THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT AND WHAT IT MAY LEAD TO

SEVERAL times in the history of the last eight hundred years there have been cordial understandings, drawings together of France and England, from which far-sighted individuals might have been excused for prophesying a union of interests so complete as to be almost the grafting of one tree on another. Then these short-lived alliances have been rudely broken by some conflict of ambitions—generally due to territorial greed—and a war has intervened, which for a time has created a wholly factitious hostility between Englishman and Frenchman. I am careful to say "Englishman"; because whenever the Scottish and Irish have been able to conduct their own relations or express their own sentiments they have been strongly drawn towards friendship with France, perhaps because they remembered more vividly than did the Francicised-Englishman how much—almost everything, in fact—Great Britain and Ireland owed to France in the matter of civilisation. It is only of quite recent years that the spread of education amongst the mass of the people has been enabling the English to appreciate to what an extent our history has been mixed up with that of France and how much we have learnt, irksome though the lesson may have been sometimes, from those that came from French shores and brought with

them wave after wave of the knowledge of better things. Our British civilisation, in fact, is two-thirds French in origin (Roman, Gallic, Breton, Norman, Gascon, Angevin, Burgundian, French), one-sixth Flemish and Dutch, one-twelfth Spanish, one-twenty-fourth Italian, and one-twenty-fourth German. The language of England, of part of Wales, and of the greater part of Scotland and Ireland, is an amalgam of Low German and Scandinavian, powerfully influenced in pronunciation, grammar and vocabulary by Norman French, modern French, and that Latin which was brought to us time after time through France from the days of Cæsar to the time of Elizabeth. The Latin brought by the Romans affected the British and Irish languages, and through them the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian; while later on Latin through the Roman Church enriched the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. Latin and French have so crept into our modern speech—still more into the language of the pen—that although fundamentally English is a daughter of the Low German branch of the Teutonic tongue (powerfully modified by Norse intermixture), an Englishman knowing no speech but his own would be absolutely unable to understand the drift of a printed sentence in any of the German or Scandinavian languages; whereas even if he did not know a word of French he could often follow the meaning of a paragraph in a French book or newspaper, simply because he shares in common with the Frenchman so many expressive words in French or Latin.

The history of England between 1066 and 1688 was far more concerned with France than with any other European country. The dynasties of our kings by the actual origin of their founders or by intermarriage with French princesses were almost as much French as English. The two last of the reigning Stuarts were the sons of a French mother and the grandsons of Henry IV.

The eighteenth century began whilst Britain, Holland and Southern Germany fought against the attempt of Louis XIV. to make himself master of all Western Europe (in which

ambition without Marlborough and Rooke he would have succeeded). It came to an end during the first phase of the struggle with Napoleon, a struggle which but for the intervention of England would quite conceivably have ended by Napoleon making himself master—for his lifetime—of the civilised world. Waterloo finished Napoleon, and for just ninety years we have not fired a gun at France or broken a peace which has been of incalculable benefit to the peoples on either side of the English Channel. Once indeed, fifty years ago, British and French troops marched as allies in a somewhat sorry cause, but with the intention of preserving the balance of power in the Eastern world. Then our relations with France became less satisfactory, this being due as much as anything to the vacillation and shortsightedness of the statesmen who ruled over Britain's destinies (and ruled but indifferently, so far as foreign affairs were concerned) between 1855 and 1875. We stood by, running no risks but vaunting greatly our Liberalist notions, while France poured forth money and men to make Italy a great and independent nation; and when Napoleon III. sought to indemnify his country for the sacrifices she made in that direction by adding to France Savoy (a small tract of absolutely French-speaking country south of the Lake of Geneva) and a few miles of Mediterranean coast (Nice), we said and wrote the most insulting things about French greed. Later on we expressed some cheap and pious satisfaction at the defeat of France by Germany, and defended Germany not only for taking back to herself Strasburg and Alsace (in which she was right, judged by historical associations and community of language) but also Metz and French-speaking Lorraine (in which—judged by the same tests—Germany was wrong). Then in 1881 and 1882 (just prior to our own descent on Egypt) came the usual denunciations of France for entering Tunis (by prior agreement with an English statesman) to found the Protectorate in that part of Africa which has been one of the best examples that can be cited of how a European country should educate an African State and raise it without injustice

to the degree of civilisation which its position and history merit.

However: let bygones be bygones; France has sometimes been unjust to us; it is waste of space discussing the past. Dare we prophesy better things for the future on the part of both nations? Because if Great Britain has been stupid, selfish, ungracious, and ungrateful, France has often shown herself passionate, scurrilous, greedy and boastful. France has received from Fate that drastic punishment for her sins of omission and commission which Russia is now undergoing and which Great Britain mercifully escaped at the time of the Boer War (but which she will richly deserve if she does not now set her Governmment machinery, her War Office, her Senate and some other institutions in order).

There is one strong link which ought to bind France and ourselves and the rest of the Western nations together in a firm friendship and in a common policy in most matters which affect the welfare of mankind. We, together with France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Italy and North Africa, are constituent portions of that greater Western Roman Empire that has never really died, that Empire which of all States has conferred the greatest blessings on mankind. The civilisation of Great Britain and Ireland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal and Italy is a Latin civilisation, and perhaps no League of Alliance (saving that between Great Britain and the United States) could be more natural than the drawing together of the Daughters of Rome.

Now that our eagerness for territorial acquisitions has abated, now that both France and England are beginning to realise through the purse and through many a bloody and inglorious campaign that the task of founding Empires in Africa and Asia is often thankless (since we are merely training up new nations of black men and yellow men who will some day become independent and will bear us no more gratitude than we have borne to the memory of Rome), what subject of first importance can divide the interests of Britain

and France, of Britain and Spain and Portugal and Italy and Switzerland and Belgium? On the other hand, if we were united by a firm alliance, an alliance which must of necessity include an unspoken, unwritten pact with the United States of America—nay, I would make bold to say with the whole of America, since what is not Anglo-Saxon there is Latin—we could dictate peace to the whole world. A league like ours could view without jealousy a friendly Germany building up and cementing an Empire of the Nearer East Germany which has always hung about the flanks of Latin civilisation and which unconsciously did so much to virilise and urge the work of Rome or of Byzantium: we could see that great nation of sixty millions of people (who, as their Emperor said the other day without much exaggeration, are the salt of the earth—who are co-equal at any rate with us Britons, with the French, and with the Americans)—bring law and order into the Balkan Peninsula, civilise and (where it be empty) populate Asia Minor and restore the glories of Mesopotamia. We could see without envy or uncharitableness a regenerated Russian Empire devoting itself to the exploitation of the incredible riches that man's labour will produce from the fertile soil of Russia and the mines and forests of Siberia, the rocks and oil-springs, the orchards and vineyards and fisheries of Persia. We could watch without alarm the growth of the Japanese Empire and its revivification of China. If we could only bring about this Latin Alliance the great wars of the world might come to an end and the human race would for a time—all human arrangements are fleeting—be grouped under five great leagues or alliances—the Latin League, headed by Britain and France, the American League, closely allied thereto, the German Empire of the Nearer East (with perhaps Scandinavia as a close friend), the Russian Empire, and the Japanese. Indeed, Britain might be the agency which would link three of these great alliances together, the bond of union between America and the Latin League, and between these two and the Japanese.

We are perhaps soaring too much into the future, becoming too rhapsodical. Let us return to the more prosaic details which would attend an Anglo-French Alliance that should widen into a league of Latin nations. For a long time to come the component countries of this League would be (1) the British Empire with its dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, Asia and Australasia—territories roughly 11,394,000 square miles in area, with a population of 388 millions; (2) a French Empire with its possessions in all the continents of 4,089,000 square miles in extent, and 95½ millions of inhabitants; (3) the Kingdom of Italy with its present and its future territories in Northern and Eastern Africa (709,000 square miles including Tripoli and Barka, with 36 millions of inhabitants); (4) the Kingdom of Spain with its possessions in North, North-West and Equatorial Africa and the archipelago of the Canary Islands (275,363 square miles: population, 19 millions); (5) the Kingdom of Portugal with the Azores and Madeira, with large and rich colonies or dependencies in Western and South-Eastern Africa, in India, China and the Malay Archipelago (838,442 square miles; population, 14,200,000), making a total area of the earth's surface within this league of 17,302,000 square miles with 552,700,000 human beings, white, black and yellow. Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg might from international necessities have to make a league of their own, on equally friendly terms with both the German Empire on the one hand and the Latin League on the other; while Switzerland, though continuing to entertain the warmest sympathy and friendship for England, France and Italy, might also prefer her happy isolation which has served her people so well during the last ninety years. To the territories above-mentioned, however, when the Turkish Empire is modified by the approaching changes in the Balkan Peninsula and becomes a ward of Germany (Syria and Palestine passing to the Jews, Egypt to the suzerainty of Britain, Tripoli to Italian protection) must be added Arabia. Great Britain has no earth hunger so far as this scorched peninsula

of Arabia is concerned; but as it is the headquarters of the Mohammedan religion and is the only piece of land which separates Egypt from the seas of India, it is a matter of vital importance to Great Britain that Arabia shall not come under the domination of either Germany or Russia. This great peninsula therefore may have to be placed either under a British Protectorate for the time being or under the joint tutelage of France and England. Already Britain has secured by treaty a sphere of influence stretching from the eastern frontier of Aden right round the south coast of Arabia to the State of Oman, and it is only a treaty between Britain and France which prevents the former Power yielding to the request of the Imam of Maskat and extending a British Protectorate over Oman, to join on with the British Protectorate of Bahrein, on the south-western shore of the Persian Gulf. Egypt under British suzerainty occupies the Sinai Peninsula. Therefore, so far as practical British control is concerned, the only gaps to be filled up on the Arabian coast-line are that of Koweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and the Hedjaz or coast of Medina, Mecca, and the country of Yaman. What we shall strive for will be an eventually independent Arabia, able to defend herself against attack from Germany or Russia and obliged to remain on perfectly friendiy terms with the countries of the Latin League.

