a single unsifted piece of what would have been third-hand evidence if it had not been practically a forgery. It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Frederic Harrison's intemperate manifesto or to do more than mention the visit of Messrs. Sauer and Merriman; their mission now looks childish in view of subsequent disclosures, but it was the occasion of some disgraceful proceedings and ended in a farewell banquet at which, to our profound regret, Mr. Courtney is reported to have again spoken of Lord Milner in a manner unworthy of his better self.

So far we have not attempted to be exhaustive in any way; we have merely set down a few phrases and events which have remained in our memory and seem sufficiently typical for our purpose. They show that up to the moment of the outbreak of war the Liberal Party had on the whole fulfilled honourably and without excesses its legitimate function of criticism. They do not show that during the first eighteen months of the war, while the pro-Boers were giving lamentable proofs of passion and unreason, they were receiving from the responsible chiefs of the Liberal Party any open countenance or support; the programme of hatred aud unscrupulousness had not become official; the Party might be weakened by inconsistent leading, and discredited by some of its associates, but its honour as a whole was uncompromised.

Suddenly, however, without any warning, the situation was entirely changed. By a succession of blows which had almost the appearance of being concerted, Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman shattered the mosaic which they had been hitherto so careful to put together and keep undisturbed, and cast into the deepest doubt the Party's hopes of future usefulness. On June 14, at a banquet given by the National

Reform Union, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke of the policy of the concentration camps as one of "punishing" our enemies "now that we have got them down," and added that a war was not a war "when it was carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa." Mr. Morley followed with his now famous speech on "the main stream of Liberalism." This, in Mr. Asquith's view—and we think his view justified—was "a challenge deliberately and even defiantly thrown down. It gave an impression that those members of our Party who have taken the view which I have taken of the war, are henceforth to regard themselves as definitely and authoritatively branded as schismatics and heretics—that we had placed ourselves in antagonism with the predominant and authorised creed of the Liberal Party."

These speeches seemed startlingly like an adoption of the spirit and methods of the pro-Boers, and they certainly tended to disunion and the degradation of political life; the sinister impression was quickly deepened by the events which followed. On June 17, in a debate on the same subject of Concentration, Mr. Lloyd-George, after speaking of the high death-rate among the refugees, added "no doubt what had happened in these camps had entitled Sir Alfred Milner to his peerage." He then compared the policy of the Government to that of General Weyler in Cuba; and moved the adjournment of the House.

This motion was not in any sense an official one; the Party Whips were not telling in the division; but the titular Leader of the Liberals went into the lobby with Mr. Lloyd-George.

Mr. Labouchere was sufficiently encouraged by this success to proclaim at the Queen's Hall meeting two days afterwards that "Never had such barbarous acts been done by a civilised nation as had been done by England in the present war;" while Mr. Lloyd-George himself, in the part of an "honest, single-minded, and sane patriot," declared that "we had had disaster and defeat in South Africa, but he felt none of them so much as he did the torture of one little child," and described Mr. Chamberlain as "Herod's modern imitator." An amendment

was then proposed and carried by acclamation in favour of such terms of settlement "as shall include the complete independence of the two Republics."

It might have been thought after this that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would see the danger before him. On the contrary, he rushed more violently down the steep place, and upon an occasion which made his action more marked than before. Coming late into the House on July 4, and hearing only the conclusion of a speech by Mr. Lloyd-George, he endorsed it blindfold as "a moderate statement of those common-sense views which . . . are the views of the great majority of the people of this country." He went on to deliver a speech himself, which was rightly described as "frankly pro-Boer." The phrase has been warmly repudiated by Sir William Harcourt, but Mr. Balfour, who used it, had already set out the indictment more fully, and we think unanswerably. "Though the party of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman regards himself as the representative has done great things for the Empire in the past, it is open to the charge, on more than one occasion, of having had certain members who have sometimes openly ranged themselves with the enemies of their country, and at other times, without ranging themselves with the enemies of their country, have done all they could to blacken the character of their country in the face of the world and to encourage by their opposition and their criticisms those who were fighting against us in the field." That has been true all along; but it was now necessary to add that the leader of that party himself had adopted methods and used language which "would be shocking in the most irresponsible politician."

It is this condition of things, now definitely ascertained, that was left entirely untouched by the meeting at the Reform Club. With much energy and goodwill, that good ship, the Liberal Party, was then overhauled in mid-ocean and reported still seaworthy; but no one pointed out the vital fact that instead of holding a straight course through the rougher water,

her steersman has crept to leeward of a reef cumbered with wreckage and hitherto universally avoided: she is making, and is likely to make, no headway; she has fouled her propeller. The man who is responsible for this may have and is acknowledged to have many good qualities; he is genial and hard-working, he has accepted with devotion a hard and thankless task: but he cannot steer. He might well have been the subject of Burke's famous contrast:

> The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our Government, and the Pilot and the Minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their ports by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled, and when once it is consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same.
>
> But on the other hand, a man who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who instead of leading parties and governing accidents, is eternally agitated backwards and forwards, who begins every day something new and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose awhile on the world, but a little sooner or later, the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be concealed under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended farther than living from day to day.

Can any one believe that the conduct of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Morley will ever clear up, that their appearing inconsistencies can ever be reconciled? Has their ultimate end ever extended farther than living from day to day, and is not their latter conduct indeed a thread of pitiful expedients?

The views here put forward do not, we are glad to find, lack support, and that from the most desirable quarter of all, from the one sane and temperate organ of the Opposition. Throughout these troubled times the editorial articles of the *Westminster Gazette* have been honourably distinguished by an honest desire to face facts and by a self-restraint which has forbidden party spirit to seek a triumph at the expense of

patriotism. They have not presumed to thrust advice upon the leaders of the Liberal Party, but as each stage has been passed in the development of the crisis they have offered comments which have constantly formed a rebuke—possibly unintentional, but none the less effective—to the utterances of those in the more responsible position. The following words are among many which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley have no doubt read lately, and by which we can only regret that they have not profited.

As Liberals we must have a certain respect for men who are fighting thus bravely for their independence. But as Englishmen, we cannot forget that the triumph at which thay aim would be fatal to the British Empire in South Africa, and perhaps beyond South Africa. If then we are not prepared for any such catastrophe, we may keep the olive-branch ready, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman says, but while the war lasts, and while the Boers reject all possible conciliation, we must be in favour of carrying on the war vigorously, that it may be speedily concluded. The logic of war admits of no halfway house. . . . Therefore it is useless to declaim against war until and unless we are prepared to make peace, as at present we are not.

The root fact is that after nearly two years of war the Boers, according to our information, want the condition precedent of peace to be a recognition that they are a sovereign international State.

There has been hardly any time during the later stages of the war when these words would not have been in season: those which follow are for the present crisis.

We believe, as we have often said, that this war has been as humane as any war could possibly be.

We cannot acquit the Boers of responsibility, nor have we any sympathy with a line of criticism which confuses soldiers with politicians, and fulminates against both as if, in making war, they were guilty of a crime.

But the extreme sections who act thus are . . . a very small minority, and the duty of leaders is not to side with them but to control them.

Here we have the groundwork of our argument laid for us with no uncertain hand: nothing further is needed but to add the inevitable conclusion. The responsibility is great, and personal loyalty pulls at this son of Issachar as at so many others: "if a third leader were to be sacrificed in five years the

loss of confidence would we fear be irreparable." No such fear troubles us, no such fear troubles the cool and impartial onlooker; he sees only that the main stream of a great Party, "forgetting the bright speed it had," is stagnating in a shallow and contaminated course. The moment has come for a Liberal definition of Empire, for a Liberal declaration of faith in "the greatest and most fruitful experiment that the world has yet seen in the corporate union of free and self-governing communities." The moment has come for the declaration of a new and positive Liberal policy: one by which a party "purged from all anti-national elements, and confident therefore of the support of the country in regard to Imperial and foreign questions" may proceed in the work of domestic reform. In the deep and clean channel of such a policy, and in no other, may waters from different sources once more unite to flow "brimming and bright and large": and, called or uncalled, elected or unelected, the man who is strong enough to furrow that channel will be the leader of the Liberal Party, for the stream will follow him.

ON THE LINE

A DELIGHTFULLY-WRITTEN memoir of two illustrious English musicians is published by Methuen & Co. (6s.) with the title **Brother Musicians**; it is by Miss Constance Bache, and tells the story of the lives of her two brothers, Edward and Walter Bache. The elder was one of the most original of the English composers of his time, and we may be sure he would have accomplished much, both in the direction of creating new music and of helping forward the work of reviving music in England, had he been spared a little longer. He was born in 1833 and died of consumption in 1858. His brother, who was nine years younger, lived till 1888, and in the thirty years that divided the death of one from the death of the other, the whole aspect of music in England had undergone a complete change. The brothers seem not to have been much alike; the elder had the faculty of humorous observation, the younger indomitable perseverance. Edward's letters from abroad tell of amusing experiences, and show only too bitterly how difficult it was for a young composer to get a hearing; Walter lived through the early struggles of the renaissance of music, and was himself instrumental in bringing about the change. Through good report and evil report he persisted in the self-imposed task of bringing the more advanced compositions of Liszt before the British public, and his annual concerts cost him sums which were only made up by months of arduous teaching. One may wish that the cause he took up

had been better worthy of his devotion, but that devotion must command our respect. Miss Bache has accomplished her work with skill, taste, and enthusiasm, and the book is altogether worthy of the attention of all who really care for music.

Treason and Plot. By Martin S. Hume. (Nisbet. 16*s.* net.)—Major Hume's intimate acquaintance with the Spanish papers of the latter years of the sixteenth century gives importance to all that he writes on the subject. He has chosen a sensational title for a book which is written for students of history. His detailed accounts of assassination plots, and the minings and counterminings of the Jesuit, Scotch-Catholic, English-Catholic and Spanish factions are prolix and sometimes unreadable: but when he ascends from details to history, he is interesting as well as instructive. History is literature; material for history should be tabulated and illustrated by *pièces justificatives*, and a good deal of this volume would be better published as separate studies in the *Historical Review* than included in a narrative of events. Few readers will spend much time upon the question whether Lopez was more or less a traitor than Andrada or Tinoco, all well hanged and quartered long ago.

The principal factors in the history of England at this time are the following. First, as always, the mutual jealousies of European states, especially the growing animosity between France and Spain; the decay of Spain and the disruption of Charles V.'s empire; Philip's delay and incompetent laboriousness, for though he spoke of Time as his ally, Time was always his worst enemy; the English succession and the shifting of parties who did not know their own mind; the little band of Jesuits who did; the English priests and Roman Catholic laymen who had prayed and fought against the Armada; the Puritans, headed by Essex and leaning to the Scottish pretender; and the personal character of Elizabeth. Out of this tangle of contrarieties some leading features come to light, Philip II., whose hope of maintaining the ancient friendship

between England and the Netherlands was frustrated by Elizabeth's adoption of the Protestant cause, and whose design of conquest, when that was forced upon him, was so often baffled by the winds and the English sailors, cared more for the dominion of Spain than for the Catholic cause. He would help no Catholic pretender whom he could not trust to be subservient to Spain, and he was unable to impose a sovereign upon the English by force of arms. The English people, Catholic and Protestant alike, determined to preserve their national independence: and the succession of James VI. was accepted by all Englishmen who wished to avoid civil war or foreign domination. The only way to prevent this was for the King of Spain to support the most popular English Catholic claimant, and thus, at all events, keep out the King of Scots. So counselled Olivarez when Elizabeth was dying (p. 483), but the new Philip was as leaden-footed as his father, and had neither ships nor money nor a policy.

Who was the candidate of the English Roman Catholics? Major Hume calls the roll of the possible claimants and decides in favour of one of the sons of Lord Beauchamp (grandson of Lord Hertford). The boy was to marry his cousin, Arabella Stuart, thus combining the lines of Suffolk and Stuart. Such a combination, if it had been well prepared and supported, might have succeeded. But nothing was ready, Cecil knew everything, and had full control of the executive power. James's succession was acquiesced in by the majority of the nation, and Jane Grey's fate had shown how hopeless it is to rush a plan of this magnitude in England. Had the plot come to anything, James would have put it down without difficulty, and Lady Arabella and the Seymours would have gone to the scaffold. All this is well brought out in the later chapters of the book.

The affairs of Ireland are the only part of the sorry story of events in which there is any heroism and romance. True, the Irish as shown here are shifty, selfish, and incapable of a broad or consistent policy, but they are capable of loyalty

to persons, patriotism and devotion to their national creed, and the fate of the O'Donnells and O'Sullivans gives something of pathos and dignity to a drama many of the actors in which play a sordid game of personal advantage and unscrupulous plotting.

Children, and the finest kind of missionary, are the only people who could understand St. Louis were he now alive. The Crusades are the wars of great-hearted children—the heaven for which this true Crusader looked was the glassy-gold heaven of the child. He is the Parsifal of the time, the fool of purity, wise in that he could feel. They are wrong who think that wisdom is the monopoly of serpents; the harmless dove, to the no small surprise of the consistent snake, is out-and-out as wise as he. The worldly success of Louis IX. astonished human beings who were not so pious.

From this time the barons of France undertook nothing against their anointed Lord, seeing that God was with him.

The drama of his reign, set forth well and clearly in Mr. Perry's charming book—(St. Louis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5*s.*)—forces upon us once again the odd reflection that Greeks and Romans are less remote than the Christians of the Ages of Faith. Scourges, hair-shirts, and so on, create a more impenetrable barrier than the doctrines of Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius. (Mr. Perry inflicts them sparingly, and there is one delightful penance contrived for himself by the Most Christian King, "Not to laugh on a Friday if he could help it.") The *rôle* of king-philosopher is difficult, but, to judge by rare examples, it must be easier than that of saint-and-king. The latter is only possible among a nation of children—for a nation of Christians the world has not yet seen, so that they do not come within practical politics. Here are the children quarrelling—about clothes, of course. Said Robert of Sorbonne, the founder of the famous college, to Joinville, the seneschal:

"If the king sat down and you sat in a higher place, would you not be to blame?" "Yes," said Joinville unsuspectingly. "Then you are much to blame for clothing

yourself more richly than the king; for you are wearing green cloth and fur, which he never does." This made Joinville angry and he retorted, "Master Robert, saving your grace, I am not to blame if I clothe myself in green cloth and fur, for that dress was left me by my parents. But you are to blame, for you, who are a serf's son, have abandoned the dress of your parents and wear finer cloth than the king." "And I took the lappel of his surcoat and that of the king," the narrator goes on, "and said, 'See if it is not true.'"

This is the invariable *Tu quoque* of babes. Enter the saint, who is rather more grown up than the other children, as the good and wise child always must be.

"Then the king began to speak for Master Robert and to defend him with all his might. Afterwards he called Joinville and some others apart, and said that he had called me to confess that he was wrong in his defence of Master Robert. 'But,' said he, 'I saw him so confused that he needed my aid. But let none of you stick at what I said in defending him; for, as the seneschal says, you should dress well and neatly, and your wives will love you the better for it, and your people respect you more.'"

Pathetic with the deep pathos of a childishness almost divine is the story of that awful crusade in which, of the two thousand eight hundred knights who followed their leader, not one hundred escaped. The king plays the terrible game with boyish dignity. The Sultan having named a million gold bezants, or £500,000 French money, as the price of his ransom,

"I will give that willingly for my people," said Louis, "and Damietta for myself, since I am not one to be ransomed with money."

He feels the part as the most simple-minded of living princes could not.

"Seneschal, God has shown us His great power, since one of His little winds, not one of the four master-winds, went near to drown the King of France, his wife and children and all his company."

Not one of the four master-winds—what a touch is that! His wife was worthy of him. The nurses had come to her to ask whether, in the event of shipwreck, they should wake the children. "No," she answered, "let them go to God sleeping."

St. Louis never swore unless by his own name, and he never

mentioned the devil, "except in reading some book, such as the lives of the saints, where it was necessary." His advisers urged him to permit the Jews to continue their trade of usury, since—Jews being damned already as a matter of course—it could not matter much if they sinned, and the money was convenient for Christians. But the king was as uncompromising as people of ten years old generally are. Usury was wicked—the Jews were usurers—*argal*, the Jews must go, unless they chose to turn Christian or to work with their hands. Who can wonder at Ruskin's devotion to such a ruler as this? He died singing the hymn to the tune of which his whole life was set, "*Nous irons en Jérusalem.*"

The **Memoirs of the Countess Potocka**—(Authorised translation by Lionel Strachey. Grant Richards.)—are light, bright, full of the easy charm of a little great Polish lady with strong French sympathies, who describes the bewildered interval between 1794 and 1818 with no more effort than it cost her to do her hair. Astonishingly high spirits they had in those days! They thought it worth while to spend money and time on amusing themselves, and they amused themselves well, though little wit was lost on their practical jokes, and they sacrificed refinement to a robust sense of mirth which would be out of place nowadays at a dance on the green. Yet the Countess could be politic.

> "How do you think I dance?" Napoleon asked me, smiling. "I suspect you have been laughing at me."
>
> "In truth, sire," I replied, "for a great man your dancing is perfect."

He confided to her that he had wept over a novel called *Le Comte de Comminges*. She could not get it for some time afterwards, but when she did, she wept also. *Corinne* arrived at Osterode in the night, with a heap of despatches. Napoleon ran through the most important, and then insisted on waking Talleyrand that he might read aloud to him.

> "You like this woman," said he; "let us see if she has common sense." After listening for half an hour he became impatient.

"That is not sentiment; it is a hash of phrases—a head, front-side, back. Don't you see she thinks she loves this Englishman because he shows himself cold and indifferent? Go to bed—it's time wasted. Whenever an author personifies herself in a book it is a failure. Good-night."

He was a stern critic on other themes beside sentiment. He did not think even Polish gentlemen patriotic enough.

"There must be devotion and sacrifices and blood; otherwise you will never come to anything!"

As for Marie Louise, she is far more dull and stolid than she appears to be in *L'Aiglon*, yet she weeps on seeing the Emperor depart for the last time. The story of the Countess's own girlhood forms one of the most attractive portions of this book. She warns all mothers not to allow their daughters of fifteen to read the *Génie du Christianisme*, because the author quotes a passage from Rousseau, in which his Julie "complains of the void the heart experiences after the most deceptive emotions of life are exhausted." "M. de Châteaubriand, I do not doubt, had the best of intentions . . . but," &c. The portraits with which the volume is adorned are very interesting.

Les Amazones. Par Paul Lacour. (Librairie Académique. Perrin et Cie. *3fr. 50c.*)—Women are nearly always an interesting subject; but soldierly women are as little interesting as the feminine sex can be. We suspect them of crudity and emotional limitations, and Boadicea and Joan of Arc suggest the *tableau-vivant* and the walls of the Academy. M. Lacour has surmounted this difficulty. In "Les Amazones" he has given us a series of fascinating portraits: studies of historical women who have been generals in the battlefield as well as on the hearth. Most impressive among them is, perhaps, Matilda of Tuscany, "the Egeria" of the great Pope Gregory VII., his friend, his correspondent, his guide, his tool—the third actor in the tragi-comedy which Pope and Emperor composed, and played to the gallery of Europe. Or there is Hedvig, Princess of Poland, who at the end of the fourteenth century fore-

shadowed the woman of the Renaissance: one day meeting her betrothed, a prince of Austria, secretly in a convent; marrying her Pagan bridegroom, Duke of Lithuania, the next; converting her husband and her kingdom; fighting hard with one hand, giving alms with the other, and building universities with the third hand that seems to have belonged to most ladies between fourteen and sixteen hundred. Stirring, too, is the life of a later heroine from Lithuania, Emily Plater, who, a century ago, inspired by Joan of Arc, fought for the freedom of Poland. Her short story, of a high heart and forlorn hope, sounds like a wild, sweet, mournful mazurka of Chopin, which begins with the rush of wings and ends with the wail of a ghost.

Jacqueline of Hainault and Margaret of Anjou are striking but better known figures. The only sketch that fails to satisfy us is that of Louise Labé, the soldier-poetess of Lyons. Why does M. Lacour make her into a model of domestic virtue and suppress her drastic love-affair with Olivier de Magny? It is not for the historian to consider the cheek of the young person. But the defect springs from an excess of chivalry, and we can forgive it in a writer who has the Frenchman's gift of being grave and vivid—a gift which belongs to the land of memoirs.

MR. BRODRICK'S LOST OPPORTUNITIES

WHEN an engineer is requested to erect a bridge or any other similar structure, he first collects accurate data as to the soundness of his foundations, and then calculates the strength of his girders, with due reference to the maximum stress each member will have to bear; and having multiplied these by four or five to allow a sufficient margin of safety for all contingencies, he then designs the distribution of his metal in such manner as to get the best value out of the material he is obliged to employ in its construction.

As far as I am aware, no one has as yet attempted to apply these simple rules to the designing of that far more important structure which is to carry us safely over the gulf of war. Some neglect the foundations altogether, and propose to build on what does not exist. They demand, for instance, an unlimited supply of men of a physique and age which the vital statistics of every country show cannot be found in sufficient quantity. Others, ignoring the girders as a whole, lose them selves in the detail of the struts, ties and rivets; and all, as far as the perusal of countless essays and papers on the subject enables me to judge, make no attempt whatever to determine the maximum strain we may have to face, viz., the natural course and incidence of a great European struggle.

That this last and greatest factor should be so universally overlooked, I attribute to the absence of serious study of

military history, and the part that War has played in forging and welding together our Empire; for our military history, carefully considered, provides sufficient data for the preparation of an accurate estimate. The modifications which the progress of invention, and the means of raising armies now in force on the Continent, have introduced, are all susceptible of fairly precise calculation, while the ultimate human nature factors involved remain practically unchanged.

Victory or defeat in War are not the consequence of the tactical accidents of a single day, as many writers appear to imagine, but the final summing up and balancing of the thousand causes which for many years have been silently at work, building up or undermining the manhood of the nations engaged.

The central fact disclosed by the history of our last great War with France remains unchanged. "Ironclads cannot climb hills," as the Sultan of Turkey remarked on the occasion of the Dulcigno affair; and this being the case, it is tolerably evident that no naval victory alone can ever bring a European enemy to his knees. On the other hand, the pressure of our naval power properly employed (though in these days of railways it can no longer be relied on to starve Europe into submission) may well suffice to so far loosen the national cohesion of our adversaries, that a final blow by forces relatively small may suffice to bring their whole social structure about their ears.

Starvation would tell heavily upon us too, though I imagine not to the extent generally imagined, for whatever the coalition arrayed against us must be, it is certain that our ships will not go to the bottom without taking at least one of their enemies with them, and when we have matched ship for ship all down the list of our probable enemies, it will be found that the balance remaining will be far too small to blockade our coasts and harbours effectually. But much suffering there must undoubtedly be, and it is on that certain fact that I would found our whole scheme of army organisation.

We must be prepared to face the conditions of a beleaguered

fortress, and as every fortress commandant has been compelled to do, we shall have to enrol into our army every able-bodied man capable of bearing arms in the country, in order to diminish the pressure on the labour market, and to enlist the best elements of the country on the side of law and order.

Given the conditions of our imported food supply and our system of marine insurance, it is a necessary consequence of our situation that the outbreak of war will be followed by an enormous rise in the price of provisions. The corn merchants frankly admit that they will seize their opportunity, and the human nature element must be singularly lacking at Lloyds if the underwriters do not follow their example. There will at the same time be a heavy fall in all marketable securities, and practically speaking every employer of labour (except the great manufacturers of war material) whose margin of credit will not stand a reduction of say twenty-five points will be ruined and his workpeople turned out to shift for themselves. All this will happen within a few weeks of the commencement of hostilities, and it is important that a scheme to deal with these multitudes should be kept ready at the War Office for this emergency.

The exact number that will be without employment cannot be calculated with accuracy, but all who have considered the matter, from whatever standpoint they approach it, agree in placing the figure as between three and four millions, which would involve four-fold that number of women and children, or a total of from fifteen to twenty millions who will require relief, and there will be no solvent ratepayers to assist them. In an exceedingly able paper read before the Royal United Service Institution last February by Major Stewart Murray, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, it was shown that a rise in the price of necessaries of 30 per cent. would throw an equal number of persons on the rates, and in the discussion which followed, in which some of the leading grain factors of London, Liverpool and Chicago took part, it was openly stated that wheat might well go at first as high as 200*s*. a quarter.

Exclusive of the men legally liable to service in the regular army, militia and volunteers, there are at least 240,000 ex-reservists under the age of forty-five, with 30,000 pensioners and others still fairly active under sixty. Of the number who have passed through the militia it is not easy to obtain information, but I should consider 100,000 as a low figure. Of ex-volunteers under forty-five there are said to be not less than 1,000,000. So that of men more or less trained to bear arms, including men actually now serving, we have a gross total of not less than 2,000,000, whilst of men physically fit but untrained, adopting the French figures as a basis, we must have at least another 2,000,000.

In proportion as we can enrol these men we shall diminish the pressure on the labour market, and since we must feed that number of mouths anyhow, we may as well get some return for our money.

That return we certainly should get—when our reconstructed fleet had reasserted our supremacy at sea—for by that time social conditions would be in a very shaky state across the Channel, and the existence of at least 1,000,000 picked fighting men with reserves behind them would form a very important card in the hands of our diplomatists when it came to discussing peace. It is not likely we should ever need to embark such an army. The essential thing is that it should be known to exist; such a power facilitates marvellously the art of graceful concession.

Now, if forty years ago the Northern States raised, out of a population not exceeding 20,000,000 wholly untrained to arms, 2,000,000 fighting men in less than four years and within eighteen months made infantry of a quality which has never been surpassed in history, infantry which would still go on in face of losses which have never since been equalled; it seems to me that for us to create out of 2,000,000 part-trained men an army quite capable of holding its own against any troops in Europe would be a relatively light task, provided always we prepare the framework for expansion in time of peace, and this

brings me to the immediate question of the day, the reform of our peace-time organisation.

At the present moment it is accepted as a fundamental point of our whole military structure, that the strength of our army is primarily conditioned by the number of battalions required to garrison India, our Colonies, and coaling-stations. These make such a demand on our recruiting resources that practically speaking no addition to the other arms, cavalry and artillery is possible.

But the power of expansion to meet a great emergency depends principally, one might with truth say, altogether on the strength of these arms, which cannot be improvised rapidly, and without which a real army, fit to encounter continental troops cannot be conceived—for an army without cavalry and artillery is powerless to fulfil the tasks for which armies exist, viz., the winning of decisive victories.

The question then arises, whether under the existing conditions of India and our Colonies, this number of battalions actually is required or not, whether in fact a redistribution of the proportions of the three arms cannot be arranged without any diminution of our local striking power.

I venture to suggest, that a consideration of the conditions which prevailed at the time when our Indian garrison was fixed—*i.e.*, just after the Mutiny—and those prevailing now, will lead to an important modification of existing opinion.

In those days the idea of employing cavalry for any other work but charging, was foreign to the whole spirit of the army —and the British cavalry throughout the Mutiny had given such a poor account of itself, that its potential striking power was completely ignored. Yet it might have been remembered that it was the prompt action of Colonel Gillespie at the head of the 19th Light Dragoons that quelled the Mutiny at Vellore, which might well have assumed proportions as wide and far reaching as the outbreak at Meerut, and that even at Meerut a resolute man and a couple of good mounted regiments might have prevented a single mutineer from ever

reaching Delhi. But time was not ripe for a step forward, and conditions of economy were allowed to outweigh all others.

The primary consideration in the matter was the difficulty of finding forage for the horses in the vicinity of the large stations—people who do not know our Indian life have no conception of the trouble involved in finding grass for 500 horses. But nowadays, after the introduction of grass farms and the spread of railways, there should be no more trouble in providing green food or hay for the horses than there is at home.

Next comes the question of expense to the Government of India, but against that must be set the imperial aspect of the matter. Is it expedient that to suit the convenience of the Indian taxpayer, we should be saddled with a drain upon our recruiting resources which we are practically unable to meet and an army system which is badly adapted for expansion? The matter is one for adjustment, and if India cannot pay, then we must—with us it is not so much a question of money as of men. It is impossible to go into the detail of redistribution in a paper of this nature, but let it be assumed for the sake of argument, that we can dispense with 12 white battalions in India, which would mean a corresponding reduction at home of another 12 = 24 in all. Now one cavalry regiment and four batteries of artillery require only the same number of recruits as a single battalion of infantry. So as far as the supply of men goes, we could, by a re-arrangement of the 3 arms in India alone, maintain 24 cavalry regiments and 96 batteries, or 12 cavalry regiments and 144 batteries, without any additional strain on our recruiting resources. Similarly in South Africa, to which 12 battalions are allotted under the new scheme, we might replace 6—entailing a corresponding reduction in England—by 12 cavalry regiments and 48 batteries or 6 cavalry regiments and 72 batteries for the same number of men, giving us either 36 cavalry regiments, *i.e.*, 6 divisions and 144 batteries or 18 regiments and 216 batteries according to the proportion adopted to form the framework for expansion of our home army, and not only would all three

forces, the home army and the garrisons of South Africa and of India, gain enormously in striking power, but because cavalry and artillery are more attractive to the possible recruit, there would be less difficulty in obtaining the men.

It will be as well at this point to clear up the question of the amount of raw material of suitable physique, and military inclinations that actually exist in the nation. It is of no use proposing higher rates of pay for a better class of men, if no better class exists, neither is it of much avail to try conscription if a sufficient number of men are willing to come forward voluntarily.

In round numbers there are in the United Kingdom about 2½ million males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, nearly 15 per cent. of whom are actually serving in the regular army or navy.

Every man who wishes to serve his country is, however, by no means necessarily accepted—on the contrary at least half who get as far as the medical inspection are rejected, and very many indeed never reach the doctor at all, but are weeded out by the recruiting officers. It is reasonably certain that at least 100,000 apply for the 40,000 vacancies which, roughly, have annually to be filled.

The militia enlist about 30,000 a year and reject half as many. The volunteers reject very few, not more than 10 per cent. perhaps, but they enlist a very great many, say altogether 60,000. The navy about another 20,000, and reject at least twice that number.

So it appears that somewhere about 265,000 men a year voluntarily come forward desiring to serve, and it is well known and perfectly obvious to even the casual observer, that age for age, the regular soldiers are physically much superior to either the volunteers or the militia.

Now, there is no reason whatever to suppose that patriotism and the desire for a soldier's career are only found in the physically unfit, and since the recruiting market is fed by not more than 360,000 a year, it is impossible to believe that all

the military virtues and physique are centred in the odd 95,000 who do not even approach the recruiting offices.

In Germany from 1880 to 1890 with a total population of 45,000,000, the annual contingent averaged about 380,000, of which about 161,000 were actually enrolled, or about two-thirds of the number who voluntarily offer themselves for service in our country every year. Making every allowance for the men who being rejected by the army enlist either in the volunteers or militia, the result is still sufficiently surprising and makes it quite certain that conscription would not materially better our position.

It also finally settles the idea that higher pay would attract an older or physically better class, for practically all the men of sufficient physique and military aptitudes are already serving in some branch of the service, and the pick of them in the regular army or navy.[1]

If we had a regular army of not more than 20,000 men, requiring only 4000 recruits a year, then no doubt, as in America, 1*s.* 9*d.* a day might for a time attract a very fine average of men out of the recruiting pond—there would be some 360,000 still to draw on—but with our navy and army of 330,000 in round numbers the best of the men are already enrolled.

We must simply face the fact that the supply of men of suitable quality is strictly limited, and cut our coat according to our cloth.

So far I have not alluded to the cost of the scheme I advocate. I have kept back this point because I wish to develop a view of this question of the cost of national defence, and which in England at least is, I venture to submit, quite unusual.

In a pamphlet entitled "Voluntary *versus* Compulsory Service," I published some years ago the results of an inquiry I had been making in Germany as to the true incidence of compulsory service and military taxation on that country—an

[1] From the annual returns on the state of the Army it appears that the "mean" height of the typical British soldier is 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; age, 22 years 6 months; chest measurement, 38 in.; a very fair sample of a man.

inquiry which led me to the ultimate conclusion since formulated by General von Schwarzkoppen at the Hague Conference, viz., that so far from compulsory service having drained the life-blood of the country, it was in fact the true mainspring of her growing commercial greatness.

To the best of my recollection no proof whatever of this statement was adduced before the conference; it may, therefore, tend to clear up the situation if I interpolate here some of the facts which I was able to ascertain.

In a long conversation, held at Berlin in 1892, the Head of the Statistical Bureau of Prussia admitted to me that the question had never yet been considered in the form I have above suggested, but that given a sufficient staff of clerks and adequate time, a national capital account could be compiled, which would show very remarkable results on the following points:

(1) The insecurity on the frontiers due to distrust of the power of the national armaments kept back the influx of capital in those districts which happen to be of chief manufacturing importance—the Rhine Valley and Silesian frontier—till after the events of 1866 and 1870 had proved their adequacy.

(2) The difference in the yearly increment of public credit between 1815–66 (due to normal expansion of population and improving quality of labour, a consequence of national education and the military training in the national university, *i.e.*, the army), and the stimulus to normal expansion conferred by the sense of security resulting from the victories of 1866–70, marks the direct consequence of the capital sunk, and "blood tax" expended in military preparation and fighting.

(3) The increment in the value of landed property throughout the empire, due to increased security of tenure resulting from the removal of the dread of invasion. In some districts this has been fabulous. I have been shown plots in the suburbs of Frankfurt-am-Main, which in 1865 would hardly have fetched £50 an acre, now worth £10 a square yard, and Frankfurt is no isolated instance.

(4) The advantage of free education, originally introduced into Prussia solely for military reasons, together with the suppression of an idle aristocracy, whether of birth or wealth.

(5) The addition to the labour power per head of the population, due to military training in youth, giving a better expectation of life in those who have been through the ranks, generally estimated in Germany as not less than five years per head. Since 1815 approximately 20,000,000 Germans have passed through the military mill, and, allowing for the normal death-rate of males over twenty years of age, the excess of deaths in action and from disease does not exceed 40,000—that is 2 per 1000. But as every man passing through the ranks has a better expectation of life by five years than the normal, and as about 250,000 revert to civil life annually, there must be roughly at any given moment 1,250,000 men alive, and creating wealth at the rate of £70 a year per man, or a total addition to the capital of the country of £87,500,000 per annum, but the cost of the army is only £22,000,000 a year.[1]

Since 1835 £800,000,000, in round figures, has been sunk in military preparations and annual maintenance, and £87,500,000 is more than 10 per cent. return. In the same period in England about £1,000,000,000 have been sunk in railroad construction, and the return is only a bare 3·5 per cent. In the process of working and construction these railways have claimed on a broad average 500 lives a year, so that for the whole sixty-five years our railways have cost us 32,500 lives, to say nothing of the maimed and crippled, for the percentage of permanent injuries to cases is far greater in railway working than in war, and if we measure the risks in percentages of deaths to men employed we lose as high a proportion of traffic workers in every ten years as the Germans lost of their soldiers in the campaign of 1870—roughly 3 per cent.

[1] See Mulhall's estimate of the earning power per head of population in Germany: "Wealth and Industries of the World," 1894.

Which is the best investment of national wealth? Money spent in military preparations, which returns 10 per cent. per annum, and secures the inestimable advantage of peace and security from invasion, or money sunk in railways which pay only 3·5 per cent., the average "blood tax" on the railway workman being some five times as heavy in the latter case as in the former. I have lived much in conquered countries, and well know which I should prefer to pay for.

Though the figures I have given can only be regarded as approximations, no one who has studied the evolution of industry in Germany since 1815 can doubt that it is scientifically inaccurate to speak of money sunk in military preparations as wasted resources; and if Herbert Spencer's analogy drawn between the State and the living organism is correct, then it logically follows that in a healthy state the growth of fighting force must proceed in direct proportion to the growth in power and wealth of the whole body.

This is obviously the law in the animal world, each creature's means of offence and defence grows with its growth, and the animal is healthy or the reverse in precise proportion to its means of obtaining its prey and retaining it when acquired.

Trade is the food of the State considered as an organism, and its power of obtaining it and retaining it undisturbed, varies with its credit which again depends on the security afforded by the possession of fleets and armies. Capital did not flow to the valley of the Rhine until the victories of 1870 removed all prospect of a change of possession. We should not long remain the chief ocean carriers of the world but for the fighting reputation we acquired in the days of Nelson.

If, therefore, the analogy is correct, there must be some solution of the problem of imperial defence which will make the investment of money and effort productive of a return to the country, precisely as a similar expenditure has been shown to be remunerative to Germany.

In spite of the far greater complexity of the problem in our

case, I am of opinion that such a solution can be attained, and, indeed, in a measure, is already attained.

The chief difficulty lies in the preparation of a national balance-sheet, a difficulty which arises from the fact that many of the very real advantages we derive from military expenditure—such as the sense of security, the absence of foreign dominion, &c.—cannot be converted into terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

According to Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," we have spent 1,265,000,000 in money in the prosecution of War from 1700–1860, and setting aside the moral qualities, the spirit of duty, and self-sacrifice developed in a portion of our population, on which, though incommeasurable in terms of cash, our commercial prosperity can be shown to depend, our return has been the acquisition of our Colonies and dependencies throughout the world and our position as ocean carrier all over the globe.

The capitalised value of the former, according to the same authority, amounts to not less than 3,000,000,000, and who can estimate the amount of their hitherto undeveloped resources, or the vital consequence to us in the future of the trade their loyalty ensures us.