It must be clearly understood that I am only advocating an alliance, a league for the protection of the joint interests of the countries taking part in it, for the maintenance of the peace of the world where that peace is threatened by unwarrantable action on the part of other empires or leagues. Each country or empire taking part in this Latin League would preserve to the fullest degree its own internal independence, its own Army, Navy, Diplomatic and Consular services, its own tariff, framed to suit its home requirements. But the mere cessation, for example, of French and British rivalry in Africa and Asia, the feeling that if France opens up a new territory or if England does the like, it is almost if not quite as

beneficial to the commerce of the other members of the League—all these considerations would give this association immense power. Hitherto Germany has often forced herself into this or that favourable position in Africa, Asia, or the Pacific by playing on the rivalry between France and England—in other words, by threatening to reopen the Egyptian Question or by dragging France into intervention in the affairs of South Africa. The terror of offending France by the temporary occupation of Delagoa Bay (through friendly arrangement with Portugal) alone hindered us greatly in bringing the South African War to a rapid conclusion. It was doubtless Germany that inspired France with the idea (when France was sounded before the South African War broke out as to what her attitude would be) to impose on Great Britain (out of respect for French susceptibilities in Madagascar) the condition of not occupying any point whatever on the Portuguese coast of South-East Africa, even by agreement with Portugal. Britain, however, herself has learnt much during the last ten years: amongst other things, that she has more to gain by preserving the friendship of Portugal and the integrity of the Portuguese possessions than by outraging the susceptibilities of that little Atlantic Power for the purpose of adding to the already vast dominion of Great Britain on the African continent.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

THE BRITISH FRONTIER TOWARDS RUSSIA

LORD KITCHENER, in fighting the Government of which he was a member, supported his alarmist policy by referring to reports concerning the military preparations of Russia in Central Asia, the Viceroy in Council so far yielding to him as to burden India with large sums for the purchase of land and the building of cantonments on the extreme frontier. In reply to a question by me in the House of Commons in June, the Secretary of State for India refused to say where the land to be purchased was situated, but it is, I believe, the fact that it is intended to create two new military stations on the Afghan frontier. The policy of stationing an increasing number and proportion of native troops of the Indian army in this frontier territory is a doubtful, and the unpopularity of such stations with the white army an ascertained, fact. No necessity has been shown for the creation of these new cantonments.

It has been repeatedly stated, and I fear without the connivance of some who are favourable to the new policy, that the Russians have recently increased their force in Central Asia to 200,000 men. It is, however, certain that the more accurate information before the home Government goes to show that the Russian force has not been largely increased, and numbers only between 70,000 and 80,000 men for the entire Turkestan and Central Asian Empire and Protectorates.

I doubt myself whether it reaches 70,000 men, including the best of the local militia. The Russians themselves were frightened at the beginning of the war, and expected local trouble. Some small increase of their force took place, but it is as low as local necessities permit, and totally unable to undertake offensive operations, or even defensive operations against any serious attack, though the latter is rendered impossible by natural conditions.

Russia has always found it convenient to strengthen her diplomacy against our own by scaring us in respect to Afghanistan. Mr. Balfour has adopted with regard to this matter the position, which is undoubtedly sound, that there is no question of Russian attack on India, but that we have to perform our promises to help the Amir to resist attack upon "the North-West frontier of Afghanistan." It is the case that we cannot allow Russia to absorb Northern Afghanistan, otherwise known as the Balkh Province, or North-Western Afghanistan, known as the Herat Province, and to advance her railway to within striking distance of Kabul, without maintaining the pledges extorted from our necessities, even in the time of Mr. Gladstone, by making on behalf of Afghanistan either official or "unofficial" war. Those pledges, however, backed by the real weakness of Russia, have been sufficient to maintain peace, and will continue to be sufficient to maintain it. Russia has found, in the case of Japan, the extreme difficulty of concluding peace. It is in the highest degree unlikely that, without being able to strike directly at us, she will ever embark upon hostilities with Afghanistan, from which no peace would be likely to result. To do so would be the deliberate opening of what must become a festering wound. The Afghans are never really strong for defence until their regular army has been defeated or destroyed. It is after the completion of that operation that the difficulties of the invader begin. No Russian scientific officer who has written for his comrades and his countrymen upon this subject has failed to recognise the fact that, although it is easy to

bridge the Oxus and to invade the Balkh, and easy also either to "rush" Herat or to besiege and take it, the troubles of Russia in Afghanistan after the first success would be stupendous. All such writers have assumed that we should not be fools enough to take the gigantic transport difficulties upon ourselves, and to incur the suspicions of the Afghans by marching an organised army across the Afghan desert, but that we should raise difficulties for Russia in other parts of the world, attack her (if we had an alliance) in those of her dominions which in the future may be most open to attack from the Pacific, and supply the Afghans with every military necessity of which they might stand in need.

The policy of the officers directing the Indian army has not always been one of conspicuous wisdom in regard to this subject, but Lord Kitchener's has been even less Indian, and more coloured by the ideas of Berlin than has usually been the case. It is clear from the despatches of the Government of India, especially from their great pronouncement signed by the Viceroy in Council, with every name attached, save Lord Kitchener's, that the Indian Government understand what their Commanders-in-Chief have not always recognised, namely, that the mode of defence against Russia is that presented in Mr. Balfour's speech, now reprinted in the pamphlet "Imperial Defence" (Longmans).

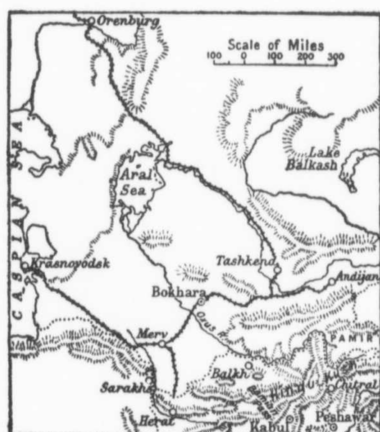
We are now threatened by the alarmists with a new Russian railway to the Afghan frontier, in addition to the single line which at present runs from Merv to the frontier in the neighbourhood of Herat. This new line, which it will take, I believe, a long time to make, and which will probably have to wait for a return, if ever, of a more settled state of things in Russia, will reach the Oxus in the direction of Balkh. To march a strong regular force over the main chain of the Hindu Kush to the Balkh Province of Afghan-Turkestan is beyond the power of the British Empire or of mortal man. Any resistance to eventual, and as I think highly improbable, Russian operations in Afghan-Turkestan must be Afghan or irregular. Where the great

force which is to be brought from home, according to the Kitchener scheme, is to undertake operations against Russia, or is to meet the Russians, cannot be conjectured, unless it be first assumed that the Russians have conquered the Afghans, and have crossed the Hindu Kush, or first seized Herat, and then advanced by gradual stages from that city.

The ideal defence of India is a desert belt. The next best is that which actually exists—a most difficult country, desert so far as regular operations are concerned, but inhabited by a fierce and almost unconquerable people. The home Government have not been strong enough to resist outright Lord Kitchener's proposals, backed as these were to some extent by his opponents of the Viceroy's Council. It has, however, been admitted by the defenders of the Government at home that the Russians in any hypothetical future advance towards India from Herat will have to be accompanied by their railway. Sir Thomas Holdich has shown that the direct routes are impracticable. From Herat to Kabul there is no direct road, and the mountain tracks are not passable by a regular army. It is necessary to bring the Russian railway or to march from Herat far to the south-east, and then northwards again to Kabul. The distance is great, and, as Sir Thomas Holdich says, even this roundabout but better route crosses "wide spaces, sandy and waterless," and is "flanked throughout by the fiercest and most fanatical tribes of the Afghan community." Those who remember our own last Afghan War will be aware of the fabulous number of camels which were killed in marching a comparatively small army along the good roads of Afghanistan for distances far shorter than those which would face the invader who came by way of Europe.

The new suggested line of Russian advance by way of the Balkh Province must lead to one of three passes, generally described by the name of one of them as "the Bamian Pass." The late Amir made with difficulty a road at this point across the Hindu Kush which allowed some guns of his to pass; but Sir Thomas Holdich does not believe in the practicability of

the route, and states that all three branches of the pass "could be rendered quite impracticable for military purposes at many points." The inevitable route then of any considerable advance on India must be, as was foreseen a quarter of a century ago, by the south of Afghanistan, downwards from Herat, and up again to Kabul. The passes into India south of Kabul are easy indeed when they are reached, but they lead past the heads of our strategic railways, the lines of our principal cantonments, they afford the best field of operations for a



defending Indian army, and, if this army were ultimately to be defeated or driven back by superior strength, the invader would have to cross the Indus in a most difficult country, and then find the Indian desert in front of him.

Inasmuch as I believe that the Russians are not, and are not likely to be, in a position to engage in a successful attack on Afghanistan, I fail to see where a large British reinforcement from home can be needed for immediate use. If the policy of Lord Kitchener were to be carried out an immense force of transports would have to be convoyed from the Channel to India at a moment when the fleet would have other most pressing duties. We have some ground for complaint of the official information upon this subject which

has been given to the country, inasmuch as it appears to have been used for the purpose of supporting inconsistent arguments at different recent times. It is not very long ago since the present Government thought of keeping reinforcements for India in South Africa, and at that time we were told in the name of the Cabinet that the Admiralty could not undertake on the outbreak of war to convoy reinforcements from home to India, but could do so from the Cape, with shipping which could be collected in South Africa, or easily brought thither from Bombay. It is now assumed by the same gentlemen that the duty which two years ago the Admiralty declined to undertake could undoubtedly be fulfilled.

While the Indian Government, who have shown that they do not agree with Lord Kitchener, may be reproached for having yielded in large part to his views, the home Government are to be blamed for having nominally adopted Lord Kitchener's views, while showing very clearly that they rejected the grounds upon which those views were based. It is rumoured that Lord Kitchener's own memoranda in support of his proposals have been seen by many non-official persons in this country, some of whom are by no means his supporters. We have to look for his opinions in the military articles of great English newspapers which espouse his cause, or in the article entitled "The Call of Lord Kitchener," which was written by an Anglo-Indian, who had facilities for acquainting himself with the facts, and appeared in the *North American Review.* It would seem that the instructions to Sir Louis Dane for his recent mission to Afghanistan were based by the home Government upon Lord Kitchener's opinions. If there is any foundation whatever for the various statements which have been made with every appearance of authority as to Lord Kitchener's demands, and which were on one main point exactly confirmed by a speech by Mr. Arnold-Forster in the House of Commons, Lord Kitchener pressed for facilities in Afghanistan for the construction of strategic railways, and suggested the possibility of defending Afghanistan by British

troops at a considerable distance from our frontier. This policy was certain to be rejected by Afghanistan, and it was equally certain that no British Government would risk war with Afghanistan for the purpose of forcing it on an unwilling Amir. Had the Amir unfortunately been willing, the policy itself would, I am convinced, have been in a military sense imprudent; but here I am on dangerous ground. It is absurd to set any military opinion of my own against that of Lord Kitchener, and I can only point out the enormous transport difficulties which Russia, I feel certain, will never face, and could not conquer if she faced them, and which it seems a reckless policy to take in any portion on ourselves. If we go forth to meet a possible eventual advance of Russia with a sufficiently large regular British army we bring upon ourselves all those difficulties, probably insuperable in either case, which the Russians have foreseen. The strategic advisers of the Cabinet at home have now, it is clear from Mr. Balfour's pamphlet, adopted the policy here set forth, and not that on which Sir L. Dane's instructions from the India Office had been founded.

That in the event of war in India we should have to send reinforcements from home, or from other portions of the Empire, may be admitted. If it were only to enable the whole organised regular army to be disposable against eventualities, it would be necessary to be ready to provide additional garrisons for certain stations far removed from the North-West frontier, as well as to see our way in time to supply losses by diseases, and, if hostilities should in the long run come about, casualties in the field. The reinforcements needed by actual war would, however, not be speedy reinforcements, and those required for the sedentary garrisons need not be composed of well-drilled regular troops. The problem, therefore, is far less difficult than has been suggested in the most recent discussions on Lord Kitchener's supposed views.

That our military danger in India has recently diminished, instead of increased as some supposed, there can be no doubt,

This is not a purely military question. It is certainly not a merely Indian military question. Lord Kitchener has alluded to the improvement of the Russian means of communication between Tashkend and Merv. On the other hand, the vulnerability of Russia on the Pacific, to which I have always pointed as a matter to be taken into account, has now been demonstrated to the world, as has that "miserable military administration of Russia" of which I wrote thirty-eight years ago, as certain to be exposed whenever she undertook operations on a large scale at a great distance. While, then, the need for reinforcement for India will continue, that reinforcement will probably be on a smaller scale than that which might have seemed necessary ten or fifteen years ago.

It has often been said of late, especially by members of the Government and representatives of the War Office, that the Indian danger is so great, and the force needed for India so stupendous, that readiness to meet the Indian demand covers ability to meet any other call upon our military resources. If examination of the Indian problem in the light of recent facts, while leaving the drain of the peace garrison of India where it is, goes to show that the war requirements of India are not so serious as is supposed, this fact involves separate considerations of the other probable war calls upon the British army service across the seas. What can be negatived is only the declaration that the requirement of India may be taken as the measure of the demand upon us in time of great war.

The Japanese Alliance could not be directly utilised for resisting in Afghanistan an attack by Russia. Happily the facts stated demonstrate that there can be no need for the display of timidity which would be involved in marching foreign troops across India for its defence.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

UNDERGROUND JACOBITISM

"IF England," said Dr. Johnson, talking with Dr. Taylor in 1777, "were fairly polled, the present King" (George the Third) "would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow. If," he went on, "a mere vote could do it, there would be twenty to one; at least, there would be a very great majority of voices for it. For, Sir, you are to consider that all those who think a King has a right to his crown as a man has to his estate, which is the just opinion, would be for restoring the King who certainly has the hereditary right, could he be trusted with it; in which there would be no danger now, when laws and everything else are so much advanced, and every King will govern by the laws. And you must also consider, Sir, that there is nothing on the other side to oppose this; for it is not alleged by any one that the present family has any inherent right; so that the Whigs could not have a contest between two rights." Taylor, "as violent a Whig as Johnson was a Tory, was roused by this to a pitch of bellowing," but finally admitted that a poll of the people of England on the question of right would be in favour of the House of Stuart. (Boswell, under above date.) Probably, were the whole truth known, Johnson out-bellowed Taylor; in any case accurate statistics are not to be looked for in casual dinner-table talk on the politics of the hour. The point, however, is not how far Johnson may have been wrong in his estimate, but how far he must have been right. That

he could have spoken as he did unless a strong survival of English Jacobitism were notorious is not to be conceived.

If, then, there was any considerable amount of Jacobitism extant in 1777, how is it that we find so few traces of it between 1746 and 1760; a period when an organised Tory opposition might actually have sent an unpopular foreign Prince to, say, Osnaburg, and retorted on his Ministers the axe of Tower Hill and the ropes of Kennington and Carlisle? No doubt the Whig monopoly of the machinery of force and corruption counts for much, when we find the Hessian mercenary a common object on British soil, and see Highland gentlemen condescending to the business of salaried Hanoverian spy. No doubt, moreover, there were mutual distrusts, lack of leadership, impossibility of personal enthusiasm for King James, and irreparable loss of it for Prince Charles, dread of Rome, and surfeit of civil war, to account for more. But evidently none of these things, separately or together, account for all. It seems certain enough that while Scottish Jacobitism was evaporating in sentiment, English Jacobitism—which had never been of a sentimental sort—was what popular medicine terms "striking in." Its almost effaced vestiges must be tracked through very unlikely places: secret societies are not apt to record their real purposes, or to preserve decipherable minutes of their ostensible proceedings.

An entrance to the misty region of underground Jacobitism, so far as tradition is trustworthy, is still visible in the door of a commonplace tavern in Aldersgate Street, apparently indistinguishable from other commonplace taverns even by its title of the "Lord Raglan," referring, not to the historic loyalty of the House of Somerset, but to the public enthusiasm for the expedition to the Crimea in 1854. Until this date, the "Lord Raglan" had been the "Mourning Bush," standing on the site, preserving the sign, and—so far as sites and signs may—maintaining the continuity of the tavern whose host had dared to drape his bush in crape during the murder of King Charles. There was political continuity

also in the history of the "Mourning Bush," if it be a fact that an underground passage from its vaulted cellars emerged outside the "Aldersgate," thus enabling Cavaliers, and subsequently Jacobite plotters, or Catholic priests engaged upon illegal errands, to pass to and fro without attracting attention either to themselves or to the tavern. These cellars are certainly remarkable for their extent, and as a fine example of early brick archwork, containing portions of the old city wall. The "Aldersgate" was not pulled down till 1761. Whether its demolition, and the building of the "Castle and Falcon" inn on its site, revealed any trace of a concealed subway, is not recorded. But at any rate there is the tradition of a plotters' passage from the reign of Charles the First, or, indefinitely earlier, into that of George the Third; and unfounded traditions are rare.

From the political tavern to its offspring, the political coffee-house, is but a step; and thence to the political Club only a step further. The old Cocoa Tree Club, for example, which claims establishment in the significant year 1746, was certainly the direct heir of the famous chocolate-house called the "Cocoa Tree," of which Defoe says that "a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee House of St. James's." If, or how long, high play cloaked high treason subsequently to Culloden is a question without an answer. But it is unquestionable that Jacobitism wore many more seemingly innocent disguises elsewhere. The impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell in 1709 for preaching against "the late happy Revolution" associated his sympathisers throughout the country into Clubs, of which several acquired the sort of prestige on which a society may outlive the sons and even the grandsons of its founders. At least one case in point is supplied by a Club held at Coleshill, near Birmingham, where the Squires of the neighbourhood used to drink to the White Rose. Its members could boast, by way of prestige, of having given confessors to loyalty in the persons of Dr. Kettlewell, deprived of the Vicarage of Coleshill as a

Non-juror, and of the Rev. Thomas Jacomb, who had lost the mastership of the Free School at the same place for the same cause; moreover, of having, by the attendance of two hundred of them when Dr. Sacheverell, despite his inhibition, preached at Sutton Coldfield, started a cry of "Down with the Whigs!" that spread in formidable riots eastward to Norwich, westward to Bristol, and northward to Manchester; where, in the Duchy of the Red Rose the White Rose was pre-eminently the people's flower.

The mention of Manchester brings the Jacobitism of the Clubs down to a later period upon surer ground. "John Shaw's Club," held at a punch-house kept by one John Shaw, an ex-dragoon, near the Smithy Door end of the Old Shambles, had been established in 1735, and was keeping up its convivial, though presumably not all its political, traditions in 1892. It had thus honoured its solemn toast of "Church and King"—or Queen, "and down with the Rump" with the same unbroken punch-bowl through an unbroken succession of a hundred and fifty-seven years: and may be for three more. That excellent Jacobite, Dr. John Byrom, physician, poet, and wit, was one of its fifty members till his death in 1763. Indeed, its actual Jacobitism scarcely falls short of living memory, inasmuch as John Shaw continued to be its host till he died in 1796; as its first recorded president, Mr. James Massey was among its prominent members, till he also died in the same year; and as Mr. Thomas Gaskell, who, having been president for sixty consecutive years, was still president when he died in 1833. He, whom still living men must have known, would thus have drunk many a tumbler of punch brewed by a host who had helped to welcome Prince Charlie into Manchester in 1745. In the very year, 1777, of Dr. Johnson's talk with Dr. Taylor, one Samuel Curwen, an American, kept a journal of a visit to England. While at Manchester he enters for June 8:

Attended public worship at a Dissenters' meeting-house, both services. Walked to the end of Deansgate, and drank tea at our companion Nelson's

lodgings, and were amused by the free and unrestrained chat of his landlady, named Hudson, a Quaker in religion and a Jacobite in political principle. The number of the latter description since the English Prince [George III.] mounted the throne is somewhat lessened here, as I am told by our landlady, who was in the abdicated family's interest, *which is here openly professed*; all of that party putting up large oak boughs over their doors on the 29th May to express joy at the glorious event of the restoration of the Stuart family to the English throne; many such I saw. The ladies, who if they take a part are very violent, scruple not openly and without restraint to drink Prince Charlie's health, and express their wishes for his restoration to his paternal kingdom. I saw the house wherein the Prince, as he is called, dwelt whilst here (at the time of his invasion); the gentleman and his family still remain in it, and steady to their principles.

Nor was John Shaw's the only club in Lancashire to represent the less visible side of the popular politics of 1777. The parent society appears to have been the "Corporation of Walton-le-Dale," established in 1701, its successive presidents from 1709 to 1714 being such eminent personages as the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Charles Townley, the Earl of Derwentwater, Sir E. Stanley, and Mr. Rowland Eyre. This club was still extant in 1766, and another on the same lines, the "Corporation of Rochdale," in 1760. The youngest of the brood came into existence so late as about 1771, under the grotesque name of the "Oyster and Parched Pea Club," whose members bore such titles of office as Speaker, Oystericus, Secretary, Auditor, Poet Laureate, Cellarius, Chaplain, Physician-in-Ordinary, Surgeon-General, Minstrel, Master of the Rolls, Master of the Jewels, Swigmaster, and Clerk of the "Peas." The club is stated to have been in convivial survival so late as 1841. And, if the tradition is to be trusted, the important "Gentlemen's Concerts" of Manchester, which closed quite recently, were originally and for a long period a musical pretext for Jacobite meetings, one of which Prince Charles himself is said to have attended as a member of the society in 1745.

The most notable instance of the continuance of Jacobitism into later times is found in the neighbouring counties of Cheshire and Denbighshire about Wrexham; that is to say, in the country of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn. There are few

more curious historical puzzles than the suddenness with which Jacobitism went out in once universally and enthusiastically Jacobite North Wales. It has been plausibly suggested that it was due to the preaching of Whitefield, whose influence burst over Wales as if by way of compensation for the consciousness of a lost cause. Wesley—the son, by the way, of an obstinately Jacobite mother, the brother of an active Jacobite plotter, and himself unquestionably influenced by the principles of the Non-jurors—never made appreciable headway in Wales. But the sensational Calvinism of Whitefield, born and bred within sight of the Welsh hills, set the whole Welsh heart on fire with infinitely more exciting themes than the rights of earthly kings. Probably more to the point is the gradual loss, since the Great Rebellion, by the Welsh people of the faith of their fathers. Wales, during the Rebellion, was Catholic and Cavalier; during the Revolution, Catholic tradition still lingered in the dynastic principle with which it had become connected. In any case, as one would expect, it is among the Welsh gentry, among whom the Catholic faith still appreciably survived the decay of all religion throughout a naturallv religious people, and who were inappreciably affected by its Calvinistic revival, that we must trace the later Jacobitism of North Wales. In the "Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn" occurs the following entry in that amiable lady's diary for December 5, 1843:

> I am suffering under a bad headache to-day, the consequence of a terribly hot dinner of thirty people last night, when a club, called "The Cycle" held one of its meetings. It was a Jacobite association, set on foot the day that Prince Charles Edward was born. The Sir Watkin of the day was always the president, and his wife the only lady allowed to dine with them. The health of the Pretender was drunk with great solemnities; and I believe the club did much to keep up the old Jacobite feeling.