We can put no money value on the lives they have cost us, neither can we assess the priceless value of the examples of fortitude and endurance with which our forefathers have so abundantly endowed us, but even the most commonplace every-day business undertakings involve risk to both life and limb, as I have pointed out above, and what great engineering undertaking can show a better return for the loss of lives they annually claim.[1]

[1] The cost of life in great engineering undertakings is frequently conveniently ignored, and I can find no statistics of our earlier railway undertakings. Some of the early tunnelling in England was very dangerous. As a special case, the number of officers employed on the Hurnai Railway was, to the best of my recollection, fifty-two, of whom three died, twenty-seven were invalided, and all suffered pretty severely. Of the natives no count could be kept—there were many fatal accidents in Mud Gorge and the tunnelling on the Chupar

This is a point of view too often neglected; accidents in our factories are taken far too much as a matter of course, and but rarely is a voice lifted to proclaim the blood-guiltiness of the employers and directors who directly profit by them. Yet, let but a few hundreds of men once in every decade lose their lives in the execution of those duties in which our policy from time to time involves them, and every newspaper rings with diatribes on the horrors of War and the terrible suffering it involves.

It is a curious fact that it is precisely from amongst those classes who shrink most from the blood-guiltiness of War that opposition to military expenditure mainly arises. Yet were they logical they should be the first to support it—for it is only the knowledge of preparation for War that at present determines the maintenance of peace and their supine security.

To secure their support, they must be brought to understand the strict analogy which exists between business firms competing for custom and nations competing for trade which means the daily bread and general welfare of the whole population.

If public opinion condones the annual expenditure of life and limb involved in the maintenance of our railways, in consideration of the benefits conferred thereby on the community in general—not the least of which is the steady employment of labour they afford, by which not less than 1,000,000 of men, women and children are supported—how much more should it condone the cost in life of our fighting services on whose efficiency the food supply of these islands, at any rate, undeniably depends.

The trouble here is to convince them that we should lose our trade in the event of defeat.

Modern trade depends on national credit, which in its turn

Rift—and they died like flies from cholera and fever. The Suez Canal was also a costly affair, and as for the lives lost on the Panama Canal no estimate has ever been attempted.

depends in our case on our command of the sea, and our consequent security from invasion.

If consols fell to 50, and as the result of defeat we were saddled with an indemnity of one thousand millions, practically every firm in England would be ruined, and if we ever recovered the blow, the transfer of our carrying trade to our rivals' flags would cripple all our efforts to force an entry for our goods against the prohibitive tariffs which we should find everywhere imposed against us.

Let us push the analogy of business competition a step further.

A chord line of railway will increase earnings—but cost men and money; does a directorate hesitate if the return is satisfactory?

Of late we have witnessed an awakening of the national conscience to the risks run by our working classes—and this has resulted in the Employers' Liability Act, the cost of which in practise falls ultimately upon the consumer.

Cannot we now go a step further, adopt a policy of adequate national insurance, and charge the cost on the consumer likewise?

These results have been attained in Germany, because in that country the army has become the national university of the whole race, in which those qualities of obedience, punctuality, duty, &c., on which ultimate success in business concerns is based, have been acquired by them.

Is there any reason why these same qualities should not prove remunerative in this country? I believe not; on the contrary I believe that even now, before the full consequences of the change from long to short service have had time to evolve themselves, we can show returns most creditable to the men and officers engaged. For the first few years after the great change was made, and before the principles on which short service must work to be effectual were understood, it was difficult to find work for our reservists; not only was there a very strong prejudice against them, but as a fact the habits of

idleness which become inherent in all long-service peace-trained armies, and the system of mutual hypnotisation which in those days was considered as drill, sent the men out into the world by no means well qualified to hold their own in the market. They were wanting in perseverance and self-reliance, and the failure of some of them gave a bad name to the whole —but by degrees short service is working out its own salvation, the methods of training are undergoing an immense revolution which is still far from completion, and the psychical element in the making of a soldier is every year becoming better understood.

Even before the war a great improvement in the status of the reserve man had taken place, as all who can recall the successive mobilisations of 1878, 1882 and 1899, can witness, and in some districts, the West Riding in particular, the employers were beginning to find out that the reserve man was as a fact worth higher wages than the average.

In 1897 a report was called for by Mr. Arnold Foster, designed to show that the short-service system was crowding our workhouses with broken-down soldiers and constituted a serious menace to the State; but the report when presented proved the exact opposite,[1] for it showed that out of the 80,000 reserve men only 1 in 256 was in receipt of relief, and of pensioners only 1 in 42. Whilst of the 407,734 men who had served in the army—exclusive of reserves and pensioners—only 1 in 61 was a charge to the public; summing the whole together 1 in 176 came on his parish, whilst of the whole male population of the country 1 in every 45 found his way to the workhouse.

If we consider the classes from which our recruits mostly spring—or rather are believed to spring—this reduction in liability to become a charge against the public, represents a very large annual saving indeed.

I hold it therefore proved that even in the stage of development we have now reached, service in the ranks is

[1] War Office Return, December 1897.

an unqualified benefit calcuable in terms of £ *s. d.* to the individual, and if to the individual therefore to the State.

That an efficient army pays in war time is self-evident; our Colonies and their vast potential wealth are there as a proof of the fact, and that the knowledge of the existence of a thoroughly efficient fighting force is the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace, the present condition of Europe testifies.

I hold therefore that it is as much to the interest of the State to pass as many men as possible through the ranks, as it is to the interest of a country like India to irrigate every acre of land that she can, provided always the stream of irrigation is directed to the best advantage.

Hitherto, in the army this has not been the case, there has been an immense waste of energy on overcoming internal friction; and we have been very far indeed from making the most of the opportunities the nature of our Empire affords us.

What are the needs of the Empire as a whole, and what those of our soldiers? Cannot the two be combined in some working harmony? Is it not indeed probable that the true line of progress lies in the direction of the solution of both?

These are the questions I will endeavour to answer.

The essential need of the Empire is a far more rapid and fuller circulation of its units to its extremities. Our arteries are constricted, and we do not send out sufficient healthy blood. We have to face the probability of a wall of tariffs around us, and we need to populate our Colonies so thickly that our inter-Imperial trade will suffice to maintain our joint population, and the prime need here is the development of every acre of wheat-bearing soil in the Empire, particularly in Canada.

The needs of the army, on the other hand, are these: training in surroundings such as it is practically impossible to obtain in our overpopulated islands, and a life varied and attractive enough to induce our best blood to offer itself. We want, too, sanataria to undo, or at least to mitigate, the evil of our Indian life. We need India for the sake of the evolution

of character induced by service in that climate, and for that grip of the bedrock facts of human existence that is soon acquired by even the youngest soldier, who has fought and seen pestilence and famine at close quarters. Such knowledge is not learnt from books, but it is an essential part of the education of a race that means to bear the white man's burden worthily. Still, it is a terrible counterweight in the scales of recruiting, and it needs something very substantial in the other scale to balance it.

I propose, therefore, that Canada should be offered as a counter attraction, and that all our regiments should in turn—horse, foot, gunners, and engineers—pass two years of their round of service in that healthiest and most enjoyable of all our possessions. We cannot send all our men through it, as their term of service is far too short, but we can pass the headquarters of each regiment and battery successively westward so that each man shall get his chance according to the luck of the service.

Every year, early in the spring, 12 battalions of infantry, 7 regiments of cavalry, 12 batteries of artillery, and 6 companies of engineers, organised as a strong division, would embark for the North-West Provinces of Canada, passing up the St. Lawrence, and landing at Port Arthur. Here, in the district between Winnipeg and Lake Superior, a series of large camping-grounds, to be developed later into townships, would have been laid out by the Canadian Government, and the infantry and engineers would set to work to clear the land, lay out roads, sink wells, erect huts, &c., all the work, in fact, that troops nowadays have to do in the field when they are not either marching or fighting, which is generally nine-tenths of the time.

The cavalry and artillery would be sent further up country into districts more suitable for their special work, the building, &c., being done for them by the engineers.

One half of the total strength would be regularly available for tactical training, musketry, &c., and for a month every

autumn the troops would be brought together for combined manœuvres.

Practically, the course of instruction would be the same as that which has been in force in the Royal Engineers for years, and experience has abundantly proved that this combination of hard manual work and drill combined, in which men are associated together in the execution of permanently useful work which they see growing before their eyes, has the very best effect on their health, discipline and conduct.

During the winter months work must cease, out of doors; but the long winter evenings give opportunities for the indoor training of the men, and very slight expense in workshops would suffice to teach every man the rudiments of a trade. It is only in a country where lumber is cheap that you can afford to allow recruits to carpenter.

Next spring the troops would move on into new country amongst the foot-hills of the Rockies for further training and less digging, and in the Fall they would embark for India, taking with them health, the habit of work, and a degree of training such as we have never sent out to that country yet.

Thus, year after year a constant stream of men would flow westward, clearing and developing new districts, and learning by personal contact what colonial life really means. Some, no doubt, would shrink from its loneliness and hardship, but very many after their Indian experience and the disillusionment which usually awaits the homecoming soldiers, who finds his place filled by others and his friends too occupied with their own affairs to give him assistance, would turn with longing to the country where he first learnt the absolute happiness of a completely healthy life.

The loneliness is the great stumbling-block; for the soldier, after his life in barracks, feels the absence of congenial comradeship more than most men, but this difficulty can be overcome if the following suggestion is carried out.

Each regiment as it arrives in the country should receive an allotment of ground in the district it assists to develop, and on

this the nucleus of a regimental reserve settlement should be erected. This would consist of some married quarters, a club-house, canteen, &c., and reserve or ex-reserve men with their families should be encouraged to come out and settle, the men being employed at further clearing, building, and so forth. In time, when the service of the men with the colours expired, land and houses in these districts should be offered them, and it is to be expected that many would avail themselves of the opening.

Money would be advanced to them on the security of their holdings by county regimental funds, in accordance with a scheme worked out by Mr. Colley-Bromfield for land colonisation, the chief feature of which is, that whilst every inducement to remain in the district is offered to the men, their holdings are still a marketable security which they are free to deal with as they please, should a better opening present itself; thus all sense of compulsion is avoided, and the society which advances the money, and is in fact the landlord of the district, earns an ample income to cover its expenses.

What a boon such a chance of settling in a new country amongst friendly surroundings and old regimental associations would prove to the thousands of our men, who with every desire to raise themselves, are yet lacking in any highly specialised gifts of hand or eye, which alone nowadays ensure high rates of wages.

That men would come out and throw up their chances without due provision for the future, it is only in human nature to expect, but the long winter days and the absence of congenial surroundings would soon tell upon all but the fittest, and then the attraction of the old regimental home, the bugles at *reveille* and retreat, the cheerful gatherings at the club-house or canteen would soon assert their power. And there would always be a welcome for the prodigals, for the society for years to come would always have work and pay to offer.

If it pays the Canadian Government to offer land to the casual settler, how much more would it pay them to assist

these bodies of trained "pioneers," for that is what all regiments under my system would become, whose labour could be directed to one common object consistently pursued, and whose location could be determined by that government itself in accordance with a well-considered plan of development.

That it would pay the home government there can be no doubt. Not only would the outlook attract better recruits, but it would train better and healthier soldiers, and ultimately plant out upon at least one of our exposed frontiers several thousand thoroughly trained men, to be incorporated as a backbone to the very excellent Canadian Militia.

The scheme can, of course, also be applied to South Africa, and had it been adopted twenty years ago, so that in 1899 some 20,000 trained fighting-men had been planted out along the Natal and Cape frontiers it is at least doubtful whether the present unfortunate war would ever have broken out.

There are, however, strong objections to the employment of this scheme on a large scale in South Africa. First contact with the native races, which breeds in the white man a repugnance to hard manual labour, the bed-rock of my proposal; secondly, the proximity of the goldfields; thirdly, endemic typhoid fever; and fourthly, the great distance from home, which precludes the possibility of taking the two years' tour of service out of the usual home service regimental tour on the roster. Canada to count as home service, the officers would willingly stand, if liberal leave and cheap passages were granted at the end of the drill season, but the time of transit to South Africa curtails the leave too much, and the expense would be prohibitive to all but the rich.

I would, however, strongly advocate on grounds of economy and efficiency that at least half a dozen battalions, together with cavalry and artillery on the Indian establishment, should be quartered in Natal, not only on the score of health, but because there are always a certain number of units in India further away from the frontier in point of time, owing to deficient road and

railway transport provision, than they would be if kept in Natal and sent straight by sea to Kurrachi.

My proposal, therefore, would work out thus: In peace time a total reduction of 36 battalions, and an increase of 18 cavalry regiments and 216 batteries, which would require slightly fewer recruits, and retain them with less wastage, and being more popular services would be more likely to get them.

A strong army corps with a cavalry division always in Canada, and a reduction in the home establishment of infantry of 42 battalions, whose presence in this country could be easily dispensed with, if, to guard against the possible surprise raid to which Mr. Balfour alluded in his speech on the Army Estimates on May 16, and in which, I firmly believe, half the troops from Aldershot, and the infantry garrisons of Chatham and Shorncliffe were moved to a new camp at Ashdown forest, money being found for the purchase of a new site by the sale of the improved W.D. property at all three places (at Aldershot land bought for £7 an acre will now fetch £500).

The permanent garrison of this camp should be reinforced during the "dangerous" months (*i.e.*, those during which the French army has all its recruits in the ranks, and can move at a moment's notice without waiting to call up its reserves) by militia battalions and volunteers whose camping-out periods would be worked in to fit a general scheme.

And, lastly, peace in South Africa being arranged on such a basis that Baden Powell's police and the local forces will suffice to crush out all fresh revolt—all other colonial garrisons to be left on their present footing, 6 infantry battalions alone of the Indian garrison being quartered in Natal for the reasons already given.

F. N. MAUDE,
Lt.-Col. late R.E.

THE TACTICS OF THE SUB-MARINE

THE successful attack made by the *Gustave Zédé* on the *Charles Martel* during the French manœuvres in the Mediterranean affords one more striking proof that the submarine-boat has at last become an effective and reliable element in naval warfare. The *Gustave Zédé* had been towed from Toulon to the neighbourhood of Ajaccio, where she entered the harbour under water and remained in ambush watching for her opportunity. As Admiral de Maigret's squadron put out to sea all unconscious of the lurking enemy, the *Gustave Zédé* selected her victim and made a fair hit with a Whitehead torpedo on the most powerful battleship in the fleet. Of course the conditions of manœuvres and of actual war are never quite the same, but, after making all allowances for this necessary difference, it must be admitted that the officers and men of the *Gustave Zédé* have proved that the submarine is not a mere weapon of defence, but can take her place in offensive naval warfare.

Only a few months ago our Admiralty, after long delays, made up its mind that the submarine-boat was something better than a toy for Frenchmen to play with, and ordered five vessels of the *Holland* type. It is strange that in matters of naval inventions we have so often been several years behind other countries. The self-satisfied conservatism of the Admiralty rejected, for year after year, screw-propellers,

armoured ships, breech-loading guns, and mastless ironclads. Thanks to this attitude, forty years ago, in the early days of the ironclad, the French navy was for a short time more formidable than our own. Thanks to it, at this moment, several of the ships on the Navy List have still for their main armament obsolete muzzle-loading guns! Thanks to it, France already possesses a whole flotilla of submarines, while English sailors will only begin to experiment with the new weapon some time next autumn!

Much of the opposition to the submarine-boat has resulted from mistaken ideas as to how it would be used in actual warfare. Its inventors, in France and elsewhere, have naturally been anxious to prove practically that it can be used below the surface. But though the power of completely disappearing under the water is of great importance, the probability is that most of the work of the submarine will be done, and even its attacks on hostile ships will be made, not completely below the surface, but with the central dome just awash. In this position the captain of the boat will be able to see what he is doing without having to make use of the periscope tube or other optical devices. The name "submarine" is, in fact, a little misleading. It would be better if the new craft had been called "submergible boats." Their strong point really is that they can be easily manœuvred while exposing to the possible view of an enemy's look-outs a surface less than three feet long and rising only a foot above the water.

I have once been under water in a French submarine-boat. However interesting this experience was, I do not pretend, on the strength of it, to pose as an authority on the probable tactics of the submarine in warfare. But I venture to make some suggestions which are the result of a study of some of the early attempts to use the submarine, and of conversations with French engineers who have given their attention to such matters for years, and have been engaged in practical experiments in the use of such boats.

The most interesting episode in the history of the submarine-

boat is the successful attack on the *Housatonic*, a Federal iron-clad engaged in the blockade of Charleston, which was sunk by a Confederate boat on February 19, 1864. In connection with this incident, the fact which mostly impressed the public mind was that the attacking boat—the *David*—sank, and drowned all her crew; and this is too readily accepted as a proof that the submarine is at least as dangerous to those who use her as to the enemy against whom she is employed. If we look into the details of the affair we shall see that this is an unwarranted conclusion. The sinking of the *Housatonic* is really a proof that the submarine is a most formidable engine of warfare.

In 1864 the electric motor was still a scientific toy. The modern submarine of the French type, with her electric driving gear, is not encumbered with a funnel projecting several feet above the water. In order to get rid of the funnel and to avoid the noise which would be made by a steam-engine, the designers of the Confederate submarine-boat *David* had to be content with a propeller worked by the crew with the help of hand-cranks and treadles. This meant slow speed and great exhaustion to the men. Compared to the modern submarine, the *David* laboured under another disadvantage. Her torpedo was a small iron cylinder carried on a spar rigged out from the bow, and containing only a comparatively small charge of gun-powder. To make a successful attack she had to come within thirty feet of her enemy and bring the head of the torpedo into actual contact with the ship's side. The weapon of the modern submarine is a Whitehead torpedo carrying a high explosive charge of gun-cotton, and having a range of some hundred yards. It will be seen that, compared to the sub-marines of to-day, the *David* was very heavily handicapped. This makes the lessons derived from her success all the more important. The modern boat has at least a hundred times the chance that she had of striking a successful blow.

The *David* was built at Mobile towards the end of 1863, and brought, partly by river, partly overland, to Charleston.

Experimental trials were made in Charleston Harbour. Her general shape was very like that of the boats of to-day. She was cigar-shaped, and had, at the highest part of her curving surface, a hatchway covered by a dome, which was to be closed when she went under water. But here again she was at a terrible disadvantage compared with the submarines of to-day. The modern boat takes down with her a reserve of air compressed in tubes, by means of which, when her dome is closed, the air-supply can be renewed, the vitiated air in the interior being pumped out by a watertight revolving valve. Thus, three men have spent eighteen hours under water in a French submarine-boat and been none the worse for the experience. The *David* had no reserve of air, and as she required a crew of seven or eight men, the dome could only be kept closed for a very short time.

The experiments in the harbour were carried out at a terrible cost of life, but, nevertheless, there was no difficulty in finding crew after crew to face the imminent risk of death. On her first trial the whole of the crew of eight was drowned; on her next attempt, which was made flush with the water and with the dome open, she was sunk by the wash of a passing steamer. Only one man escaped, by climbing out of the little hatchway as she went down. He was an officer of the Confederate navy, and nothing daunted, he took her out for a third time, after she had been raised, only to see her sink again. He escaped with two of his men; five others were drowned. Again she was raised, and the officer who had twice so narrowly escaped from death found a fourth crew for her. This time the dome was closed and an under-water voyage was attempted. But her trim was so defective when under way that, instead of sinking horizontally she went down diagonally, bow foremost, and stuck her sharp cigar-point in the muddy bottom. All on board were dead when she was brought to the surface.

After this it was decided that she could only be safely manœuvred with her hatchway awash. Notwithstanding all her failures, a crew, made up of two officers of the Confederate

army and five sailors, volunteered to take her out and attack some ship of the blockading fleet. The attempt was made on the night of February 19, 1864. The ship attacked—the *Housatonic*—was lying about four miles out from the harbour mouth. The following is a Federal account of what occurred:

> About 9 P.M. an object was seen moving towards the ship, supposed one hundred yards distant; it had the appearance of a plank on the water; in two minutes it had reached the ship. Within this time the crew had been called to quarters, the chain-cable slipped and engine backed. The torpedo-boat—for such she proved to be—struck the ship on the starboard side, forward of the mizzen-mast, and the *Housatonic* sunk almost immediately, the hammock-nettings being just awash when the keel rested on the bottom. The crew ascended the rigging, and were soon taken off by other vessels blockading. Ensign Hazeltine and four of the crew were missing; they had been either stunned by the explosion or drowned as the vessel went down. Pickering, who commanded the *Housatonic*, was severely bruised by the explosion.[1]

The *David* sank at the same time as the *Housatonic*, and her crew of seven were all drowned. The boat was raised after the fall of Charleston. She had been in no way structurally injured by the explosion. Her dome was opened, and it was evident that she had been swamped by the wave caused by the firing of her torpedo and the sinking of the ship she had successfully attacked. If her crew had only trusted their boat so far as to screw down the roof of the dome immediately before the actual attack the chances are that the wave would have washed harmlessly over them, and they would have returned in triumph to Charleston. Had they done so the development of the submarine-boat in the world's navies would not have had to wait so long.

Let us further consider the light that this trial in active warfare throws upon the tactics of modern submarine-boats. First it will be noted that the approaching enemy was not seen by the look-outs of the *Housatonic* till she was only a hundred yards off. But they were on the alert, for not only

[1] "The Navy in the Civil War." II. The Atlantic Coast. By Rear-Admiral Ammen, U.S.N. P. 147.

were blockade-runners to be expected once the sun had gone down, but also previous attempts had been made by the defenders of Charleston to attack the blockading fleet with torpedo-boats. The *David* had to come on in order to strike the *Housatonic's* side with her spar torpedo. She took two minutes to cover the hundred yards. This gives her roughly a speed of about a knot and a half an hour, even when her crew were working their hardest, as they would be at this critical moment, a speed far inferior to that of the slowest of modern submarines. But the submarine-boat of to-day, if she found herself a hundred yards from an enemy, need not come any nearer, unless she wished to make assurance doubly sure, for at a hundred yards she would be at very short range for the improved Whitehead torpedo, and she would have at least two of these weapons ready to be discharged, while the *David* had to peril everything upon the successful contact explosion of her single torpedo.

Compared with the *David*, therefore, the modern submarine, attacking awash, would have these advantages: She could approach silently at a speed of about seven knots an hour instead of one and a half. She could keep her dome closed so as to be safe from the danger of being swamped. She could use two Whitehead torpedoes instead of a spar torpedo, and need not therefore come close under the side of the hostile vessel. If discovered, she could disappear under the surface, alter her position, come up at some other point, and creep quietly in to make a second attack.

Compared with the destroyer or first-class torpedo-boat, the submarine would have these advantages: Although she would have to approach at a much lower speed, her chance of avoiding premature discovery would be enormously greater. While the destroyer or torpedo-boat has an exposed surface, seen from the broadside, of 100 to over 200 feet in length and 4 or 5 feet in height to the deck-line, and, seen bow on, a width of from 10 to 22 feet, and the same height to the deck-line, with, in both cases, the further height of funnels, conning-

tower, and the gun with its shield mounted on top of it in case of destroyers—the submarine, seen from any point of view, would only show a length of about 3 feet and a height of not more than 18 inches above the water, everything but the dome being below it. Moreover, the approach of the submarine would be absolutely silent. The destroyer or torpedo-boat has always to run the risk of discovery through the noise of her engines, and the further risk of betraying her presence by sparks or even flames from her funnels. At the actual moment of attack, if the enemy are on the alert and open fire, the torpedo-boat, and still more the destroyer, present a large target, and their thin plating and unprotected steam-tubes make them particularly vulnerable. On the other hand, the submarine presents an insignificant target, and by turning a couple of levers can, in a few seconds, seek safety below the surface.

Returning to the attack on the *Housatonic*, we must now consider the defensive advantages possessed by a modern warship in a blockading squadron, compared to those of the ships of 1864. The modern ship is able to turn on one or more searchlights and to bring a number of very handy quick-firing and machine guns into action against the attacking boat. Against both these means of defence the submarine is in a better position than either the modern torpedo-boat or the old *David*. The points of this superiority have been already indicated. Even when the blockading ships have their searchlights at work, the chance of their sighting so small an object during its stealthy approach is very slight. The submarine can reasonably hope to get safely within close torpedo range. As soon as she discharges her torpedo she can disappear. If the enemy has his searchlights at work when she goes out to attack, this will be a help rather than otherwise, and it will enable her to direct her course more certainly.

During one of the trials of the first *Holland* boat, she failed to find the steamer which was to serve as a target, "because the ship did not light up." Some of the New York papers made very merry over this failure. They forgot that a block-

ading squadron, lying off a harbour in which it is known that there are torpedo craft, is *always* lighting up. The crews get anxious and "jumpy," turn on their searchlights night after night, and even open fire on false alarms. Twice at least during the blockade of Santiago the American fleet turned on all its searchlights, and opened fire with quick-firers, and even heavier guns, against imaginary destroyers. Elaborate accounts of the "fighting" appeared in the New York papers. One of the cruisers claimed to have sunk a two-funnel destroyer close under her bows. The battleship *Oregon* claimed to have cut a Spanish destroyer in two with a 13-inch shell while the boat was trying to escape back to the harbour. On both occasions the Spanish destroyers were lying quietly at anchor, and as Lieutenant Fremont, the commander of the U.S. torpedo-boat *Porter*, puts it, the fleet was firing at "caves in the shore-line, moving trains on shore, and the tops of big waves." These incidents are interesting as showing the nervous state of the crews of even a well-disciplined fleet under the trying conditions of a modern blockade.

In connection with them, I may refer to a plan of attack suggested to me by a French engineer when discussing the probable tactics of the submarine. "If I were acting," he said, "against a blockading squadron, I should like to employ, say, a couple of good torpedo-boats and a couple of submarines. I should send the submarines out first to approach the fleet, and if possible to creep out to the seaward side of it. I would give them a good start, and, at an hour previously agreed on, I would send out the torpedo-boats to make a false attack. The object of this would be to make the ships light up and divert their attention from the real danger. I would see that, while they were firing at my torpedo-boats at long range, and while all their attention was riveted on them, the submarines would close in on the other side and do their work." The plan looks feasible enough.

The method of employing the submarine with everything but her dome immersed, in night attacks, disposes at once of

all the difficulties urged against the possibility of her finding her way under water and reconnoitring only through the periscope. One or two other points must be considered in connection with the attack on a blockade. It is to be presumed that, in the presence of torpedo-boats, even if the depth of the water permitted of anchoring, the ships would be kept under way at slow speed during the night, and could immediately increase their speed on an alarm. How, then, it will be asked, could the comparatively slow marine get within striking distance of her swifter victim? I would suggest that it is here that the submarine's power of lurking in the neighbourhood of an enemy's ships would have especial value. She could watch for a favourable chance of placing herself upon or close to the actual line of movement of a hostile cruiser. She could even risk placing herself almost directly ahead of her enemy, for she could avoid collision by rapidly sinking. With this power of lying hid on or below the surface, her crew could reasonably hope to manœuvre so that one or other of the enemy's ships would place herself within striking distance.

Other possibilities of attack, perhaps even in the daylight, are opened up by a method with which the French fleet has lately been experimenting. The submarine is towed behind an armoured cruiser or battleship, with which she is also connected by a telephone wire. For night work a smaller ship would be used to do the towing. There is nothing on the surface, even in broad daylight, to reveal the presence of the submarine. The ship that tows her casts her off when she is already at close quarters with the enemy, who has so far been given no reason to suspect the presence of this second adversary. If the attack fails the submarine endeavours to come up on the sheltered side of her consort, and is again taken in tow.

For aggressive purposes it has also been proposed to convey small submarine-boats, of the improved *Goubet* type, on board of cruisers. These boats weigh about eleven tons. They are lighter and less bulky than the old torpedo-boats, which were conveyed by Russian cruisers in the same way to various

points of attack in the Black Sea during the last war with Turkey. Arrived near the place of action, the submarine would be lowered into the sea and go to work. In connection with harbour defence there is another French invention of which very little has been heard in England. It is recognised that, in a narrow tideway at a harbour mouth anywhere in the Channel, a submarine, at certain states of the tide, would work under conditions of great difficulty and find it no easy matter to keep her course. It has been proposed, therefore, to arrange for the patrolling of such channels by submarines by laying down a cable, with which the boat would be connected, her movement being backwards and forwards along it, the method of connection allowing her to vary her distance from the bottom. She would be connected by telephone with an observing-station on shore, and could thus receive orders as well as information to supplement what her captain could observe for himself. It is considered by the advocates of the plan that a small boat thus equipped could make an attempt at counter-mining very dangerous for the attacking party, if she took up her station each night at a point commanding the approach to the mine-field.

I may note another point of interest to the soldier rather than the sailor. I believe there is at present a small submarine told off for work in the Seine in connection with the defence of Paris. She would be used for the destruction of bridges above and below the city, in the event of another siege. But she is also available for operations in other rivers. She is small enough to be transported by rail, and might prove a formidable means of attack against an enemy's permanent or temporary bridges. If the Turks had had such a boat on the Danube in 1877, especially if its presence were not known to the Russians, the floating-bridge at Simnitza, on which the existence of their army in Bulgaria depended, could have been attacked with good prospects of success.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE future of our two political parties has, perhaps, never been more completely shrouded in uncertainty than it is at the present moment ; but no one can doubt that there will always be in England an active desire for reform, and that this desire will sooner or later seek once more to gratify itself by dealing with the House of Lords. This is certain, if only because the Upper House is one of the most ancient and most effective constituents of the Government of this country. So much the more desirable is it that we should make ourselves familiar with its real position and working in what I may call time of peace, when the heat of controversy is not developed on this subject, and when a cool judgment is possible here if not elsewhere.

The House of Lords is next to the king the oldest part of our Constitution, and the Lords Spiritual form the oldest part of that body.

The Lords Spiritual are called Lords of Parliament and are supposed to hold certain ancient Baronies under the Crown. For William the Conqueror thought proper to change the spiritual tenure of *Frank-almoign* (or free alms), under which the Bishops held their lands during the Saxon government, into the Feudal or Norman tenure of Barony.

It is generally agreed that the main constitution of Parliament, as it now stands, was marked out as long ago as the 17th of King John A.D. 1215. In the Great Charter granted by that Prince wherein he promises to summon all Archbishops and Bishops, Abbots, Earls, and greater Barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown to meet to assess aids and scutages, &c.

And there are still extant writs of Henry III. A.D. 1266, to summon Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses to Parliament.[1]

There is no doubt that the bishops and the barons from their different standpoints were a powerful help in keeping in check any autocratic power attempted to be exercised by our feudal kings, and were the moving agents for obtaining from King John this Great Charter of our liberties, securing the freedom of the Church and of the people.

Our Constitution is the envy of all nations because of its known stability. This stability has been secured by the fact that alterations from time to time to reconcile the different parts of it to each other, in their new relationships from the increasing growth and intelligence of the nation, have generally been carried out by reformation and not by revolution. And this very gradually, not necessarily by Act of Parliament, but by the alteration of tone and conduct on the principle of *solvitur ambulando.* It is therefore evident that the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords—or for the ruthless dismemberment of any part of it—would go directly against all the experience of the past, and would go far to undermine the basis of that Constitution whose stability has been our boast. The experience of the past witnesses to this fact in the history of the great rebellion. For the people soon tired of a military republic; and neither Cromwell's Protectorate nor his new House of Lords found favour with the nation at large.

But because our reforms are of slow growth it does not follow that they are not very real. In all parts of our Constitution this statement holds good. The king from being feudal lord had to alter his position to that of a constitutional monarch ruling over a free people.

As an example: the idea which induced George III. to act according to his conscience, in refusing Pitt's Catholic Emancipation Bill, was modified afterwards by the common-sense

[1] See Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. pp. 350 and 358.

view that all private feelings must give way to the consideration of what was really best and most expedient for the good government of the people.

Later on the House of Lords had to pass through a similar experience. At the time of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation Bill, many peers, on George III.'s principle, refused to vote against their own private views, and by their conduct very nearly brought about that revolutionary action which, if again resorted to, would have upset for ever the stability of our Constitution. Happily they came to a better mind, and, as our kings had done before, recognised their new position and accepted the *rôle* of acting as a controlling power over hasty legislation, but in no way claiming the right permanently to withstand the clearly expressed opinions of the people. Even in our unreformed state the House of Lords could never have been in a worse state than the unreformed House of Commons with its rotten boroughs, and the manufacturing towns without any direct representation; yet the common sense of the nation got us out of this difficulty, and has continued its work gradually until we are safely landed in household suffrage and the ballot.

The House of Lords has never shown itself to be that stereotyped body which some people suppose it to be. In Queen Anne's reign (6 Ann. cap. 23) by the election of sixteen peers for each Parliament, and in George III.'s reign (39, 40, cap. 67) by the election of life peers to represent the peerage of Ireland, the principle of election was introduced. I venture to think that this principle of election is a mistake, although I am well aware that one of the first reforms which many would propose would be to extend this principle of election to the British peerage. I have a very strong opinion against this, and the first of my suggested reforms would be to do away with election altogether and, by creating no new Scotch or Irish peers and giving those that remain English peerages, to make them one hereditary body. Practical experience, as an assistant

Whip in the House of Lords, has convinced me that the system of election is wrong. It is a direct incentive to party voting and does away with the independent spirit which should be one of the main justifications for an hereditary peerage.

It stands to reason, if a certain number of peers are elected —whether for a Parliament or for life—to represent certain political opinions, they very naturally vote solid on all party questions; and the elected peers were some of the surest cards which the Tory Whip possessed.

Again, as regards the spiritual peers, great alterations have taken place. When the Irish Church was disestablished the number of spiritual peers attending the House was permanently decreased. And, when it was found necessary to increase the number of English bishops, the House, to avoid an increase in the numbers of spiritual peers attending the House, accepted the rota system so that, with the exception of the two Archbishops and the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, all the other bishops take their seats by rota as vacancies occur.

Here, again, we come across a reform which I think was made on wrong lines.

I am aware that one of the first reforms generally proposed is to turn the bishops out of the House altogether. This, of course, could not be done until the Church was disestablished; but even in that case I think the old principle is a sound one, and should form the foundation of a more extended use.

The appointment of spiritual peers to assist in the great councils of the nation was a necessity at a time when, from the want of education among the laity, the bishops held some of the chief offices in the State. It also came about that with a celibate clergy the appointment of bishops introduced the principle of life peerages side by side with hereditary peers. But, however it came about, the principle remains a part—and the oldest part—of our Constitution, and, instead of throwing it over, I should propose turning it to good account. It is a means by which a democratic influence has been from

the first introduced into the Upper House, and it is capable of much further development. I should like to see representatives of all the chief religious bodies, the Presidents of the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the Royal Society and the like, thus introducing into the Upper House representatives of all the highest talent of the nation. Of course, they would have to be summoned by writ from the Crown, and the Crown must have some voice in their appointment, but this difficulty could be overcome by the different bodies presenting three names from which a choice could be made.

It would be easy to strengthen the legal powers of the House by attaching peerages *ex officio* to certain judgeships, and in this way we could introduce representatives from the colonies—both legal and others.

I will now come to some of the other popular misunderstandings about the House of Lords. It is supposed by some to be a very aged body, out of sympathy with the masses of the people, and entirely obedient to the call of a Tory Government.

From my personal experience I can remove a good many of these mistaken views, and lighten the article by some reminiscences of my fifty-seven years of membership. To begin with, we cannot be a very aged body, when I, at seventy-seven, find only two peers left who took their seats before I did. I believe that if the ages of the House of Peers and House of Commons were compared the averages would be pretty equal, and I feel sure that by hereditary successions and new creations as much fresh blood comes into the House of Lords as into the Lower House. And, as to independence, until Home Rule was proposed, there was a very equal division of parties in the House; and even in this session and in the last ministers have experienced an adverse vote.

When I first assisted Lord Malmesbury as Under Whip, the Whigs had a certain majority unless *we called Proxies*, and here comes the chief and most happy reform that I can

remember in our modes of procedure. Our party inherited a lot of proxies given to the Duke of Wellington, with which when we broke with the Peelites he in no way interfered. The consequence was that on an important question fully argued out on both sides, if beaten in the House, the balance in the Proxy book gave the decision in our favour. It was indeed a happy reform when we voluntarily gave up this privilege.

There was another wise reform. For hearing appeal cases two lay peers were told off to make a House in case only one or two law lords were there to hear appeals; it was a delusion and a snare, the peers varied from day to day, and if any attended regularly to hear the case what weight would their decision have had if against that of the Lord Chancellor and other law lords? Now only law lords sit, and it is one of the strongest courts in the world.

In old times we took the numbers on a division by counting them as they sat. I remember on one occasion an old peer, the Whig Government Whip, when counting with me, twice missed out six peers on the Treasury bench. He got rusty and insisted he was right, and the front bench smiled at me in derision, but I did not want to take an unfair advantage and made some of them count with me. It was the end of the old Whip; and of the counting in the House; ever after we went into separate lobbies!

Then, to go from greater things to small we have amended, perhaps not always for the better, I remember seeing Archbishop Howley and some of the other bishops in their wigs. On one occasion I saw Lord Holland come down, to support the Government, on crutches and with his gouty foot tied up with linen, just like the old caricatures; and I have seen the late Duke of Argyle's father sitting in the House in his kilt. When I took my seat in 1844, Crossley Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury, was Chairman of Committees. He was a thorough man of business, though with pretty sharp manners, as the following anecdote will show. He had the same Land

Agent that I employed, a man of the name of Webb, and the firm still keep the letter which ran as follows:

> Webb,—Damn you why don't you answer my letters?
>
> Shaftesbury.

Nevertheless he never came to the House when there was a Committee without putting on his court dress, and I regretted when Lord Redesdale, his successor, gave up the practice.

Notwithstanding our supposed shortcomings, the House of Lords has always kept up its renown for the power of its debates. We have the advantage of having had it all thrashed out in the House of Commons; but when we reduce a month's debate there to two or at most three nights it requires some little speaking power to put concisely before the public the clear issues on either side. Our style of speaking is of course entirely different from that in the House of Commons. I remember Lord Carlisle (who had just come up from the House of Commons, where as Lord Morpeth he had often encountered Lord Stanley) bringing in the Bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws. I never heard a more able statistical speech, and if he had sat down at once he would have been cheered by both sides of the House; instead of this he put his notes into his hat, threw up his head, and gave us a fifteen minutes' peroration full of poetry and power, but he sat down without a cheer! I did not know what was coming, but I heard Stanley say: "Ah, Morpeth, that won't do here!"