This is the latest contemporary reference in print to the "Cycle of the White Rose," which, founded in 1710 (ten years before the date given by Miss Williams-Wynn), continued to meet till between 1850 and 1860, its last surviving member

living to represent it for some thirty years more. The earliest known copy of its rules, dated 1723, is signed, in the form of a round-robin, by sixteen representatives of the principal families within seven miles of Wrexham. Descendants of some of them are still recognisable in Pulestons of Emral, Eytons of Leeswood, and Hanmers of Hanmer Hall. The meetings were to be held every three weeks at the houses of the members in rotation (whence the name of "Cycle"), when "all points relating to and according to the sense and meaning of these articles" were to be discussed and determined—which, translated into plain language, signifies the constitution of a Jacobite Council for North Wales. In course of time the extension of the club shifted its centre from Wrexham to Wynnstay, and lengthened its radius to about fifteen miles. The meetings came, for convenience' sake, to be always held at Wynnstay, and the Master of Wynnstay to be appointed Hereditary Patron (not "President") of the Cycle of the White Rose. The Sir Watkin of 1745 was credited with the ability to bring a thousand men into the field without calling on the members of the Cycle, and with the intention of proving it, had not the retreat from Derby frustrated the whole plan of campaign. The well-informed writer who uses the pen-name of "Owen Rhoscomyl" holds that

> the chief reason for the scantiness of records of Welsh Jacobitism lies in the fact that, as it never had an opportunity of taking the field, so it was never broken in battle. . . . The Government thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie, and not add troubles in Wales to troubles in Scotland. . . . This "wisdom" of the Government gave time for the destruction of all incriminatory documents among the Jacobites themselves; and in the lack of trials for treason we have a lack also of those legal indictments and documents from which so much of the history of English and Scots Jacobitism is known. (Letter in the *Royalist*, vol. viii. p. 29.)

Certain it is that all the documentary remains of the Cycle of the White Rose of Wynnstay are its innocently worded Rule; some coarse stanzas on George I.'s intention, in 1717, to bastardise the Prince of Wales; a couple of cards showing the rota of the members for the ensuing four years; and the

bellicose club-song, called the "Chorus of Robin John Clark." Obviously written subsequently to Culloden, later variants show its maintenance as the club-song, with all its unveiled Jacobitism, into indefinitely later times. And one may be sure that "The Pretender" was not the form of any toast honoured by the thirsty gentlemen who made poor Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn's head ache so late as 1843.

Except for a curiosity of folk-lore, the not less prevalent Jacobitism of South Wales appears to close with the death on the gallows at Kennington of David Morgan of Pengraig, taken in arms with the Manchester Regiment at Carlisle—"appears," for the curiosity in question puts a startling different complexion on the matter. It is to be found in a chapbook published at Carmarthen in 1847, entitled "Prophwydoliaeth Myrddin Wyllt" (Wild Merlin's Prophecy), and containing two ballads on the theme of Owen of the Red Hand—one of those many popular heroes who are some day to wake from death-like slumber and to work wonders in the world. And in one of the ballads is the couplet:

> *Yr Owen hwn yw Harri'r Nawfed,*
> *Sydd yn trigo 'ngwlad estronied.*

("This Owen is Henry the Ninth, Who dwells in a foreign land.") The ballad, therefore, cannot have been written before 1788; and argues an unexpected familiarity among South Welshmen with the title of Henry, Cardinal of York, to the throne of George III. Nor familiarity with his title only, but his identification with the revival of national glories at the waking of Owen of the Red Hand.

What Sir Watkin was to the North-Welsh Jacobites the Duke of Beaufort was to the South-Welsh; and his country was not bounded by the Severn. The Gloucestershire Society, originally a Cavalier Club dating from the latter years of the Commonwealth, acquired a Jacobite tradition. It would not otherwise have retained "George Ridler's Oven" as its club-song under Whig rule. That weird chant, seemingly a tissue

of incoherent nonsense in uncouth dialect set to what can scarcely be called a tune, turns out, when the key has been applied, to be the whole creed of a good Cavalier who kept up a stout and loyal heart in evil times, and of a good and like-hearted Jacobite to follow. Nor was "George Ridler's Oven" a feature of the Gloucestershire society's meetings only. Its cryptic character only stimulated its popularity among the tavern-parlours and farm-kitchens of hill, forest, and vale, where it may still be heard, though its meaning be forgotten; and a musical society existing at Cirencester, within earshot of Lord Chancellor Bathurst, in 1776, invariably opened its performances with a song that no mere uninitiated musician would have endured.

From Cirencester to Oxford is less than forty miles. But the history of a Jacobite survival in the "home of lost causes and impossible beliefs" is outside the scope of an attempt to trace its endurance as a cause not held to be lost, and as a belief not to be eradicated by the slaughter of "Hieland Kerne" on a far-away moor, or by mere hangings and beheadings that were matters of course in the party politics of a hundred and sixty years ago. That an inert and academic Jacobitism lingered in Oxford long after Dr. King's often-cited interview with Prince Charles Edward at Lady Primrose's London house in September 1750, is abundantly certain. It even filtered down into the "Movement." But obviously it is among such societies as have been exemplified, where Jacobitism was covered by a more or less transparent veil, that we must seek for any potential development of principle into action. It has been asserted that the convenient machinery of Freemasonry was utilised for serious plotting; and John Radcliff, who but for attainder would have been fourth Earl of Derwentwater, was a sort of apostle of Freemasonry as well as an enthusiast for the cause of King James. He must have been initiated into the craft under the Grand-Mastership of Mr. E. Wortley Montagu while still a child: and during his short career—he died at eighteen—founded

a lodge of Jacobite exiles in Paris and another at Arras, presently returning to England, with what projects one may guess with little risk of guessing wrongly. There is no known evidence of the results, and the connection of Prince Charles Edward himself with Masonic mysteries is more than doubtful. Nevertheless there is at least one curious link between Masonic and Jacobite history suggestive of a whole chain. Readers of the "Dunciad" will remember how—

> Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
> The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
> Her children first of more distinguished sort,
> Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
> Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertu profess,
> Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.:
> Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race
> Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
> Some, Botanists, or Florists at the least,
> Or issue Members of an annual feast,
> Nor passed the meanest unregarded: one
> Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormagon:
> The last, not least in honour or applause,
> Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Now what is a "Gormagon"? A note to the passage explains "Gregorians" and "Gormagons" as "a sort of Lay-brothers, slips from the root of the Freemasons." Elwin and Courthope's edition of Pope gives the further information that these "Gormagons" were further satirised by Hogarth, in a print stated to be very rare. They were in fact an "Order" founded by the eccentric Duke of Wharton—"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days," as Pope styles him—on his secession from Freemasonry, because the lodge of which he was Master refused to have Jacobite airs sung or played at its banquets. Whatever may have been the extent of secret Jacobitism among orthodox Freemasons, there can be no question of the politics of an offshoot notorious enough for the honour of contemporary satire. According to Elwin and Courthope, the Order of Gormagons was dissolved in 1738

consequently upon a condemnation of Freemasonry by Pope Clement XII. in that year. But there is no reason for supposing that a Papal decree would have any effect upon its Protestant members : and an extant badge of the Order bears so late a date as 1794. Another queerly named body, no other than the "Ancient Society of Cogers," is credited with a Jacobite origin, though it was not established till 1755. According to a recently published history of the society, by Peter Rayleigh :

> When the Cogers' Society was founded, Mr. Paynter and a number of Jacobites at once joined. If the reports of the earlier meetings which I perused are to be believed, the reason why there was not a general rising of the Jacobites all over the country, and especially in London, after the Pretender reached Derby, was partly owing to internal dissension, but mainly to the paralysis which overtakes all movements into which spies have wormed themselves. . . . Whether they [the Jacobites] looked on the society as one which might be made to further the cause of the Stuarts can only be conjectured ; but that they formed, if not a majority, at least a considerable proportion of the members is certain from the fact that the debates were of so violent a character that the "grip" was instituted to keep out the spies of the Government.

Moreover, the first meeting-place of the Cogers was the notoriously Jacobite "White Bear," now the "St. Bride's Tavern," in Bride Lane. It was here that, eight years earlier, a sensationally desperate plot is said to have been formed for the rescue of Lord Lovat, whose pipe, tobacco-pouch and snuff-box came into the Cogers' keeping and remained among the treasures of the society until, between fifty and sixty years ago, they were suddenly missing the day after a resolution had been passed for their destruction.

Mr. Cadwallader Bates' "History of Northumberland" records the proclamation of "King James the Third" from a stile in Elswick Fields by the keelmen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne during a strike that lasted seven weeks in 1750, as evidence that "the attachment of the working classes to the Stuart cause was much deeper than might be supposed." And if, as most persons hold, a people's songs are the best evidence

of a people's sentiments, then the most popular of Tyneside songs—

> Oh weel may the keel row
> That my laddie's in!
>
> . . . .
>
> He wears a blue bonnet
> With a snow-white Rose upon it—

certainly does seem to indicate a lasting affection for the "Rose that's like the Snow" among the "Keel lads o' coaly Tyne": for the words of the song belong to a period (they were not in print till 1793) when the signification of the "snow-white rose" was perfectly well known. Newcastle, moreover, is not far from Hexham, where, says Mr. Bates, even after George III. was prayed for in Catholic chapels on the relaxation of the penal laws in 1780, Jacobites would walk out at the first mention of his name.

Altogether, how soon, or rather how late, the Jacobite yeast that leavened England lost its fermenting quality is difficult, if possible, to determine. Symptoms of activity are to be detected in 1770 when the Duc de Choiseul was understood to have adopted a project of Prince Charles Edward, then in Paris, for another attempt at a Restoration; when the Wilkite agitation had prepared the political waters for further troubling; and when American revolutionists were considering, instead of the establishment of a republic, the substitution of a King Charles for a King George. And there is at any rate one letter from among the papers preserved at Danby Hall in Wensleydale that seems to point unmistakably to projected activity among Jacobites so late as its date of 1784. It is signed "Sim—— S——" [Simon Scrope], is addressed to "Mr. Stapleton," and contains the following passage:

> I have the favour of yours, and should very readily comply with Lord Fitzwilliam's and your request were I convinced of the propriety of it, but must own my want of conviction, the more so when I reflect of the oath we lately took to his Majesty King George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever that shall be made against his person, crown, or dignity; this last word is so strong that I can't get

over it. Whether you'll think fit to show this to Lord Fitzwilliam, I should doubt it; but I should think better not. You may be assured I shall not show the list of subscribers to any one.