These were the days when Lords Brougham and Campbell were sparring every night, and these were wearisome affairs. I only once heard a good speech from Lord Brougham, in which he quoted scripture. I was sitting next Henry, Bishop of Exeter, and he remarked, "I thought I had stopped him from that." Seeing a sparkle in his eye, I knew I was in for a good story; it was as follows: When Brougham was Lord Chancellor, introducing the Catholic Emancipation Bill to the House, the Bishop of Exeter was his chief opponent. Brougham on one occasion said: "Not that he cared for the poor,"

whereupon, when he sat down, the bishop pointed out how unfair it was to quote scripture when bishops (who could not do so) were opposed to him. "Why," says Brougham, "what would you have said?" "Oh," said the bishop, "for he held the bag and kept what was put therein," and pointed to the seals on the woolsack.

One of the smartest speakers was Lord Ellenborough, very spirited, very concise, and full of points. I suppose the most powerful speech I ever heard was Bishop Magee's against the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill.

I must tell one more story. Lord Stanley, when he first came up to our House, always spoke in tight mauve-coloured kid gloves. After one of his great speeches, Lord Chelmsford said, "Stanley, why do you always speak in gloves? The glove is a dead thing, but the naked hand is full of power." This led to a correspondence, but afterwards this great and approved orator amended his ways, and we always knew that Stanley was going to speak, because he deliberately took off his gloves.

Lord Lyndhurst used to sum up the work of each session with an attack upon ministers. There was very little action or change of voice; it was like a judge delivering a judgment, and it was so accurately given that it might have been read verbatim. I was proud to hand him a glass of water on the last occasion.

I referred last year, in the House, to the last speech made by the Duke of Wellington, when the Conservatives were in power and had brought in a Militia Bill. The old duke said, "The militia is the constitutional force. The battle of Waterloo, that battle of giants, was fought by militiamen." This is in Hansard, but as he sat down he said, "a very different thing if I had had my old army."

There is one other speech which I must refer to. It was Lord Beaconsfield's last, in which he lamented that the new Government had given up Candahar as an outpost on the frontier, but remarked, "after all the real key of India is the City of London." Lord Granville told us afterwards that he

had been obliged to let Lord Beaconsfield close the debate early, as he had received a note to say "he must speak then or never, as the sedative he had taken to lull his pain was losing its power." Here was true pluck! We were within an ace of having another great man die in the House, as Lord Chatham had done.

But I must return again for a few last words on the reform of the House of Lords. It is true that a maiden speech is always received with courtesy, and that at any time you have anything to tell them you will be attentively listened to, but there will be few signs of approval or of disapproval during your speech, and as you have no constituency at your back it is difficult for even the most eloquent to make an advance there. The late Duke of Argyle startled us by his great eloquence, but at one time he spoke too frequently, and very nearly lost his influence, though on all great occasions he was always welcomed.

Nevertheless the House of Lords is a terrible place for a young man to begin his career in, and, unless he has exceptional powers, or the help of representing some office under Government, is a bad, an almost impossible, training-ground for a young peer.

On the other side there is many an eldest son, taking a prominent part in the other House, who dreads his father's death, which would compel him at once to our colder chamber.

In my proposed reform I should like to remedy both these drawbacks, and I believe it could be done with the consent of the Crown by a resolution of either House of Parliament.

(1) I would have no peer summoned to the Upper House till he was thirty—a more suitable age for a member of a controlling chamber than twenty-one.

(2) By delaying the issue of the writ I would not compel retirement from the Lower House so long as the constituency which the new peer had represented desired to continue to benefit by his services.

I have, while defending the House of Lords from many

exaggerated misapprehensions of its inefficiency, ventured to suggest certain very important reforms which would make it still more capable than at present for the fulfilment of its constitutional duties.

I think it of importance

(1) That the hereditary principle should be continued; and my proposal would greatly strengthen it by abolishing the elective element, and by securing that peers of matured age, who had at least sown their wild oats, and as I should hope might have secured a Parliamentary training, should form the hereditary portion of that body.

(2) That different societies and churches should be represented by the extension of the life peer system, through the arrangement of *ex officio* peerages on the same lines of appointment which apply now to our chief spiritual peers. This would introduce into the House a more democratic element, and would thus obviate the necessity of appointing to hereditary peerages for this main purpose. Hereditary honours should be restricted to those who by extraordinary services in military, social, or political life, have won for their families a right to be enrolled among the nobility of the land.

I will conclude my article with a quotation from Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. 360–361.

> The distinction of rank and honours is necessary in every well-governed state, in order to reward such as are eminent for their services to the public in a manner most desirable to individuals, and yet without burden to the community. . . . A body of nobility is also most particularly necessary in our mixed and compound Constitution, in order to support the rights both of the Crown and of the people by forming a barrier to prevent the encroachments of both. It promotes and preserves that gradual scale of dignity which proceeds from the peasant to the prince; rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion that adds stability to any government; for when the departure is sudden from one extreme to another we may pronounce that state to be precarious. The nobility therefore are the pillars which are reared *from among the people* more immediately to support the Throne, and if that falls they must be buried among its ruins.

NELSON.

FAMINE AND ITS CAUSES IN ITALY

WE have unfortunately become so accustomed to gruesome tales of famine from India and from Russia, from Armenia and from China, that our powers of sympathy in those directions seem almost to have been lulled into comparative indifference, as by the long wailing of a sick child for whom we feel powerless to do anything.

Indeed, the spectre of famine overshadows our conception of some places; we can only think of them as fatally linked together with want and suffering, just as the mere mention of proverbially favoured lands immediately suggests blue skies and waving cornfields, joy and plenty.

Italy, the brightest gem of the "sunny south," has always held a prominent place among these privileged countries of our imagination, and it is therefore with pained surprise that we discover the footprints of grim famine in the legendary home of prosperity. But what astonishes us even more is the fact that these ominous footprints are more clearly discernible and more numerous precisely in those southern provinces hitherto famed for the inexhaustible productiveness of their olive-groves and for the fertility of the undulating vine-clad country—*festante per vendemmia*, as Foscolo beautifully expressed it. Indeed the standard of prosperity steadily decreases as we advance southwards from the Alps, rising a little when Tuscany is reached, only to fall again abruptly in

Apulia, Basilicata, Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia, the unhappy island which holds the record of Italian misery. And that the standard of Italian prosperity is not a high one, even at its best, may be gathered from the scandalously low rate of remuneration for agricultural labour in Piedmont and Lombardy, the two richest regions of Italy, where the men and women—who work from morning till night in the rice-fields, exposed to the pestilential emanations of the marshy soil, in which they sink knee deep—are content with wages of 60 centimes (about fivepence) a day. Statistics also prove that the terrible pellagra, a malady exclusively due to malnutrition, is, if anything, on the increase among the Lombard peasantry. And if this deplorable state of things exists in provinces where flourishing industries and huge manufactories have arisen, to which the agricultural population may turn to employment and bread, what must be the condition of other regions, the inhabitants of which are wholly dependent upon the products of the soil? We need not dive very deep in recent statistics in order to answer this question. Take, for instance, Sardinia, the unfortunate island which has not inappropriately been called Italy's step-daughter. During the period ranging from January 1, 1885, to June 30, 1897, no fewer than 52,060 judicial sales of houses and lands took place for non-payment of taxes. If we compare this figure with the number of inhabitants, we come to the astonishing conclusion that one out of every fourteen inhabitants was despoiled by the Government during the above-mentioned period! Nor have things improved during the last three years. In a recent number of the *Nuova Sardegna* I find a list of the judicial sales to take place in one week, the first week of the new century, and in the province of Sassari alone. They amount to 445, all for non-payment of taxes, the sums due to the *fisco* ranging from a maximum of 25 lire (£1) in only four cases, to a minimum of 5 centimes, or ½*d.* In 85 per cent. out of these cases the taxes due were inferior to 1 lira. When it is remembered that the poor huts and hovels and the little fields, though sufficient to maintain the hardy

mountaineers, are absolutely valueless to the Government, the folly of the authorities in pursuing a cruel policy, which sows the seeds of hatred, revolt and brigandage, surpasses the bounds of comprehension.

It would be absolutely impossible, within the limits of this paper, to give even a remote idea of the distress now prevalent throughout Italy, but it is a curious fact that those regions which have been more plentifully endowed with natural wealth, such as Sardinia, Sicily, Calabria, and Apulia, are those which now suffer most cruelly.

The case of the last-named region is at the present juncture best worthy of attention and study, not only from the economist's point of view, but also, and perhaps principally, from that of the Italian politician. Unfortunately the latter is too deeply engaged in the battle for power at Montecitorio to give a thought to the material or moral wants of the country, and while he neglects useful legislation in order to satisfy the ignoble stimuli of his ambition, Italy suffers cruelly from the abandonment in which she is left by those who style themselves her representatives, and whose duty it would be to safeguard her interests. And yet the situation in Apulia is now infinitely more serious than it was in 1898, when the distress of the agricultural population and the apathy of the authorities led to the revolt of Minervino Murge. How the Apulian peasants' agitation became the first link in that chain of rapid events culminating in the barricades and street fights of Milan, in the overthrow of the Rudini Ministry, and in the fierce repression of Pelloux's military administration, is but the history of yesterday. Since then absolutely nothing has been done to better the fate of the unfortunate Pugliesi, reduced to the verge of starvation by the terrible malady which attacked their olive-groves and vineyards, on the produce of which they are essentially dependent. Nothing but the wholesale arrests of hundreds of peasants, sentenced by the military tribunals to long terms of imprisonment, could have prevented the repetition of the uprising, but underneath

the embers of apparent quiet the fire of dissatisfaction and despair is smouldering, and may at any moment burst forth into fierce flames.

A brief description of the state of things in Apulia will suffice to give an idea of the terrible gravity of the situation, and of the impending catastrophe, which can only be avoided by a prompt, energetic, and generous intervention on the part of the Government.

Formerly there were few more flourishing or contented regions in Italy than Apulia. The abundant crops of oil and wine were a source of riches to the landed proprietors, who employed thousands of peasants in the cultivation of their vast estates, and peace and plenty reigned supreme. But the appearance of a terrible little insect, the *mosca olearia*, abruptly changed the spirit of this charming dream. Slowly and insidiously at first, then with alarming rapidity, as if carrying out the preconcerted plan of a general attack, the *mosca olearia* fastened on to the magnificent olive-groves. One after another the beautiful trees of Minerva, some of them many hundreds of years old, withered and died, strewing the ground with their grey-green leaves. Some of the most valuable olive-groves, which only three years ago were a sea of luxuriant foliage, now look as if they had been blasted by a breath of fire. A sickly brown colour has taken the place of the soft green tints, and the country, seen from a distance, offers an indescribably bleak and desolate aspect. This wholesale destruction of the olive-groves cannot be attributed to the *mosca olearia* alone, and a Government Commission now studying the question, under Professor Comes, is of opinion that the evil is even more serious, and that a mysterious and hitherto unknown malady has attacked the trees, leaving little prospect of their preservation.

At first the peasantry hoped against hope that the visitation might be a temporary one, but when they understood the real nature of the calamity despair seized hold of their simple, ignorant minds. And it was under the influence of this first

outburst of frenzied terror and grief that they rose against the authorities, who had turned a deaf ear to their cry of distress. The Draconic repression which followed their movement of revolt, and two years of anguish and starvation, have crushed even the little spirit left in the Pugliese peasantry by centuries of a feudal *régime*, and now thousands of men, women, and children suffer and starve in despairing silence, like helpless animals, among their dead olive-groves and withered vines.

And still it would be difficult to find not only in Europe, but also among the least civilised tribes of Asia or Africa, a people more frugal or more easily satisfied than the Pugliese peasantry. Their ordinary food consists of a mess of beans and Indian corn, often eaten without salt or other condiment, and varied occasionally with baked chestnuts or peas. Real bread is a luxury which they can seldom afford. Some idea of the terrible misery now prevalent in Apulia may be conveyed to our minds by the fact that there are thousands of human beings on the verge of starvation owing to the absolute lack of even this meagre diet which they have hitherto subsisted upon.

Nor can the peasantry be accused of laziness, or of that decided aversion to work so common, for instance, among the Neapolitans. On the contrary, their eagerness to obtain the most laborious employment, provided it give them the means of earning the bare necessities of life, is pathetic in the extreme. The following instances will give an idea of the desperate tenacity with which the peasants seek work. The proprietor of a small estate at Lizzanello engaged six labourers to dig in a field of Indian corn. Next morning, on going down to see how the work was progressing, he was astonished to find sixty men and women busily digging away. "But," he exclaimed in alarm, "I have only engaged six men, and I won't pay for more." "No matter, *signoria*," was the cheerful reply, "we will share the four *scudi* (20 frs.) between us, and our families will not starve to-day."

In another village thirty peasants invaded the vineyard of a well-to-do proprietor and set to work, refusing to leave off

even when the gendarmes were called by the enraged *padrone*, but declaring, half imploringly and half threateningly, that they would be satisfied with a salary of but 20 centimes, or twopence a day!

I could quote scores of similar instances which have occurred during the last three months at Casarano, Taurisano, Manduria, Cellino, Marciano, Acquarica, Alessano, and other villages situated in the provinces of Lecco and Bari.

"We are willing to work night and day," exclaim the spokesmen of the wan expectant groups, "but save our wives and little ones from starvation!"

It will be seen that the demands of the peasantry are not exaggerated, and that these primeval children of the soil have a natural horror for violence, preferring the most irksome toil to lawlessness. In a few isolated cases, however, the timid descendants of downtrodden serfs have had recourse to the *ultima ratio* from which their very soul revolts, unless they be driven to desperation by cruel hunger. There have been sanguinary encounters between gendarmes and peasantry at Taurisano, where a numerous mob proceeded to fell olive-trees in order to sell the timber, and on December 29 last a crowd of peasants, headed by one Cosimo Micaletti, besieged the municipal palace of Casarano, threatening to destroy it unless the *Sindaco* or mayor found work for the starving people.

How to deal with these rebels and with hundreds of minor delinquents is a grave problem now facing the magistrates in Apulia, for it has been proved that the innumerable thefts and similar crimes which take place towards the end of autumn in a region where crime is almost unknown during the milder weather are prompted by the earnest desire of the delinquents to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment which will enable them to tide over the dreaded winter months, when the terrors of famine are enhanced by ice and snow and the discomforts of a fireless hearth. The praetor of Ugento has a pitiful story to tell about the eagerness with which destitute peasants look forward to a term of imprisonment. Three young women

from Allisto were brought before him, charged with stealing olives on an estate belonging to the municipality.

The pinched and starving features of the defendants, the eldest of whom was barely twenty-five, their ragged clothes and their half-hopeful, half-despairing expression excited the sympathy and pity of the kind-hearted magistrate, who, though unable to acquit them, sentenced them to the minimum penalty, viz., three days. Then a tragic scene took place. Bursting into tears, the prisoners flung themselves at the magistrate's feet, imploring him to give them the shelter of the prison for at least three months. With the touching ingenuousness of children they told how the theft had been a preconcerted affair in order to escape the terrors which the winter (a particularly bitter one this year) held in store for them, and how they had even consulted a lawyer, who had planned the whole scheme, assuring them that, according to the Penal Code, they would be sentenced to three months at the very least. And now the poor girls saw their dream of prison paradise, with its bed and blankets and daily soup and bread and meat twice a week, a princely fare, vanishing like a mirage before them just as they thought themselves on the point of entering the blessed portals. They were being ruthlessly thrust back into the world of honesty and squalor to slave and starve and suffer, and they made one last desperate stand against their fate. The poor magistrate actually had to sustain a juridical discussion with the would-be victims, who were led away sobbing in a broken-hearted manner, as if they saw stretching before them the long vista of weary winter days with its attendant train of cold, hunger and dishonour. For it would be useless to deny that the present famine exercises a most demoralising influence upon the peasantry, favouring the revival of long-forgotten mediæval rights and customs [1] which the petty lords of the land are nothing loath to exact from their serfs and tenants in return for pecuniary aid or loans in kind. Nor is this anachronism surprising in a

[1] I allude to the *jus primæ noctis*.

region which holds the third place in Italy's shameful roll of illiteracy, with a proportion of seventy per cent. of illiterates,[1] and where a great number of the inhabitants are hardly aware of the existence of an United Italy with a constitutional sovereign of the House of Savoy at its head.

If the condition of the Pugliese peasantry is pitiful, that of the landowners is hardly less deplorable. Let us take the case of a fairly wealthy proprietor, the owner of 12,000 olive-trees in the province of Lecco, who favoured me with these interesting figures. The average yield of the 12,000 trees in normal years is 550 *quintali*[2] of oil, worth about 50,000 lire (£2000).

During the agricultural year 1900-1901, my informant only got a crop of 20 *quintali*, value 1800 lire. He had to pay 1500 lire for *imposta fondiaria* or land-tax, 180 for feudal tributes, and the cultivation of the estate cost 4200 lire; total, 5880 lire. Deducting the 1800 lire representing the year's crop, his balance-sheet showed a net loss of 4080 lire, and a comparative loss, when we consider the normal income he formerly derived from his property, of 44,120 lire. And this is by no means one of the worst cases. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the landowners cannot give work to the peasantry, for it is sheer loss of time and money to cultivate the olive-groves, as the bitter experience of the last ten years has proved.

Until there was the slightest hope of better times, the landowners went on doggedly and patiently cultivating their estates, firmly convinced of the infallibility of the "agricultural ten years" which must in the end prove profitable. They mortgaged their land, had recourse to the limited *credito fondiario* extended to them by the Banca d'Italia and Banca di Napoli,

[1] The percentage of illiteracy in Italy is as follows: Calabria, 77; Basilicata, 74; Apulia, 70; Sicily, 66; Sardinia, 65; Abruzzi, 63; Campania, 60; Umbria and Marches, 57; Tuscany and Emilia, 42; Venetia, 30; Liguria, 18; Lombardy, 16; Piedmont, 11.

[2] The *quintale* corresponds to 100 kilogrammes. The average value of oil in Apulia is 90 lire per *quintale*.

and even sold their crops in advance for two or three years to the local Shylocks; and the Shylock of Apulia would deserve an article all to himself, so amazingly rapacious, astute and cruel is he. But the ten years turned out to be all lean kine, the mortgagees foreclosed, the Banca d'Italia and Banca di Napoli absolutely refused to advance a centime more, and Shylock, who had already paid himself thrice over in advance, swooped down on the ruined barons and gobbled up what was left of their shattered fortunes.

I will conclude this very inadequate description of the distress prevalent in Apulia by submitting here some terribly suggestive figures regarding the province of Lecco, compiled by Prof. Marzano, Secretary to the Lecco Chamber of Commerce, and which give a better idea of the appalling misery than all the rhetoric in the world:

Product.	Mean Production (in Hectolitres) and average value.	Production during 1900 and its value.	Loss during 1900.
Corn . .	1,016,000 ...	515,000	
	(It. lire 19,192,000)	(It. lire 9,680,000)	It. lire 9,512,000
Wine . .	1,700,000 ...	150,000	
	(It. lire 45,900,000)	(It. lire 4,050,000)	„ 41,850,000
Oil . .	350,000 ...	100,000	
	(It. lire 35,000,000)	(It. lire 10,000,000)	„ 25,000,000
	Total loss during 1900 . .		„ 76,362,000

It is evident from these official returns that on an average yearly income of **It. lire 100,092,000** the landowners of Apulia have lost **76,362,000**, or more than 76 per cent. Small wonder, then, that the peasantry starve, and that the branch offices of the Banks of Italy and Naples are full to overflowing with jewels and ancient trinkets which glittered on the sword-hilts of Crusaders, and decked the beautiful Apulian ladies of the Court of Frederic II. Nor is there any prospect of these relics of ancient splendour and prosperity ever being restored to the quaintly carved caskets or to the snow-white necks from which they were taken, not without tears, to appease the inexorable Shylock, or to keep the wolf from the ancestral door.

Although desperate, the situation in Apulia is not without remedies, but the statesman who would restore the country to its former prosperity, or even to a relative degree of *bien être*, must not be content with half-measures or with those superficial poultices which temporarily relieve local pain, but have no really beneficial effect on the malady. It is precisely this lack of thoroughness which Italian statesmen have always suffered from when dealing with problems of vital importance to the very existence of their country. Witness the interminable delay in carrying out a project which, if effected, would transform Apulia into the most productive region, not only in Italy, but in Europe. I have neglected to mention that Apulia suffers quite as much from water famine as from starvation; indeed, the latter is in a great measure the natural consequence of the former. The region is one of the most characteristic instances of volcanic formation, and water is distressingly scarce. The project I allude to consists in the building of an aqueduct which would carry the pure and abundant waters of the river Sele, which flows above Salerno (on the Mediterranean) to the plains of parched Apulia, the distance, in a straight line across the Apennines, being forty miles, and the approximate cost 200,000,000 of lire. It is difficult to estimate all the benefit that would accrue to this long-suffering region from a similar enterprise, but experts agree in foretelling that its entire cost would be repaid in a few years by the increased production of the land. Water is the one great want of this thirsty soil, parched up by the fierce summer heat of the sunny south, and, in addition to the advantages the country would derive from the irrigation of vast stretches of arid land, the employment of the people in the works of construction would provide immediate relief to the starving peasants.

Another beneficial reform would be to discourage viticulture, which has been rendered unprofitable since the war of tariffs with France began, and to give every facility to corn-growers, even going so far as to advance the necessary seed, for Apulia is an eminently cereal-producing country, and would be able to

export large quantities of cereals, especially those used in the production of alcohol, the corn produced here being much richer in saccharine matter than the Russian corn now used in the manufacture of corn brandy.

Among the evils to be checked, or rather suppressed with a firm hand, not only in Apulia but throughout Italy, are usury, the odious vampire which sucks the heart's blood of the Italian agriculturists, and which would have no *raison d'être* if the Government were to open a sensible credit to landowners, exacting proper guarantees and receiving a moderate interest; red-tapeism[1] with all its attendant evils and odious *fiscalism* which profits no one, and is one of the most real causes of dissatisfaction; and emigration, which is stimulated more by the nefarious activity of unscrupulous agents than by economic causes, and deprives the country of its best and most stalwart labourers.

But all these reforms are impossible without a radical change in the parliamentary and political systems which have hitherto obtained in Italy. The country has little to expect from political parties, whose chief aim is their own aggrandisement, or from Ministers, who think their only duty consists in demolishing the work of their predecessors.

It is not necessary to be possessed of extraordinary perspicacity to see that Italy is tired of the highly unsatisfactory systems of government to which her present misery is in a great measure due. The formation of the present Cabinet was only possible thanks to an almost servile alliance with the Socialists of the Extreme Left, and it is symptomatic of the state of feeling now prevalent in Italy that those regions where suffering is the most intense, such as Apulia, are sending Republican deputies to Parliament.[2] The new Administration, therefore, would do well to remember the somewhat materialistic but eminently true German aphorism: *Sozialfrag,*

[1] There are 100,000 Government employees and 300,000 municipal employees in Italy.

[2] Corato, Andria, Minervino Murge and Molfetta are represented by Republicans in the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Bovio being one of the number.

Magenfrag. The popular Cerberus is beginning to bay ominously, and history has shown time and again that it is much wiser and cheaper to appease his hunger with bread, especially when that bread has long and unjustly been withheld from him, than to excite his fury with the prodding of bayonets. Therefore, *caveant consules* ere it be too late.

EDWARD C. STRUTT.

[Since writing this article, events in Italy have more than justified the somewhat pessimistic tenor of its closing lines. The struggle between labour and capital has reached an acute stage, the worker of the cities has stretched an encouraging hand to the worker of the soil, both are busily engaged in perfecting a formidable organisation under the red banner of Socialism, and the Zanardelli-Giolitti Government is practically a hostage in the hands of the Extreme parties. King Demos is master of the situation, and, what is more, he knows it. From a political, as well as from a social and economic point of view, Italy has never yet traversed so important and highly interesting a period of evolution as the one which we are now watching.—E. C. S.]

A JESUIT PLEA FOR JESUITS

IT will hardly be questioned that a recent writer spoke not without warrant when he averred that by a multitude of excellent people Jesuits are regarded "with a mingled feeling of fear and loathing." They are almost universally assumed by our countrymen to be, of their very essence, underhand, treacherous, and unscrupulous, to hate enlightenment, liberty, and all good things, and to spend their lives contriving tortuous plots and schemes for the keeping of mankind in slavery, whether intellectual or political. In particular, is it not written again and again by our own correspondents in great capitals how Jesuits are pulling the strings of public affairs, making some statesmen dance to their reactionary tunes, and thwarting the wise policy of others, till these are compelled in self-defence to forget Liberal principles, and invoke arbitrary force as the only bulwark of freedom against adversaries so insidious and implacable ?

No other feeling could induce Englishmen, of all men, to condone the action taken by the chiefs of the French Republic against Religious Orders. Were such legislation directed against any other class of men, it is awful to think of the tempest of indignation which such an outrage on the rights of subjects would arouse. But as it is, these Orders being what they are—bodies of men bound together for the service of God and the Church—the State, we are told, finds itself compelled by sheer necessity to seize any weapon which promises to be

effectual. In this instance, to be sure, not only Jesuits are concerned; but it can scarcely be doubted that the popular conviction of their notorious knavery goes far to forfeit the character of those associated with them. "We firmly believe," writes a journal of most eminent respectability, "that the Jesuits have always been a grave danger to national independence, liberty of conscience, and true religion, and that they are quite as dangerous to-day as during any period of their existence," which pronouncement it anticipates will be taken by the Jesuits themselves as a tribute to their Order. If Jesuits are wronged, the same authority goes on, they have no one to blame but themselves. "It is a wholesome instinct which warns men and women to regard with suspicion religious societies that do not dare to divulge their vows and proceedings. In the history of the world there is no parallel to the abhorrence and dread which the Jesuits have excited."

Such is the notion formed of us Jesuits by a large number, not to say a large majority, of our fellow countrymen. As may well be imagined, it is far from agreeable to know and feel that it is so; but another thing would be immensely worse—to be conscious that in the smallest degree we resembled the descriptions we read of ourselves. As it is, any sentiment of annoyance is swallowed up in wonder that persons of intelligence, who for the most part would not knowingly malign anybody, should believe, generation after generation, what to ourselves appears so preposterous.

It will, perhaps, be allowed that we ought to know something about ourselves, our aims, and the methods we employ to accomplish them. At any rate, we ourselves fancy that we do. We go so far as to believe that we have better opportunities for forming an opinion than those who pronounce against us verdicts such as we have heard, and the result is, that however admirable the intentions which prompt them, we feel that the one element is lacking which alone could render them formidable, since they are based upon no knowledge of the matter with which they deal; in fact, the positiveness of our

assailants is, as a rule, in inverse proportion to their acquaintance with Jesuits in the flesh.

I myself, for example, have been a Jesuit for forty-five years; for a quarter of a century I have been admitted amongst the "Professed" who form the very core of the Society; I have been placed in an office in which any secrets of policy must necessarily be known to me; I have been in constant and confidential communication with the General of the Order himself, both written and verbal, and can say with confidence that I fully know his mind on all points. As the result of my experience, I *know* that were we to do any of the things alleged against us, we should flagrantly disobey both the rules which we have pledged ourselves to observe, and the peremptory commands of the superiors whom we have vowed to obey. I know that neither I myself, nor any Jesuit I ever knew, would continue in the Order for half an hour did we find it to be in any respect what it is represented as being; and I am quite sure that all would be utterly at a loss to comprehend how men could be induced to renounce all that is most attractive upon earth by the prospect of thereby becoming children of perdition tenfold beyond the rest of men.

And what, I would ask, is the evidence on the other side? We might suppose that those who utter accusations so grave had availed themselves of every source of information within their reach; that so far as possible they might fully understand their subject. Amongst such sources of information, by far the most important is the official Institute of the Society, containing its constitutions and all other authoritative documents; of which, to name no other library, that of the British Museum contains several copies, so that all who choose can know all on this subject that is known to the Jesuits themselves. What do we find there? And first as to the burning question of politics?

On this point the Fifth General Congregation (1593) made the following Decree (No. 47), which may be left without any comment:

Inasmuch as our Society which was raised up by our Lord for the propagation of the Faith and the gaining of souls, can happily attain its end under the banner of the Cross, with advantage to the Church and good example to our neighbour, by those means which are proper to our Institute; and as she would prevent such good and expose herself to grievous dangers, were she to meddle with secular matters and such as appertain to Politics and the government of States; therefore hath it been most wisely enacted by our predecessors, that, fighting God's battle, we should never mix ourselves up with things that do not concern our profession. Since, however, in these most perilous times especially, in various places and by various Princes (whose love and charity our Father Ignatius thought it important to cultivate for God's service), our Order is ill spoken of, perchance through the fault, the ambition, or the indiscreet zeal of some; and since the good odour of Christ is requisite for the bearing of fruit; it hath seemed good to the Congregation that we must abstain from every appearance of evil, and, as far as possible, we must guard against complaints grounded even upon false suspicions. Wherefore by this present Decree, it gravely and severely forbids all of Ours to meddle with such public affairs, on any pretext whatsoever, even though they be invited and urged to do so, nor on account of any entreaties or persuasions let them disobey the Institute.

The authority of a General Congregation is supreme, there is none above it within the Society; but to lend additional weight to this solemn injunction it was further incorporated in a Bull of Pope Paul V., in the year 1606.

There will, no doubt, be many who will declare that manifestly such utterances as the above cannot be taken seriously. No sane man, they will aver, can be expected for a moment to believe what "everybody" knows to be so contrary to the plainest facts of history. I can only reply that we Jesuits take the prohibition very seriously indeed, being firmly persuaded that we are strictly bound in conscience to observe it to the letter. If at any time any members of the Society have meddled with politics, it has been in defiance of their duty, and a body commonly reproached with the absolute obedience it exacts, has been compromised by the disobedience of self-willed members. As to the question how far there have, in fact, been such breaches of duty in the past, I will at present only say that there seems to be no evidence whatever of any but purely individual transgressions, and that, according to my

own experience of documents in which evidence is to be sought, the law, as we have heard it laid down, has been observed with extraordinary fidelity.

Is it not true, however, that in our own day there can be no doubt whatever about the matter; that the intrigues of the Jesuits are so notorious as to be within the knowledge of every one who so much as reads a newspaper? Well, it certainly is true that this is said so constantly and so confidently that ordinary readers can scarcely be blamed who take for granted that it is undeniable and undenied. If assertions were the same as proofs, then should we be convicted beyond redemption, and the correspondents of the *Times* in Rome and Vienna would obviate the necessity of seeking any other witness; while if they should be silent, would not the very stones of Paris cry out? But I would observe in the first place, that, so far at least as we in this country are concerned, the scene of these machinations is always laid somewhere else. We are not aware that amongst ourselves anybody really believes Jesuits to be a peril to society, or that the government and the police find it necessary to keep the eye of vigilance upon them. It is elsewhere that they do such terrible things, like the traveller who jumped so wonderfully when he was in Rhodes. Even in countries where the scene of Jesuit offences is laid, the tale of what there is said to have occurred evokes public protests to the contrary whereof we hear nothing. And it would appear always to have been much the same.

The evidence of the Jesuit Father Argenti, early in the seventeenth century, is interesting. Having been sent on an official mission of inspection to Poland and Lithuania, he addressed a little book to King Sigismund, detailing the results of his experiences. In this, after observing that before his entrance into the Society he heard many grave charges brought against it, which his own subsequent experience proved to be utterly groundless, he thus continues:

And now, what had happened to me in my youth in Italy, happens to me in Poland in my declining years. For albeit I had always held our Institute

for very holy, nevertheless hearing that in Poland it was opposed by so many, and men of such note, and that it was assailed not merely in trivial lampoons, but also, and most bitterly, in well-known books, I could not but fear that some occasion was given, if not through the fault, at least through the indiscretion of Ours. But having come to these provinces and traversed all their length and breadth, having visited our houses, having examined every individual, having inquired into all that has been done, and having convinced myself that no cause has been given for all these denunciations, so vehement, bitter and sweeping, I could only address my brethren in the words of Christ to His disciples: "Blessed are ye when men shall speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake."[1]

Still more worthy of attention is the character of the evidence upon which we are expected to form our judgment. As I have already intimated, it seldom gets beyond assumptions and assertions, and when it does get farther, can hardly, I venture to think, be said to better itself. Thus, a few months ago, the representative of an English newspaper had a conversation with M. Yves Guyot, one of the most violent assailants of everything Catholic, the object of the interviewer being to discover on what plea the new French legislation, already spoken of, is to be justified.[2] M. Guyot had abundance to say. The problem now attempted to be solved is, he declared, no new one; it has stared him and his friends in the face ever since the Third Republic came into being. The religious congregations are a state within a state, and something more; "they also possess a terrible solvent force, and, like the strong vinegar which bursts granite rocks, are capable of undermining

[1] *Ad Sigismundum III. . . . Liber*, p. 10. Farther on (p. 60) Fr. Argenti explains that there is a sense in which it may be truly said that Jesuits *do* meddle with politics; for they endeavour to instil into their pupils principles of justice, prudence, and religion, which are the basis of all sound statesmanship. This rather harmless observation Mr. Pollard dismisses in his usual summary fashion as a "characteristic *Distinguo*," and quietly remarks, "In spite of denials it is fairly certain that the Society did take an active part in politics" ("The Jesuits in Poland," Lothian prize essay, 1892). Mr. Willert, reviewing Mr. Pollard's book (*English Historical Review*, vol. ix.), considers that the evidence of Argenti, whom he calls Argenton, is "perhaps the strongest proof of the political activity of the Society."

[2] See the *Daily Telegraph*, February 26, 1901.

the most solid edifice raised by the most united people." Consequently, "we Republicans" have only just managed with the aid of uncommon luck to defeat their malign endeavours; but such a state of things cannot go on, the strain is far too great. Statesmen are forced to expend all their time, thought, and toil in thwarting these schemes, instead of turning their hands to something really productive and beneficial to the country at large—with a good deal more of the same sort of thing. The interviewer, not unreasonably, asked whether he could be supplied with some facts to substantiate so tremendous an indictment. By all means, replied M. Guyot, "We have abundant and convincing proofs, and they are at your service whenever you like." And thereupon he proceeded to trot out certain ancient allegations, which, if they were never so true, would afford but a flimsy foundation for statements so grave and so sweeping, and which would certainly not be produced if the British public had any opportunity of knowing the truth concerning them.[1]

Unless M. Guyot's object was to show his contempt for the intelligence of the British public for whom his remarks were destined, by offering stuff like this for its consideration, he must at least have felt well assured that for this particular purpose he could safely use any weapon, and repeat any old calumnies however frequently disproved. But he might have

[1] M. Guyot's "facts" are, as a rule, nowise distinguishable from the rest of his declamation. The following charges, however, are made more or less definitely: That a M. Odelin, who at one time had a business connection with the fathers of the Rue des Postes, had a share in the *Libre Parole* newspaper. That Jesuit pupils were alleged to have got (on one or two occasions) to know beforehand the questions about to be set in public examinations. That the Jesuit Père du Lac read the proof-sheets of a book by M. Drumont. Of these charges, the first and second have been repeated for years, with a persistence which bears witness to the singular importance attached to them. Their malicious unfairness has been exposed again and again, and without at present entering upon any further examination of what does not appear to deserve serious attention, I am prepared, if required, to show exactly what they are worth.

seemed to exceed the limit even of such licence when he went on to suggest that the ribald blasphemer of everything Christian, Rochefort, is probably a tool of the Jesuits. This may serve to illustrate what is meant by saying that in proportion as such accusations become more definite, they do not become more convincing.

Another count in the indictment we have heard is that Jesuits hate and shun the light, that they do not dare to let the world know by what obligations they bind themselves, and that they are thus self-convicted of dark and discreditable practices. It is not very easy to understand what this means. It is perfectly true that the whole world is not invited to listen to all the rules and regulations of the Society, which its members hold to be of no practical concern, and extremely little interest, for any but themselves. But there is nothing they would shrink from having "read at the cross," and published to all mankind. There is nothing, in fact, which has not been perfectly well known to all that chose to use the means of knowing, since the very earliest period. As to the vows, for example, which, as we have been told, Jesuits dare not divulge, here is the formula of the most solemn and comprehensive of them all, those taken by the Professed, of whom I have already spoken. The original is in Latin, but the version here presented will probably be considered beyond suspicion, being that published by an associate of Titus Oates during the frenzy of the Popish Plot. The translation, though somewhat stiff and awkward and not quite grammatical, is perfectly fair, but I must leave the reader to determine the justice of the description attached to the document by the scribe who publishes it, "that primitive foundation of villainy."[1]

I., N., make my profession, and promise to the Omnipotent God, before His Virgin Mother and all the whole Court of Heaven, and all that here stand

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[1] See "The Papists' Oath of Secrecy," &c., *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vii. p. 287.

by, and to you our reverend Father-General of the Society of Jesus, God's lieutenant, and to your successors (or, to you Rev. Fr. ——, in place of the General of the Society, God's lieutenant, and to his successors), perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and accordingly, peculiar care in the erudition of youth, consentaneous to the form of living contained in the Apostolic letters of the Society of Jesus and in the Constitutions thereof. Moreover, I promise special obedience to the Pope concerning missions, as contained in the same Apostolic letters and Constitutions.[1]

Here we have the awful secret in its naked simplicity. These are the most solemn and special engagements which any Jesuit takes. Whether those will be satisfied who have expressed so great a longing to see a copy of them is another matter.

There remains, however, a question the gravity of which is not to be gainsaid. If the Jesuits are so blameless a race, how comes it that they have acquired so evil a name amongst so large a proportion of the peoples who know their name at all? Why has that name become a synonym for all that is crafty and disingenuous? To what is due the fact, which I began by admitting, that in the mind of most Englishmen, the bare notion of a Jesuit is accursed?