Now this very year 1784 was a period of violent political excitement, which Dr. Johnson, in conversation with General Oglethorpe, had no hesitation in ascribing to George III.'s defective title to the throne. The Scropes of Danby Hall had a notoriously Jacobite record. Their house had been searched for arms, and with ample reason, in 1715; and among its inmates was a refugee from Culloden, who, by the way, was still an inmate of Danby Hall when he died in 1815 or 1816 at the age of ninety-one. Thus we find the grandson of a Jacobite of the '15, and himself a protector of "rebels" hot from Culloden in the '45, only restrained by an oath of allegiance from entering into "conspiracies" against the crown and dignity of King George, but promising not to betray the names of less scrupulous persons. One certainly would not expect to find that of Lord Fitzwilliam in such a connection. But then it would be rash to say of any political leader that he never made compromising relations during a great constitutional crisis such as was then proceeding—the last attempt of a Minister to govern without a Parliamentary majority: and in any case there would be nothing new in an attempt of plotters to make capital out of great men's names, whether with little authority or with none.

The latest official recognition of a Jacobite survival is found in Lord Liverpool's answer to an inquiry from Canning, the then Foreign Secretary, whether the Court ought to go into mourning for the ex-King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, who died in 1814:

My dear Canning: As to the abstract title of King, I could not answer, but the Sardinians are all relations, and *there are those who think that the ex-King was the lawful King of Great Britain*—

(That is to say, as the heir of the Royal House of Stuart after the extinction of the direct male line in 1807.)

—to the day of his death. We must, I think, *therefore*, mourn for him. Ever yours, L. ("Some Official Correspondence of George Canning," edited by Edward J. Stapleton.)

For the subsequent disappearance of eighteenth-century Jacobitism as a continuous factor in popular politics there is no occasion to account. The evolution of new questions and conditions; the French Revolution, with its world-wide consequences, throwing all else into the shade; the transformation of German into British Kings; the death of the last of the Royal Stuarts, leaving scarcely known foreign Princes to inherit mere historic claims—these are but some of the more obvious reasons. Among the less obvious are the extinction of the tradition of the Non-jurors for lack of a Bishop to transmit their orders after the death of Bishop Boothe in 1805, and the alliance of Catholics with the Whigs as the party of religious liberty. None the less, it is evident that English Jacobitism stands in need of Charles II.'s apology for having been "such an unconscionable time in dying." That is to say, unless, like Owen of the Red Hand, it did not die, and only waits for waking.

R. E. FRANCILLON.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

MR. BERNARD SHAW says somewhere that it is one of the things that will probably be regarded in more enlightened ages with a species of incredulous horror, that we should herd children together into class-rooms, and beat or punish them for inattention to a teacher whose remarks would not be tolerated for five minutes in ordinary society.

It is very strange to reflect how hard a rigid old tradition dies. Unimaginative men, of rectitude and conscientiousness, will always be found to discern reasons for the continuance of venerable established practices, however unreasonable they may be. There was at Eton, in pre-historic days, an inn, "The Christopher," in the centre of the College precincts, which was an endless source of mischief to the boys, because of the facilities that it gave for obtaining unlawful refreshment. It was earnestly debated among the masters, when the lease fell in, as to whether the inn had not better be removed; and one of the elder men said, with profound conviction, that it braced the moral nature of the boys to have a temptation close at hand. An irascible colleague, endowed with more common sense, interjected abruptly, "Oh, the devil will do that without your help!"

The question which must at present exercise the mind of all liberal schoolmasters is whether school teaching need necessarily be so unproductive and dispiriting a business as it generally is. I do not know what the experience of others is, but

in the nine years that I spent at school I can hardly at this moment recollect a single hour devoted to class-teaching with a real sense of pleasure or interest, except a few hours which were enlivened by disciplinary crises with which our instructors were incapable of dealing satisfactorily.

That is not, perhaps, a perfectly fair statement. I do remember some half-dozen hours, generally at the beginning of a school-term, when an intelligent and lively master gave an interesting lecture, of a biographical or literary kind, on a subject which we were going to read. I remember, too, a few hours of individual teaching, when an exercise on which I had expended thought and taste was generously appraised by an indulgent tutor.

But the ordinary routine of construing, of saying by heart, of grammar papers, of composition, how unutterably dreary it all appears! Even if one admired an author—and I was by no means destitute of literary appreciation—the effect was spoiled by the crawling pace, the dry comment, the unnecessary detail, which encumbered rather than illustrated the text.

The system of construing lessons is a complete anomaly; it is an attempt to combine two processes; it is a mixture of lecturing and examining; the theory of it is that a master takes samples of his class to see that the lesson is well prepared. Together with that is combined a species of Socratic inquiry, together with explanatory comments. But for this process to be profitable it is essential that the attention of the whole class should be obtained, and to conduct a Socratic inquiry, to enliven a lesson by illustrative comments, and to test the knowledge of the boys at the same time needs a man of brilliant, humorous and dramatic mind; it is a process, too, which requires in the teacher an immense intellectual agility and freshness; and even if the majority of public-school masters were of this type, the amount of drudgery required of them in the course of a school day makes it impossible for all but men of exceptional vigour to conduct the game effectively. Moreover, if it is conducted ineffectively, it is an almost ideal

device for alienating attention. The system is, in fact, one which puts too great a strain on the capacities of the ordinary teacher. It is not enlivening, for there is too much of the examination about it; it is not businesslike, for it is impossible to call up enough boys in an ordinary school hour really to test the knowledge of the majority of the class. It often indeed tends to be only individual work performed in public, and the boy who is called up is often the only boy who profits by the lesson. As a practical reform, the examination process ought to be briskly and effectively conducted, with all sorts of varieties and surprises, for part of the hour; and for the rest, the lesson ought to be sensibly and interestingly lectured upon. But again this would be a great strain upon the energies of the over-worked teacher.

The net result of the system is that the boys tend to regard the process as a futile one; they probably would call it by a plainer name; and the ordinary disciplinarian, in his secret heart, tends to think that it rather redounds to his credit if he can preserve a rigid order, under circumstances where intellectual interest cannot be expected to contribute to peace and contentment; indeed, it is not extravagant to assert that a good many public-school teachers would regard it as a species of priggishness, which was rather to be suppressed than encouraged, if the boys manifested a lively interest in a construing lesson; and a master who observed such a spirit prevailing in his form might be excused for thinking, under present conditions, that it was only exhibited in a spirit of mockery.

If one talks to the defenders of the existing classical system they will gravely say that the mind requires fortifying and bracing; that it is good to set boys to work that is hard and uninteresting—"the old grind," they will affectionately call it—that grip and vigour result; that boys will have plenty of uninteresting work to do in the world, and that they must learn to attack a subject briskly, without being dependent on interest as a motive.

But is not all that an entire fallacy? One might as well say that because boys will many of them have to go into business, when they will have no opportunities for bodily exercise, they ought to learn at school to do without exercise. The real fact is, that behind the uninteresting work which men have to do in the world there is generally a very potent motive indeed, the motive of earning a living. And it is the absence of any cogent motive in the austere curriculum of school that makes it so uninteresting a business. The boys do not see that it leads anywhere; they do not find the method grow easier by practice. They do not arrive at a sufficient mastery of the classical languages to be able to get at the interest of the literature; all they know about their classical books is that none of their elders who have escaped from the necessity of perusing them ever take them up for pleasure, and they rejoice at the thought that the day will come when they too will be emancipated.

We induce boys to grow strong in body by encouraging them to play games which they enjoy; we do not bind knapsacks on their backs, and make them trudge for hours round a gravelled yard. Yet that is the way that we try to produce intellectual vigour, by keeping boys in a perpetual condition of mental tedium and fatigue.

And what is the net result of it all? That we are one of the most unintellectual nations in Europe; that we send out generation after generation of schoolboys, hating the high literature on which they have been so rigorously trained; and while they think of their school games and the free companionship of school with pleasure and delight, they think of the teaching hours as interludes of unvaried dreariness.

Now there must, of course, be a certain compulsion in the matter. These restless creatures who hate fixed engagements, and delight in the sun and air, will not willingly resort to schoolrooms by preference. But I am sure that we might provide a better entertainment for them when they do come.

What boys want, in the things of the mind, is variety above

all things; they desire to have their interest aroused and their imagination kindled. I have sometimes, after ploughing through a lot of dry hard work, attempted with pathetic patience by thirty sensible, honest boys, suddenly suspended the proceedings, and told them a fine, generous story, with plenty of simple detail, out of the despised classics; and for half an hour a deep stillness has reigned, while I have sat under the fixed glance of thirty pairs of animated eyes.

Now supposing that this narrative had been the preface of a lesson, and that the boys had then been required to express in the best English they could the story that had been told them, there would be hardly a boy who would not attempt it with pleasure; it would have stirred what Hawtrey used to call the sweet pride of authorship, it would have trained memory and style alike.

That is only a simple instance of the kind of experiment that might be tried; but this, to our conservative, high-principled teacher, is pure dilettantism. "It is not our business to interest the boys," said a great educator in my hearing, when the discarding of an interesting book in favour of a dull one was being deprecated.

It seems to me that only through interest can anything be achieved; it is the one quality that can be absolutely depended upon in boys, this sensitiveness to interest. Once interested, they will take in a single hour an amount of trouble that they will not take in twenty dull and formal hours.

At present, for the average boy, it is all, or nearly all, gymnastic. There is no freedom, life, or elasticity about it. There is little motive for exertion, because the boys do not believe in either the interest or the usefulness of what they do. Little boys will indeed toil with consummate blitheness and cheerfulness at the most tiresome work, if they care for their teacher and can hope to please him. Big boys will work with British common sense if they think the work will be ultimately useful. But big boys will not work at subjects which they do not consider to have any possibilities of ultimate usefulness,

unless they are interested. And it is the early cynicism about intellectual things which is the flower and fruit of our educational system.

Of course a difficulty lies in the question of how to obtain teachers. But this difficulty would soon be solved if education were a less dreary business. Now the men who embrace education as a profession are either those with a high enthusiasm for the subject they are going to teach, or men with a dry love of detail, or men fond of exercising coercive discipline, or men who have got to earn a living, and think schoolmastering an obvious way to do it.

But the enthusiasts are tempted to neglect the less intelligent boys in the face of a system which lends a weakling no encouragement; and the task comes to be mainly discharged by men who love the very deficiencies of the system, its precision, its aridity, its opportunities for driving an unwilling team; or by men who have no real interest in the matter, and are content to fall in with the system that prevails.