To such questions I must frankly confess that I have no answer to offer. I can no more account for this widespread and persistent belief concerning us, than for foreign ideas about the perfidiousness of Albion and the profound Machiavelianism of her policy. Knowing what I do of my own knowledge concerning the Society, the idea formed of it by so many is amongst the most unintelligible of human phenomena. Nothing appears to me more extraordinary than the furious storms of obloquy which from the first have raged around the body to which it is my highest privilege to belong. Despite graver considerations which cannot fail to suggest themselves, there is hardly any reading that I find so ludicrous as the many pages of the British Museum Library Catalogue, which

[1] Should any one wish to see the full text of all vows ever taken by Jesuits, they are to be found in the *Institutum Soc. Jesu* (British Museum, press mark 1230 h.—Vol. i. pp. 403–4).

are headed "Jesuits." There, dating from all periods, and in all tongues, are the titles of works imputing to the Order every species of iniquity. Were it not for what I know, I should doubtless be impressed as others are. As it is, my only feeling is wonder and bewilderment.

But one thing appears to be certain: as things have been from the beginning, so will they continue to the end, and "the wily Jesuit" will remain as good a stock epithet as "the swift-footed Achilles" or "the pious Æneas." How small are the chances of any evidence affecting the popular creed on the subject is well illustrated by a story told me by a very near relative almost fifty years ago. She had met at dinner a gentleman who was full of a most extraordinary and interesting book which he had been reading, "The Constitutions of Ignatius Loyola." "And, do you know?" he continued, "to read those Constitutions, you would think that he had no other object but the honour and service of God. I give you my word, you really would." "Well, perhaps," she suggested, "he *had* no other object." "Ah, well," he replied, "of course, you know, I can't quite believe *that*."

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

(*Sometime Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England.*)

THE COMPARATIVE ABILITIES OF THE FAIR AND THE DARK

WE know something concerning the hair-colour and eye-colour of the general population. Many observations have been made on this point during recent years, not only among continental nations but in all parts of the British Islands. It may indeed be said that it was an Englishman, Dr. John Beddoe, the *doyen* of British anthropologists, who first realised the interest of such observations, and carried them out on a wide scale. To him chiefly we owe the map which shows the relative fairness and darkness of the population of our islands. When we look at this map we see that there is a certain order in the distribution of the fair population and the dark population, that the fair people are, on the whole, arranged along the eastern sides of the two islands and the dark people along the western sides, so that in each island as as we go from east to west the population tends to become darker.

At this point, however, it may be said that our knowledge ends. We know which districts of the country are mainly fair and which mainly dark; we even know where particular types of fairness and darkness are chiefly to be found, but we do not know how different classes of the population differ from each other in this respect. It is true that certain results have been reached here too, and for these also we are indebted to Dr. Beddoe, though they were not obtained by the method of

direct observation. Dr. Beddoe found, by examining a very large number of the descriptions of "Persons Wanted" in the *Police Gazette*, that there is a great difference in average degrees of fairness between people of different avocations, more especially that while men connected with horses and cattle, such as grooms and butchers, are notably fair, shoemakers and tailors tend to be notably dark. No doubt such observations will in time be made directly on the general population, and we shall know the relative proportions of the fair and the dark among people following every occupation.

I have not attempted any inquiry of this kind. But I have endeavoured to carry out a somewhat allied inquiry by examining the portraits of eminent persons, and comparing the fairness or darkness of different groups of such persons. The National Portrait Gallery contains portraits of several thousand persons who in some way or other have acquired eminence during the past six hundred years, and I therefore selected this Gallery for study as furnishing a specially favourable field for the investigation of the question.

This inquiry was by no means so easy as it might appear at the first glance. I have spent many hours in the Gallery, during a period extending over nearly two years, in making the necessary observations. I cannot regret the hours spent in the company of so many wise and noble and gracious personages. But I have acquired a certain scepticism as to the fidelity both of those who paint and those who write portraits. In many cases the painted statements concerning the same person are absolutely unlike; in many cases the painted statements are absolutely unlike the written statements of those who knew the originals. In other cases the discrepancies, though less marked, are still sufficiently considerable to be painful to a careful investigator. I soon realised that the artist was on the whole much more reliable than the literary observer, but, on the other hand, if the artist happens to be dominated by the desire to obtain his own effects at all costs to truth, he may lead us hopelessly astray. An amusing

instance of the confusion thus produced may be seen in the neighbouring National Gallery, where Millais in his portrait of Gladstone has represented one eye blue, the other brown. Nor are these the only difficulties with which the anthropologist must contend in the National Portrait Gallery. The age of a picture may dim or discolour what was once clear and definite, and the same result is attained when a picture is hung high up on the walls in the murky London air. Again, the age of the sitter often enables us to do no more than guess at the probable colour of his hair, or the fashion of his time may have covered it with a wig. Yet when all allowance is made for these causes of error, and a certain amount of care and discretion has been exercised, dubious cases severely disregarded, differing portraits of the same person duly compared, it is still possible to obtain fairly reliable results in the majority of instances.

I decided to take eye-colour as the chief criterion of pigmentation, in preference to hair-colour, mainly on the ground that the eyes were visible in a larger number of cases than the hair. At the same time, hair was also taken into consideration as a secondary criterion, and the judgment as to fairness or darkness obtained from the eyes was modified, if necessary, by that obtained from the hair; thus a person of the so-called "Celtic" type, with light eyes and dark hair, would be classed as medium. It was scarcely practicable to take into account the actual complexion, and as the depth of colouring of the skin on the whole follows that of the hair and the eyes, it was unnecessary. I found that the degree of precision attainable with my material enabled me to classify my subjects into three classes: light, medium, dark.

The ordinary words used to describe the colour of the eyes, it may not be unnecessary to remark, are very vague and inaccurate. In reality the iris varies from blue (in which case there is a total lack of pigment), through blue-yellow, blue-orange, blue-orange-brown in various combinations, to brown (in which case there is full pigmentation). I find that descrip-

tive writers speak of "blue" eyes with considerable licence, even when the eye is only very partially blue, while they use the unsatisfactory word "grey" to describe what is really a blue-yellow eye; "black" is also liberally applied, usually to brown eyes. There are in reality no black eyes; in examining portraits, however, one sometimes meets with apparently black eyes, which may either be brown or blue, a serious source of confusion, for we thus run the risk of making a totally wrong classification. Thus the eyes of Charles I. sometimes seem to be black; in reality they were dark blue. I have of course omitted the cases in which this important distinction cannot be made with fair probability. Of the three classes—light, medium, dark—into which I have classified all those individuals in the National Portrait Gallery whose portraits enable us to classify them, the first class contains those with completely or almost completely blue eyes and fair or brown hair; the last class includes those with completely or almost completely brown eyes and brown or black hair; the medium class includes those whose eyes are of intermediate colour and who usually have brown hair. As already mentioned, any striking contrast between hair-colour and eye-colour involved some shifting of class.

In this way it was possible to ascertain that so many among the distinguished persons represented in the Gallery were fair, so many dark, and so many of intermediate colouring. This result, however, was obviously of no very extraordinary interest. To realise its significance we should have to obtain for comparison a corresponding series of undistinguished persons, and even then we should have to recognise that the personages represented in the Gallery are an extremely miscellaneous collection. In order to obtain results that are really of interest we must break up our data into groups. I have therefore divided the individuals whose colouring I have been able to ascertain into sixteen different groups, according to social rank, avocation, &c., these groups in some cases overlapping, so that one individual sometimes

appears in more than one group. It was then possible to ascertain the number of fair, medium, and dark persons in each of the sixteen groups. But it was still necessary to find a convenient method of comparison by reducing the three figures in each group to one figure. To attain this I divided the medium persons in each group equally between the fair and dark persons, thus reducing the three figures to two, and then I multiplied the fair persons in each group by 100 and divided by the number of dark persons. Thus—in accordance with a method well recognised in anthropology and by which, for instance, the cephalic index is ascertained by measuring the breadth and length of the head—I obtained what may be called the index of pigmentation.[1]

With these preliminary explanations I can present the results of my investigation. In the following enumeration the groups are arranged in the order of decreasing fairness:

Group with Number of Individuals.	Index of Pigmentation.
Political Reformers and Agitators (20)	233
Sailors (45)	150
Men of Science (53)	121
Soldiers (42)	113
Artists (74)	111
Poets (56)	107
Royal Family (66)	107
Lawyers (56)	107
Created Peers and their Sons (89)	102
Statesmen (53)	89
Men and Women of Letters (87)	85
Hereditary Aristocracy (149)	82
Divines (57)	58
Men of Low Birth (12)	50
Explorers (8)	33
Actors and Actresses (16)	33

[1] It was not possible for me to adopt Beddoe's index of nigrescence, used for tabulating the results of direct observation of hair-colour on living persons, since I had not found it feasible to make hair-colour the primary basis of classification.

An index of more than 100 means that the fair element predominates over the dark in that group, an index of less than 100 means that the dark element predominates. I may add that the lists include persons of both sexes.

The results presented in this simple table—results which in part give precision to recognised tendencies and in part are entirely novel—might well be expounded at considerable length. It will, however, be enough to comment on a few of the conclusions which most clearly emerge.

In the first place, as regards the royal family and the aristocracy, it may seem that the prevalent belief which credits the upper classes with a pronounced tendency to blondness—and which finds expression in the ancient belief, of Spanish origin, in the "blueness" of noble blood, *sangre azul*, because the veins of fair people are blue—is here shown to be fallacious. That, however, is not the case. It must be remembered that the ordinary population of the middle and lower classes is only slenderly represented in the National Portrait Gallery. It is, however, noteworthy that the small group of persons springing from the working classes is among the darkest of the groups, decidedly darker than any of the aristocratic groups. As regards the royal family, it has also to be remembered that the results have been affected by perpetual infusions of foreign blood from nearly every European country, and as most European populations are darker complexioned than the English, it is not surprising that the tendency of the royal family to fairness has thus been somewhat reduced. The study of the physical characteristics of the royal family through many centuries is of considerable interest. The early tendency was towards fairness, but by late Tudor times there was a tendency towards darkness, for Henry VIII. seems to have inherited his mother's dark eyes, and though Mary I. possessed the blue-grey eyes of her Spanish mother and Edward VI.'s light eyes were presumably inherited from Jane Seymour, Queen Elizabeth inherited brown eyes, probably from both parents. James I. brought in a muddy blue Scotch eye, which was probably

derived from his father, but Charles I.'s dark blue eyes were apparently identical with those of his Danish mother. Charles married Henrietta Maria, whose eyes were a clear brown, and two of the children followed the father, two the mother, while two others, in early life at all events, apparently possessed an eye of intermediate colour. The last representatives of the Stuart family were brown-eyed, for though James II. (unlike his brother Charles II.) inherited his father's eyes, he married a dark Italian wife, whose influence was impressed on all the descendants. William III. (like most of the Dutch Orange family) was very dark, and so was Mary II. George I., with his mixed German, Stuart, and Orange blood, brought in a type of mixed eye which had hitherto been apparently rare in the royal family; in his case it was a dark greenish-brown eye; he married a French wife who appears to have been dark, but while his daughter inherited his eyes, his son, George II., though still showing a mixed eye, is unaccountably fair. This is one of the few slight anomalies we meet with in studying the royal family, and perhaps indicates a return to the fair German grandfather. This light mixed type of eye, usually blue-yellow, has remained persistent, accentuated or increased by German intermarriages, and still prevails at the present day.

The study of the royal family in the National Portrait Gallery is of considerable interest, for, except during the early periods, few links are missing, and it is easy to see how strictly eye-colour is inherited, the rule being—as was noted by Galton and is familiar, indeed, to every observant person—that the eye-colour of the child follows that of one or other of the parents and is very seldom a blend of both parents.

The review of these facts clearly shows also that the average blondness of the English royal family has been modified mainly by intermixture with darker foreign royal stocks, though it may well be that those stocks were fairer than the average population of the countries they belonged to. Our evidence, therefore,

indicates that the blondness of the English royal family has been maintained at a considerable height in spite of opposing foreign influences.

If we turn to the hereditary aristocracy, we again find a lower index of pigmentation than we should have been inclined to expect. Foreign intermixture here also may have had some influence. I think it probable, however, that another cause has come into operation; peers have been in a position to select as wives, and have tended to select, the most beautiful women, and there can be little doubt that the most beautiful women, at all events in our own country, have tended more to be dark than to be fair. This is proved by the low index of pigmentation of the famous beauties in the Gallery, the selection being made solely on the basis of reputation, independently of any personal judgment of the portraits; while women of letters (fifteen in number) are inclined to be fair and have an index of 100, the index of thirteen famous beauties is as dark as 44. The same tendency is, indeed, illustrated by any series of famous beauties by Reynolds or Romney, and has probably been an important factor, though not the only one, in darkening the old aristocracy.

Our index of pigmentation shows, however, that the new aristocracy is fairer than the old. This seems to be one of the most novel and interesting facts revealed in the whole of this investigation. It answers the question: Why are the aristocracy fair? We see that the aristocracy tend to be fairer than the ordinary population because it is from the fair elements in the ordinary population that the aristocracy is chiefly recruited. In other words, the fair tend to attain greater success than the dark in those careers which most frequently lead to the peerage. Thus it is that both created peers and their sons (whether taken together or in two separate groups) are decidedly fairer than the old aristocracy. For the same reason lawyers, soldiers and sailors, who all tend towards the peerage, more especially lawyers, also markedly tend to be fair; statesmen, it is true, are not much fairer than the old

aristocracy, but that is because they are largely taken from that very class.

A very significant fact, it seems to me, is the extremely high index of pigmentation of the group of political reformers and agitators. These are not persons who reach the House of Lords; their opinions are too radical, they are too violently opposed to the powers that be. But they possess in an extreme degree the sanguine irrepressible energy, the great temporal ambitions, the personal persuasive force, the oratorical aptitudes that in a minor degree tend to mark the class that rises to the aristocracy; it is therefore a notable and curious fact that their index of pigmentation should be as extreme as their mental attitudes and convictions.

If we turn away from these groups which are or tend to become aristocratic, we find that men of science (among whom are here included philosophers and inventors) present a strikingly high index. This seems to be due to the fact that scientific aptitude occurs with especial frequency in the north of England and in Scotland, the most peculiarly fair region of Great Britain, the region, it may be noted also, which has contained the most progressive and successful populations. The fairness of the group of artists, again, must be associated with the fact that artists tend largely to come from among the fair populations along the east coast of England and Scotland. I have noted a similar fairness in an even more marked degree among modern artists in France, who also tend to come from the fairest parts of their country. The fairness of the group of poets can scarcely be put down to a similar cause, for poets are produced by every part of the country.

The large and important group of men of letters, on the other hand, cannot be called predominantly fair; the divines are still darker, and this is so even as regards those among them (like Knox) who were reformers and agitators. The class of men of low birth (including numerous persons of

intellectual distinction) is very dark. The actors and the explorers are the darkest of all.

If for the present we neglect the consideration of separate groups and seek to look more broadly at the matter, it seems to me that we may find one or two tendencies fairly well marked. It is clear that a high index of pigmentation, or an excess of fairness, prevails among the men of restless and ambitious temperament, the sanguine energetic men, the men who easily dominate their fellows and who get on in life, the men who recruit the aristocracy and who doubtless largely form the plutocracy. It is significant that the group of low-class men—artisans and peasants—and the men of religion, whose mission in life it is to practise and preach resignation to a Higher Will, are both notably of dark complexion.

While the men of action thus tend to be fair, the men of thought, it seems to me, show some tendency to be dark. This latter tendency is by no means so clear from the data before us as the other tendency. Still it is indicated, and it would be still clearer if we were to subdivide our groups according to the intellectual eminence of the individuals comprised within them; it would then generally be found, I believe, that in each group the more intellectual showed a somewhat lower index of pigmentation. It is noteworthy that the men of letters, whose intellectual achievements are on the whole decidedly greater, if less brilliant, than those of the poets, show a lower index of pigmentation. It may be said, also, regarding the men of low social class, that though their darkness is partly explainable, as we have seen, on other grounds, they are mostly men of marked intellectual force. If this is so, the dark people may be said to have their consolations; they are by no means lacking in intellectual force, and probably possess such power in a higher average degree than the fair men. The latter, by virtue of their greater executive energy, are often able to achieve success in the world with the possession of a comparatively minor, though often very considerable, inheritance of intelligence. But the dark men

are better able to learn that wisdom that teaches the vanity of worldly success.[1]

I have hitherto said nothing concerning two groups which may seem somewhat anomalous. I refer to the two darkest groups of all, the explorers and the actors. It may be thought that the darkness of the explorers contradicts the conclusion we have just reached that the people of restless energy tend to be dark. But here a totally new consideration enters into the question. Pigmentation, it is well recognised, is a protection. The veil of dark pigment which the organism weaves for itself against the sun in summer bears evidence to this fact, and there is some reason to believe also that dark persons resist disease better than the fair. The pioneering exploits of sailors, being aided by the climatically modifying influence of the sea and being mostly in cold climates, involve no selection of dark persons. Our group of explorers, however, mostly travellers in the extremely trying climates of tropical lands, especially Africa, have needed all the assistance that constitutional peculiarities furnish; and the life has proved too arduous for the fair, who have mostly succumbed or been discouraged. Thus it is that our most eminent and experienced explorers in hot climates are mostly men of dark eyes and hair.

I cannot furnish so unquestionable an explanation of the darkness of actors, though the phenomena are here at least equally well marked. There have been a few moderately fair actors and actresses of eminence, but scarcely any of them have been of the highest eminence. The Kemble family, to which Mrs. Siddons belonged, was dark, and Garrick was extremely dark. So far as I am aware, no really fair person has ever risen to the highest dramatic eminence in this country, and so far as I have been able to observe, it is equally rare for

[1] As a reader is apt to suspect that any writer on such points as this is moved by personal bias, it may, perhaps, be well to state that the present writer belongs to the medium group, and is therefore able to view this series of phenomena with, as Huxley expressed it, the serene impartiality of the mongrel.

fairness to be associated with histrionic ability in Europe generally. It may certainly be said that in our own country the darkest populations are those most fertile in ability of this kind, and also that actors tend, to a considerable extent, to spring from the lower, and darker, social classes. Whether these facts suffice to account for this phenomenon, or whether we must go deeper and assume that the special metabolic processes associated with the organic manufacture of pigment are also associated with dramatic faculty is not clear. I am not at present disposed to accept it, though it is scarcely beyond the bounds of possibility that, other things being equal, a certain kind of nervous texture, involving a predisposition to certain intellectual aptitudes, may be directly connected with the greater or less tendency to manufacture pigment. It is necessary to introduce the proviso, "other things being equal," for we certainly could not assert generally that the unpigmented person or albino shows a native tendency to enter the aristocracy (notwithstanding the case of Lord Sherbrooke), while the existence of highly pigmented lower races suffices to show that pigment alone will not confer intellectual aptitude.

The more reasonable supposition at present seems to be that the relation between pigmentation and mental aptitude is chiefly indirect, and due to race. In other words, the fair man tends to be bold, energetic, restless and domineering, not because he is fair, but because he belongs to an aboriginal fair stock of people who possess those qualities; while the dark man tends to be resigned and religious and imitative, yet highly intelligent, not because he is dark, but because he belongs to a dark stock possessing those characteristics.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on this question by considering the phenomena as they exist in a country having a racial composition in some respects comparable to Great Britain, and, without doubt, closely related to ourselves. In Norway there are, as in Great Britain, fair and dark stocks, the former usually long-headed, the latter broad-headed, and there also the darker stock is, on the whole, placed more to the south and

west of the country. It so happens that a very interesting and acute psychological study of the fair and dark populations of Norway has lately been made by Dr. A. M. Hansen. This investigation has revealed differences even more marked between the fair and the dark than may easily be discovered in our own islands, and this is not surprising since our racial elements have been more thoroughly mixed. The fair population, he tells us, is made up of born aristocrats, active, outspoken, progressive, with a passion for freedom and independence, caring nothing for equality; the dark population is reserved and suspicious, very conservative, and lacking in initiative, caring little for freedom, but with a passion for equality. The fair people are warlike, quarrelsome when drunk, and furnish, in proportion to numbers, three times as many men for the volunteer force as the dark people; the latter, though brave sailors, abhor war, and are very religious, subscribing to foreign missions nearly three times as much per head as is furnished by the fair people, who are inclined to be irreligious. The fair people value money and all that money can buy, while the dark people are indifferent to money. The reality of the mental distinction is shown by the fact that a map of the proportion of Conservative voters in elections to the Storthing exactly corresponds to an anthropological map of the country, the Conservative majority being found in the dark and broad-headed districts. While, however, the fair population is the most irreligious and progressive, the dark population is by no means behind in the production of intellect, and the region it inhabits has produced many eminent men.

I have referred to Hansen's remarkable study of Norwegian psychology because it shows that, in a country somewhat allied to our own in racial composition, much the same tendency for definite intellectual aptitude to be associated with definite physical types may be traced. There are some discrepancies, it is true; our dark population is not attracted to seafaring and is by no means specially apt to take the Conservative side in politics. It is probable, indeed, that while the fair population

of Norway is without doubt closely allied to our own fair population, the dark population may only be remotely related to ours, which is not broad-headed. Thus, this parallel by no means proves conclusively that the association between special mental aptitudes and pigmentary tendencies can be resolved entirely into a question of race. It may also be remarked that the characteristics of the fair population are especially masculine qualities, while the characteristics of the dark population are more peculiarly feminine qualities; it so happens also that women, as is now beginning to be generally recognised by anthropologists, tend to be somewhat darker than men. Even this fact, however, may possibly receive a racial explanation.

It would, in any case, be rash to state any broad and far-reaching conclusions concerning an inquiry which is still so novel. It is enough for the present that, when we carefully study so large a collection of the representations of eminent British persons as that constituting our National Portrait Gallery, it is possible to show that in the different classes of mental aptitude the proportion of fair and dark persons varies widely, and in some cases to indicate why this is so.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

IN PRAISE OF WALKING

AS a man grows old, he is told by some moralists that he may find consolation for increasing infirmities in looking back upon a well-spent life. No doubt such a retrospect must be very agreeable, but the question must occur to many of us whether our life offers the necessary materials for self-complacency. What part of it, if any, has been well spent? To that I find it convenient to reply, for my own purposes, any part in which I thoroughly enjoyed myself. If it be proposed to add "innocently," I will not quarrel with the amendment. Perhaps, indeed, I may have a momentary regret for some pleasures which do not quite deserve that epithet, but the pleasure of which I am about to speak is even obtrusively and pre-eminently innocent. Walking is among recreations what ploughing and fishing are among industrial labours: it is primitive and simple; it brings us into contact with mother earth and unsophisticated nature; it requires no elaborate apparatus and no extraneous excitement. It is fit even for poets and philosophers, and he who can thoroughly enjoy it must have at least some capacity for worshipping the "cherub Contemplation." He must be able to enjoy his own society without the factitious stimulants of the more violent physical recreations. I have always been a humble admirer of athletic excellence. I retain, in spite of much headshaking from wise educationalists, my early veneration for the heroes of the river and the cricket-field. To me they have still the halo which

surrounded them in the days when "muscular Christianity" was first preached and the whole duty of man said to consist in fearing God and walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours. I rejoice unselfishly in these later days to see the stream of bicyclists restoring animation to deserted high roads or to watch even respected contemporaries renewing their youth in the absorbing delights of golf. While honouring all genuine delight in manly exercises, I regret only the occasional admixture of lower motives which may lead to its degeneration. Now it is one merit of walking that its real devotees are little exposed to such temptations. Of course there are such things as professional pedestrians making "records" and seeking the applause of the mob. When I read of the immortal Captain Barclay performing his marvellous feats, I admire respectfully, but I fear that his motives included more of vanity than of emotions congenial to the higher intellect. The true walker is one to whom the pursuit is in itself delightful; who is not indeed priggish enough to be above a certain complacency in the physical prowess required for his pursuit, but to whom the muscular effort of the legs is subsidiary to the "cerebration" stimulated by the effort to the quiet musings and imaginings which arise most spontaneously as he walks, and generate the intellectual harmony which is the natural accompaniment to the monotonous tramp of his feet. The cyclist or the golf-player, I am told, can hold such intercourse with himself in the intervals of striking the ball or working his machine. But the true pedestrian loves walking because, so far from distracting his mind, it is favourable to the equable and abundant flow of tranquil and half-conscious meditation. Therefore I should be sorry if the pleasures of cycling or any other recreation tended to put out of fashion the habit of the good old walking-tour.

For my part, when I try to summon up remembrance of "well-spent" moments, I find myself taking a kind of inverted view of the past; inverted, that is, so far as the accidental becomes the essential. If I turn over the intellectual album

which memory is always compiling, I find that the most distinct pictures which it contains are those of old walks. Other memories of incomparably greater intrinsic value coalesce into wholes. They are more massive but less distinct. The memory of a friendship that has brightened one's whole life survives not as a series of incidents but as a general impression of the friend's characteristic qualities due to the superposition of innumerable forgotten pictures. I remember him, not the specific conversations by which he revealed himself. The memories of walks are all localised and dated; they are hitched on to particular times and places; they spontaneously form a kind of calendar or connecting thread upon which other memories may be strung. As I look back, a long series of little vignettes presents itself, each representing a definite stage of my earthly pilgrimage summed up and embodied in a walk. Their background of scenery recalls places once familiar, and the thoughts associated with the places revive thoughts of the contemporary occupations. The labour of scribbling books happily leaves no distinct impression, and I would forget that it had ever been undergone; but the picture of some delightful ramble includes incidentally a reference to the nightmare of literary toil from which it relieved me. The author is but the accidental appendage of the tramp. My days are bound each to each not by "natural piety" (or not, let me say, by natural piety alone) but by pedestrian enthusiasm. The memory of school days, if one may trust to the usual reminiscences, generally clusters round a flogging, or some solemn words from the spiritual teacher instilling the seed of a guiding principle of life. I remember a sermon or two rather ruefully; and I confess to memories of a flogging so unjust that I am even now stung by the thought of it. But what comes most spontaneously to my mind is the memory of certain strolls, "out of bounds," when I could forget the Latin grammar, and enjoy such a sense of the beauties of nature as is embodied for a child in a pond haunted by water-rats, or a field made romantic by threats of "man-traps and spring-guns." Then,

after a crude fashion, one was becoming more or less of a reflecting and individual being, not a mere automaton set in movement by pedagogic machinery.

The day on which I was fully initiated into the mysteries is marked by a white stone. It was when I put on a knapsack and started from Heidelberg for a march through the Odenwald. Then I first knew the delightful sensation of independence and detachment enjoyed during a walking tour. Free from all bothers of railway time-tables and extraneous machinery, you trust to your own legs, stop when you please, diverge into any track that takes your fancy, and drop in upon some quaint variety of human life at every inn where you put up for the night. You share for the time the mood in which Borrow settled down in the dingle after escaping from his bondage in the publishers' London slums. You have no dignity to support, and the dress-coat of conventional life has dropped into oblivion, like the bundle from Christian's shoulders. You are in the world of Lavengro, and would be prepared to take tea with Miss Isopel Berners or with the Welsh preacher who thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Borrow, of course, took the life more seriously than the literary gentleman who is only escaping on ticket-of-leave from the prison-house of respectability, and is quite unequal to a personal conflict with "blazing Bosville"—the flaming tinman. He is only dipping in the element where his model was thoroughly at home. I remember, indeed, one figure in that first walk which I associate with Benedict Moll, the strange treasure-seeker whom Borrow encountered in his Spanish rambles. My acquaintance was a mild German innkeeper, who sat beside me on a bench while I was trying to assimilate certain pancakes, the only dinner he could provide, still fearful in memory, but just attackable after a thirty-miles tramp. He confided to me that, poor as he was, he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. He kept his machine upstairs, where it discharged the humble duty of supplying the place of a shoeblack; but he

was about to go to London to offer it to a British capitalist. He looked wistfully at me as possibly a capitalist in disguise, and I thought it wise to evade a full explanation. I have not been worthy to encounter many of such quaint incidents and characters as seem to have been normal in Borrow's experience; but the first walk, commonplace enough, remains distinct in my memory. I kept no journal, but I could still give the narrative day by day—the sights which I dutifully admired and the very state of my bootlaces. Walking tours thus rescue a bit of one's life from oblivion. They play in one's personal recollections the part of those historical passages in which Carlyle is an unequalled master; the little islands of light in the midst of the darkening gloom of the past, on which you distinguish the actors in some old drama actually alive and moving. The devotee of other athletic sports remembers special incidents: the occasion on which he hit a cricket-ball over the pavilion at Lord's, or the crab which he caught as his boat was shooting Barnes Bridge. But those are memories of exceptional moments of glory or the reverse, and apt to be tainted by vanity or the spirit of competition. The walks are the unobtrusive connecting thread of other memories, and yet each walk is a little drama in itself, with a definite plot with episodes and catastrophes, according to the requirements of Aristotle; and it is naturally interwoven with all the thoughts, the friendships, and the interests that form the staple of ordinary life.

Walking is the natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted). Shakespeare, besides being a sportsman, a lawyer, a divine, and so forth, conscientiously observed his own maxim, "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way"; though a full proof of this could only be given in an octavo volume. Anyhow, he divined the connection between walking and a "merry heart"; that is, of course, a cheerful acceptance of our position in the universe

founded upon the deepest moral and philosophical principles. His friend, Ben Jonson, walked from London to Scotland. Another gentleman of the period (I forget his name) danced from London to Norwich. Tom Coryate hung up in his parish church the shoes in which he walked from Venice and then started to walk (with occasional lifts) to India. Contemporary walkers of more serious character might be quoted, such as the admirable Barclay, the famous Quaker apologist, from whom the great Captain Barclay inherited his prowess. Every one, too, must remember the incident in Walton's "Life of Hooker." Walking from Oxford to Exeter, he went to see his godfather, Bishop Jewel, at Salisbury. The bishop said that he would lend him "a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease," and "presently delivered into his hands a walking staff with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany." He added ten groats and munificently promised ten groats more when Hooker should restore the "horse." When, in later days, Hooker once rode to London, he expressed more passion than that mild divine was ever known to show upon any other occasion against a friend who had dissuaded him from "footing it." The hack, it seems, "trotted when he did not," and discomposed the thoughts which had been soothed by the walking staff. His biographer must be counted, I fear, among those who do not enjoy walking without the incidental stimulus of sport. Yet the "Compleat Angler" and his friends start by a walk of twenty good miles before they take their "morning draught." Swift, perhaps, was the first person to show a full appreciation of the moral and physical advantages of walking. He preached constantly upon this text to Stella, and practised his own advice. It is true that his notions of a journey were somewhat limited. Ten miles a day was his regular allowance when he went from London to Holyhead, but then he spent time in lounging at wayside inns to enjoy the talk of the tramps and ostlers. The fact, though his biographers are rather scandalised, shows that he really

appreciated one of the true charms of pedestrian expeditions. Wesley is generally credited with certain moral reforms, but one secret of his power is not always noticed. In his early expeditions he went on foot to save horse hire, and made the great discovery that twenty or thirty miles a day was a wholesome allowance for a healthy man. The fresh air and exercise put "spirit into his sermons," which could not be rivalled by the ordinary parson of the period, who too often passed his leisure lounging by his fireside. Fielding points the contrast. Trulliber, embodying the clerical somnolence of the day, never gets beyond his pigsties, but the model Parson Adams steps out so vigorously that he distances the stage-coach, disappears in the distance rapt in the congenial pleasures of walking and composing a sermon. Fielding, no doubt, shared his hero's taste, and that explains the contrast between his vigorous naturalism and the sentimentalism of Richardson, who was to be seen, as he tells us, "stealing along from Hammersmith to Kensington with his eyes on the ground, propping his unsteady limbs with a stick." Even the ponderous Johnson used to dissipate his early hypochondria by walking from Lichfield to Birmingham and back (thirty-two miles), and his later melancholy would have changed to a more cheerful view of life could he have kept up the practice in his beloved London streets. The literary movement at the end of the eighteenth century was obviously due in great part, if not mainly, to the renewed practice of walking. Wordsworth's poetical autobiography shows how every stage in his early mental development was connected with some walk in the Lakes. The sunrise which startled him on a walk after a night spent in dancing first set him apart as a "dedicated spirit." His walking tour in the Alps—then a novel performance—roused him to his first considerable poem. His chief performance is the record of an excursion on foot. He kept up the practice, and De Quincey calculates somewhere what multiple of the earth's circumference he had measured on his legs, assuming, it appears, that he averaged ten miles a day. De Quincey himself, we are told,

slight and fragile as he was, was a good walker, and would run up a hill "like a squirrel." Opium-eating is not congenial to walking, yet even Coleridge, after beginning the habit, speaks of walking forty miles a day in Scotland, and, as we all know, the great manifesto of the new school of poetry, the Lyrical Ballads, was suggested by the famous walk with Wordsworth, when the first stanzas of the "Ancient Mariner" were composed. A remarkable illustration of the wholesome influence might be given from the cases of Scott and Byron. Scott, in spite of his lameness, delighted in walks of twenty and thirty miles a day, and in climbing crags, trusting to the strength of his arms to remedy the stumblings of his foot. The early strolls enabled him to saturate his mind with local traditions, and the passion for walking under difficulties showed the manly nature which has endeared him to three generations. Byron's lameness was too severe to admit of walking, and therefore all the unwholesome humours which would have been walked off in a good cross-country march accumulated in his brain and caused the defects, the morbid affectation and perverse misanthropy which half ruined the achievement of the most masculine intellect of his time.

It is needless to accumulate examples of a doctrine which will no doubt be accepted as soon as it is announced. Walking is the best of panaceas for the morbid tendencies of authors. It is, I need only observe, as good for reasoners as for poets. The name of "peripatetic" suggests the connection. To it may be justly ascribed the utilitarian philosophy. Old Jeremy Bentham kept himself up to his work for eighty years by his regular "post-jentacular circumgyrations." His chief disciple, John Mill, walked incessantly and preached as he walked. John Stuart Mill imbibed at once psychology, political economy, and a love of walks from his father. Walking was his one recreation; it saved him from becoming a mere smoke-dried pedant; and though he put forward the pretext of botanical researches, it helped him to perceive that man is something besides a mere logic machine. Mill's great rival as

a spiritual guide, Carlyle, was a vigorous walker, and even in his latest years was a striking figure when performing his regular constitutionals in London. One of the vivid passages in the "Reminiscences" describes his walk with Irving from Glasgow to Drumclog. Here they sat on the "brow of a peat hag, while far, far away to the westward, over our brown horizon, towered up white and visible at the many miles of distance a high irregular pyramid. Ailsa Craig we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder." The vision naturally led to a solemn conversation, which was an event in both lives. Neither Irving nor Carlyle himself feared any amount of walking in those days, it is added, and next day Carlyle took his longest walk, fifty-four miles. Carlyle is unsurpassable in his descriptions of scenery: from the pictures of mountains in "Sartor Resartus" to the battle-pieces in Frederick. Ruskin, himself a good walker, is more rhetorical but not so graphic; and it is self-evident that nothing educates an eye for the features of a landscape so well as the practice of measuring it by your own legs.

The great men, it is true, have not always acknowledged their debt to the genius, whoever he may be, who presides over pedestrian exercise. Indeed, they have inclined to ignore the true source of their impulse. Even when they speak of the beauties of nature, they would give us to understand that they might have been disembodied spirits, taking aerial flights among mountain solitudes, and independent of the physical machinery of legs and stomachs. When long ago the Alps cast their spell upon me, it was woven in a great degree by the eloquence of "Modern Painters." I hoped to share Ruskin's ecstasies in a reverent worship of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. The influence of any cult, however, depends upon the character of the worshipper, and I fear that in this case the charm operated rather perversely. It stimulated a passion for climbing which absorbed my energies and distracted me from the prophet's loftier teaching. I might have followed him from the mountains to picture-galleries, and spent among

the stones of Venice hours which I devoted to attacking hitherto unascended peaks and so lost my last chance of becoming an art critic. I became a fair judge of an Alpine guide, but I do not even know how to make a judicious allusion to Botticelli or Tintoretto. I can't say that I feel the smallest remorse. I had a good time, and at least escaped one temptation to talking nonsense. It follows, however, that my passion for the mountains had something earthly in its composition. It is associated with memories of eating and drinking. It meant delightful comradeship with some of the best of friends; but our end, I admit, was not always of the most exalted or æsthetic strain. A certain difficulty results. I feel an uncomfortable diffidence. I hold that Alpine walks are the poetry of the pursuit; I could try to justify the opinion by relating some of the emotions suggested by the great scenic effects: the sunrise on the snow fields; the storm-clouds gathering under the great peaks; the high pasturages knee-deep in flowers; the torrents plunging through the "cloven ravines," and so forth. But the thing has been done before, better than I could hope to do it; and when I look back at those old passages in "Modern Painters," and think of the enthusiasm which prompted to exuberant sentences of three or four hundred words, I am not only abashed by the thought of their unapproachable eloquence, but feel as though they conveyed a tacit reproach. You, they seem to say, are, after all, a poor prosaic creature, affecting a love of sublime scenery as a cloak for more grovelling motives. I could protest against this judgment, but it is better at present to omit the topic, even though it would give the strongest groundwork for my argument.

Perhaps, therefore, it is better to trust the case for walking to where the external stimulus of splendours and sublimities is not so overpowering. A philosophic historian divides the world into the regions where man is stronger than nature and the regions where nature is stronger than man. The true charm of walking is most unequivocally shown when it is obviously dependent upon the walker himself. I became an

enthusiast in the Alps, but I have found almost equal pleasure in walks such as one described by Cowper, where the view from a summit is bounded, not by Alps or Apennines, but by "a lofty quickset hedge." Walking gives a charm to the most commonplace British scenery. A love of walking not only makes any English county tolerable but seems to make the charm inexhaustible. I know only two or three districts minutely, but the more familiar I have become with either of them the more I have wished to return, to invent some new combination of old strolls or to inspect some hitherto unexplored nook. I love the English lakes, and certainly not on account of associations. I cannot "associate." Much as I respect Wordsworth, I don't care to see the cottage in which he lived: it only suggests to me that anybody else might have lived there. There is an intrinsic charm about the Lake Country, and to me at least a music in the very names of Helvellyn and Skiddaw and Scawfell. But this may be due to the suggestion that it is a miniature of the Alps. I appeal, therefore, to the Fen Country, the country of which Alton Locke's farmer boasted that it had none of your "darned ups and downs" and "was as flat as his barn-door for forty miles on end." I used to climb the range of the Gogmagogs, to see the tower of Ely, some sixteen miles across the dead level, and I boasted that every term I devised a new route for walking to the cathedral from Cambridge. Many of these routes led by the little public-house called "Five Miles from Anywhere": which in my day was the Mecca to which a remarkable club, called—from the name of the village—the "Upware Republic," made periodic pilgrimages. What its members specifically did when they got there beyond consuming beer is unknown to me; but the charm was in the distance "from anywhere"—a sense of solitude under the great canopy of the heavens, where, like emblems of infinity,

> The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

I have always loved walks in the Fens. In a steady march

along one of the great dykes by the monotonous canal with the exuberant vegetation dozing in its stagnant waters, we were imbibing the spirit of the scenery. Our talk might be of senior wranglers or the University crew, but we felt the curious charm of the great flats. The absence, perhaps, of definite barriers makes you realise that you are on the surface of a planet rolling through free and boundless space. One queer figure comes back to me—a kind of scholar-gipsy of the fens. Certain peculiarities made it undesirable to trust him with cash, and his family used to support him by periodically paying his score at riverside publics. They allowed him to print certain poems, moreover, which he would impart when one met him on the towpath. In my boyhood, I remember, I used to fancy that the most delightful of all lives must be that of a bargee—enjoying a perpetual picnic. This gentleman seemed to have carried out the idea; and in the intervals ot lectures, I could fancy that he had chosen the better part. His poems, alas! have long vanished from my memory, and I therefore cannot quote what would doubtless have given the essence of the local sentiment and invested such names as Wicken Fen or Swaffham Lode with associations equal to those of Arnold's Hincksey ridge and Fyfield elm.

Another set of walks may, perhaps, appeal to more general sympathy. The voice of the sea, we know, is as powerful as the voice of the mountains; and, to my taste, it is difficult to say whether the Land's End is not in itself a more impressive station than the top of Mount Blanc. The solitude of the frozen peaks suggests tombstones and death. The sea is always alive and at work. The hovering gulls and plunging gannets and the rollicking porpoises are animating symbols of a gallant struggle with wind and wave. Even the unassociative mind has a vague sense of the Armada and Hakluyt's heroes in the background. America and Australia are just over the way. "Is not this a dull place?" asked some one of an old woman whose cottage was near to the Lizard lighthouse. "No," she replied, "it is so 'cosmopolitan.'" That was a simple-minded

way of expressing the one charm in Milton's wonderful phrase—

> Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
> Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

She could mentally follow the great ships coming and going, and shake hands with people at the ends of the earth. The very sight of a fishing-boat, as painters seem to have found out, is a poem in itself. But is it not all written in "Westward Ho!" and in the "Prose Idylls," in which Kingsley put his most genuine power? Of all walks that I have made, I can remember none more delightful than those round the south-western promontory. I have followed the coast at different times from the mouth of the Bristol Avon by the Land's End to the Isle of Wight, and I am only puzzled to decide which bay or cape is the most delightful. I only know that the most delightful was the more enjoyable when placed in its proper setting by a long walk. When you have made an early start, followed the coastguard track on the slopes above the cliffs, struggled through the gold and purple carpeting of gorse and heather on the moors, dipped down into quaint little coves with a primitive fishing village, followed the blinding whiteness of the sands round a lonely bay, and at last emerged upon a headland where you can settle into a nook of the rocks, look down upon the glorious blue of the Atlantic waves breaking into foam on the granite, and see the distant sea-levels glimmering away till they blend imperceptibly into cloudland; then you can consume your modest sandwiches, light your pipe, and feel more virtuous and thoroughly at peace with the universe, than it is easy even to conceive yourself elsewhere. I have fancied myself on such occasions to be a felicitous blend of poet and saint—which is an agreeable sensation. What I wish to point out, however, is that the sensation is confined to the walker. I respect the cyclist, as I have said; but he is enslaved by his machine: he has to follow the high road, and can only come upon what points of view open to the commonplace tourist. He

can see nothing of the retired scenery which may be close to him, and cannot have his mind brought into due harmony by the solitude and by the long succession of lovely bits of scenery which stand so coyly aside from public notice.

The cockney cyclist who wisely seeks to escape at intervals from the region " where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," suffers the same disadvantages. To me, for many years, it was a necessity of life to interpolate gulps of fresh air between the periods of inhaling London fogs. When once beyond the " town " I looked out for notices that trespassers would be prosecuted. That gave a strong presumption that the trespass must have some attraction. The cyclist could only reflect that trespassing for him was not only forbidden but impossible. To me it was a reminder of the many delicious bits of walking which, even in the neighbourhood of London, await the man who has no superstitious reverence for legal rights. It is indeed surprising how many charming walks can be contrived by a judicious combination of a little trespassing with the rights of way happily preserved over so many commons and footpaths. London, it is true, goes on stretching its vast octopus arms farther into the country. Unlike the devouring dragon of Wantley, to whom " houses and churches " were like " geese and turkies," it spreads houses and churches over the fields of our childhood. And yet, between the great lines of railway there are still fields not even desecrated by advertisements of liver pills. It is a fact that within twenty miles of London two travellers recently asked their way at a lonely farmhouse; and that the mistress of the house, seeing that they were far from an inn, not only gave them a seat and luncheon, but positively refused to accept payment. That suggested an idyllic state of society which, it is true, one must not count upon discovering. Yet hospitality, the virtue of primitive regions, has not quite ceased, it would appear, even from this over-civilised region. The travellers, perhaps, had something specially attractive in their manners. In that or some not distant ramble they made time run back for a couple of centuries.

They visited the quiet grave where Penn lies under the shadow of the old Friends' meeting-house, and came to the cottage where the seat on which Milton talked to Ellwood about "Paradise Regained" seems to be still waiting for his return; and climbed the hill to the queer monument which records how Captain Cook demonstrated the goodness of Providence by disproving the existence of a continent in the South Sea—(the argument is too obvious to require exposition); and then gazed reverently upon the obelisk, not far off, which marks the point at which George III. concluded a famous stag hunt. A little valley in the quiet chalk country of Buckinghamshire leads past these and other memorials, and the lover of historical associations, with the help of Thorne's "Environs of London," may add indefinitely to the list. I don't object to an association when it presents itself spontaneously and unobtrusively. It should not be the avowed goal but the accidental addition to the interest of a walk; and it is then pleasant to think of one's ancestors as sharers in the pleasures. The region enclosed within a radius of thirty miles from Charing Cross has charms enough even for the least historical of minds. You can't hold a fire in your hand, according to a high authority, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus; but I can comfort myself now and then, when the fellow passengers who tread on my heels in London have put me out of temper, by thinking of Leith Hill. It only rises to the height of 1000 feet by help of the "Folly" on the top, but you can see, says my authority, twelve counties from the tower; and, if certain legendary ordnance surveyors spoke the truth, distinguish the English Channel to the south, and Dunstable Hill, far beyond London, to the north. The Crystal Palace, too, as we are assured, "sparkles like a diamond." That is gratifying; but to me the panorama suggests a whole network of paths, which have been the scene of personally conducted expeditions, in which I displayed the skill on which I most pride myself—skill, I mean, in devising judicious geographical combinations, and especially of contriving admirable short cuts. The persistence of some companions in

asserting that my short cuts might be the longest way round shows that the best of men are not free from jealousy. Mine, at any rate, led me and my friends through pleasant places innumerable. My favourite passage in "Pilgrim's Progress" —an allegory which could have occurred, by the way, to no one who was not both a good man and a good walker—was always that in which Christian and Hopeful leave the highroad to cross a stile into "Bypath Meadow." I should certainly have approved the plan. The path led them, it is true, into the castle of Giant Despair; but the law of trespass has become milder; and the incident really added that spice of adventure which is delightful to the genuine pilgrim. We defied Giant Despair; and if our walks were not quite so edifying as those of Christian and his friends, they add a pleasant strand to the thread of memory which joins the past years. Conversation, we are often told, like letter-writing, is a lost art. We live too much in crowds. But if ever men can converse pleasantly, it is when they are invigorated by a good march: when the reserve is lowered by the long familiarity of a common pursuit, or when, if bored, you can quietly drop behind, or perhaps increase the pace sufficiently to check the breath of the persistent argufier.

Nowhere, at least, have I found talk flow so freely and pleasantly as in a march through pleasant country. And yet there is also a peculiar charm in the solitary expedition when your interlocutor must be yourself. That may be enjoyed, perhaps, even best enjoyed, in London streets themselves. I have read somewhere of a distinguished person who composed his writings during such perambulations, and the statement was supposed to prove his remarkable power of intellectual concentration. My own experience would tend to diminish the wonder. I hopelessly envy men who can think consecutively under conditions distracting to others—in a crowded meeting or in the midst of their children—for I am as sensitive as most people to distraction; but if I can think at all, I do not know if the roar of the Strand is not a more favourable environment

than the quiet of my own study. The mind—one must only judge from one's own—seems to me to be a singularly ill-constructed apparatus. Thoughts are slippery things. It is terribly hard to keep them in the track presented by logic. They jostle each other, and suddenly skip aside to make room for irrelevant and accidental neighbours; till the stream of thought, of which people talk, resembles rather such a railway journey as one makes in dreams, where at every few yards you are shunted on to the wrong line. Now, though a London street is full of distractions, they become so multitudinous that they neutralise each other. The whirl of conflicting impulses becomes a continuous current because it is so chaotic and determines a mood of sentiment if not a particular vein of reflection. Wordsworth describes the influence upon himself in a curious passage of his "Prelude"; he wandered through London as a raw country lad, seeing all the sights from Bartholomew Fair to St. Stephen's, and became a unit of the "monstrous ant-hill in a too busy world." Of course, according to his custom, he drew a moral, and a most excellent moral, from the bewildering complicity of his new surroundings. He learnt, it seems, to recognise the unity of man and to feel that the spirit of nature was upon him "in London's vast domain" as well as on the mountains. That comes of being a philosophical poet with a turn for optimism. I will not try to interpret or to comment, for I am afraid that I have not shared the emotions which he expresses. A cockney, born and bred, takes surroundings for granted. The hubbub has ceased to distract him; he is like the people who were said to become deaf because they always lived within the roar of a waterfall: he realises the common saying that the deepest solitude is solitude in a crowd; he derives a certain stimulus from a vague sympathy with the active life around him, but each particular stimulus remains, as the phrase goes, "below the threshold of consciousness." To some such effect, till psychologists will give me a better theory, I attribute the fact that what I please to call my "mind" seems to walk more continuously and coherently in a

street walk than elsewhere. This, indeed, may sound like a confession of cynicism. The man who should open his mind to the impressions naturally suggested by the "monstrous ant-hill" would be in danger of becoming a philanthropist or a pessimist, of being overpowered by thoughts of gigantic problems, or of the impotence of the individual to solve them. Carlyle, if I remember rightly, took Emerson round London in order to convince his optimistic friend that the devil was still in full activity. The gates of hell might be found in every street. I remember how, when coming home from a country walk on a sweltering summer night, and seeing the squalid population turning out for a gasp of air in their only playground, the vast labyrinth of hideous lanes, I seemed to be in Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." Even the vanishing of quaint old nooks is painful when one's attention is aroused. There is a certain churchyard wall, which I pass sometimes, with an inscription to commemorate the benefactor who erected it "to keep out the pigs." I regret the pigs and the village-green which they presumably imply. The heart, it may be urged, must be hardened not to be moved by many such texts for melancholy reflection. I will not argue the point. None of us can be always thinking over the riddle of the universe, and I confess that my mind is generally employed on much humbler topics. I do not defend my insensibility nor argue that London walks are the best. I only maintain that, even in London, walking has a peculiar fascination. The top of an omnibus is an excellent place for meditation; but it has not, for me at least, that peculiar hypnotic influence which seems to be favourable to thinking, and to pleasant day dreaming when locomotion is carried on by one's own muscles. The charm, however, is that even a walk in London often vaguely recalls better places and nobler forms of the exercise. Wordsworth's Susan hears a thrush at the corner of Wood Street and straightway sees

> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

The gulls which seem lately to have found out the merits of London give to occasional Susans, I hope, a whiff of fresh sea-breezes. But, even without gulls or thrushes, I can often find portents in the heart of London for recalling the old memories, without any definable pretext, little pictures of scenery, sometimes assignable to no definable place, start up invested with a faint aroma of old friendly walks and solitary meditations and strenuous exercise, and I feel convinced that, if I am not a thorough scoundrel, I owe that relative excellence to the harmless monomania which so often took me, to appropriate Bunyan's phrase, from the amusements of "Vanity Fair" to the "Delectable Mountains" of pedestrianism.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE CASTELLO OF MILAN

WHEN we see the havoc wrought by modern vandalism in many parts of Italy, when we lament the wanton destruction of the most picturesque quarters of mediæval Rome and Florence and the disappearance of Gothic houses and bridges in Venice, it is pleasant to find one instance in which the preservation of an historic building has been successfully accomplished and a noble monument of the past restored, as far as possible, on the old lines.

During the last eight years the restoration of the Castello of Milan has been effected with admirable energy and perseverance by the distinguished architects Luca Beltrami and Gaetano Moretti under the auspices of the Commune, ably supported by the Sindaco Giuseppe Vigoni and a few other Milanese gentlemen who have generously devoted time and money to this patriotic task. Among the subscribers we find the familiar names of Signor Gustavo Frizzoni and the Marchese d'Adda, while Signor G. B. Vittadini has taken a prominent part in the direction of the work, and deserves our especial thanks for his courtesy in supplying information. The labours of these public-spirited citizens have been attended with signal success. The vast precincts of the Castello, which, up till 1893, served as barracks for a garrison of several thousand men, have already been cleared of the ugly modern buildings which defaced their courts. In many cases, loggias and arcades were concealed by blocks of masonry, in one instance a two-storeyed

house was built up by the Austrians under a grand portico. Frescoes and carved capitals which lay hidden under successive coats of plaster, lofty windows with Lombard-Gothic traceries and rich terra-cotta mouldings, are now brought to light. The towers at the angles of the Castello are again crowned with battlements and adorned with shields bearing the Sforza arms. Colonnades and porticoes have been renewed with the same marbles as those employed by Renaissance builders, and in the decoration of the rooms the original patterns and colouring have been carefully preserved. Last year the doors of the Corte Ducale were thrown open to the public, and before long the restoration of the inner citadel, known as the Rocchetta, may, we hope, be completed. The event will be hailed on all sides with sincere rejoicing, both on account of the historic interest attached to every stone in this ancient pile and of the imposing proportions and genuine beauty of its spacious halls. For the Castello belongs to the proudest age of Milan, when the *gran città* bore the name of the new Athens, and the famous palace of the Sforza Dukes was justly called the eighth wonder of the world; in the words of the chronicler Bernardo Corio—*il più superbo e forte Castello nel mondo.* And to-day, in spite of the many sieges which it has undergone and of the terrible damage wrought by French, German and Spanish invaders, the Castello retains much of its former grandeur. We cannot, it is true, bring back the glories of those days when Foppa and Leonardo's frescoes were fresh upon the walls and the Camerini of the Rocchetta held the choicest treasures of Cristoforo Romano and Caradosso's art; but at least, as we tread these wide courts and stately halls and look up at their vaulted arcades and soaring loggias, we are able to realise something of the vast dreams and noble imaginings that filled the minds of princes and artists in the golden age of the Renaissance.

The origin of the Castello goes back to Roman times, when, in the fourth century, Diocletian's colleague, the Emperor Maximian Jovis, fixed his residence at Milan, and gave his

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ROCCHETTA.

ROUND FLOOR.

tate-rooms.

del Tesoro.

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Hall of Audience.

pella.

Guard-rooms.

rtico of Francesco Sforza.

12—Portico of Galeazzo.

13—Portico of Lodovico.

UPPER FLOOR.

5—8, 11—Rooms of Beatrice d'Este.

1, 2, 12—Sala della Palla.

CORTE DUCALE.

ROUND FLOOR.

–State-rooms.

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a dei Ducali.

a della Colombine.

a della Scarlioni.

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28—Court.

29—Portico or Loggia di Galeazzo.

UPPER FLOOR.

14—17—Cancellaria.

19—Hall.

20—Sala della Caccia.

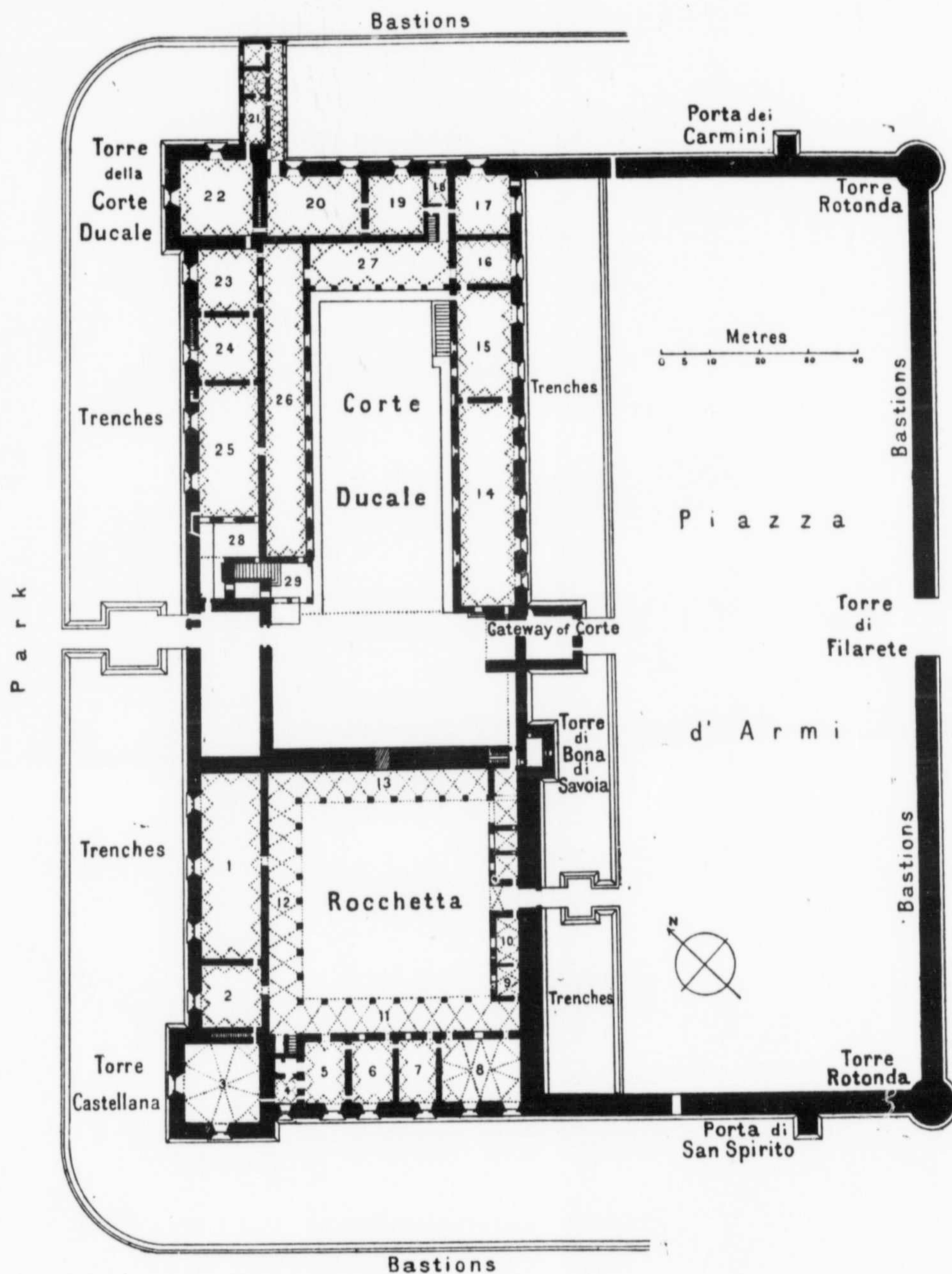
22—Sala Dorata.

23—25—Ducal Rooms.

26—Sala Verde (upper).

27—Sala dell' Elefante.

29—Loggia di Galeazzo.



PLAN OF CASTELLO OF MILAN.

ROCCHETTA.

GROUND FLOOR.

1, 2—State-rooms.
3—Sala del Tesoro.
4—Cabinetto del Tesoro.
5—7—Hall of Audience.
8—Cappella.
9, 10—Guard-rooms.
11—Portico of Francesco Sforza.
12—Portico of Galeazzo.
13—Portico of Lodovico.

UPPER FLOOR.

5—8, 11—Rooms of Beatrice d'Este.
1, 2, 12—Sala della Palla.

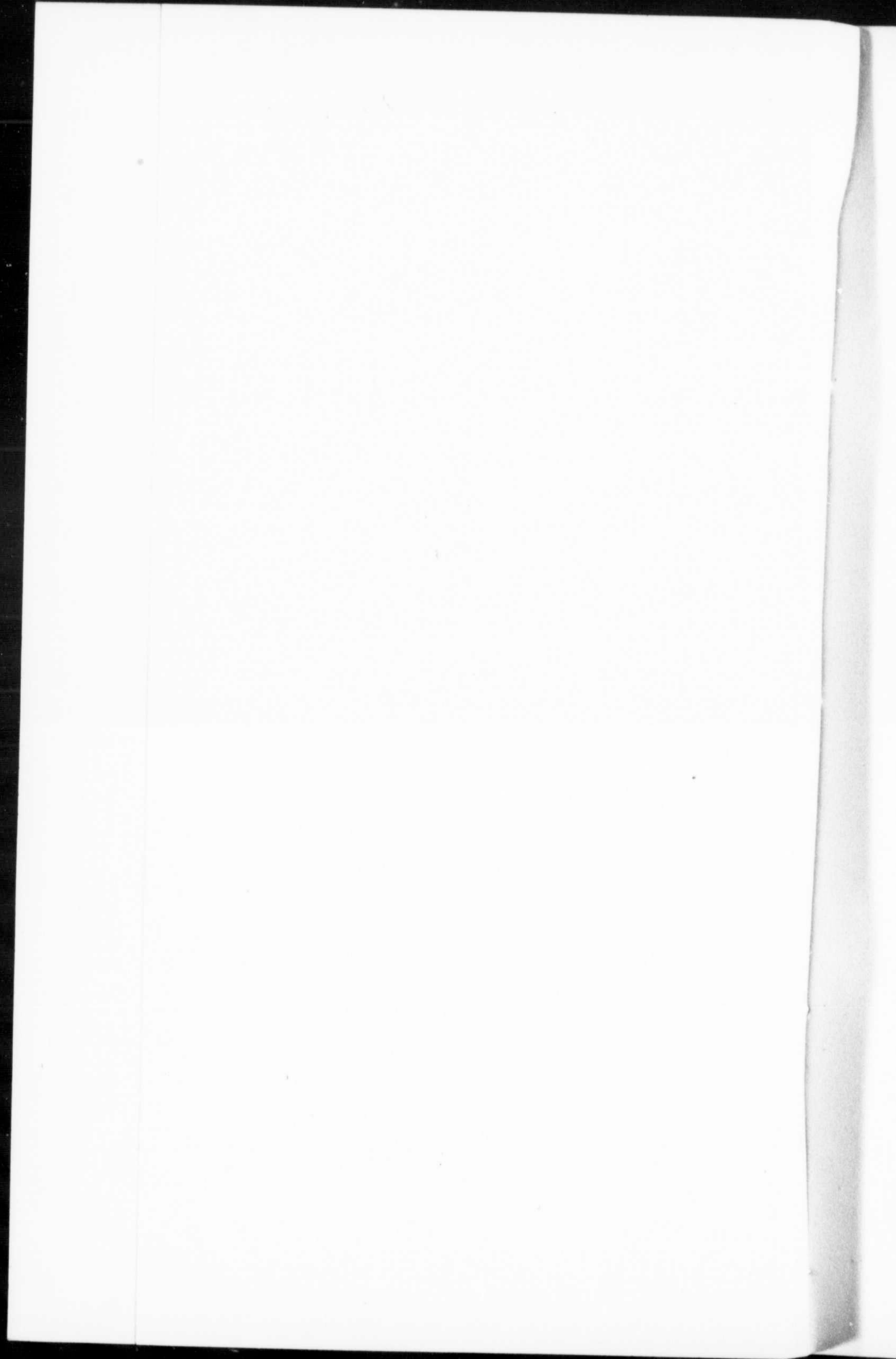
CORTE DUCALE.

GROUND FLOOR.

14—17—State-rooms.
18—Saletta Negra.
19—Hall.
20—Sala Verde (lower).
21—Ponticella of Bramante.
22—Sala della Torre.
23—Sala dei Ducali.
24—Sala della Colombine.
25—Sala della Scarlioni.
26—Cappella Ducale.
27—Court.
28—Court.
29—Portico or Loggia di Galeazzo.

UPPER FLOOR.

14—17—Cancellaria.
19—Hall.
20—Sala della Caccia.
22—Sala Dorata.
23—25—Ducal Rooms.
26—Sala Verde (upper).
27—Sala dell' Elefante.
29—Loggia di Galeazzo.



name to the neighbouring gate of the city. *Castrum Portæ Jovis* was the original name of the fortress, and long after the Roman gate had been destroyed the palace of the Sforzas retained its old appellation, and was known in official documents and popular language as the Castello di Porta Zobia. Under the Visconti rule, the Rocca was strengthened and enlarged, but remained purely military in character, since most of these princes preferred Pavia as a residence.

When, in 1447, Filippo Maria breathed his last, the Milanese, in their bitter hatred for his memory, razed the Castello to the ground and vowed that it should never be rebuilt. Three years later, Francesco Sforza, the bold Condottiere, who had wedded the last Visconti's daughter, Bianca Maria, was proclaimed Duke, upon which the fickle citizens petitioned him to rebuild the Rocca Viscontea on the old site, "for the defence and ornament of their town." Francesco lost no time in setting to work. He called together the best Lombard architects, ordered the cities and villages of his duchy to provide oxen and waggons for the transport of building materials, and assigned the Castello a yearly revenue of 36,000 ducats, drawn from the taxes on meat and wine.

The original plan of the building, a quadrangle of brickwork flanked by four massive towers, was probably designed by Giovanni da Milano, while the Tuscan Filarete, who was invited to assist this native master and dedicated his "Treatise on Architecture" to Duke Francesco, gave his name to the lofty keep above the central gateway. So rapidly did the work progress, that in 1451 the *Torre maestra*, at the north-west angle of the Rocchetta, was already standing. Two years later, King Réné of Anjou visited Milan on his way to join Francesco Sforza in his campaign against the Venetians, and inspected the building with Duchess Bianca.

The King was here this morning [wrote the architect Giacomo da Cortona to his absent lord] and went over the whole of the Castello on foot with the Duchess. He saw the masons and wood-cutters preparing the medallion with the ducal arms which is to be placed on the gateway, and climbed to the top

of the tower. He was much pleased with all that he saw here, and when he heard that all this had risen from the ground in three years could not contain his amazement, and would hardly believe such a thing to be possible.

But frequent wars exhausted the ducal treasury, and the workmen in the Castello were often in sore need of supplies of food and money. At such times they would sally forth and plunder the orchards and gardens in the neighbouring quarter of Porta Comasina, a high-handed proceeding which led to repeated conflicts between the burghers and the archers of the garrison. Nor were the architects themselves free from reproach. Grave charges of peculation were brought against Giacomo da Cortona and Filippo da Ancona, who were accused of wasting the public money and living in idleness and luxury, and were accordingly dismissed by the Duke.

In 1454, the able and honest Bartolommeo Gadio da Cremona was appointed chief architect, and before the year was over he informed the Duke that the round tower, at the south-east corner of the façade, had been at length completed "with great toil and labour." Another Cremona architect, named Carlo, was employed to lay out the gardens to the north and west of the Castello, and the park was planted with avenues and stocked with deer and game from the ducal preserves. When, in 1461, Francesco was dangerously ill in the old ducal palace near the Duomo, and a report of his death ran through the town, he ordered his horse as soon as he could sit up, and rode to the Castello to show himself to the people and allay the fears of his loyal subjects. Both Duke and Duchess, as we learn from letters that are still preserved in the Archives, took the keenest interest in the progress of the building, and on one occasion Francesco addressed a severe reprimand to a mason who came to work late in the morning and took too long a siesta after his midday meal. But before the new rooms were fit for habitation the good Duke died, in 1466, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Galeazzo Maria.

The new Duke, who inherited the cultured tastes of his Visconti ancestors, as well as their fierce and violent passions,

applied himself eagerly to the completion of the Castello. Under his reign the citadel, which had been designed to suit his father's lofty ideas and simple habits, was transformed into a splendid and luxurious palace. He hurried on the works in that portion of the building known as the Corte Ducale, ordered windows and chimneys to be put in, and took up his residence there in October 1468 with his newly-wedded wife, Bona of Savoy. Under Galeazzo's orders, a whole army of sculptors and painters were employed to adorn the state rooms on the north side of the Corte Ducale, facing the gardens. These three great halls were decorated in the striking and effective manner that we admire to-day. The *Sala dell' Scarlioni*, or Ribands, was painted in red and white zigzag stripes, the *Sala delle Colombine* was adorned with Bona's favourite device of white doves encircled in flames, and her motto, *A bon droit*, on a crimson ground, while the walls and vaulted roof of the *Sala dei Ducali* were studded over with the Visconti adder and Sforza eagle, painted in black and white on a ground of ultramarine blue. Behind these three halls, opening into the courtyard of the quadrangle, was the *Capella Ducale*, a spacious church dedicated to Our Lady, and adorned, in 1473, with frescoes by Bonifazio Bembo da Cremona and other Lombard masters. An imposing composition of the Risen Christ with rows of saints on a blue ground, and a lunette of the Annunciation, may still be seen on the roof and walls of this chapel, but are too much damaged to allow us to determine their authorship with any certainty. Vincenzo Foppa, Stefano dei Fedeli, Giovanni da Montorfano and Costantino da Vaprio, were among the artists employed by Duke Galeazzo in the decoration of the Castello, but, with the exception of a ruined Crucifixion and Madonna in a hall near the entrance of the Corte Ducale, no other frescoes of this period are now in existence.

The ducal chambers on the upper storey were furnished and decorated with the same splendour. One large hall, the *Sala Verde*, was painted green, and the walls were patterned

over with the Sforza device of golden buckets; another bore the name of *Sala Dorata*, from the profusion of gilding on vault and doorways; a third room was called the *Sala dell' Elefante*; and a fourth, decorated with hunting scenes, became known as the *Sala della Caccia*.

A grand staircase and vaulted loggia, with lofty columns and richly-carved capitals, leading to these upper chambers, was lately brought to light, bearing the names of Duke Galeazzo and of the architect, Benedetto Ferrini of Florence, who was appointed to assist the aged and infirm Gadio in his declining years. The windows of these halls are all of the same Lombard-Gothic type, enriched with marble shafts and delicately-carved mouldings of fruit and flowers in red terra-cotta, while the ducal monogram and favourite Sforza devices, the dog and adder, the eagle and lion rampant, the buckets and sprinkler, the golden lilies and flaming heart, and the caduceus entwined with dragons, are everywhere to be seen, carved on the capitals of the pillars, or painted on shields along the cornice of the vaulted ceiling.

Galeazzo himself personally superintended these decorations and gave minute instructions to the architects and artists whom he employed. Often in his impatience he would hardly allow the painters to wait for plaster to dry upon the walls, and the terror which he inspired as well as the unreasonableness of his demands gave rise to the story that he ordered one artist, on pain of death, to paint the portraits of the ducal family on the walls of a room in the Castello in a single night. But the haste with which these halls were erected sometimes produced disastrous results. On one occasion, when the betrothal of Galeazzo's little daughter, Bianca, to the son of the Duke of Savoy was being solemnised in the *Sala Verde*, the ceiling of the hall cracked and fell in, to the consternation of the assembled guests, who rushed downstairs in confusion and fled for safety to a hall on the ground-floor. Here the ceremony was duly completed, but ill-luck pursued the bridal pair. The young Prince of Savoy was killed by a fall from his horse, and

Photo, Anderson.

PLATE 1.—Bianca Sforza. By Ambrogio de Predis.
Pinacoteca Ambrosiana, Milan

Bianca Sforza's second bridegroom, a son of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, was driven from his throne on the eve of his marriage.

The fame of the Duke of Milan's new palace now began to attract visitors from all parts, and Lorenzo dei Medici and King Christian of Denmark were among the illustrious guests who were entertained in these stately halls. Here, in 1476, the Christmas festival was celebrated with great rejoicing, in spite of certain sinister forebodings which threw a gloom over the Court. A comet had been seen in the sky above the Castello on the night of the Duke's return, and three ravens hovered about Galeazzo's head as he rode into Milan. On Christmas Eve the Duke and Duchess, surrounded by their family and courtiers, set light to the Yule-log on the hearth after a time-honoured Lombard fashion, and sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the Hall of the Doves, where the triumph of the House of Sforza was solemnly proclaimed. On Christmas Day the Duke heard three masses in the chapel and listened to the sweet strains of the ducal singers whom he had brought together from all parts of Europe. Then he went out hunting in the park and flew his favourite falcons till dusk. The next morning snow lay thick on the ground, and Galeazzo threw aside the steel cuirass prepared for him and put on his vest of crimson damask lined with sables. It was the Feast of St. Stephen, on which day the Duke was in the habit of attending mass in the ancient basilica of S. Stefano, but Duchess Bona, haunted by some dim presentiment, begged him to stay at home; Galeazzo consented, but, hearing that his chaplains had already started for S. Stefano, changed his mind and prepared to follow. His two little boys came out to watch their father start, and he was about to mount his horse when a sudden impulse made his pause. Once more he lifted both children in his arms, and after embracing them tenderly placed them on the ledge of the arched window near the door. Then he rode out through the snowy streets, and his secretary, Corio, who had taken a short cut on foot, reached the basilica

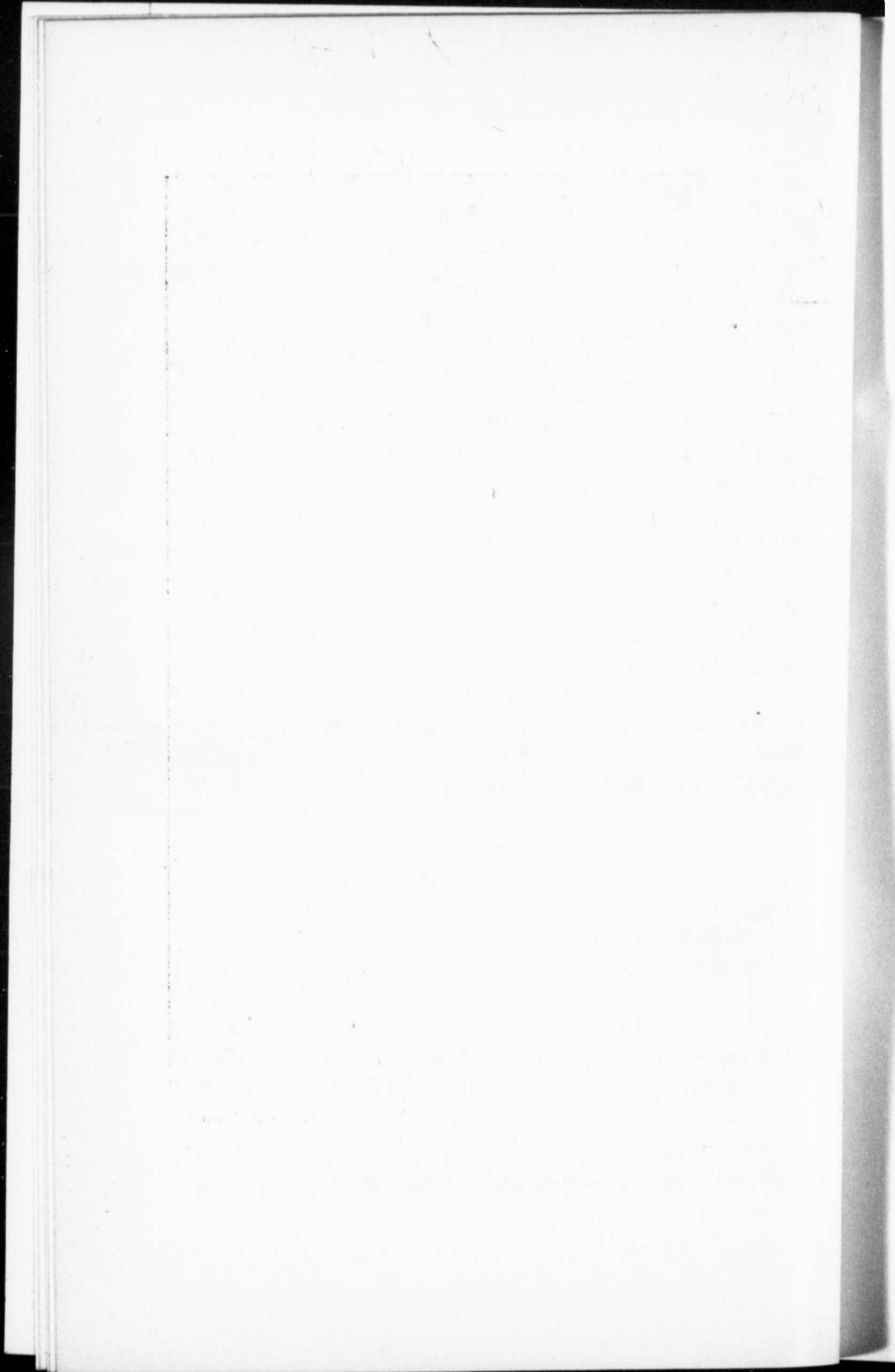
in time to see his master enter the church doors while the choir sang the words *Sic transit gloria mundi.* A moment more and he fell heavily to the ground, stabbed in the back by three courtiers whose kinswoman he had outraged, and who had sworn to avenge her wrongs.