It is only just to say that these duties are discharged by public-school masters, as Englishmen are apt to discharge duties, with endless zeal and conscientiousness, and with serious conviction; and this very thing is another grave obstacle in the path of the educational reformer, because English people have a way of forming an opinion early in life, in a dogged way, on the merits of an existing institution, and of subsequently admitting no evidence which tells against their view.

The one thing about which all teachers seem to be agreed is that the curriculum is hopelessly congested. The subjects all tread on each other's toes. But simplification can only be arrived at by compromise, and teachers in conference, instead of trying to arrive at a simple and philosophical scheme, seem as a rule mainly preoccupied in claiming as many hours for their own particular subject as they can.

Another incidental, but highly unsatisfactory, result of the complexity of subjects is that public-school teachers are apt

not only to feel cynical about the value of other subjects, but not even to take the pains to repress the expression of such suspicions before the boys. The scientist tends to feel that the classics are a frigid and unreal subject; the classical man to think that science is a species of conjuring entertainment; both alike will probably contemn the customary methods of teaching modern languages as an elaborate waste of time. This is not an imaginary evil at all; and as a rule it may be said that the more enthusiastic a man is about his own subject the more he is likely to disbelieve in the intellectual value of other subjects; but it is a tendency that must be sternly resisted; and no good can be done till we have masters who thoroughly believe in the educational value of the whole curriculum, and encourage the boys with all their might to believe in the intellectual value of all subjects alike, whatever their private conviction of the proportionate values may be. In this matter there ought to be a wider and more elastic intellectual sympathy among masters than there is, which can only be arrived at by a more liberal view of the varieties of intellectual interest which exist among boys, a view which the rigidity of existing curricula does not encourage.

Since I ceased to be a schoolmaster I have often asked men whom I have met their feeling about their education; I have hardly met a man who is not profoundly dissatisfied with it; I have not met a dozen who give it more than a tentative approval; not half a dozen who are enthusiastic about it. The common criticism is that it was neither useful nor stimulating. This is triumphantly met by educationalists with the argument that it has been useful, only those who have profited by it do not know that they have thus profited. But surely there is no process in the world except education, aiming at the production and development of certain qualities, which could be upheld in the face of the almost universal condemnation of the results, by those who have been submitted to it?

And the saddest thing of all is, that the public-school system is, on its general lines, one of the finest things in the world. It

develops generosity, common sense, amiability, and public spirit. But though its basis is theoretically intellectual it does not produce intelligence. The machinery, the materials, are all ready to hand. Can we not dare to modify pedantic theories in the face of unmistakable facts? Can we not abandon dignity in favour of common sense? Must we continue to sacrifice the possibilities of intellectual development to the preservation of a system which has been proved in countless instances to be futile, unprofitable, and unsuccessful?

The truth is that, owing partly to temperament and partly to the accumulated inheritance of a bad tradition, English boys require to be tactfully and ingeniously wooed to the delights of literature. They have no innate craving for it; at present they are driven like sheep into a pen, and coerced to feed, when the very appetite is wanting, on the driest of provender. There are germs of intellectual life in many boys which die a natural death in the unfertilising atmosphere of school. The boys' own traditions are all against interest in work; and it is not to be wondered at, because, except in the case of boys of high ability, the system is so austere; and it is eccentric and unnatural for the average boy to be interested in subjects appropriate to professorial intellects. The literary effects aimed at are so recondite and austere that they never fall within the ordinary boy's horizon. And more than that. This is a time when, owing to the multiplication of literature and periodicals, to the increased facilities of communication, a thousand interesting questions concerning the world, its nationalities, its history, its constitution, are palpitating all about us. Hardly one of these matters comes within the range of the classical curriculum at all; it confines itself to history that is half legendary, and to knowledge that is pre-eminently unscientific. If the education itself was of a stimulating character, boys would perhaps be induced to look into these other matters for themselves. But the dreary routine of grammar, idiom, and philology drives them for amusement to the study of tangible things, batting averages, and sporting events, of which, at least, from their

own experience in such matters, they can understand the elements. If education dealt with modern history and modern languages, with geography and science, the boys would be in a position at least to interpret, however incompletely, the events of modern times. Plenty of boys are ready to be interested in Trafalgar who are not seriously stirred by the manœuvres of a few triremes off Corcyra; plenty of boys would find their imagination stirred by an account of the Japanese system of chivalry who feel but a languid interest in the constitution of the Athenian ecclesia. "Oh," says the classical enthusiast, "the boys can go into all these modern questions for themselves." It is undoubtedly true that they can; but the vital question is whether they do; and the answer is unhesitatingly in the negative.

I do not wish to see a system of premature specialisation, I wish education to be general and liberal. At present it is certainly not general; and its liberality is confined to just a few boys who by virtue of a real linguistic and literary gift are capable of entering into the usages of the hard ancient literature.

Take the case of a boy of average intelligence who has been through a public school and a university. What are his intellectual accomplishments? He knows a very little Latin and Greek, and he endeavours to put them out of his mind as fast as he can; he knows a little science; perhaps a little history, mostly ancient. He cannot generally calculate correctly in arithmetic; he knows no modern languages to speak of; he cannot express himself in simple English, and his handwriting is often useless for commercial purposes. He can play some games, and he believes in the virtue of games with all his heart; he reads the *Sportsman* and a few novels. He is a thoroughly good fellow as a rule, simple-minded, good-humoured, and sensible, but he has not learnt these qualities in the class-room; there he has learnt to think the processes of the mind dreary and unprofitable, to despise knowledge, to think intellectual things priggish and tiresome. His code of

morality is not always perfect, but he has learnt to live as a man among men. Suppose that the intellectual discipline were subtracted, he would be much the same as he is.

Supposing, indeed, that the masters were relieved from their duties of instruction, and set free to live more with the boys, there would probably be a distinct gain in the moral feeling of school communities, which at present goes through alarming fluctuations, and the intellectual results would not be very different. If we frankly admit that we do not care about the intellectual side of the matter at all, but look upon public schools purely as the training-grounds of character, then let us devote ourselves whole-heartedly to that excellent object, and give the masters the opportunities of exercising a vigorous moral example, which at present is restricted by their heavy burden of prescribed intellectual work.

But if we believe in the intellectual side of the matter at all, then let us adapt our system to the needs of the boys, instead of fruitlessly trying to adapt the boys to the exigencies of the system.

A well-known public man once said to me, when I was a schoolmaster: "Is it not possible when the boys enjoy every conceivable athletic and social advantage at a public school, that they should enjoy some intellectual advantages too?" I replied frankly that it undoubtedly was possible, but I could not honestly say that I thought that they did enjoy them.

Of course it may be freely granted that vigour and clearness of mind are two very important results at which we ought to aim in education. But if these are attainable at all, they can be attained without sacrificing the greater part of education to the attainment of them, with the result that they are not attained. The reason of our ill success is that by using too elaborate and complicated an instrument, by requiring bricks to be made without clay, the processes by which we endeavour to arrive at the result are unintelligible to the average boy. You cannot arrive at clearness of thought unless the medium with which you work is a fairly familiar one. An exercise in précis-writing, a statement being made orally by a teacher, or

a short printed correspondence being given to a boy, an analysis of the statement or the correspondence being then demanded, would be a far more effective instrument in the majority of cases for arriving at clearness and precision of expression than an exercise in Latin prose, for the simple reason that the process of thought is not encumbered by any doubt as to the meaning of the words employed.

Again, a copy of Latin verses, an admirable exercise in the case of a clever boy who has some knowledge of vocabulary and some idea of usage, is a useless exercise to a boy who has neither. It neither trains his literary taste nor even his accuracy, because accuracy is not obtained by perpetual fumbling over little bits of work, but by constant practice in a medium which is moderately familiar. Even the written English exercises are not so useful as they might be, because boys tend to prefer copying out of books to expressing their own opinions in their own language. To make written English exercises effective, it ought to be contrived that the subjects should be set so that the boys could not have recourse to books for their answers. As it is, a master can hardly be expected to recognise at a glance exactly how much a boy's written English work is taken from books; and thus a carefully written exercise, which is really only mechanical copying, tends to get more credit than an exercise which is less mature in form, but into the production of which a boy has really put something of his own thought and effort.

But the main fact is that while the medium is a medium which is unfamiliar to the boys, so long will exercises tend to be a niggling over small points. An exercise in Hebrew would be quite as useful to many boys as an exercise in Greek. That is why I should like to see French substituted for the classical languages in the case of boys of average and inferior capacity, because an amount of time could be given to it which would enable boys to become really familiar with the language, and because it could be begun in childhood and easily supplemented in a boy's holidays.

To turn to the higher aims of education, the weakness of the classical system appears to me to lie in this, that it has so little contact with reality. Even the personages of the classical world with whom boys are brought into contact, with a few exceptions, are not very real figures. Comparatively little is known about them, and that little is largely legendary in character and often very rhetorically adorned.

Compare, for instance, the vitality and reality of such a figure as Hannibal, darkly impressive as it is, with the vitality and reality of a figure such as Napoleon. And yet a classically educated boy hears far more about Hannibal in the course of his education than he does about Napoleon.

What one wants to do in education is to pour a stream of fertilising influences over the minds and souls of boys; one desires to bring them in contact with noble examples of humanity, with great personages, with lofty thoughts. But even so, much depends upon the way in which such figures are presented. No literature can be inspiring which is not intelligible; and can it be seriously affirmed that an average boy who has been through a course of classical education has really been brought into contact with the literary influences and personalities of Greece and Rome?

Of course, if the study of the great personalities of ancient history could be attended by copious illustrations from the examples of modern statesmen, generals, patriots, the thing might be brought home in a certain degree to the intelligence of average boys; but the classical teacher has not the time, nor in many cases the knowledge, to do this. His own education has been conducted on narrow and recondite lines, and he cannot be expected to teach what he has not learnt.

Then, again, the influence of literature upon the mind depends largely upon the association of words. Words cannot be inspiring unless they have an attractive beauty and grace of their own, unless they are loved. And the result of having to struggle with two difficult languages, besides

keeping up a multiplicity of other subjects, is that it is not conceivable that the ordinary boy should learn to love the classical languages; and thus the thought enshrined in them loses most of its charm, if not all. The words "Shan chieh wu shêng" may contain a lofty and impressive thought in Chinese, but who would love a thought so presented unless the words themselves were endeared by literary association?

If the classics are retained for the education of ordinary boys because of the high literary value of classical writings, it is surely imperative that the boys should arrive at a literary appreciation of the language; and I do not think it can be maintained that they do.