Great was the consternation in the Castello when the fatal news became known. The drawbridges were raised, the trenches fortified, and preparations to resist a siege were hastily made. But that night the city remained quiet, and the next day, Giangaleazzo, the murdered prince's seven-year-old child, was proclaimed duke in his father's stead, with his mother Bona as Regent of the State. Before long, however, this fair and foolish lady, *dame de petit sens*, as Commines justly calls her, quarrelled with her husband's brother, and eventually sacrificed her loyal and able minister, Simonetta, to her infatuation for a low-born minion. When on the night of October 7, 1479, she secretly admitted her brother-in-law, Lodovico Sforza, by the garden door into the Castello, her doom and that of Simonetta were alike sealed. Within a year's time Simonetta was beheaded at Pavia, while Bona, after rejoicing in her newly-found liberty for a few months, saw her lover banished and fled for shelter to the court of her brother-in-law, Louis XI. of France.

During the next twenty years, Lodovico, surnamed "*il Moro*," reigned supreme in Milan, first as regent for his young nephew, afterwards as Duke in his own right. Whatever his moral and political crimes may have been, this remarkable man was the most cultured and enlighted Prince who ruled over Lombardy, and deserved the title bestowed upon him by contemporary poets, who called him the Pericles of the new Athens. In the troubled days of Duchess Bona's regency, little was done to the Castello saving in the way of fortification. The walls were strengthened, new bastions were raised, and one lofty tower, which still bears the name of Bona di Savoia, was erected at the south-east angle of the Rocchetta, commanding the entrance to the Corte Ducale. But the vaulted

Photo Anderson

PLATE 2.—Virgin and Child with four Doctors of the Church, and kneeling figures of Lodovico Moro and Beatrice d'Este, with their children. Ascribed to Zenale. *Brera, Milan.*



arcades of the new quadrangle and the long gallery, known as the *Sala della Palla*, which Galeazzo had built towards the end of his life, both remained unfinished. There was one of the late Duke's schemes, however, to which Lodovico from the first devoted his attention. This was the colossal statue of his father, Francesco Sforza, which Galeazzo had intended to place on the Piazza of the Castello. As early as 1473 he had written to Gadio, desiring him to consult the Mantegazza brothers and other Lombard sculptors on the subject, but nothing more was done until Lodovico took up the reins of government and asked his friend Lorenzo dei Medici to send him a master capable of executing this important work. In accordance with this request, Leonardo da Vinci was sent to Milan in 1483, and spent the next sixteen years in the Moro's service. Lodovico quickly recognised the Florentine's rare genius, and employed him not only to design models for the equestrian statue and cupola of the Duomo, but to paint altar-pieces and portraits, plan canals and fortifications, and superintend court pageants and masquerades. Many and splendid were the fêtes held in the Castello during the Moro's rule. First came the wedding of young Giangaleazzo, the reigning Duke, with his cousin, Isabella of Aragon, on which occasion the court poet, Bellincioni, composed an operetta called *Il Paradiso*, and Leonardo constructed a celestial sphere with seven planets, represented by actors who each in turn spoke the praise of Madonna Isabella. Two years later Lodovico's own marriage with Beatrice d'Este, the Duke of Ferrara's daughter, was solemnised at Pavia, and both the bride's entry into Milan and the wedding of her brother Alfonso and Anna Sforza, which took place in the same week in the ducal chapel of the Castello, were celebrated by prolonged festivities. All through the summer, painters and goldsmiths were busily engaged upon the suite of rooms on the north-west of the Rocchetta, where the Regent had fixed his residence near the *Sala del Tesoro*, while the reigning Duke and Duchess occupied the Corte Ducale. Under Leonardo's direction the *Sala della Palla* was

elaborately decorated. The vaulted roof was painted with gold stars on a blue ground, the walls were hung with canvases of Francesco Sforza's battles, and an effigy of the great Condottiere was placed under a triumphal arch at one end of the hall. Here a ball, or *festà per le donne*, was held, and peasant-girls, clad in the Sforza colours of red, white, and blue, danced before the court. This was followed by a three-days tournament, in which the prize was borne off by Galeazzo di San Severino, the husband of Lodovico's daughter Bianca, who appeared at the head of a troop of warriors in Scythian costumes designed by Leonardo. Lodovico and his youthful bride now settled in the Rocchetta, and had gathered a brilliant court about them. In these upper *Camerini*, looking out on the wooded lawns and clear lakes of the Castello gardens, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the snowy Alps, Beatrice spent the joyous days of her early married life. Here, in the boudoir, with the painted Amorini over the mantelpiece, she heard Gasparo Visconti and Niccolò da Correggio recite their verses, and played on the wonderful viols and organs of gold and ebony and ivory which Lorenzo of Pavia fashioned for her use, with skill so rare and taste so perfect. Here she listened to the charmed strains which Jacopo di San Secondo, the Apollo of Raphael's Parnassus, drew from his violin, and attended mass in the chapel, where Cordier, the Flemish priest with the marvellous tenor voice, filled her soul with infinite consolation, and seemed to bring heaven itself before her eyes. From these doors the young Duchess rode out in the pleasant spring mornings with Messer Galeaz' as her squire, singing songs for pure gladness of heart, and chased the deer in the woods of the Brianza, only to return when the shades of night had fallen on the Lombard plains. And in these gardens on summer evenings she gave those gay little suppers, when Isabella d'Este and Galeazzo quarrelled over their favourite paladins or made merry with the jesters and maids of honour until the sun sank behind the snows of Monte Rosa.

Here Lodovico entertained the French ambassadors, whose coming proved in the end so disastrous to himself and to Italy, and these strangers from beyond the Alps gazed with dazzled eyes on the piles of golden quartz, the antique dishes and goblets, and the priceless rubies and pearls and diamonds stored up within the strong walls of the *Sala del Tesoro*. Here he presided over meetings of the architects, whom he summoned from all parts of Italy, to choose designs for the cupola of the Duomo, and was present with Leonardo at these conferences of learned men which Fra Luca Pacioli, the eminent mathematician, describes as "laudable and scientific duels." Here the great humanist Merula brought rare manuscripts from Greece and Southern France for his inspection, and Caradosso, the wonderful goldsmith, displayed the gems and cameos which he had bought for him in Rome and Florence. Here Bramante showed the Duke his designs for the palace of Vigevano or the apse of S. Maria delle Grazie, and Leonardo discussed his plans for the irrigation of Lombardy or the heating of the Duchess's baths, and asked Lodovico's opinion on his latest model for the equestrian statue or fresco in the Dominican refectory.

Great were the rejoicings in the Rocchetta when, on February 25, 1493, Beatrice gave birth to a son and heir. Still more splendid were the festivities held in the Castello in the following autumn, on the marriage of Giangaleazzo's sister, Bianca Sforza, to Maximilian, King of the Romans. Lombard chroniclers dilate on the glories of the nuptial ceremony in the Duomo, and the bride's magnificent trousseau, worthy of her imperial destinies, on the sumptuous robes, costly jewels, fine linen, carpets and tapestries that were displayed before the Milanese ladies in the Corte Ducale. But more enviable in our eyes was the sight which they enjoyed that day of Leonardo's great equestrian statue, which was at length completed and placed on a triumphal arch in front of the Castello. Poets and writers vied with each other in celebrating the filial piety of the Moro, who had raised this monument to his father's

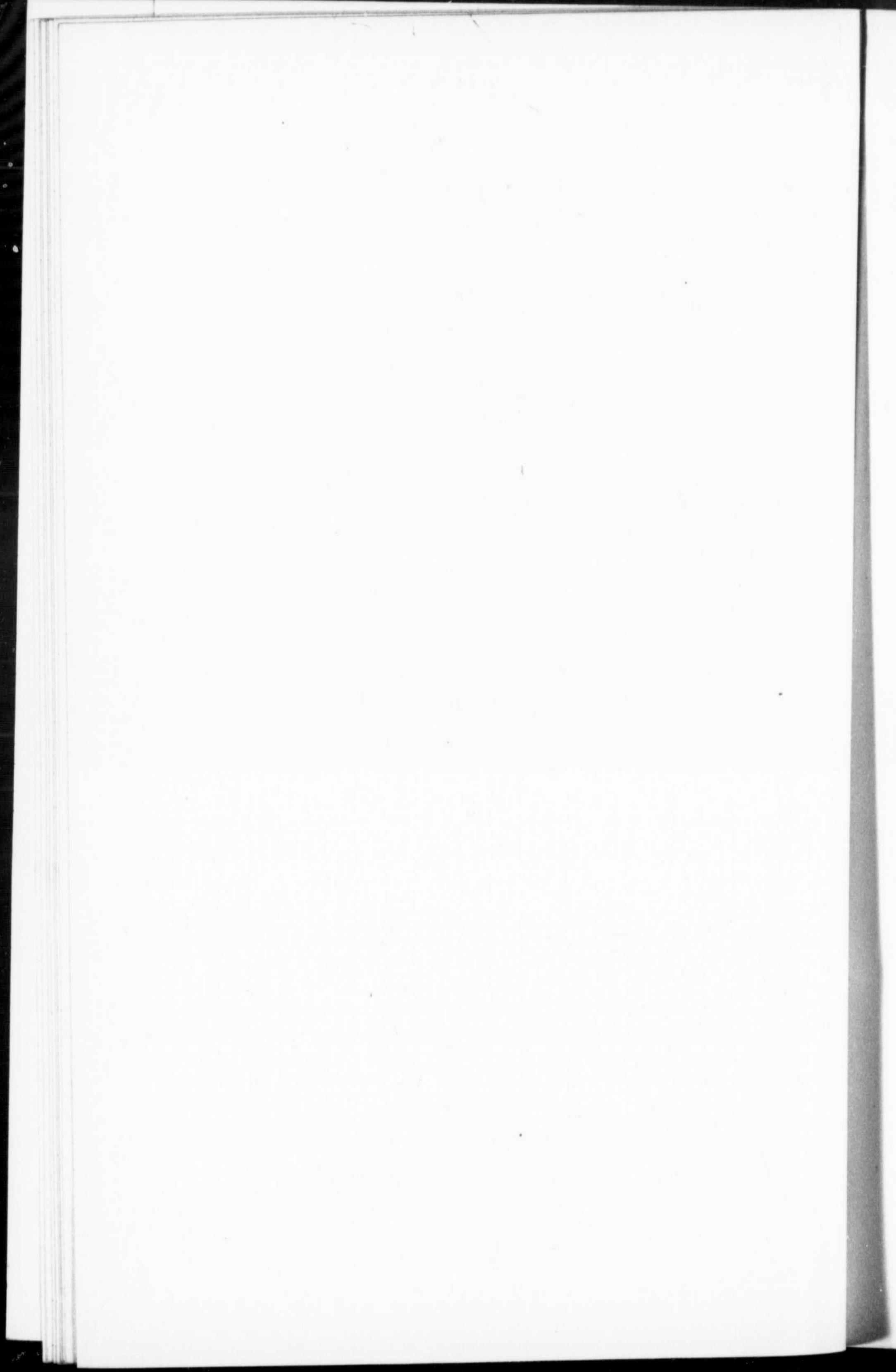
memory, and the genius of the Florentine master, whose hand had moulded the clay to be the wonder of the world.

As Regent, Lodovico enlarged the Piazza of the Castello, and caused the houses of the Strada di Corte, which formed the chief approach, to be decorated with frescoes. He devoted special attention to the gardens, which extended three miles to the north and west of the palace, and were adorned with pergolas and rose-bowers, fountains and pavilions, designed by Leonardo's hand. And he even sent to Mantua for swans to sail on the lakes. But when on his nephew's death, in 1494, he became Duke in his own right, he planned fresh improvements on a grander scale. A new suite of rooms was erected on the garden side of the Rocchetta, and Bramante designed the *Ponticella* with the graceful marble columns that we still admire at the opposite end of the Corte Ducale. The Camerini on this bridge were decorated with paintings by Leonardo, and certain notes in his MSS., describing twenty-four subjects from Roman history, and giving the exact cost of the ultramarine and gold employed, have been supposed to refer to this work; but nothing now remains saving a few traces of colour and terra-cotta moulding.

All through the summer of 1496, when Lodovico and Beatrice were hunting with Kaiser Maximilian in the Valtellina, or entertaining him at Vigevano, painters and architects were busy in the Castello, and large quantities of marble were sent to Milan from the Certosa. The arcades of the portico on the north-west of the Rocchetta were walled in to provide new rooms for Beatrice's household, and in November the Duke wrote to the Castellan, Bernardine del Corte, desiring him to see that these apartments were ready for use by Christmas, when the Duchess's confinement was expected. The Castellan, in reply, assured the Duke that good fires had been lighted to dry the walls, and that the new rooms would be furnished by the next week. Bramante, he further informed him, had completed the arcades leading to the ball-room, and was about to begin the new tower. Contemporary writers describe the

Photo, Anderson.

PLATE 3.—Lodovico Moro.



frescoes with which these rooms were adorned. There was one executed by Bramante, who occasionally took up the brush, in which Lodovico was represented administering justice under a stately portico, and another in which he appeared as a Moor brushing the skirts of Italy. "Take care, my lord Duke," said the Florentine envoy to whom Lodovico showed this fresco, "that the Moor, in brushing the robes of Italy, does not cover himself with dust." But no trace of these works is now to be seen, and the only fresco in the Rocchetta is a damaged painting of the giant Argus keeping watch between Juno's twin peacocks, which Bramante painted on the wall of the *Sala del Tesoro.* The vast stables with vaulted and pillared aisles, decorated with paintings of his favourite horses, the palace which Lodovico built for his son-in-law Galeazzo, and the churches of San Spirito and Sant' Ambrogio-in-Nemo, which stood in the park, have all perished in successive sieges. But the fine altar-piece of the Duke and Duchess and their children kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and St. Ambrose, which was painted in the last year of Beatrice's life for this church of Sant' Ambrogio-in-the-grove, has fortunately escaped destruction, and now hangs in the Brera.

The magnificence of the Castello and its surroundings, the stately churches and frescoed palaces which adorned the streets of Milan, made a deep impression on strangers, and Duke Lodovico's wisdom and splendour excited the admiration of foes as well as friends. But Fortune, which had raised him to such dizzy heights, was soon to turn her wheel, and he who once boasted that he was her favourite son lived to become the *infelice Duca* of popular song. The death of his young wife was the first calamity that overtook him. On January 2, 1497, Beatrice drove through the streets of Milan to pray at the tomb of her step-daughter Bianca, and afterwards watched her ladies dancing in the Rocchetta till eight o'clock. Three hours later she gave birth to a dead son and breathed her last, to the consternation of the whole court. "That night," writes Corio, "the sky over the Castello was all on fire and the walls

of the Duchess's own garden fell down with a sudden crash, although there was neither wind nor earthquake." From that day Lodovico was an altered man. "He has become very religious," wrote Marino Sanuto, "recites offices daily, observes fasts and lives chastely and devoutly. His rooms are hung with black and he goes every day to visit the church where his wife is buried, and spends much of his time with the friars of the convent." He still took the same keen interest in the decoration of the Castello, but the memory of Beatrice was always present to his mind. Her name and arms were placed, by his command, on all public buildings, on ducal palaces and villas, on the clock-tower of the Castello, on the Torre di Bona and the new Ponticella. Solari carved her effigy in finest marble on her tomb and Leonardo painted her portrait on the wall opposite his *Cenacolo*. This master, whom Lodovico publicly recognised, in a decree of 1499, as "the most famous of living painters," was employed in the Corte Ducale up to the last hour of the Moro's reign. In the spring of 1498 he finished the decoration of the *Saletta negra*, a small room in this part of the palace which the Duke occupied after his wife's death, and which probably owed its name to the mourning hangings that draped the walls and set to work on the *Sala grande* in the north-east tower. Here, there can be little doubt, we see Leonardo's original design, partly executed, it may be, by his own hand. The walls are adorned with a *pergola* of green foliage, painted with exquisite grace and delicacy, and the vaulted ceiling is decorated with an intricate pattern of links and knots—the same *fantasia dei vinci* which appears on Leonardo's circular engravings and on the roof of the Sacristy of S. Maria delle Grazie. Perhaps, as the Belgian Professor Errera suggests, this favourite motive may have been intended as a play on the painter's name! The ducal arms, framed in a wreath of palm and laurel, occupy the centre of the vault, and white shields, bearing the names of the Duke and Duchess in gold letters, hang on the walls. When, a year or two ago, the plaster which covered the walls was removed,

Photo, Anderson.

Plate 4.—Beatrice d'Este.

some fragments of these inscriptions were still legible, and the words *Ludovicus: Medli: Duc: Beatrice conjuge* bore witness to the love of the Moro for his dead wife.

These decorations were the last ordered by Lodovico and executed by Leonardo in the palace. The Duke's treasury was exhausted and his enemies were already at the gates. His last hope lay in the Castello, which had been strongly fortified under Leonardo's directions, and was garrisoned with 2800 men well supplied with food and ammunition under a Castellan in whom Lodovico placed implicit confidence. "As long as the Rocca stands I know that I shall return," were his last words when, on September 2, 1499, he left Milan to seek refuge at Innsbrück. Four days afterwards the French army, under Trivulzio, entered Milan, and the faithless governor surrendered the citadel without a blow. All the treasures within its halls, the priceless statues and paintings, the gold and silver plate, Lodovico's gems and antiques, Beatrice's rich robes and wonderful instruments, were divided between Bernardino del Corte and his accomplices, while Trivulzio reserved the magnificent tapestries, valued at 150,000 ducats, for his own use. A few of the most precious manuscripts and works of art were sent to Blois by order of Louis XII., many more perished in the general confusion. Isabella d'Este, we know, succeeded in recovering poor Beatrice's beautiful and perfect clavichord; her father, Duke Ercole, tried in vain to save Leonardo's horse from destruction. On Sunday, October 6, Louis XII. entered Milan in triumph and took up his residence in the Castello, wondering at the strength and beauty of the fortifications, and declaring that he had never seen so fine a citadel. "And he and all his captains," writes the French chronicler, Jean d'Auton, "greatly condemned that second Judas who had betrayed his master."

During the next few weeks Louis XII. remained at Milan, hunting in the park with the exiled Duke's kinsmen, Francesco Gonzaga and Ercole d'Este, and feasting with the Viscontis and Borromeos. But in the eyes of those who had known the

Castello in the Moro's days the change was deplorable. "The Castello," wrote young Castiglione to his friends at Mantua, "which once held the fine flower of the world, is now a place of drinking-booths and dung-hills." His testimony was confirmed by one of those Venetians who most hated Lodovico. "The French," he wrote, "are a dirty people. The King goes to mass without a single candle, and eats alone in the eyes of all the people. The captains spit upon the floor, the soldiers outrage women in the streets. In the Castello there is nothing but dirt and foulness, such as Signor Lodovico would not have allowed for the whole world."

The French occupation of Milan lasted five-and-twenty years, but the only traces of this period now to be found in the Castello are two bronze tablets bearing inscriptions in honour of Trivulzio's conquest, and the names and arms of certain French captains which are painted on the walls of a hall in the Rocchetta. Among these it is curious to find the name of *M. il Gran Scudiero*, in whom we recognise the Moro's old favourite, Galeazzo di San Severino, who, after being ransomed from his Swiss captors and reconciled to Louis XII. by his powerful relatives, had risen high in that monarch's favour and been advanced to the post of Grand Ecuyer de France. In that capacity he attended Louis XII. when he entered Milan after the conquest of Genoa in 1507, and distinguished himself as "*un bien puissant et adroit chevalier*" in a tournament held on the piazza before the Castello, the scene of his old triumphs. Leonardo da Vinci, strange to say, designed the triumphal arches on this occasion, and stranger still, Beatrice's sister, Isabella d'Este, whom the French chronicler describes as "*une belle dame qui danse à merveilles,*" was present at the ball given by Louis XII. in the Rocchetta and danced with the king himself.

Meanwhile, Pope Julius II., who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing the French over the Alps, combined with the Emperor to drive them back, and in May 1513, young Maximilian Sforza, the Moro's elder son, was restored to his father's throne. Beatrice's child came back to the place of his

birth and entertained his aunt, Isabella d'Este, once more in the hall of the Castello. But his reign was of short duration. A gentle and well-meaning prince, he had not rigour or capacity to maintain his difficult position, and when Francis I. besieged the Castello after his victory of Marignano, the young Duke signed an act of abdication and went to end his days in France. The Corte Ducale suffered severely during the bombardment, and the Torre di Filarete was blown up by an accidental explosion. But the size and strength of the building made a profound impression upon the victors.

> The Castello [writes Pasquier le Moine, who accompanied Francis I. on this second conquest of Milan] is a truly marvellous thing, and contains so vast a number of bastions, drawbridges, towers, and halls that it is almost impossible to count them. There are two fortresses, the château itself and the Rocchetta, and I think the said Rocchetta would be impregnable if it were held by honest men well supplied with food. . . . The two great towers in front of the Castello looking on the town have very thick walls and battlements of grey stone, which is so hard our guns could do them no injury. Within the said château are vast and splendid halls and so many rooms that, as I said, you lose all reckoning. There are drawbridges at each angle, and clear running water in deep trenches both within and without the walls, and a fine large square on one side, and on the other parks with fair meadows, and beyond these, between the Castello and the church of Saint-Esprit, are the stables, which the Moro built for his horses, very rich and fine, with high vaulted roofs and a double row of fifty stone pillars, and rooms and granaries above. And on the outer walls towards the Castello there are life-sized paintings of horses of different colour and attitudes.[1]

In 1521, Charles V. and Leo X. formed a fresh league against Francis I. and succeeded in driving out the French once more. Then Lodovico's younger son, Francesco Sforza, was proclaimed Duke, only to be expelled by Francis I. two years later and to return again after the defeat of Pavia. Unfortunately this young prince, who was exceedingly popular in Lombardy, incurred the wrath of Charles V. by allying himself with Venice, and a long struggle for independence followed, during which the Castello underwent many sieges and the

[1] Pasquier's "Diary" was published in Paris in 1525. (Bibliothèque Nationale. Lb. 30–23, in 8.)

unhappy Milanese suffered terrible misery. At length, when Charles V. visited Italy in 1530, he consented to recognise Francesco's title, and the young Duke returned to Milan amidst the acclamations of his subjects, who hoped, in Guicciardini's words, "to see a return of that felicity which they had enjoyed under his father's rule." In 1534, Francesco married the Emperor's niece, Christina of Denmark, whose fair face lives on Holbein's canvas. The splendour of these nuptials and the tournaments and banquets in the Castello rejoiced the hearts of the Milanese and recalled the glorious days of old. But ere the joyous strains of the wedding festivities had died away the Duke fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering through the summer months, passed away on the Feast of All Souls, 1535. A fortnight later he was buried in the Duomo amidst the tears and lamentations of his subjects, who saw in their loved prince's untimely end the loss of all their hopes and the close of their brief dream of freedom.

The duchy now reverted to Charles V. and became part of his son Philip's vast heritage. The Castello ceased to be a royal residence, and a network of new fortifications sprang up around the Sforza palace. But the only marks of the Spanish occupation now to be seen in the interior are a gateway bearing the name of Philip III. and some fragments of decoration in the south-east halls of the Corte Ducale. In 1707 the Castello was besieged by Prince Eugene of Savoy during the wars of the Spanish Succession, and captured after a long and valiant defence by the octogenarian governor Florida. In 1733 the Austrians, who were now masters of Lombardy, were besieged in the Castello by King Charles Emanuel, but did not yield until the French and Sardinian force had lost 3000 men.

The French took Milan again, both in 1746 and in 1796, when Bonaparte threatened to destroy this last bulwark of tyranny, as he chose to term the Castello. The threat was partly executed in 1800. The Spanish fortifications were razed and only the nucleus of the Sforza fortress remained standing. Milan was declared to be the capital of the new Cisalpine

kingdom, and plans were drawn up for transforming this Renaissance palace into a classic building, the centre of a Roman Forum. Happily these were never carried into execution, and after the fall of Napoleon, Milan was restored to Austria. During the last century the Castello was used as barracks, first by the Austrian, afterwards by the Italian garrison, until 1886, when its destruction was seriously contemplated, and only averted by the intervention of the Commune. The cession of the building to the city authorities was finally accomplished in 1893, and since that time the work of restoration has been actively carried on.

The artistic treasures from the Museo Civico and the Museo Archeologico, formerly in the Brera, have been now removed to the Castello. The paintings, which include several excellent examples of Foppa, Borgognone, Correggio, and Leonardo's followers, are hung in the Great Hall of the *Cancellaria*, while a fine collection of Lombard sculpture, illustrating the art history of the period, occupies the ground-floor of the Corte Ducale. In the courtyard of the Chapel we see the noble portal of the Banca Medici, the palace granted to Cosimo by Francesco Sforza, and erected from Michelozzo's designs in 1457. The *Sala delle Colombine* contains works by Omodeo, the Pavian sculptor, employed by the Moro on the Duomo of Milan, and the Certosa, and Solari, who carved the sepulchral effigies of Lodovico and his wife, and the *Sala delle Scarlioni* is devoted to the art of the later sculptors, Fusina and Agostino Busti. Here we find the last-named master's bas-relief in memory of Lancinus Curtius, the classic writer, who is represented slumbering between torch-bearing genii, while Fame soars heavenward, and a Latin epitaph helps to fulfil the ideal of the humanist's dream: "*En Virtutem Mortis nesciam. Vivet Lancinus Curtius sæcula per omnia Quascunque lustrans oras Tantum possunt Camœnæ.*"[1] And

[1] "Look here on Virtue, that knows nought of Death. Lancinus Curtius shall live through all the ages, and visit every shore of earth. Such power have the Muses."

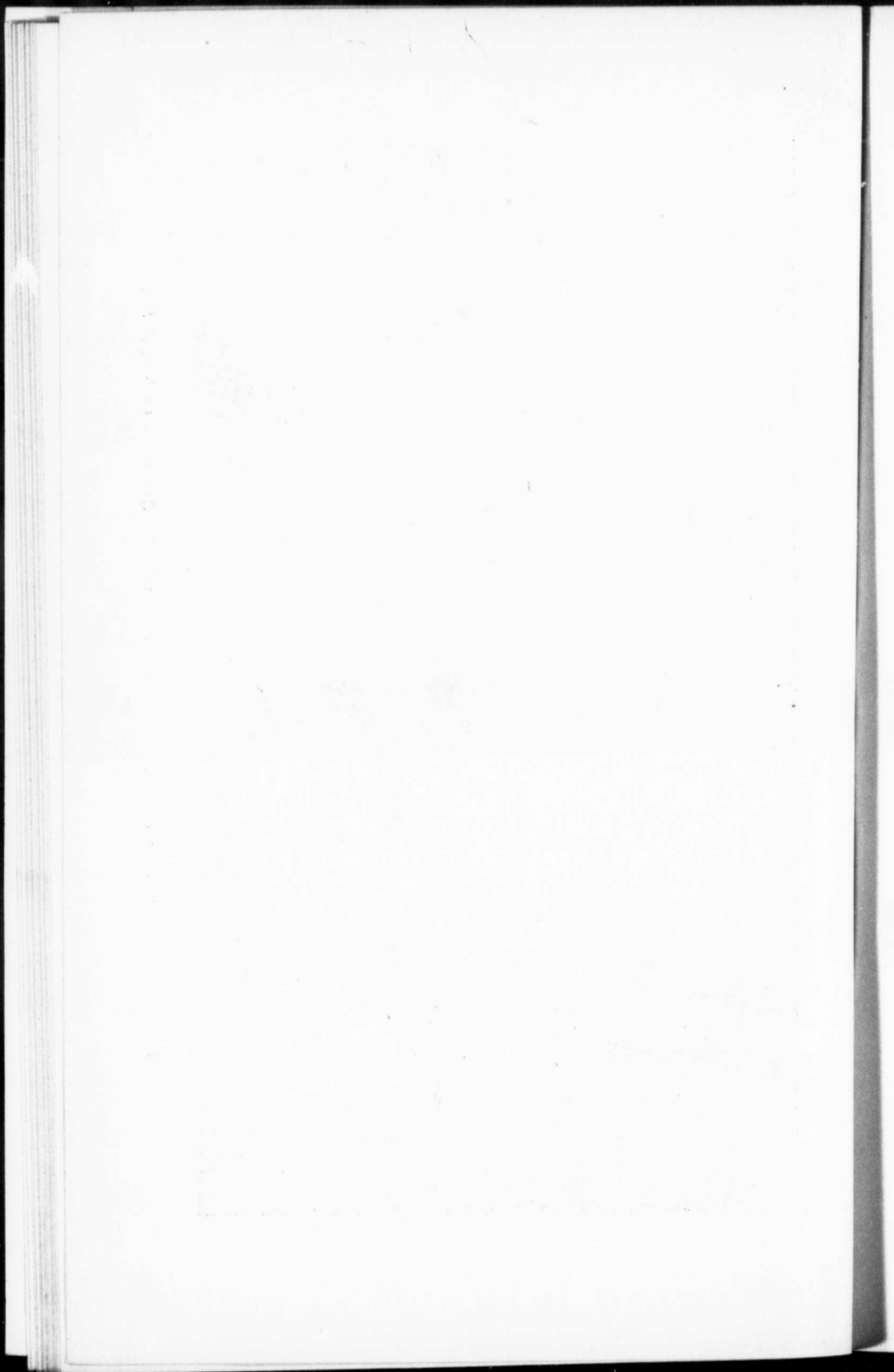
here, too, we find the same artist's masterpiece, the famous Tomb of Gaston de Foix. During eight years Busti devoted all his powers to this great work, but before it was completed, Francis I., who had given him the order, was made prisoner at Pavia and the French were driven out of Milan. The unfinished tomb, adorned with statuettes and bas-reliefs, and enriched with a variety of finely-cut ornamental work, stood for many years in the convent of Santa Marta, where the hero of Ravenna was buried, and excited the ardent admiration of Vasari. By degrees the monument was broken up, and when, in 1800, the French suppressed the convent, its fragments were dispersed over Europe. No less than sixty pieces are now to be found in the public and private collections of Italy, while others may be seen at Lyons and Orleans, in the Louvre and at South Kensington. But the Castello owns the finest of all these scattered fragments—the effigy of the dead warrior, who is represented resting on a mortuary couch surrounded by trophies of victory. There he lies as he fell, clasping his sword in both hands, with a smile of content on his face, "all joyous of countenance for the triumph that he had won" (Vasari). The calm brows are wreathed with laurel, and the collar of St. Michel hangs round his neck, but the armour is severely simple. The sculptor seems to have caught the spirit of the young soldier who walked the streets of Milan in proud silence, attended by a single page. Even this statue has been mutilated and the sword and fingers broken off. But the serene beauty of the face and the wealth of delicate ornament lavished on the marble couch are worthy of the best age of Lombard art.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

N.B.—Readers who wish for fuller details regarding the Castello are referred to Signor Luca Beltrami's own admirable work, "Il Castello di Milano" (Hoepli), which gives a complete description and history of the restored building.

Photo, Alinari.

PLATE 5.—Tomb of Gaston de Foix. By A. Busti (Il Bambaia). *Now in the Castello, Milan.*



MAURUS JÓKAI

TWENTY years ago, while rummaging a German bookstall in search of holiday literature, I came upon a thick, shabby-looking, little octavo volume entitled "Ein Goldmensch: Roman von Maurus Jókai." The unfamiliar name of the author attracted me, and when the obliging and erudite bookseller enlightened my ignorance by informing me that the mysterious Jókai was the leading Hungarian novelist of the day, I pocketed the volume, curious to discover what a Magyar's idea of a good novel might be. The book fascinated me from the first as much by its strangeness as by its beauty. It was utterly unlike anything I had ever read before. Character, environment, *technique*—everything, in fact, was poles apart from the manner and the methods of the western or the northern novelists. And then the dramatic intensity of the plot! Never since reading the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had I met with so enthralling a narrative. My one regret was that its six hundred pages were not six thousand, and I laid the book down, at last, full of the excitement of a discoverer—I knew that I had stumbled upon one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In my enthusiasm I there and then determined to learn Hungarian for the express purpose of reading this marvellous book in its original tongue; nor have my pains been unrewarded, for I speedily discovered that the difficult, though stimulating, Magyar language was the "Open Sesame" to inestimable treasures. Since then I

have learnt to love Arany and Eötvös and to marvel at Petöfi, Madách and their fellows; yet Maurus Jókai, though there are even greater than he in that gorgeous Aladdin's Cave of poetry and romance which a prosaic world calls the Magyar literature, has always remained my favourite, partly, I suppose, from gratitude, as to him I owe a very full measure of the purest enjoyment, but partly also because in him commanding genius has, throughout a long, changeful, and often tempestuous life, ever been tempered and humanised by a singular nobility and high-mindedness. Not without good cause is Jókai at the present moment not merely the greatest novelist but also the best beloved personage in Hungary. I propose, in the following pages, to give a description, necessarily brief, of the life and work of this extraordinary man.

Maurus Jókai was born at Comorn, in Hungary, on February 21, 1825. His father, Joseph, a scion of the Ásva branch of the old Calvinist Jókay family, was a lawyer by profession, but a lawyer who had seen something of the world and loved art and letters. His mother came of the noble Pulays. She was venerated by her son and is the prototype of the ideal housewives with warm hearts, capable heads, and truant sons, who so frequently figure in his pages. Maurus was their third and youngest child and the pet of the whole family. He seems to have been a sensitive, affectionate lad, always fonder of books than of games, but liking best of all to listen to the innumerable tales his father had to tell of the Napoleonic wars, in which he himself had borne a humble part, or of the still more marvellous exploits and legends of the old Magyar heroes. It was from his father that Maurus inherited both his literary and his artistic talents. The boy always loved study and was the joy and delight of his masters, who could not teach him quickly enough. Both at the local grammar school and at the gymnasia of Pressburg and Comorn he always stood high in his class, and he speedily acquired a literary knowledge of English, French, and Italian, besides a thorough grounding in the obligatory German and Latin. In

his twelfth year little Maurus was summoned from his studies to the deathbed of his father, a catastrophe which he took so much to heart that he fell seriously ill and for a time his life was even despaired of. He recovered but slowly, and for the next five years was haunted by a deep melancholy which he endeavoured to combat by the most intense application to study at the Calvinist University of Pápá, whither he was sent for his degree in 1841–42. At Pápá he made the acquaintance of Petöfi, and was one of the principal contributors, both in prose and verse, to the University Magazine. Yet, curiously enough, he displayed at this time so much skill as a painter, sculptor, and carver in ivory, that many thought he would owe the future fame which every one already predicted for him rather to his brush and chisel than to his pen. In 1843–44 we find him settled at Kecskemet, the chief city of the *Alföld*, or great Hungarian plain, embowered in miles of orchards and vineyards, where fine bracing air restored the delicate young student to something like normal health. It was here that his alert, observant eye first studied the characteristics of the Magyar peasants. Forty-nine years later he was to record his impressions in the exquisite tale *Az Sarga Róza* ("The Yellow Rose"), certainly one of the finest of his later works.

Yielding to the wishes of his friends, Jókai now resolved to follow his father's profession, and for three years studied law with his usual assiduity at Comorn and Pest. In 1846 he obtained his articles, won his first action, and immediately afterwards abandoned his profession for ever because he could not find it in him to distrain for rent upon a poor widow and her orphans. Four years previously his five-act drama *A Zsidó Fiu* ("The Jew Boy") had been honourably mentioned by the Hungarian Academy in a prize competition. It had needed no small heroism in an ambitious youth of nineteen to submit to the drudgery of the law after such a brilliant *début*, but virtuous indignation now coming to the aid of natural bias, Jókai made up his mind to go to the capital and henceforth devote himself entirely to literature. In 1845 he arrived at

Pest, whither Petöfi had already preceded him; speedily became a contributor to the leading newspapers, and, a year later, when only twenty-one, published his first considerable romance, *Hét Köznapok* ("Working Days").

The book made a profound sensation. Its amateurishness was forgotten, its crudities and morbidities were pardoned for the sake of its striking originality and exquisite charm of style. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the national literature before and, even then, Hungarian Belles-Léttres could boast of two novelists of the first rank, Eötvös, the Magyar Fielding, and Jósika, the Magyar Walter Scott, to say nothing of a whole host of *Dii minores*. It produced much the same impression in Hungary as "Sketches by Boz" had done in England ten years previously, and indeed, on its humorous side, the genius of Jókai is close akin to the genius of Dickens. The reputation of the young author was instantly made, the most notable result of his triumph being his appointment, in the following year, at the age of twenty-two, to the editorship of the leading literary newspaper of Pest, *Eletképek*, which, with the assistance of a numerous staff which he gathered round him, including all the rising talent of the day, he speedily made the literary oracle of Hungary.

But stormy times were approaching. The invasion of Hungary by the Croatians with the secret connivance of the Court of Vienna (September 11), and the murder of the Imperial Commissioner, Count Lamberg, on the bridge of Buda (September 28), 1848, by the infuriated Magyars, rendered a war between Hungary and Austria inevitable, and both nations flew to arms. Jókai, abandoning literature for politics, embraced the national cause with enthusiasm and served it with voice, pen, and sword. During the March days, when the Austrian Government seemed inclined to concede all the demands of the Hungarian Liberals, Petöfi and Jókai were the protagonists of young Hungary, and the latter was sent on a political mission to the Vienna insurgents by Kossuth. In August Jókai wedded, under the most romantic

circumstances,[1] the distinguished actress Rosa Laborfalvi, a highly gifted, noble-minded, spirited woman of good family, eight years his senior, who for nearly forty years was to prove an ideal wife, an indispensable counsellor to her devoted husband.[2] Together they faced all the vicissitudes, all the horrors of the civil war, retreating with the peripatetic Hungarian Government from Pest to Debreczin in the winter of 1848–49; returning the following spring to Pest with the victorious Honveds after Görgei's brilliant April campaign, when the Austrians lost four pitched battles in three weeks and evacuated the fortress of Buda, and again retreating in July to Szegedin after the Russian intervention. Perceiving that the end was now approaching, Jókai first sent his wife to a place of safety, and then accompanied the last Hungarian army in its masterly retreat to the last Hungarian capital. He was present at the battle of Arad, which led to the final catastrophe, the surrender at Vilagós, and was only prevented from committing suicide by the entreaties of his friends, who implored him to live on for the sake of his wife and his country. He obeyed with a heavy heart, and buried himself at Tardona, among the beech forests of Borsod. For a time his life was actually in danger. His services to the revolutionary cause had been so conspicuous that he was a marked man. It is true that in his newspapers, the *Esti Lapok* and the *Pesti Hirlap*, he had, at first, preached moderation to the more fanatical and taken up a strictly constitutional standpoint; but, on the other hand, blinded by the delusive triumphs of April, he had openly approved of Kossuth's fatal blunder, the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty and of other equally radical measures, and his eloquent pen had done more than almost anything else to rally and convert the waverers. At last, after five months of extreme anxiety, he

[1] Described minutely in the romance *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Lady with Eyes like the Sea").

[2] She is obviously the heroine of many of his romances, *e.g.*, the Princess Anna in *Erdély Aranykora* ("The Golden Age of Transylvania").

was saved by a stratagem of his wife, Madame Jókai succeeding in getting her husband's name inserted in the list of the names of the garrison of the fortress of Comorn, which had been granted a complete amnesty on October 2, 1849, six weeks after the war was over elsewhere. Yet, even now, Jókai was obliged to efface himself as much as possible, and the first books which he published after his return to the capital, *A Bujdosó Naplója* ("Journal of a Fugitive") and *Forradalma Csataképei* ("Battle-pictures of the Revolution"),[1] both of them composed in the sylvan solitudes of Borsod, appeared pseudonymously under the name of his dog, Sajó.

During the twelve terrible years immediately following the abortive Revolution when Hungary, robbed of all her ancient rights and privileges, was degraded into a mere appanage of the Austrian Crown and tyrannised and exploited by reactionary foreigners ignorant of her very language, Jókai, almost single-handed and in the face of appalling difficulties, devoted himself to the noble task of keeping the national spirit alive and encouraging his countrymen patiently to wait for better days. During this period he was literally chained to his desk, turning out masterpiece after masterpiece, at the rate of seven volumes a year, and editing at the same time two literary and two comic papers, to the latter of which he contributed many of the illustrations. Much of the work thus accomplished is of permanent value and comprises some of his noblest creations, *e.g.*, the great historical romances *Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), with its continuation *Török Világ Magyarországon* ("Turks in Hungary)," *Fehér Rózsa* (White Rose), *A Janicsárok Végnapjai* ("Last Days of the Janissaries), &c., novels of old Magyar social life and manners, *e.g.*, *Egy Magyar Nábob* ("An Hungarian Nabob") with its continuation *Kárpáthy Zoltán* (Zoltan Kárpáthy), *Szomorú Napok* ("Dark Days"), and *A Régi Jó Táblabirák* ("The Good Old Magistrates"); brilliant phan-

[1] Both of them give vivid pictures of the war, though of course the author had to write very cautiously. Jókai returns to this exciting period of his life in many of his works, notably in *A Tengerszemü Hölgy*, 1894.

tasies such as "Oceania," the scene of which is laid in the capital of the lost island of Atlantis, and the beautiful collection of short tales in ten volumes entitled *Jókai Mor Dekameronja* ("Maurus Jókai's Decameron").

During the transitional period (1861–67), when the disasters of the Italian campaign of 1859 had taught Austrian statesmen the necessity of some sort of compromise with Hungary, although they were by no means disposed to admit all her pretensions, Jókai began his political career. He sat in every Diet; immediately established his reputation as a skilful debater; founded and edited the newspaper *Hon* as the organ of the Moderate Liberal Party, and had the supreme distinction in 1863 of being condemned by the Imperial Government to twelve months' hard labour *in irons* for inserting in his newspaper a "seditious" article by his friend Count Nándor Zichy. The king, however, commuted the sentence to one month's *solitary confinement*, and Jókai himself has told us in *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Eyes like the Sea") that during this month his "cell" daily was thronged with distinguished visitors.

But it was only after the composition with Austria (1867), and especially during the earlier years of the long administration (1875–90) of his friend Coloman Tisza, the Cavour of Hungary, that Jókai exercised a constant and considerable political influence both as a Parliamentary debater and as editor of the *Hon*. His usual seat was on the second Ministerial bench, just behind the Premier, and whenever he rose to speak he always commanded the attention of a crowded and expectant house. More than once his eloquence extricated the Government from a tight place. Amongst his more notable speeches, most of which have been printed, may be mentioned: "What does the Opposition want—revolution or reform?" delivered in 1869; "The Left Centre the true party of reform," spoken in 1872; and his celebrated speech on the Budget of February 26, 1880. In those days he was a most ardent politician, ready, if necessary, to fight as well as talk and write for his opinions. Three times he has fought duels

(happily bloodless, and therefore unrecorded in Kacziany's "Famous Hungarian Duels") with political opponents, and on one memorable occasion he successfully contested a division of Budapest against a Cabinet Minister. But it was as the editor of the *Hon* that he rendered his party the most essential service, and in many of the political cartoons of the day, in which he figures as Tisza's faithful henchman, he is generally represented waving the *Hon* as a banner or charging with it as a bayonet. The ultra-conservative comic paper *Borszem Janko* was particularly fond of caricaturing the consistent and courageous champion of enlightened liberalism, and his earnest, gentle face, with the honest eyes, ample beard, and fierce moustache, is conspicuous in nearly every number from 1868 onwards. Thus in the number for August 23, 1868, the coloured frontispiece represents Jókai as a huge, black-bearded bald head, furiously editing four newspapers at the same time, a nimble quill pen being stuck between each of the diminutive hands and feet. In 1870, when he supported the candidature of the Israelite, Herr Wolff, at Pressburg, he is represented (June 26) on the hustings as the Wandering Jew, in battered hat and tattered mantle, with the banner of a Calvinist elder reproachfully wagging in his hand. His increasing baldness is also an inexhaustible subject for the raillery of this clever but not always very generous print, especially on the occasion of his dramatic jubilee at Klausenburg in 1871, when he is depicted in ancient Roman costume, with a Red Indian feather head-dress, beating a huge drum on a Greek triumphal car!

Yet amidst the stress of this intense and manifold political activity, Jókai actually, between 1861 and 1866, found time to write no fewer than a hundred and forty-two volumes of novels and romances, besides several plays and educational works! To realise what this means we must imagine, if we can, an Independent M.P., Mr. Augustin Birrell for choice, whose Parliamentary oratory, by the way, greatly resembles Jókai's, editing the *Times* and *Punch*, without disparagement to his Parliamentary duties, and simultaneously composing all

the novels of Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Jules Verne. And please remember that these 142 volumes, so far from being mere pot-boilers, comprise many indisputable masterpieces, and not one of them is without intrinsic merit. For to this period belongs Jókai's best social novel, *Az új Földesúr* ("The New Landlord"), the first novel of his translated into English (by Mr. A. T. Patterson, thirty-three years ago); *Fekete Gyémántok* ("Black Diamonds"); the incomparable *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold"), a German version of which first led me to study Hungarian, as already mentioned; *Egy az Isten* ("God is One"); *A Szép Mikhál* ("Pretty Michal"), that terrible and vivid tragedy of seventeenth-century life in Transylvania; *Szabadság a hó alatt* ("Freedom under the Snow"), an historical romance *temp.* Alexander I. of Russia, already a favourite in England; *A Jövö Század Régénye* ("The Romance of the Coming Century"), in which Jules Verne's most daring fantastic flights are forestalled or surpassed; *Rab Ráby*, and many more.

Since the death of his first wife (November 20, 1886), who had long since quitted the stage to become her husband's constant companion, Jókai has, to a great extent, quitted public life. It was feared at first that this terrible bereavement would altogether overwhelm him, but he sought and found distraction in strenuous literary work, adding between 1886 and 1899 no fewer than fifty fresh volumes to his already enormous store, including *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Eyes Like the Sea"), which won the Academy's prize in 1890 as the best novel of the year, and *A Sárga Rósza* ("The Yellow Rose") in 1893, pronounced by the great critic, Zoltan Beöthy, to be one of the abiding ornaments of the national literature. He is still a Member of Parliament, but he never speaks now, takes little interest in politics, and amuses himself while in the House by correcting proofs, displaying considerable ingenuity in dodging the whips on the eve of a division. In 1894 the whole kingdom united to do honour to the Nestor of Magyar writers by celebrating his golden jubilee as a national festival, on which occasion he

received the Ribbon of St. Stephen from the king, the freedom of every city in Hungary, and a cheque for 100,000 florins from the Jubilee Committee on account of the profits derived from a national *édition de luxe* of his works in a hundred huge volumes, illustrated by all the best Hungarian artists, which was subscribed for five times over. Jókai's second marriage, with the young actress, Miss Ida Nagy, is of too recent a date to call for comment. His latest romance, written, I am told, during his honeymoon in Sicily (1899) and entitled *Öreg Ember nem ven Ember* ("Old is Not Aged"), is a marvellous demonstration of unimpaired power and brilliance in the veteran author, who the same year celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

I have left myself but little space for a critical estimate of Jókai's writings, and any such estimate must necessarily be imperfect and tentative, inasmuch as I have perused but a tenth part of the great Magyar romancer's innumerable productions. Still, I may fairly claim to know more about Jókai than most people; the salient outlines of his literary character and genius lie plainly before me; and although, no doubt, his still unread masterpieces may have many delightful surprises in store for me, I do not think they could materially affect the judgment I have already formed of him.

Briefly then, Maurus Jókai is by temperament a romantic idealist under the capricious mastery of an inexhaustible imagination. One must not, generally speaking, go to him for psychological depth, elaborate analysis of character, or for that objective detachment which is one of the infallible notes of the highest creative genius. From the very beginning of his literary career his warmest admirers have frequently reproached him with his excessive sensibility, his fantastic exaggeration, and his penchant towards melodrama. It has been remarked more than once, with perfect truth, that most of his heroes and heroines are either angels or devils, saints or scoundrels, and it is an absolute fact that his immoderate fondness for his pet characters has led him again and again to ruin the *dénouement* of a really noble story. Take, for instance, *A Szep*

Mikhal ("Pretty Michal"), where the hero Valentine, who by every canon of art and every rule of honour, should have fallen beneath the headsman's axe by the side of the girl whom he has ruined, is spirited away at the last moment apparently because the author cannot bear the thought of unmitigated disaster. Or, again, take the character of the Nabob in *A Magyar Nábob* (The Hungarian Nabob"). Here, if ever, Jókai has proved to demonstration that, when he likes to take the trouble, he can draw character with the best. Old Kárpáthy in his unregenerate days is delightful and convincing, a sort of semi-Oriental Squire Western on a magnificent scale. The old sinner finally marries a pretty milliner to spite a profligate nephew who has sent him a coffin as a birthday present. So far good. But when the lady, shortly afterwards, dies in childbed, and the aged Nabob, overwhelmed with grief, departs this life in the odour of sanctity, one feels that the transformation, however edifying, is too sudden to be quite natural. Moreover, many of Jókai's heroes strike one as a trifle mawkish. Unlike Dickens, indeed, he knows how to describe a gentleman, especially a wicked gentleman (*e.g.*, Bánfy in *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), or Abellino in *A Magyar Nábob*, but the best of his good young men (*e.g.*, Timar in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold") and Zoltán Kárpáthy in the novel of the same name) are often perilously like prigs of the purest water.

Another of Jókai's defects is due not so much to temperament as to impulsiveness. It is quite plain, from internal evidence, that he has often embarked upon a long story without proper provision (in the shape of an adequate plot) for the voyage, and consequently has to invent another as he goes along, the result frequently being a series of loosely connected tableaux rather than a complete, straightforward narrative. This fault is especially noticeable in his great historical romances, *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania") and its sequel, *Török Világ Maggarországon* ("Turks in Hungary"). In both these noble stories, however, the tableaux are so

magnificent and the workmanship so masterly, that one readily forgives all mere technical defects and eagerly asks for more of the same sort.

Jókai's exuberant fancy is also responsible for many of his extravagances. He himself has told us that it was his youthful ambition that his Pegasus should fly with him to regions unexplored before, and certainly that frisky and unbridled steed has sometimes rapt its rider away to heights (and also to depths) where mere men of this world have some difficulty in keeping their heads cool and their feet steady. Some few of his romances are perfect orgies of the imagination.

Yet, after all, these are but the inevitable defects of qualities of the highest order. Jókai's imagination is a wayward Jinn, which may have played him tricks more than once, but, anyhow, has placed him on a throne, the throne of Magyar *Belles Léttres*, and subjected Past and Present, East and West, the world of nature and the world of art to his magic sway. In the pages of no other romance-writer shall you find such magnificent tableaux, such splendid colouring, such a prodigality of ornament; and also, when at his best, such ingenious combinations, such a wealth of incident and adventure, such dramatic *dénouements*. His descriptions of natural scenery have a unique charm, combining, as they do, the artist's fondness for beautiful effects and striking contrasts with the minute exactness of an alert and practised observer. He generally takes a single feature in the landscape, by the aid of which he gradually unfolds and interprets the whole environment. Take, for instance, the following picture of the Carpathians, necessarily very much condensed, taken from *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania").

We are among the Hermolka mountains, in a land which no one has ever thought of colonising. The very skirts of this wilderness are uninhabited. Only where the stream dashes down from the mountains does greensward appear. There among the luxuriant grasses lie the fearless stags, while the wild bees build their basket-shaped nests in the hollow trees on the margin of the stream. That stream is the Rima. She alone is bold enough to force her way through

this wild rocky labyrinth. Sometimes she plunges down from the granite terraces with a far-resounding din, dissolving into a white cloudy spray, in which the sunbeams paint an eternal rainbow, which spans the velvet-green margins of the abyss like a fairy bridge. A moss-clad rock projects from the midst of the waterfall, dividing it in twain, and from the moss-clad rock wild roses look over into the dizzying, tumbling rapids below. Far away down, the vagrant stream is hemmed in between basalt rocks. Here the twofold echo changes its monotonous, muffled roar into melancholy music, and the transparent, crystal waters appear black from the colour of their stony bed, wherein rosy trout and sprightly water-snakes, like silver ribbons, disport themselves. Then, escaping from her brief constraint, the Rima dashes onward from crag to crag, angrily scourging a huge mass of rock which, once, in time of flood, she swept into its bed from a distance of many miles, and which, after the next thaw or rainfall, she will hurl a thousand fathoms deeper into the rock-environed valley. Higher and higher we mount, the oaks and larches fall behind us, the pines and firs begin, the horizon expands, the transparent mists which hitherto have veiled the heights now linger behind in the depths. The little green patches of valley are scarce visible through the opal atmosphere, and the hilly woodlands have dwindled into dark specks, the gold and lilac outlines whereof are dimly distinguishable in the brightening dawn. And before us the mountains still rise higher and higher. And now at last even the Rima has deserted us. Deep down below we catch a glimpse of a round, dark blue lakelet surrounded by steep rocks, on whose bronze-like mirror white swans are bathing in the shadows of the pines. In the midst of this lakelet the source of the Rima turns and tumbles, casting its bubbling crystal fathoms high, and keeping the lakelet in perpetual ebullition, as if some mighty spirit in the watery abyss below were trying to raise up the whole lake with his forehead.

Similarly in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold") we have delightful descriptions of the Danube in all its moods, with exquisite little floral pieces thrown in, which could only have been penned by an enthusiastic botanist with the soul of a poet. But, indeed, picturesque detail is one of Jókai's strong points. He, the busiest of men, the most prolific of writers, is never in a hurry. He loves to linger by the way and quit the beaten track, and if it please him suddenly to break off his story in order to produce from the store-house of an immense erudition and a manifold experience treasures old and new, so much the better for you, my reader. For Jókai has a rare gift of exposition, he would have made an ideal lecturer. What

could be finer, in its way, than the description of the coal mine in *Fekete Gyemántok* ("Black Diamonds")? And if you would surprise the secret of making even technicalities fascinating, just read once more the account of the coining mills in *A Szegény Gazdagok* ("The Poor Plutocrats").

Indeed, Arch-Romantic as he is, Jókai nevertheless has always been remarkable for a careful attention to detail which would do honour to the most conscientious Realist; and hence it comes about that he, who began his literary career when the old Romanticism was still in the ascendant, has survived the triumphs and the tyrannies of the Realism which supplanted it, and lived to see the rise of a new Romanticism, with which he has something in common. I mean that quite modern school of fiction whose chief representatives are the Danish and Swedish Symbolists[1] who have grafted an enthusiastic idealism on the parent stock of an empirical realism and which promises to be the dominant school of the near future. For that reason alone I am inclined to predict a long popularity for Jókai.

But, after all, Jókai possesses another quality which makes him altogether independent of the caprices of literary fashion—a quality by no means too common in these self-conscious times. I mean, of course, the saving gift of humour, that most salutary of mental and moral antidotes, for Jókai's genius is, above all things, sane, and Jókai himself strikes every one who knows and sees him as a well preserved specimen of that rapidly vanishing type—the thoroughly normal man. It is said that Ibsen, after visiting the Magyar romancer a few years ago, sighed as he left the house, "Ah! if only I were as young as Jókai"! yet, as a matter of fact, Jókai is three years older than Ibsen, and has done ten times as much work. But then, as I have just implied, Jókai regards the world from the sober, liberal, sympathetic, impersonal standpoint of the

[1] Johannes Jörgensen in Denmark, and Selma Lagerlöf in Sweden, for instance. The one defect of these charming writers is their lack of humour, but in their naïve sensibility and attention to detail they remind one of the great Magyar romancer.

genuine humorist who is never disturbed by the vanities and the miseries of the ordinary man of letters, simply because he has learnt to know that literature, after all, is a comparatively small part of life, and that man was meant to live among men and not among the gods of Olympus. Of Jókai's humour it is somewhat difficult to speak. So much of its peculiar savour and aroma is lost in the process of translation, that those who know him only in English or German versions will scarce be able to recognise his true greatness in this respect. Dickens is the humorist whom on the whole he resembles the most, but, speaking generally, the fun of the great Magyar is wilder, cruder, more grotesque than that of his great English compeer. His comic types seem to have less of the shirt of civilisation upon them. His humour too, sometimes, is not without a touch of sardonic savagery, as, for instance, in the Callot-like picture of the drunken Cantor and the mastiff in *Szomorú Napok* ("Sad Days"), and in many scenes of that terrible story, *A Szép Mikhál* ("Pretty Michal"), which abounds with grim, not to say ghastly, pleasantry. His minor caricatures, in especial, are often strikingly Dickensian, *e.g.*, the schoolmaster in *Szomorú Napok*, a sort of barbaric Squeers, and Margari in *A Szegény Gazdagok* ("Poor Plutocrats"), so strongly reminiscent of Sampson Brass, while Clementine in the same story reminds one of Miggs. Of the many comic types peculiar to Jókai, the best, without doubt, are the cosmopolitan scoundrels, mostly of Greek origin, of which that prince of professional blackmailers, Theodore Kristyan in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold"), is the most consummate specimen.[1] The odd humour of Turkish Agas and Pachas also gives a piquant seasoning to some of his most pleasant pages, and if you want to see the Roumanian peasant at his best, and the Magyar peasant at his worst, you could not go to a better guide than Jókai.

[1] An excellent translation of this book by Mrs. Kennard, through the German I believe, was published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1880 under the title of "Timar's Two Worlds."

For the last forty years Jókai has been the best known personage in the Hungarian capital. His slim, erect, elastic figure; his carefully kept beard and truculently pointed moustache; even his long, spruce, black Francis-Joseph *kabat* or *surtout*, with the invariable dark brown trousers, and the Cornelian dog-headed pin stuck jauntily into the bright neckerchief, form an essential part and parcel of the social atmosphere of Budapest. In the days when he meddled with politics and condescended to employ his leisure hours in averting Ministerial crises, he would frequently be observed pacing the corridors of the Parliament House with head erect and hands crossed behind his back, and then every one knew that the Member for Kassa was about to deliver one of his persuasive speeches in a crowded house. But all that is over now. He has ceased to serve "that old hag, Dame Politica," and only quits his writing-table for a couple of hours every evening to fight his old political leader, Coloman Tisza, for a few florins at the tarok table of their club. But his appetite for work is as voracious as ever. He is up every day at dawn, summer and winter, and has generally written his 30,000 words before lunch. His life is absolutely harmonious: to every hour of the day is allotted its proper labour or pleasure, and he always has "a pocket-full of witticisms and comic *apercus*" for the delectation of his innumerable friends. But his greatest happiness is to know that he has only one unforgiveable enemy in the world, and that is the phylloxera, with which he wages remorseless warfare in his vineyard-garden at Svábhegy, the place which he loves the most. For Jókai, like that other great teller of tales, Hans Andersen, is a great lover of flowers, and flowers thrive in his garden as they thrive nowhere else. He also might say with the immortal Hans, "Flowers know very well that I love them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground I believe it would grow." And Jókai's friends tell us that to see him in his garden is to see him at his best.

R. NISBET BAIN.

A CONVERSATION

I WAS taking a long walk in the country, and stopped for my lunch at an inn I had known some years before, but had not visited since. A shower of rain came on while I was eating, and having finished my meal I repaired to the little smoking-room to await the sun. I smoked my pipe and looked into the yard, and reflected, in a sufficiently prosaic vein, that the inn had changed far less than I. Then to me there entered a young man, who also smoked and looked up the yard, when he and I had agreed about the weather. One often thinks that one has met a stranger before, somewhere and some time or other, but in this case my impression was both more intimate than that and vaguer. The young man seemed to correspond to a dream, but a dream that had lasted a long time or had many times recurred. I was certain that something about him was familiar to me, but seeking in vain to determine the matter concluded that it was nothing more than his clothes. I had raked out an old knickerbocker suit for my walk, and he seemed to a short vision to be wearing one of the same material. But beyond this he affected me as a casual stranger can do but seldom. I was interested in the young man. Something about him won my sympathy, and then something irritated and repelled me. It was such a discord of feeling as happens when a man whose vices we dislike charms us with his manners. But this young man had not spoken three sentences to me, and I have no instinct for

detecting the secret vices of strangers. The rain continued, and to rid myself of unprofitable speculations, I resumed the conversation. Soon the young man was talking about himself with an ingenuousness and freedom I am un-English enough to like, though the habit of the world has taught me it is unwise to indulge in them. To some extent I responded to the compliment, to keep the conversation, which rather interested me, on the same plane.

He had lately, it seemed, left Oxford, and the place had disappointed him. His impression of it, he said, was too much encumbered with dinners, and cards, and racing, and tobacconists' shops, to say nothing of the incessant pursuit, or, at least, talk of athletic games and exercises, and was too little consonant to the atmosphere of scholars and recluses and quiet eccentrics of which he had read in books. I assured him that if he were to return to Oxford in a few years for a day or so the atmosphere he wanted would surround him. No longer distracted by the appeals to a newly emancipated blood he would feel the tradition of ancient halls and chapels, and taste the remoteness and exclusive silence of Fellows' gardens. "But then," said he, "it will be too late." I explained to his ignorance that the perception of all pleasures, save those few which Nature teaches us to take betimes—of all pleasures that come of man's artifice or finer senses in ourselves—is joined to a regret that we did not perceive them sooner. I was pleased that I could oppose to his quick glance of distress a face of good-humoured resignation.

Then I asked him if he was going to do any work, or was lucky enough to idle in comfort. Did I think it lucky? "Yes," said I; "work is the primal curse, and the proverbs in praise of it were made by masters for slaves, or by slaves to cheat their slavery. Or they are repeated by the cowardly fortunate to propitiate Nemesis. Work not at all, or if you must work, work as little as possible. Above all, don't, please, work hard three quarters of your life to enjoy the remaining fourth at leisure. You will have lost the power of enjoyment,

or you will die before the time comes ; in either case you will look a fool to the laughing gods." He looked surprised, as though the precepts of his elders had been ordinarily different, and I, remembering how little original was my teaching, was pleased again.

I knew, before he told me, that he intended to write things, and when I told him that that might be no work at all—an art or an amusement—or might be work for bread, in which case it was damnable, he replied that with him it would be art and bread too. "But," said he, "you will advise me against it, like everybody else." "Why, no," said I, and stepped on to the bench, "not of necessity. Can you live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year? For if you write in the way of art, if you write only on themes which interest you, and on which you have something to say, if your original work is an observation of what (as things go) is fresh, or a fresh observation of the old, even if you can create what has not been created before—a hundred and fifty pounds a year, will, with luck, be your commercial reward. I assume in you taste, intelligence, and so forth, things which in this way of writing are important. In other sorts of writing, self-advertisement, toadying, and the frequenting of certain sets of people—probably not an amusing way of spending your time—are more important, but you speak of writing as an art. There is, of course, a thousand-to-one chance that your productions, made for their own sakes, may yet appeal to certain numbers of your fellow citizens, but even then you must have the additional chance in your favour of a publisher both honest and competent. Can you live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year?

The young man believed it to be impossible. I remained on the bench. "By no means," said I. "In London, I grant you, the tastes you probably have, the example of your companions, the mode of life of people who amuse you, will make it very difficult. But you may take a labourer's cottage in the country, have sufficient beef and mutton, and shoe-leather for your long walks, and subscribe to the London Library—all for a hundred and fifty pounds a year." He said it would be dull.

I fixed my judicial eye on him and dared him to affirm that London theatres, restaurants, and so forth, were not dull. He did not dare, but fell back on the difference in people: those who always lived in the country were not intelligent enough for him.

"And do you really think," I asked him, "that the difference in intelligence which is made by travelling in the twopenny-tube, going to the music-hall and the Academy and reading the evening papers, is a difference to be considered?"

This question rather posed him, but he rallied. "I don't mean," said he, "ordinary respectable, or even distinguished people. I mean the people you can meet in London who live free, rational lives, who don't care about conventions, and say what they really think, and are good fun generally."

I sighed. "My dear young man," said I, "it is cruel to destroy your illusions, and I know very well that this one—that disreputable people are more amusing than respectable people—is one that dies hardest of all. Nevertheless, it will die like the others. Disreputable people are just as great bores in the long run as respectable people, I assure you. In fact, they are worse, if you have a sense of humour. The humorous heretic gets more fun out of the orthodox than out of the seriously heretical. Time will kill this illusion of yours also. I am sorry for you."

The conversation seemed a little to depress the young man, and to re-establish his confidence in life, I remarked that after all he, in his comparative youth, had many advantages. He answered politely, but I entreated him to be frank. "I have implied," said I, "that my view of people and places is more equable than yours. There is no discourtesy, then, if you correct the balance of advantages."

"Why, then," said he, "there is something to be said for me. What you call equanimity I call weariness. You have lost your zest for London and your zest for society, even disreputable society. I am still immensely interested in both. There are people who fascinate me irresistibly and those who

move my curiosity and zeal for knowledge till I must satisfy them at any cost. There I have an advantage over you I confess."

"There are two sides to a medal," I rejoined. "No one has an infinite power of being interested. Six men and women, or so, appeal to you individually with the force you describe; six at a time is even a large number. No one, man or woman, interests me as much as all that. But I can be wildly entertained by thousands of strangers, and they need be neither clever nor fascinating. A talk with a farmer or a middle-aged country clergyman entertains me; you it would bore, unless he discovered some eccentricity of habit or opinion. Children, again; have you time to watch them?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I am fond of children——"

"Of some; exactly. But I love them all. I can watch with real pleasure and sympathy a child toddling down a village street, or nursing her dolls——"

"You must be older than you look," quoth he, but I disregarded the interruption. "While with you, unless you observe some precocity or some dreadful symptom of hereditary influences——"

"Not quite such a prig, I think," he said. "But if you stop short at watching children, or mildly conversing with commonplace people, you miss the possibilities of human beings, the romance any one of them may disclose to you. I suppose," he added suddenly and with a blush, as I thought I saw, "you are not and will never again be passionately in love?"

I smiled. "One never knows," I said; "it is certainly a long time since it happened to me. But is the sensation so completely delightful?"

"It can be infernally painful," he admitted. "But it gives a meaning and reality to life that nothing else can."

"Perhaps," I said; "let us by all means make the best of it. For me, I am in this matter something of a philosopher. I believe its analysis to be simple, and your poetry and my earthiness to have each its drawbacks and compensations.

But the rain would be over before I could explain myself, and after all my philosophy would cut a poor figure by the side of your rhapsodies and beautiful quotations."

"I too," said he, "was a philosopher in my time."

"And you have gone on to something better? It is a pity, my friend, that you could not begin with the romance and the poetry; but few of us have Richard Feverel's luck. But your boyish philosophy was cynical and mine is human. . . . You are fresh from Oxford and the schools. You are all for ideas and theories in your thoughts and reading, and facts are tedious to you."

"Surely," he said, "ideas, the best fruits of human intelligence and mental labour, are more worthy of study than the irrelevant accidents of human interaction?"

"The phrase is soothing, though barbarous: no doubt you used it in your papers. The misfortune is that you get to the end of the ideas in time and the facts are inexhaustible. You have been born into a generation (I regret to inform you after much patient observation of it) which is intellectually sapless, and unless a change come quickly is unlikely to increase the store of philosophical speculation. You will probably be thrown back on facts, and you will haply find that they grow on you. Memoirs and letters, all kinds of trivial habits and conversations and meetings will form the bulk of your reading. There is little poetry now, and our studies of character are elaborately superficial, and our romances do not even conceal the wires behind the puppets. You will be thrown back on memoirs and diaries and letters."

"I wonder," said he, "if your own intellect—" he stopped and seemed to lack words for his idea. Seeing him embarrassed, I went on talking.

"You have decided to write for your bread. Has it never occurred to you that a profession—which writing is not—might bring you greater happiness? The bar, for example?" He said that the details would bore him and that he could not afford to wait till briefs came.

"But it is the process, not the subject matter, which interests men in all such competition; the process and the personal results, and as for waiting, intelligence, which I do not doubt you believe yourself to possess, tells everywhere in the long run. Certain very simple human qualities besides are necessary, but there is no grand mystery about success at the bar. But that is only one of the regular callings of your countrymen. Now, mark me, young man. You are taking up for a calling or a profession, that which is an art, an amusement, an accomplishment. Excellence in it is very far from meaning worldly success: why should it? In the regular callings, efficiency in them, the qualities suited to their practice, mean success in the sense in which the world uses the term. In this pursuit of yours, worldly success comes either by a rare accident or by the debasement of the qualities which might make a proper excellence in it. Now you think you can despise worldly success—despise money and all it may imply. 'Wait till you come to forty year!' If then you despise these things, yours is a rare spirit indeed: the chances are you will regret. You deliberately stand aside from the common competition of your fellow men. Well, competition is an evil: the vaunted progress it brings us is but a feather to the weight of misery it inflicts on half of us, to the social dulness it inflicts on almost all. But you cannot stand aside from your fellows with impunity. There will come a time when you will regret the absence of things you now despise—established position, though it be established on vulgarity, the respect of your neighbours, though it be the respect of fools, even comforts and luxuries. Power: who knows that if you joined in the common competition you would not work your way to power? At least the chance would be a fair one: in your way it will be a million to one."

"Power to influence fools?" he murmured.

"Power is power," I rejoined. "To influence your fellow men, to order their doings, to shape their fortunes—that is the natural instinct of men of parts in your race. It is dormant in

you now, because you are distracted by art and philosophy, and because in the conceit of knowledge, too rapidly and easily gained, you let folly obscure humanity. But you will find out humanity——"

"It was exposed long ago," he rather rudely suggested.

"You will find out that you cannot ignore it; that to have given up all chance of influencing your fellow creatures is bitter, or at least that to have missed their respect is uncomfortable. Be warned in time."

"Thank you," said he, "but I shall have a shot at my own game. As for power, if I were an Elizabethan nobleman I might aim at it, because I could enjoy life at the same time. You have contradicted yourself, you know. Work —your great evil—is an absolute necessity for success at the bar or in affairs generally. Now, the advantage of my writing business is that you cannot work conscientiously at it for more than an hour a day: if you do more, you are ceasing to give the world your best. That is a great satisfaction."

He annoyed me, and I rose abruptly. "Go your ways," said I: "go and live in London and hunt for romances and be interested in humbugs and run into debt and be worried out of your wits. But don't suppose you can keep up your idea of writing as an art. You will have to do something which will degrade it—you will write leading articles or dramatic criticism. And even then—but go your ways and God be with you."

I walked to the fireplace and knocked out my pipe. Then I raised my eyes to the mirror above the mantel-piece. The young man had followed me and was looking over my shoulder. In a flash I knew him at last: I had seen that face in a glass many times.

"Yes," he said, as I turned and faced him: "it is so. I was you ten years ago." We shook hands silently and as men shake hands who have met to quarrel. I understood my instinctive antipathy: how often had I cursed his exaggerations

and mistakes and folly and idleness! But he seemed to share the feeling and was indeed the first to express it.

"You complacent beast!" he cried. "You to lecture me on not going to the bar and standing aside from my fellow men and all that! As though I had no ambitions! Have you forgotten them? What have you done with them? Why, man, it is ten years—ten years!—and you have had time to create a new English drama and purify the public taste and reconstruct a Tory party and write a modern epic—you have had time for a whole Renaissance by Jove! And what have you to show? You have acquired a capacity to live in a labourer's cottage and watch with pleasure a confounded child walking down the village street. That is all, positively all. You're a rare fellow!"

"My dear fellow," I rejoined mildly, "I really do apologise, but the fact is I came to the conclusion that these ambitions of yours would involve a lot of infernally tedious details. Besides, it's not the time for a Renaissance. We may be going down hill, I grant you—in fact I think we have been doing so intellectually, as a people, since the time of Elizabeth—but we have not reached the bottom. We must wait till then, before we can climb another hill: there is no going up the same. Besides, I have written a few little books"—["Ugh," said he]—"which—some of them, in parts—I still think rather good, though no doubt they would not appeal to you. My taste is more catholic."

"It is," he answered grimly. "What do you mean by praising ——?" (I suppress the name.)

"Ah, I remember you had a great contempt for that gifted lady. I forget if you had read any of her works—I rather think not. Well, it interested me more to explain than to resent popular successes, and in doing so I often come upon qualities which I admire—as in the case you mention. You are really rather negative, you know."

"And you're flabby."

"And you're violent."

"You—you're tame."

"Your enthusiasms are absurd."

"Your apathy is disgusting."

"Why didn't you adopt a decent trade?"

"Why haven't you written a great book?"

"You think yourself a *roué*."

"You think yourself a countryman."

"You're no judge of wine; I am."

"I can drink it with impunity; you can't."

Then we both felt the unreason of our dispute, and were silent. And then, somehow, I felt a strange pity for this young man, so honest in his self-conceit, so ignorant of the forces against him. And he, it seemed, was sorry for me. Our hands met in a grasp of sympathy, and we turned to part.

"But, by the way," I asked him; "which of us is real? Am I a dreadful warning, or are you a wistful memory?"

"You are real," he said; "and are you glad?"

"Upon my word I don't know," I answered as I awoke. But I would rather not dream that dream again. I have omitted the really interesting things we said to one another.

G. S. Street.

LINES

(TO MONICA MARY MEYNELL)

IN the land of flag-lilies,
Where burst in golden clangours
The joy-bells of the broom;
You were full of willy-nillies,
Pets, and bee-like angers:
Flaming like a dusky poppy,
In a wrathful bloom.

You were full of sweet and sour,
Like a dish of strawberries
Set about with curd.
In your petulant foot was power,
In your wilful innocences,
Your wild and fragrant word.
O was it you that sweetly spake,
Or I that sweetly heard?

Yellow were the wheat-ways,
The poppies were most red;
And all your meet and feat ways,
Your sudden bee-like snarlings,
Ah, do you remember,
Darling of the darlings?
Or is it but an ember,

A rusted peal of joy-bells,
Their golden buzzings dead?
Now at one, and now at two,
Swift to pout and swift to woo,
The maid I knew:
Still I see the duskèd tresses—
But the old angers, old caresses?
Still your eyes are autumn thunders,
But where are *you*, child, you?

This your beauty is a script
Writ with pencil brightest-dipt—
Oh, it is the fairest scroll
For a young, departed soul!—
Thus you say:
"Thrice three years ago to-day,
There was one
Shall no more beneath the sun
Darkle, fondle, featly play.
If to think on her be gloom,
Rejoice she has so rich a tomb!"
But there's he—
Ask thou not who it may be!—
That, until Time's boughs are bare,
Shall be unconsoled for her.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXIV

AFTER THE END OF ALL

"MY DEAR COUSIN—I shall faithfully obey your commands—Yours very truly, H. A. F. Tristram." And below—very formally—"The LADY TRISTRAM OF BLENT."

To write it took him no more than a moment—even though he wrote first, "The commands of the Head of the House" and destroyed that, ashamed of the sting of malice in it. To send it to the post was the work of another moment. The third found him back at his Blinkhampton plans and elevations, Cecily's letter lying neglected on the table by him. After half an hour's work he stopped suddenly, reached for the letter, tore it into small fragments, and flung the scraps into his waste-paper basket. Just about the same time Cecily and Mina were getting into the train to return to Blent.

This returning to Blent was epidemic—not so strange perhaps, since mid-August was come, and only the people who had to stayed in town. Harry met Duplay over at Blinkhampton; Duplay was to join his niece at Merrion in about ten days. He ran against Iver in the street; Iver was off to Fairholme by the afternoon train; Mr. Neeld, he

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mentioned, was coming to stay with him for a couple of weeks on Friday. Even Southend—whom Harry encountered in Whitehall, very hot and exhausted—cursed London and talked of a run down to Iver's. Blentmouth, Fairholme, Iver's, Merrion—they all meant Blent. Cecily had gone, and Mina; the rest were going there—everbody except the man who three months ago had looked to spend his life there as its master.