My own sincere belief is that an immense amount of conscientious labour is now being wasted on a system which is unproductive, and which is bound to be unproductive because it is not adapted to the needs of the boys. My opinion has been largely confirmed of late by finding many intelligent young men at the university who are profoundly dissatisfied with the education which they have received. I do not claim any infallibility; I may be entirely mistaken; I only maintain that believing intensely, as I do, in the possibilities of intellectual education, I have tried to judge the classical system as fairly as I can by its results, and I see that those results are in many cases so unsatisfactory and so negative that experiments are urgently needed. Simplification seems to me to be the one essential thing. If the classics are to remain, let them have a fair chance and let the other subjects go; but I do not honestly believe that that is the solution of our difficulties, or the cure for our present discontent.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

TO THE LAMP-BEARERS

CURIOUS it is to note what images will strike the mind before impressions that themselves bear no reference to the thing suggested. Memory links these diverse ideas and sense connects them for us, so that joy or sorrow may lurk in a scent, darkness or light in a sound.

My *calystegia pubescens* climbing in the arms of a large *araucaria imbricata*, or monkey-puzzle, always reminds me of De Quincey's attack on Goethe. There is the same display of energy, beauty, and futility in each case; for as well may the convolvulus seek to strangle this giant conifer from Chili in fleeting bonds and fret of flowers, as De Quincey, with magic of style and adornment of rhetoric, attempt to ridicule or discredit one so much mightier than himself. To watch him and know Goethe, is to see a wave broken into liquid dust against the forehead of some ocean-facing cliff. There is a gleam of rainbows and the wave has vanished. Now happily has that biography so petty, so narrow, so unworthy of the pen that wrote it, vanished from the pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and given place to a juster and saner appreciation. One reads De Quincey's biographies less and less as the years pass; but there is much of pure scholarship and poetry that is imperishable, and the style remains a miracle as of yore. It is subject for mourning that to this rare spirit the rational thinker should always be anathema: under a curse. Dogged and inveterate was his bitterness; for free thought his sharpest arrow was ever at the string; and yet constant service blunted it and

robbed its point of the venom there. De Quincey had an unvarying argument against those who thought not as he thought and looked with larger tolerance than himself upon the world of ethical ideas. Such beings were always mad. They must be mad to differ from those dogmas that De Quincey held. Lucretius, Goethe, Shelley—all who stood outside his fold—suffered from actual insanity, or the near threat and terror of it. Lucretius is "the first of demoniacs" labouring under "the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration." Shelley is "a lunatic angel" whose intellect was "already ruined before the light of manhood had cleansed its darkness." As if the light of manhood were not that light of lights, the light of reason. Goethe, indeed, he dares not denominate insane; but the poet's escape is an accident; had Goethe been called upon to face tribulation and grief, he must surely have repeated "the mixed and moody character of his father." His natural mind was "corrupted and clouded"; and this because he regarded his Maker not with awe but curiosity. Strange amalgam of piety and venom mixed is this impotent assault; yet an utterance to study and from which to learn. In phrases that mingle like the classic figures from a frieze, or the interlacing of lovely foliage, he utters these vain things. The rationalist —whether poet, philosopher or artist—must endure his jewelled scourge; and it is interesting to mark how other inspired stylists have displayed a like intolerance. Milton, De Quincey, Ruskin—what remembered music haunts their names; yet who shall say that even in their gardens are not fruits of dust and flowers without sweetness. Milton may be forgiven, for he lived at a time when faith demanded blind allegiance to stay the rot at a nation's heart; but for Ruskin I conceive no excuse. His page is blotted with the narrow bitterness of personal disappointment and the unreasoning wrath of fanaticism. When he speaks of science and, without reverence, utters the august name of Darwin, again I see the little convolvulus—a frail and fleeting shadow against the deep-rooted strength of forest trees.

De Quincey was my familiar friend through boyhood and beyond it. How often have I slept with him beneath my pillow! And I can grasp a little of his morbid suffering in the eternal struggle for perfection of utterance; I can share a part of his æsthetic torment over cacophony, redundance, obscurity, and all the thousand minute delicacies and subtleties of resonance and dissonance, accent and cæsura that only a De Quincey's ear appreciates and seeks to achieve or evade. How many care for these fine things to-day? How many are concerned if De Quincey uses a word with the long "a" sound, or spends a sleepless night in his endeavour to find another with the short "a," that shall at once answer his purpose and crown his sentence with harmony? Who lovingly examine the great artist's methods now, dip into the secret of his mystery and weigh verb against adjective, vowel against consonant, that they may a little understand the unique splendour of this prose? And who, when an artist is the matter, seek to measure his hopes as well as his attainments, or praise a noble ambition perhaps shining through faulty attempt? How many, even among those who write, have fathomed the toil and suffering, the continence and self-denial of our great artists in words? This neglect arises in a measure from the common confusion of thought that puts prose and poetry in antithesis, whereas it is a mere platitude to say that poetry is not a form, but an element common to prose and verse alike. We forget that some of the greatest prose in the language is poetry, and while we shrewdly examine the measure and plan of verse, too often overlook the workmanship of great prose, too often underestimate the cost to the artist.

Oh, "average reader," would that I could waken you into a higher ambition and a truer perception touching the business of art. If, for example, before tumbling through your next box of story-books from the circulating library, you would take Aristotle out of his dark corner, shake him, dust him, open him and ponder the "Poetics"! There are, indeed, those who hold that this master-spirit cannot be proved to contain all the truth,

and that upon high art and its infinite horizons he is no longer the paramount sun; but he will more than suffice your purpose and the purpose of those who write for you. Consider a moment what he requires and determine with yourself that you also need these qualities and must obtain them. You probably dislike tragedy. You choose rather that everything shall end happily in your story-books, "because in real life everything does not do so." Too well I know your dreadful arguments! But why do you, who are a truthful soul in your life and in your relations with your kind, tell me to lie to you and weave the thing that is not, because in your hour of leisure you refuse to look upon the thing that is? Do you, readers of the magazines, perceive the insult you put on those who write them? No, no, you neither perceive nor understand. But just for this one evening, to oblige me, wrestle with the great Greek and try to comprehend. Consider what a tragedy means. He will tell you. His six essentials in that sort are Plot, Character, and Diction, Thought, Scenery and Song. They go to every great story now as then: now as then it is necessary, if a man dare profess and call himself artist, that he shall fight and toil to weld these ingredients in one balanced, perfect unity, so that from his revelation of life there shall spring like a dawn within the reader's soul that salutary "*Katharsis*"—the solemn, purifying principle wrought of pity and of fear. That is man's work! And it is for you to demand it from the story-tellers who proclaim themselves men. Comedy likewise may well be asked to bear these six essentials, and had the mighty mind of Aristotle thrown light on that art also, he had perchance demanded not only those qualities, but also shown how, instead of fear and pity, our high comedy in its supreme expression must touch the human heart to tolerance, lift it to love, and warm it with great, sane laughter, such as Rabelais and Cervantes awakened in the world.

Now, "average reader," your work is cut out for you if you are going to apply one poor span of the Aristotelian

standard to your modern fiction, either of the stage or book-stall, and I warn you to be patient. We who write your tales cannot meet you in a moment with better art. Expect no immediate masterpieces from us; look for no Greek grandeur, Latin beauty, Elizabethan humanity in the spring lists of 1906, because they will not be there; but develop a desire in yourself towards these things; survey your own contemptible requirements and cease to be content; observe that your abject taste in fiction redounds neither to your credit, nor to the advancement of high art—nor any sort of art at all.

Lastly, be short and sharp with those who guide you in this matter; explain to the critics that they too must seek their prototypes in the company of the bygone great, and call for a loftier note and nobler ideals; that they must shake us from our slumber and blow Aristotle's trumpet in our ears; that they must put a period to the ceaseless, thin rattle of their unconsidered praise, and henceforth pay our mediocrity with the scorn of silence.

And then—think of it! you are an "average reader" no more; and they are "average critics" no more; and we shall need swiftly to mend our ways, or follow our feeble stories, vulgar puppets, mean diction, sentimentality, and nebulous thinking down into the dust of oblivion, where such offences properly belong.

But as well may De Quincey, with his foam of fine phrasing, endeavour to splash the marble front of Goethe; as well may my little convolvulus attempt to strangle the life out of the tree that carries her aloft, as any word of mine seek to teach our "average reader" that real story-telling is toil for strong men and women, not a tawdry burlesque of life spun by mental weaklings to help him through a leisure hour, to assist his digestion after dinner, or kill his time in the train. No, it is useless to appeal to his understanding until we have educated it. We must teach him; he cannot help us; and, in order to lift him, it is necessary first that we lift ourselves. To despise him is folly; to chide him is unreasonable. Deny his hungry demand

for trash—that is the wiser way. Elect a Parliament of Letters and suffer nothing calling itself a novel to reach our "average reader" until authority has passed it! Give him what is better far than the rubbish he cries for; look to it that he shall have from you what your other children have: the thing they need, not the thing they want. And that you may the better judge for him, stand back a little from the rush and hurry; scan the old roads; keep higher literary company yourself; adjust your self-estimate and your perspective by study of the great of yesterday, not comparison with the small of to-day.

For we writers of fiction stand at a significant point in time. The dawn of a new age of thought is flushing the sky; the old order fades; the old faith, creatress of much glorious work, now dies the natural death of all faiths that have strengthened the feet and lifted the hearts of men through their appointed centuries. Reason is crowned, and the trumpets of her ministers, Science and Justice, proclaim her. In these high moments of change, let the lamp-bearers cling close to their sacred torches; cherish the flame against storm and tempest, and keep clear their ancient altar-fires, even though they cannot keep them bright. Then the great unborn—those who shall follow to expand their genius in conditions of culture, tolerance, and knowledge we know not—may say, even of this, our time, that despite perishing principles and decaying conventions, despite false teaching, false triumphs and false taste, there were yet those who strove for the immemorial grandeur of their calling; who pandered to no temptation from without or from within; who followed none of the great world-voices, were dazzled by none of the great world-lights, used their gift as a stepping-stone to no meaner life; but clear-eyed and patient, neither elated nor cast down, still lifted the lamp as high as their powers allowed, still pursued art singly for her own immortal sake.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ITALIAN PAINTING IN THE PRADO GALLERY

I

THE Prado Gallery is a foundation of Ferdinand VII.

The real history of the Gallery [says Ford] is this. When Ferdinand married his second and best wife, *La Portugaise*, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish convert in France, persuaded him to refurnish the palace with French papers and ormolu clocks and chandeliers—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint original cinquecento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out and the pictures taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors, exposed to wind, weather, and the worst plunderings of Spanish *Custodes*. They were fast perishing and disappearing when the Marques de Sta. Cruz, *Mayor Duomo*, Mayor or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor, one of the few grandees blessed with a particle of taste or talent (and our authority for this anecdote), persuaded the Queen to remove the pictures to the Prado. She advanced £40 a month towards repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November 1819, these saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public; the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velasquez, instantly attracted the admiring eyes of *foreigners*, who appreciated the merits of the Old Masters of Spain much better than the natives. Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with £240 a month, and the *Museo* was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821. Thus he earned the title of Augustus, as cheaply as our George IV. has the credit of "presenting to the public" the fine library formed by his father. This he had bargained to sell to Russia, when one of his brothers put in a claim for a share of the proceeds his Majesty thereat, having graciously condemned him and his books to a warmer place than St. Petersburg, bundled them off in a huff to Great Russell Street.