And business will grow slack when autumn arrives; it is increasingly difficult for a man to bury himself in deeds, or plans, or elevations, or calculations, when everybody writes that he is taking his vacation and that the matter shall have immediate attention on his return. Harry grew terribly tired of this polite formula. He wanted to build Blinkhampton out of hand, in the months of August and September. The work would have done him good service. He was seeking a narcotic.

For he was in pain. It came on about a week after he had sent his curt acknowledgment of Cecily's letter, laying hold of him, he told himself, just because he had nothing to do, because everybody was taking his holiday, and Blinkhampton would not get itself bought, and sold, and contracted for, and planned, and laid out, and built. The politicians were at it still, for two more hot, weary, sultry weeks, but they were of little use. Lady Flora had fled to Scotland, Disney was smothered in arrears of work which must be made up before he got a rest. London was full of strange faces and outlandish folk. "I must take a holiday myself," said Harry in a moment of seeming inspiration. Where, where, where? He suffered under the sensation of having nowhere whither he would naturally go, no home, no place to which he could return as to his own. He found himself wishing that he had not torn up Cecily's letter; he remembered its general effect so well that he wanted to read the very words again, in the secret hope that they would modify and soften his memory. His own answer met and destroyed the hope; he knew that he would have responded to anything friendly, had it been there.

Yet what did the letter mean? He interpreted it as Cecily

had declared he would. When he held Blent, he held it in peace of mind, though in violation of law, till one came who reproached him in a living body and with speaking eyes; faced with that, he could find no comfort in Blent. Cecily violated no law, but she violated nature, the natural right in him. To her then his presence would be intolerable, and she could not find the desperate refuge that he had chosen. Her only remedy was to forbid him the place. Her instinct drove her to that, and the instinct, so well understood by him, so well known, was to him reason enough. She could not feel mistress of Blent while he was there.

Indeed he had not meant to go. He had told Iver that in perfect good faith. It would have been in bad taste for him to think of going—of going anything like so soon as this. Whence then came his new feeling of desolation and of hurt? It was partly that he was forbidden to go. It was hard to realise that he could see Blent now only by another's will or sufferance. It was even more that now it was no question of refraining from going at once, in order to go hereafter with a better grace. He awoke with the idea that he was never to go, and in the same moment to the truth that he had always imagined himself going again, that Blent had always held a place in his picture of the future, that whatever he was doing or achieving or winning, there it was in the background. Now it was there no more. He could almost say with Mina and with Cecily herself, "This is the end of it."

What then of the impressions Mina had gathered from Mr. Disney's dinner-party? It can only be said that when people of impressionable natures study others of like temperament they should not generalise from their conduct at parties. In society dinners are eaten in disguise, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, but as a rule quite impenetrable. If Harry's had been unconscious, if the mood had played the man, the deception was the more complete.

He went to see Lady Evenswood one day; she had sent to express her desire for a talk before she fled to the country.

She had much that was pleasant to say, much of the prospects of his success, of his "training-on," as easy-mannered Theo had put it to Mina Zabriska.

"And if you do, you'll be able to think now that you've done it all off your own bat," she ended.

"You've found out my weaknesses, I see," he laughed.

"Oh, I doubt if there's any such thing as an absolute strength or an absolute weakness. They're relative. What's an advantage in one thing is a disadvantage in another."

"I understand," he smiled. "My confounded conceit may help me on in the world, but it doesn't make me a grateful friend or a pleasant companion?"

"I believe George Southend agrees as far as the grateful friend part of it is concerned. And I'm told Lord Hove does as to the rest. But then it was only Flora Disney herself who said so."

"And what do you say?"

"Oh, pride's tolerable in anybody except a lover," she declared.

"Well, I've known lovers too humble. I told one so once; he believed me, went in, and won."

"You gave him courage, not pride, Mr. Tristram."

"Perhaps that's true. He's very likely got the pride by now." He smiled at his thoughts of Bob Broadley.

"And you've settled down in the new groove?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment. "Oh, nearly. Possibly there's still a touch of the 'Desdichado' about me. His would be the only shield I could carry, you see."

"Stop! Well, I forgive you. You're not often bitter about that. But you're very bitter about something, Mr. Tristram."

"I want to work, and nobody will in August. You can't get the better of your enemies if they're with their families at Margate or in the Engadine."

"Oh, go down and stay at Blent. No, I'm serious. You say you're proud. There's a good way of showing good pride.

Go and stay in the very house. If you do that I shall think well of you—and even better than I think now of the prospects."

"I've not been invited."

"Poor girl, she's afraid to invite you! Write and say you're coming."

"She'd go away. Yes, she would. She consents to live there only on condition that I never come. She's told me so."

"I'm too old a woman to know your family! You upset the wisdom of ages, and I haven't time to learn anything new."

"I'm not the least surprised. If I were in her place, I should hate to have her there."

"Nonsense. In a month or two——"

"If anything's certain, it's that I shall never go to Blent as long as my cousin owns it."

"I call it downright wicked."

"We share the crime, she and I. She lays down the law, I willingly obey."

"Willingly?"

"My reason is convinced. Maybe I'm a little home-sick. But your month or two will serve the purpose there."

"There's a great deal more in this than you're telling me, Mr. Tristram."

"Put everything you can imagine into it, and the result's the same."

She sighed and sat for a moment in pensive silence. Harry seemed to ponder too.

"I'm going to think of nothing but my work," he announced.

"So many young men in their early twenties succeed in that!" she murmured mockingly.

"Don't those who succeed in anything succeed in that?"

"Not all, happily—and none would if they were your mother's sons. My dear boy, just open a window in you anywhere—I know you keep them shut when you can—but

just open even a chink, and Addie peeps out directly! Which means great success or great failure, Harry—and other things on the same scale, I fancy. Thank goodness—oh, yes, saving your presence, really thank goodness—I'm not like that myself!"

"Shall I prove you wrong?"

"I'm safe. I can't live to see it. And you couldn't prove me wrong without opening all the windows."

"And that I shouldn't do, even to you?"

"Do you ever do it to yourself?"

"Perhaps not," he laughed. "But once a storm blew them all in, Lady Evenswood, and left me without any screen, and without defences."

"Have another storm then," she counselled. She laid a hand on his arm. "Go to Blent."

"As things stand, I can never go to Blent, I can go only to—Blinkhampton."

"What does little Mina Zabriska say to that?"

"Oh, everything that comes into her head, I suppose, and very volubly."

"I like her," said the old lady with emphasis.

"Is there such a thing as an absolute liking, Lady Evenswood? What's pleasant at one time is abominable at another. And I've known Madame Zabriska at the other time."

"You were probably at the other time yourself."

"I thought we should agree about the relativity."

"There may always be a substratum of friendship," she argued. "You'll say it's sometimes very *sub!* Ah, well, you're human in the end. You're absolutely forgetting Blent—and you spend your time with an old woman because she can talk to you about it! Go away and arrange your life, and come back and tell me all about it. And if you're discontented with life, remember that you too will reach the stage of being just told about it some day."

Things will come home to a man at last, strive he never so desperately against them—if the things are true and the man

ever honest with himself. It was one night, a little while after this conversation, that the truth came to Harry Tristram and found acceptance or at least surrender. His mind had wandered back to that scene in the Long Gallery, and he had fallen to questioning about his own action. There was a new light on it, and the new light showed him truth. "I must face it; it's not Blent," he said aloud. If it were Blent, it was now Blent only as a scene, a frame, a background. When he pictured Blent, Cecily was there; if he thought of her elsewhere, the picture of Blent vanished. He was in love with her then; and what was the quality that Lady Evenswood had praised in a lover? Let him cultivate it how he would—and the culture would be difficult—yet it would not serve here. If he went to Blent against Cecily's commands and his own promise, he could meet with nothing but a rebuff. Yes, he was in love; and he recognised the *impasse* as fully as Mina herself, although with more self-restraint. But he was glad to know the truth; it strengthened him, and it freed him from a scorn of himself with which he had become afflicted. It was intolerable that a man should be love-sick for a house; it was some solace to find that the house, in order to hold his affections, must hold a woman too.

"Now I know where I am," said Harry. He knew what he had to meet now; he thought he knew how he would treat himself. He went down to Blinkhampton the next morning, harried his builder out of a holiday expedition, and got a useful bit of work in hand. It was, he supposed, inevitable that Cecily should journey with him in the spirit to Blinkhampton; he flattered himself that she got very little chance while he was there. She was the enemy, he declared, with a half-peevish, half-humorous smile. It was not altogether without amusement to invent all manner of devices and all sorts of occupations to evade and elude her. He ventured to declare—following the precedents—that she had treated him shamefully. That broke down. Candour insisted once again on his admitting that he himself would have done exactly the same thing.

It never occurred to him to regret, even for a moment, that he had not taken her at her word, and had not accepted her offer. That would have been to spoil his dream, not to realise it. He asked perfection or nothing, being still unhealed of that presumptuous way of his, which bade the world go hang, if it would not give him exactly what he chose. The Tristram motto was still, "No compromise!"

An unexpected ally came to his assistance. He received a sudden summons from Mr. Disney. He found him at work, rather weary and dishevelled. He let Harry in at once, but kept him waiting while he transacted some other business. Here was the place to see him, not in a drawing-room; his brusque words and quick decisions enabled him to do two men's work. He turned to Harry and said without preface:

"We're going to arbitrate this Barililand question, on behalf of the Company, you know, as well as ourselves. Another instance of my weakness! Lord Murchison's going over for us. He starts in a fortnight. He asked me to recommend him a secretary. Will you go?"

Here was help in avoiding Cecily. But what about Blinkhampton? Harry hesitated a moment.

"I should like it, but I've contracted certain obligations of a business kind at home," he said.

"Well, if you're bound, keep your word and do the work. If you find you're not, I should advise you to take this. It's a good beginning. This is Tuesday. Tell me on Saturday. Good-bye." He rang a hand-bell on the table, and, as his secretary entered, said "The Canadian papers, please."

"I'm very grateful to you, anyhow."

"That's all right, Tristram, good-bye."

There was no doubt what would be the practical way of showing gratitude. Harry went out.

He left Mr. Disney's presence determined to accept the offer if Iver could spare his services for the time. The determining cause was still Blent, or his cousin at Blent. Blinkhampton was not far enough away; it rather threw him

with people who belonged to the old life than parted him from them. He was weak himself too; while the people were at hand, he would seek them, as he had sought Lady Evenswood. At the Arbitration he would be far off, beyond the narrow seas and among folk who, recognising the peculiarity of his position, would make a point of not mentioning Blent or speaking of anybody connected with it. It was from this point of view that he was inclined towards the offer, and he did not disguise it from himself; but for it he would rather have gone on with Blinkhampton, perhaps because he had a free hand there, while he could go to the Arbitration only as a subordinate. Blent apart, the offer was valuable to him as a sign of Disney's appreciation rather than on its own account.

He went home and wrote to Iver. The letter weighed all considerations save the one which really weighed with him; he put himself fairly in Iver's hands but did not conceal his own wish; he knew that if Iver were against the idea on solid business grounds he would not be affected by Harry's personal preference. But the business reasons, when examined, did not seem very serious, and Harry thought that he would get leave to go. He rose from his writing with a long sigh. If he received the answer he expected, he was at the parting of the ways; and he had chosen the path that led directly and finally away from Blent.

An evening paper was brought to him. A tremendous headline caught his notice. "Resignation of Lord Hove! He will not arbitrate about Barililand. Will the Government break up?" Probably not, thought Harry; and it was odd to reflect that, if Lord Hove had got his way, he would have lost his heroic remedy. So great things and small touch and intersect one another. Perhaps Theo (who could now settle that question about the kicking with his friends) would maintain that Flora Disney had talked too much to Harry at dinner, instead of taking all pains to soothe Lord Hove!

It was his last struggle; he had no doubt that he could win, but the fight was very fierce. Impatient of his quiet

rooms, he went out into the crowded streets. At first he found himself envying everybody he passed—the cabman on his box, the rough young fellows escaped from the factory, the man who sold matches and had no cares beyond food and a bed. But presently he forgot them all and walked among shadows. He was at Blent in spirit, sometimes with Addie Tristram, sometimes with Cecily. His imagination undid what his hand had done; he was smiling again at the efforts of Duplay to frighten or to displace him. Thus he would be happy for a moment, till reality came back and a dead dulness settled on his soul. Half afraid of himself, he turned round and made for home again; he could not be sure of his self-control. But again he mastered that, and again paced the streets, now in a grim resolution to tire mind and body, so that these visions should have nothing to work on and, finding blank, unresponsive weariness, should go their ways and leave him in an insensible fatigue. Ever since he disclaimed his inheritance he had been living in a stress of excitement that had given him a fortitude half unnatural; now this support seemed to fail, and with it went the power to bear.

The remedy worked well; at eight o'clock he found himself very tired, very hungry, unexpectedly composed. He turned into a little restaurant to dine. The place was crowded, and rather shamefacedly (as is the national way) he sat down at a small table opposite a girl in a light-blue blouse and a very big hat, who was eating risotto and drinking lager beer. She assumed an air of exaggerated primness and gentility, keeping her eyes down towards her plate, and putting very small quantities into her mouth at a time. Glad of distraction, Harry watched her with amusement. At last she glanced up stealthily.

"A fine evening," he said, as he started on his chop.

"Very seasonable," she began in a mincing tone; but suddenly she broke off to exclaim in a voice and accent more natural and spontaneous, "Good gracious, I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"I'm not aware that I ever had the honour," said Harry.

"Well, I know your face, anyhow." She was looking at him and searching her memory. "You're not at the halls, are you?"

"No, I'm not at the halls."

"Well, I do know your face—Why, yes, I've seen your face in the papers. I shall get it in a minute now—don't you tell me." She studied him with determination. Harry ate away in contented amusement. "Yes, you're the man who—why, yes, you're Tristram?"

"That's right. I'm Tristram."

"Well, to think of that! Meeting you! Well, I shall have something to tell the girls. Why, a friend of mine wrote down to the country, special, for your photo."

"That must have proved a disappointment, I'm afraid. The romance was better than the hero."

"You may say romance!" she conceded heartily. "To be a lord and——!" She leant forward. "I say, how do you get your living now?"

"Gone into the building-trade," he answered.

"You surprise me!" The observation was evidently meant to be extremely civil. "But there, it isn't so much what your job is as having some job. That's what I say."

"I wish I always said—and thought—things as sensible"; and he took courage to offer her another glass of lager. She accepted with a slight recrudescence of primness; but her eyes did not leave him now. "I never did!" he heard her murmur as she raised her glass. "Well, here's luck to you sir! (He had been a lord even if he were now a builder.) You did the straight thing in the end."

"What?" asked Harry, a little startled.

"Well, some did say as you'd known it all along. Oh, I don't say so; some did."

Harry began to laugh. "It doesn't matter, does it, if I did the straight thing in the end?"

"I'm sure as I shouldn't blame you if you had been a bit tempted. I know what that is! Well sir, I'll say good evening."

"Good evening, miss, and thank you very much," said Harry, rising as she rose. His manner had its old touch of lordliness. His friends criticised that sometimes; this young lady evidently approved.

"You've no cause to thank me," said she, with an admiring look.

"Yes, I have. As it happened, I believe I wanted somebody to remind me that I had done the straight thing in the end, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

"Well, I shall have something to tell the girls!" she said again in wondering tones, as she nodded to him and turned slowly away.

Harry was comforted. The stress of his pain was past. He sat on over his simple meal in a leisurely, comfortable fashion. He was happy in the fact that his enemy had at least nothing with which she could reproach him, that he had no reason for not holding his head erect before her. And the girl's philosophy had been good. He had a job, and that was the great thing in this world. He felt confident that the struggle was won now, and that it would never have to be fought again in so severe a fashion. His self-respect was intact; if he had been beaten, he would never have forgiven himself.

He regained his rooms. A letter lay waiting for him on the table. He opened it and found that it was from Mina Zabriska.

> We are back here [she wrote]. I am staying at Blent till my uncle comes down. I must write and say good-bye to you. I daresay we shall never meet again, or merely by chance. I am very unhappy about it all, but with two people like Cecily and you nothing else could have happened. I see that now, and I'm not going to try to interfere any more. I sha'n't ask you to forgive me for interfering, because you've made the result quite enough punishment for anything I did wrong. And now Cecily goes about looking just like you—hard and proud and grim; and she's begun to move things about and alter arrangements at Blent. That's what brings it home to me most of all. ["And to me," interposed Harry as he read.] If I was the sort of woman you think me, I should go on writing to you. But I shan't write again. I am going to stay at Merrion through the winter, and since you won't come here, this is the last of me for a long time anyhow. Oh, you Tristrams! Good-bye.
>
> MINA ZABRISKA.

"Poor little Imp!" said Harry. "She's a very good sort; and she seems about right. It's the end of everything." He paused and looked round. "Except of these rooms—and my work—and, well, life at large, you know!" He laughed in the sudden realisation of how much was left after there was an end of all—life to be lived, work to be done, enjoyments to be won. He could know this, although he could hardly yet feel it in any very genuine fashion. He could project his mind forward to a future appreciation of what he could not at the moment relish; and he saw that life would be full and rich with him, even although there were an end of all. "But I don't believe," he said to himself, slowly smiling, "that I should ever have come to understand that or to—to fulfil it unless I had—what did the girl say?—done the straight thing in the end, and come out of Blent. Well, old Blent, good-bye!" He crumpled up Mina's letter, and flung it into the grate.

The maid-servant opened the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," she said.

"Oh, say I'm busy——" he began.

"We must see you, please," insisted Mr. Jenkinson Neeld, with unusual firmness. He turned to the man with him, saying: "Here is Mr. Tristram, Colonel Edge."

CHAPTER XXV

THERE'S THE LADY TOO!

There was nothing very remarkable about Colonel Wilmot Edge. He was a slightly built, trim man, but his trimness was not distinctively military. He might have been anything, save that just now the tan on his face witnessed to an out-of-door life. His manner was cold, his method of speech leisurely and methodical. At first sight Harry saw nothing in him to modify the belief in which he had grown up—that the Edges were an unattractive race, unable to appreciate Tristrams, much less worthy to mate with them. He gave the Colonel a

chair rather grudgingly, and turned to old Mr. Neeld for an explanation of the visit.

Neeld had fussed himself into a seat already, and had drawn some sheets of paper covered with type-writing from his pocket. He spread them out, smoothed them down, cleared his throat, and answered Harry's look by a glance at Edge. Mr. Neeld was in a fidget, a fidget of importance and expectancy.

"You will know," said Edge gravely, "that no ordinary matter has led me to call on you, Mr. Tristram. However little we may be responsible for the past, we have to recognise it. I should not, under ordinary circumstances, have sought your acquaintance. You must consider this interview purely as one of a business kind. I have just returned to England. For two months I have been out of the way of receiving letters or newspapers. I went to the Imperium Club to-night —I arrived only this morning—and dined in Neeld's company. As it chanced, we spoke of you, and I learnt what has happened since I left England. I have lost no time in calling on you."

Neeld was listening and fidgeting with his sheets of paper. The Colonel's preamble excited little interest in Harry. The reaction of his struggle was on him; he was courteously but not keenly attentive.

"It is not agreeable to me to speak of my brother to you, Mr. Tristram. Doubtless we should differ if we discussed his character and conduct. It is not necessary."

"Is Sir Randolph Edge concerned in what you have to say to me?" asked Harry.

"Yes; I am sorry to say he is. Another person is concerned also."

"One moment. You are, of course, aware that I no longer represent my family? Legally I'm not even a member of it. It is possible that you ought to address yourself to Lady Tristram—my cousin—or to her lawyers."

"I have to speak to you. Is the name of the Comtesse d'Albreville known to you, Mr. Tristram?"

"Yes, I've heard my mother speak of meeting her in Paris."

"That would be when Lady Tristram was residing with my brother?"

"My mother was never in Paris after that, I believe. It would be at that time, Colonel Edge."

"You are aware that later—after he parted from Lady Tristram—my brother went to Russia, where he had business interests?"

"I have very good reason to know that." Harry smiled at Mr. Neeld, who had apparently got all he could out of his papers, and was sitting quiet and upright in an eager attention.

"What I am about to say is known, I believe, to myself alone—and to Neeld here, to whom I told it to-night. While my brother was in Russia, he was joined by the Comtesse. She paid him a visit—secretly, I need hardly add. She passed under the name of Madame Valfier, and she resided in the house adjoining Randolph's. Lady Tristram was not, of course, aware of the relations between her and my brother. I will come now to the time of my brother's death. When he fell ill, he had just completed the sale of one of his Russian properties. Lady Tristram did not, I daresay, speak of the Comtesse's character to you?"

"I never remember hearing my mother speak of anybody's character," said Harry with a smile.

"She was a brilliant woman—she died, by the way, two or three years ago—but extravagant and fond of money. She prevailed on my brother to promise her the price of this property as a gift. The sum was considerable—about seven thousand pounds."

Harry nodded. Here seemed to be some possible light on the reasons for the interview.

"This money was to be paid—in gold—on a certain day. I speak now from information imparted to me subsequently by the Comtesse herself. It was given under a promise of secrecy which I have kept hitherto, but now find myself compelled in honesty to break."

"There can be no question of what is your duty, Edge," Mr. Neeld put in.

"I think none. My brother during his illness discussed the matter with the Comtesse. The money was payable in Petersburg. He could not hope to be well enough to go there. At her suggestion he signed a paper authorising payment to be made to her or to an agent appointed by her. The money being destined for her ultimately, this naturally seemed the best arrangement. She could go and receive the money, or send for it—as a fact she went in person when the time came—and all would be settled."

"Quite so. And the transaction would not appear on the face of Sir Randolph's accounts or bank-book," Harry suggested.

"It's possible that weight was given to that consideration too, but it is not very material. The Comtesse, then, was in possession of this authority. My brother's illness took a turn for the worse. To be brief, he died before the day came on which the money was to be paid."

"And she presented the authority all the same?" asked Harry. "And got the money, did she?"

"That is precisely the course she adopted," assented Colonel Edge.

Harry took a walk up and down the room and returned to the hearthrug.

"I'm very sensible of your kindness in coming here to-day," he said, "and your conduct is that of a man of honour. But at this point I'll stop you, please. I'm aware that *primâ facie* the law would pronounce me to be Sir Randolph's son. That has always been disclaimed on our side, and could easily be disproved on yours. I have nothing to do with Sir Randolph Edge or his property."

The Colonel listened unmoved.

"In any case you would have nothing to do with my brother's property," he remarked. "He left a will by which I was constituted sole legatee."

"Then if she robbed anybody she robbed you?"

"Certainly; and three years later she came and told me so."

"Then how in the world does it concern me?" cried Harry impatiently.

"You put your finger on the spot, Mr. Tristram, but you took it off again. You said she presented the authority all the same."

"Yes. The authority would be revoked by his death. At least, I suppose there's no question of that? Did she get at them before they heard of the death?"

"This money was payable on June 22—the 10th as it's reckoned in Russia—but we needn't trouble about that. As you and Neeld are both aware, on the 18th my brother fell into a collapse which was mistaken for death."

"Yes, the 18th," murmured Neeld, referring to the paper before him, and reading Josiah Cholderton's account of what Madame de Kries had told him at Heidelberg.

"From that attack he rallied temporarily, but not until his death had been reported."

"I am not the man to forget that circumstance," said Harry.

"The report of his death was, of course, contradicted immediately. The doctor attending him saw to that."

"Naturally; and I suppose the Comtesse would see to it too."

"And the only importance that the occurrence of the 18th has for us at present is that, according to the Comtesse's story, it suggested to the doctor the course which she, on his prompting as she declared and certainly with his connivance, afterwards adopted. My brother, having rallied from his first collapse, kept up the fight a little while longer. It was, however, plain to the doctor that he could live but a very short time. The Comtesse knew this. My brother was not in a condition to transact business, and was incapable of securing to her any benefit by testamentary disposition, even if he had wished to do so. Her only chance was the money for the property. This she saw her way to securing with the doctor's help, even although my brother should die before it fell due,

and the authority she held should thereby lose its legal validity."

"You mean that they determined to carry out a fraud if necessary?"

"Precisely. I must remind you that my brother knew nothing of this. He was altogether past understanding anything about it. I may be very brief now, but I am still anxious that you should fully understand. All that I'm saying to you is beyond question and can be proved at any time by taking evidence on the spot; it is easily available."

Harry had sat down by now and was listening intently.

"On the morning of the 22nd," Edge pursued in his level, methodical way, "the Comtesse went to the station escorted by Dr. Migratz; that was his name—rather that is his name; he is still alive. On the way they met the British Vice-Consul, and in reply to inquiries from him said that my brother had had another attack but had rallied again. Dr. Migratz expressed the opinion that he would live another two days, while Madame Valfier (the Vice-Consul knew her by that name) was sanguine enough to talk of the possibility of a recovery. She impressed him very much by her courage and hopefulness; she was, I may remark, a handsome and attractive woman. Leaving the Vice-Consul, they reached the station and there parted. Migratz returned immediately to my brother's house and remained there, the case being declared to be so critical as to require unremitting attention. Madame Valfier—the Comtesse—took the train to Petersburg, reached it that evening, presented the authority early next morning and was back about midnight—that being the 23rd. The next day my brother's death was announced, certified by Migratz, and duly registered as the law of the place required." He drew a paper from his pocket. "This is a copy of the entry, showing death on the 24th.

"That document is very familiar to me, Colonel Edge. It gives both styles, doesn't it?"

"Yes, both styles, but—well, you see for yourself. My story is done. With Migratz's connivance—a woman who

acted as nurse was squared, too, and her evidence is available—the actual date of death was concealed and the Comtesse d'Albreville had time to present her authority and receive the money. After paying her accomplices their price, she left Russia with the bulk of it immediately."

Harry glanced at Neeld; the old man's face was full of excitement and his hand trembled as it lay on the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's Journal.

"My mother was married to my father on the 23rd," said Harry slowly.

"My brother died on the 22nd," said Wilmot Edge. "He was dead before the Comtesse started for Petersburg."

Harry made no comment. He sat still and thoughtful.

"Of course I was put on the track of the affair," Edge pursued, "by the disappearance of the money. I had little difficulty in guessing that there had been something queer, but what it was did not cross my mind for a long while. Even after I had a clue, I found Migratz a tough customer, and for a long time I totally failed to identify Madame Valfier. When, thanks to a series of chances, I did so, it was a shock to me. She was the wife of a man of high position and high reputation. She had contrived—she was a remarkable woman—to carry out this expedition of hers without rousing any suspicion; she had returned to her husband and children. Finding herself in danger, she took the bold course of throwing herself on my mercy, and sent for me to Paris. It was not my desire to rake up the story, to injure my brother's memory, or to break up the woman's home. I pocketed the loss as far as I was concerned. As for you, I didn't know you were concerned. I had never gone into the details; I accepted the view which your own conduct, and Lady Tristram's, suggested. I promised silence, guarding myself by a proviso that I must speak if the interests of third persons were ever affected. Your interests are affected now, and I have spoken, Mr. Tristram—or Lord Tristram as I undoubtedly ought to say."

Harry turned to Mr. Neeld with a smile and pointed at the leaves of the Journal.

"There was something Cholderton didn't know after all," he said. "A third date—neither the 18th nor the 24th! Twenty-four hours! Well, I suppose it's enough!"

"It's enough to make all the difference to you," said Neeld. "It makes the action you took in giving up your position unnecessary and wrong. It restores the state of things which existed——"

"Before you and Mina Zabriska came to Blent—and brought Mr. Cholderton?" He sat smiling a moment. "Forgive me; I'm very inhospitable," he said, and offered them cigarettes and whisky.

Neeld refused; the Colonel took both.

"You may imagine with what feelings I heard your story," Edge resumed, and found that the Comtesse's fraud was really the entire basis of your action. If I had been in England the thing need never have happened."

"It has happened," said Harry, "and—and I don't quite know where we are." For the world was all altered again, just when the struggle of the evening had seemed to settle it. The memory of the girl in the restaurant flashed across his mind. What would she—what would she say to this?

Colonel Edge was evidently rather a talkative man. He began again, rather as though he were delivering a little set speech.

"It's perhaps hardly to be expected," he said, "that any degree of intimacy should exist between your family and mine, Lord Tristram, but I venture to hope that the part which it has been my privilege to play to-day may do something to obliterate the memories of the past. We don't perhaps know all the rights of it. I am loyal to my brother, but I knew the late Lady Tristram, and I can appreciate all that her friends valued and prized in her."

"Very good, Edge, very good," murmured emotional old Mr. Neeld. "Very proper, most proper."

"And I hope that old quarrels need not be eternal."

"I'm very much in your debt and I'm sincerely grateful, Colonel Edge. As for the past—There are graves; let it lie in them."

"Thank you, Lord Tristram, thank you;" and the Colonel gave Harry his hand.

"Excellent, excellent!" muttered Mr. Neeld as he folded up the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's diary.

"You can call on me for proofs whenever you wish to proceed. After what has occurred, I presume they will be necessary."

"Yes, yes—for his seat," assented Neeld.

"And to satisfy public opinion," added Edge.

There was a pause. Neeld broke it by saying timidly:

"And—er—there is, of course, the—the lady. The lady who now holds the title and estates."

"Of course!" agreed Edge, with a nod that apologised for forgetfulness.

Of course there was! Harry smiled. He had been wondering how long they would take to think of the lady who now held the title and estates. Well, they had come to her at last—after providing for the requirements of the House of Lords and the demands of public opinion—after satisfying the girl in the restaurant, in fact. Yes, of course, there was the lady too.

Though he smiled, he was vexed and suffered a vague disappointment. It is to be wished that things would happen in a manner harmonious with their true nature—the tragic tragically, the comic so that laughter roars out, the melodramatic with the proper limelight effects. To do the Tristrams justice, this was generally achieved where they were concerned; Harry could have relied on his mother and on Cecily; he could rely on himself if he were given a suitable environment, one that appealed to him and afforded responsive feelings. The family was not in the habit of wasting its opportunities for emotion. But who could be emotional now—in face of these two elderly gentlemen? Neeld's example made such a thing ridiculous, Colonel Edge would obviously consider it unsoldierlike. The chance had been frittered away; life was at its old game of neglecting its own possibilities. There was nothing but to acquiesce; fine melodrama had been degraded into a business

interview with two elderly and conscientious gentlemen. The scene in the Long Gallery had at least been different from this! Harry bowed his head; he must be thankful for small blessings; it was something that they had remembered the lady at last.

At a glance from Edge, Neeld rose to go.

"Pray wait—wait a minute or two," begged Harry. "I want to think for a minute."

Neeld sat down again. It is very likely they were as surprised at him as he was childishly vexed with them. For he exhibited perfect calm. Yet perhaps Colonel Edge, who had given so colourless an account of the Comtesse's wild appeal to him, was well suited.

"I'm going down to Iver's to-morrow," said old Neeld, tucking the extract from his Journal into his pocket.

"To Iver's?" After a moment's silence Harry fairly laughed. Edge was surprised, not understanding what a difference the Comtesse's manœuvre had made there too. He could not be expected to know all the difference it had made to Harry's life, even to the man himself. Two irresponsible ladies—say Addie and—well, Madame Valfier—may indeed make differences.

"Yes, to Fairholme," continued old Neeld. "We—we may see you there now?"

Edge looked up with an interested glance. It had occurred to him that he was turning somebody out as well as putting somebody in.

"You'll have, of course, to communicate what I have said to—to——?"

"Oh, we'll say Lady Tristram still," Harry interrupted.

Edge gave a little bow. "I shall be ready to meet her or her advisers at any time," he remarked. "She will, I hope, recognise that no other course was open to me. She must not think that there is any room for doubt."

Harry's brain was at work now; he saw himself going to Blent, going to tell Cecily.

"Possibly," Mr. Neeld suggested, "it would be better

to entrust a third person with the task of giving her this news? One of her own sex perhaps?" He seemed to contemplate a possible fainting-fit, and, remembering his novels, the necessity of cutting stay-laces, a task better left to women.

"You're thinking of Mina; of Mina Zabriska?" asked Harry, laughing. There again, what a loss! Why had not Mina heard it at first hand? She would have known how to treat the thing.

"She's always taken a great interest in the matter, and—and I understand is very friendly with—with Miss Gainsborough," said Neeld.

"We shall have to make up our minds what to call ourselves soon," sighed Harry.

"There can be no doubt at all," Edge put in; "and if I may venture to suggest, I should say the sooner the necessity is faced the better."

"Certainly, certainly," Harry assented absently. Even the girl in the restaurant must know about it soon; there must be another pow-wowing in all the papers soon. But what would Cecily say? "If ever the time comes——." He had laughed at that; it had sounded so unlikely, so unreal, so theatrical, "If ever the time comes, I shall remember." That was a strange thing to look back to now. But it was all strange—the affair of the beastly new viscounty, Blinkhampton and its buildings, the Arbitration and the confidence of Mr. Disney. Madame Valfier—Comtesse d'Albreville—with a little help from Addie Tristram had brought all these things about. The result of Harry's review of them was English enough to satisfy Wilmot Edge himself.

"The whole thing makes me look rather an ass, I think," said he.

"No doubt you acted impulsively," Edge allowed. It was fully equivalent to an assent.

"Good Heavens, I'd been brought up to it! It had always been the fact of my life." He made no pretences about the matter now. "It never occurred to me to think of any mistake. That certificate"—it lay on the table still—"was the sword

of Damocles." He laughed as he spoke the hackneyed old phrase. "And Damocles knew the sword was there, or there'd have been no point in it."

The two had rather lost track of his mood. They looked at one another again.

"You've a lot to think of. We'll leave you," said the Colonel.

"But—but what am I to do?" Old Neeld's voice was almost a bleat in his despair. "Am I to tell people at Blentmouth?"

"The communication should come from an authoritative quarter," Edge advised.

"It's bound to be a blow to her," said Neeld. "Suddenly lifted up, suddenly thrown down! Poor girl!"

"Justice is the first thing," declared Wilmot Edge. Now he might have been on a court-martial.

They knew nothing whatever of the truth or the true position.

"We may rely on—on Lord Tristram—to treat the matter with every delicacy, Edge."

"I'm sure of it, Neeld, I'm sure of it."

"He has been through what is practically the same experience himself."

"A very remarkable case, very remarkable. The state of the law which makes such a thing possible——"

"Ah, there I don't agree, Edge. There may be hardships on individuals, but in the interests of morality——"

"You must occasionally put up with damned absurdity," Harry interrupted rather roughly. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Neeld. I—I'm a bit worried over this."

They sat silent then, watching him for a few moments. He stood leaning his arm on the mantel-piece, his brows knit but a smile lingering on his lips. He was seeing the scene again, the scene in which he was to tell Cecily. He knew what the end of it would be. They were strangers now. The scene would leave them strangers still. Still Mina Zabriska would be left to cry, "You Tristrams!" Given that they were Tristrams, no other result was possible. They had been

through what Mr. Neeld called practically the same experience already; in that very room it had happened.

Suddenly the two men saw a light born in Harry's eyes; his brow grew smooth, the smile on his lips wider. He gave a moment's more consideration to the new thing. Then he raised his head and spoke to Wilmot Edge.

"There are a good many complications in this matter, Colonel Edge. I've had my life upset once before, and I assure you it's rather troublesome work. It wants a little time and a little thinking. You get rather confused—always changing your train, you know. I have work on hand—plans and so forth. And, as you say, of course there's the lady too." He laughed as he ended by borrowing Neeld's phrase.

"I can understand all that, Lord Tristram."

"Do you mind saying Mr. Tristram; saying Mr. Tristram to me and to everybody for the present? It won't be for long; a week perhaps."

"You mean, keep the change in the position a secret?" Edge seemed rather startled.

"You've kept the secret for many years, Colonel. Shall we say a week more? And you too, Mr. Neeld? Nothing at all to the people at Blentmouth? Shall we keep Miss S. in the dark for a week more?" The thought of Miss Swinkerton carried obvious amusement with it.

"You mean to choose your opportunity with—with your cousin?" Neeld asked.

"Yes, exactly—to choose my opportunity. You see the difficult character of the situation? I ask your absolute silence for a week."

"Really I——" Old Neeld hesitated a little. "These concealments lead to such complications," he complained. He was thinking, no doubt, of the Iver engagement and the predicament in which it had landed him.

"I don't ask it on my own account. There's my cousin."

"Yes, yes, Neeld; there's the lady too."

"Well, Edge, if you're satisfied, I can't stand out. For a week then—silence."

"Absolute!" said Harry, "Without a look or a word?"

"You have my promise," said Wilmot Edge.

"And mine. But—but I shall feel very awkward," sighed poor Mr. Neeld. He might have added that he did feel a sudden and poignant pang of disappointment. Lived there the man who would not have liked to carry that bit of news in his portmanteau when he went out of town? At least that man was not Mr. Jenkinson Neeld.

"I'll choose my time, and I won't keep you long," said Harry.

With that they left him. But they had a word together before Edge caught his 'bus in Piccadilly.

"Cool young chap!" said he. "Took it quietly enough."

"Yes, considering the enormous difference it makes," agreed Neeld. His use of that particular phrase was perhaps an unconscious reminiscence of the words in the Journal, the words that Addie used when she burst into Madame de Kries' room at Heidelberg.

Edge chuckled a little. "Not much put out about the girl either, eh?"

"Now you say so——" Neeld shook his head. "I hope he'll do it tactfully," he sighed.

Edge did not seem to consider that likely. He in his turn shook his head.

"I said no more than I thought about Addie Tristram," he remarked. "But the fact is, they're a rum lot, and there's no getting over it, Neeld."

"They—er—have their peculiarities, no doubt," admitted Mr. Neeld.

(*To be continued.*)