To-day the *Real Museo de Pintura del Prado* is a gallery of masterpieces, a more catholic Pitti Palace, an immense Salon Carré. And unlike the Louvre, for instance, or our own National Gallery, while it possesses almost the whole work of Velasquez, it is very poor in early Italian pictures, is without an example of the English school, and possesses but one example, a poor and early picture enough, of the supreme work of Rembrandt, the perfect work of Holbein.

And yet while a host of critics and archæologists deny any historical value to the Prado Gallery, its worth as a Museum, as that which, alas, a Museum so often becomes, a mere record of work good or bad done from time to time, to me at least it is valuable for that virtue not less than for the beauty of the pictures hung there so thoughtfully; for while in so many Galleries in Europe it is possible to trace the art of painting from the earliest time even to yesterday or to-day, here in the Prado you may see, not without surprise perhaps, the marvellous and immortal art of Titian, surrounded by the works of his disciples, some of the greatest artists of all time.

The Father of the Prado is Titian; his work perfect in sweetness and strength and wisdom—the sweetness of youth in all its perfection; the strength of manhood, its endless desire, its achievement; the wisdom of old age, its renunciation, its passionate sincerity and peace—was the nucleus as it were of this almost matchless collection, and it is the work of those painters who own him as their master, Greco, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, Poussin and Watteau, that for the most part we may find to-day hanging beside his splendid and fading canvases, witnesses to the immortal beauty and vitality of his genius, the indispensability of his art.

Critics of Titian have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful sensual, or at least sensuous, strength expressing itself in colour, and apparent, for instance, in such a picture as *La Bella* in the Pitti Gallery. Others have found in him an extraordinary vitality running to

coarseness, from which ideas are excluded, in which we see merely the delight of one so strong, so full of life, in flesh, that under his hand has certainly put on immortality, but that is how much less than the clear truthful work of Velasquez, the unhappy profound work of Rembrandt. But for some of us, it may be, his work seems still the most beautiful and the most vital that has ever been given to us by an artist. He seems to have summed up the Renaissance for us just as it was passing away, and in a more splendid and living fashion than Raphael in his perfect and learned way, a little pedantic, a little fearful perhaps of the immense vitality of life; or than Michelangelo, that great and successful genius, whose work seems ever to be about to rise from the dead, were able or willing to do. He has created with joy. The beauty of his work is always an expression of life, he has never permitted thought to kill life till it is little more than a suggestion, as Michelangelo has done so often. Without the humility of Raphael, without the overwhelming and fastidious taste of that divine epicurean whose conscience was, as it were, a faculty of the intellect, his genius was only to be held by his own will; he is never reticent, never almost meaningless, almost just a decorative painter as Raphael too often is, in his easel pictures at any rate; he is always expressive, and while not always as splendid as in his greatest pictures—the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, for instance, or the *Young Englishman*—he is always, as it were, at the height of the situation; nothing has come from his hands that does not live—legions of figures, men and women and children splendidly naked, beautifully clothed, horses and dogs, and bulls and trees and mountains, and the sea. He is like a natural force in his profound energy, he is like a god without a rival in his creative power, he makes ugly things and brutal things, and mediocre things, and they are all beautiful. So passionate was his conception of life, so extraordinary his apprehension of everything that is vital, that people who have never lived, or who have been dead many years, or who have missed life in some blind mediocrity, receive

life from him, really live because of him, and yet his virtue is not less. His work is immense, fabulous in its quantity; yet he was an artist in life, too, and understood the value, the extraordinary richness of such a nature as Aretinos, was wise enough to find pleasure therein, and to seize life with both hands, and to enjoy it to the utmost; yet it seemed that he might live for ever, for he did not die until he was ninety-nine years old, and then it was by chance that death found him, coming to him promiscuously as it were, since he could not tire him out, in the midst of a plague that devastated the city.

Beside him those disciples of his, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez and the rest, are just pupils, each with something of the virtue of the master, some side, as it were, of Titian's character developed at the expense of the rest. Thus Rembrandt, almost unrepresented in the Prado—just there, perhaps, is its chief defect—is too sombre, too gloomy, to stand for a moment beside the splendid laughter, the profound joy, of Titian's work. That Northern painter, unfortunate in so much, so intense a student of nature, of life in its more sombre moments, joyful only with an almost brutal laughter, insolent as a barbarian, full of the insane light of the North, is ashamed before the pagan loveliness, the human beauty and perfect joy of Titian, whose profound smile, lighting the world, might have made him afraid as no sorrow or gloom or brutality that came to him, that he found everywhere in the world, was able to do. And if you find Rubens, that man of the world who painted for love or for fame, armed with an immense sensuality that he had learned from his master, how insane it is, how merely technically beautiful, beautiful that is as art rather than as life, if you compare it for a moment with the sincere and human delight in the body, everywhere to be found in Titian's painting, that passion has redeemed from lust as from mere delight in the flesh. Beside the marvellous women of Titian, those beautiful-made courtesans and fine ladies, whose golden flesh has excited the love and pity of the world, Rubens

Three Graces, for instance, seem like *poseuses* painted by a *fanfaron*. They are as decorative as three exquisite vases, and can never die: they are without the immense pathos of life that you find here in Madrid, even in so thoughtlessly brutal a picture as the *Danäe*, and in their perfection of paint, their wonderful bravura, proclaim their barbarian origin, being rather perfect animals than human beings capable of thought or emotion, of love, of sorrow.

On coming to the exquisite work of Velasquez here in the Prado it is quite another side of Titian's genius you see developed further, and with a more fastidious distinction than he had time for, perhaps; and while in his cool and grave pictures you will find less originality of thought than you may almost discern everywhere in Rembrandt's work, and certainly a less profound vitality than that which informs the work of the great Dutchman and of Rubens, you will find a perfection there which is wanting in both those great men, and which you will come upon but seldom in the work of Titian himself. How fastidious, how distinguished Velasquez always is! Just there, it might be seen, is the virtue that has entranced the modern world, so that you find painters to-day so in love with their art, so satisfied with just that, that recognising this reverence in Velasquez for the material, as it were, of his work, his contentment with it as sufficient for him to express just what his eyes have seen, they have been willing to call him "the master," the greatest painter of all time, ignoring, not unwillingly, a certain lack of originality, of just genius, as it were, that no perfection of technique, no dignity of thought, no distinction of manner, may altogether hide. His work is so beautiful that we are content to forget everything else while we are with him; and, indeed, it is part of his secret that the charm of his work, in the true sense of the word, its magical truthfulness, for instance, obliterates our dreams, and for the first time perhaps we see ourselves, not as we really are, scarcely ever that, but as we appear in a perfectly felt, a perfectly expressed impression, in a moment of languor or pride or

gracious forgiveness. He is a painter who is always lurking in the shadow, whose light is so refined upon that he scarcely dares to bring the sunshine into it, lest something of its distinction, its temperance, should be lost in the splendour of the world, in the strength of the sun, or beside the energy of the sea. You will find no nudes here, scarcely any women at all, but queens and princesses and little children and men who are so full of pride that they seem to thrust the ground away with their feet, or to beat it with the hoofs of their horses in contempt, a contempt that is not passionate at all, but a sort of coldness, as though they were unaware of anything but their own gravity or importance.

Quite by chance on leaving the room where the beautiful picture of *Philip IV. on Horseback* hangs, you come, in the long gallery, on Titian's *Charles V. entering the Battle of Muhlberg.* Beside it are two theatrical compositions by Rubens, masterly and full of the immense sensuous vigour that is sometimes a little wearying in that Fleming. It is as though the monotony of his low and mediocre land, which submitted so easily to every tyranny, which only he has made beautiful, had forced him into an over-emphasis of life. Well, to-day in the Prado you look at Titian's *Charles V. on Horseback*, really the original of all equestrian portraits, beside the work of this sumptuous barbarian. The quiet, serene, everlasting strength that it presents always, even in Titian's slightest work, is, in this magnificent canvas, consummate in its perfection. And it vanquishes, if we may use a word so disastrous, even the great equestrian portraits of Velasquez by means of just beauty. It is life, while the work of Velasquez only continually seems to be life: it is more than life, it is truth, it is beauty.

How fortunate Titian was, you may think, perhaps, fortunate beyond Rembrandt or Rubens or Velasquez in having people so much greater to paint, a city so much more beautiful to live in, a world so much more living, so much more human, as it were, than those painters who followed him enjoyed.

Well, "the ages are all equal," says William Blake, "but genius is always above its age"; and if this be so, certainly in Titian's genius the age of the Renaissance expressed itself so completely that anything which came after had the sense of a repetition almost, a variation, as it were, on the work of the great Venetian. And yet how original and how wise was Rembrandt, and willing, too, to express so much that is but indicated in Titian's work, anxious, above all, it might seem, to express himself, since he seems to lurk, yes, the very rugged, beautiful, strong face itself, in so many of his pictures. And if with Rubens you seem to come upon something less sincere, or less racy, as it were, than with Rembrandt, how perfectly musical is every line, every contour, how full of well-being and delight, a little boisterous, it may be, but full of strength and the joy that enjoys itself is his work here in the Prado, naturally almost without effort, as a bird sings. While, after all, to look at Velasquez is to understand the truth—that so various thing, light dancing on the water, that is gone e'er you can say it is there. He is so truthful that for the moment everything else seems beside the point.

Something like this seems to me to be my impression of the Prado Gallery; to be what that collection of masterpieces means to me. And if pictures are, as it were, "receptacles of so many powers and forces," if they "possess, like the products of Nature, so many virtues or qualities," to discover not their value compared with one another, but their ultimate value for oneself, is the first step of all true criticism whatever, useful and necessary on our way to see them, as in themselves they really are.

II

Italian painting is represented in the Prado both by the work of Titian, so splendid in its quality and abundance, and by the work of Raphael, which here time seems to have robbed of nearly all its fame. And splendid as are these two painters

of the high Renaissance, their work scarcely makes up to us for the entire absence of any painter of the fourteenth century in Italy, while the fifteenth century is only represented by examples from the work of two men, Fra Angelico and Mantegna. Here and there in these almost numberless rooms you come upon work so flower-like as Giorgione's, so unimpassioned as Correggio's, so innumerable as Veronese's and Tintoretto's, so ineffectual as Andrea del Sarto's, so charming as Tiepolo's; but for the most part Italy is here just Venice at its best in Titian, or Rome dowered with all the beautiful learned work of Raphael, the imitative work of his pupils.

That early Tuscan painter, who dreamed continually of Mary Madonna, to whose keeping God had confided the desire of the world, who seems to have built up in his pictures the kingdom of heaven on earth, so that he finds the same flowers by the wayside of those streets of gold as in the valleys of Tuscany, the same sweet light upon the hills there as he had seen in a vision at evening, or heard of from an angel, who surely stayed his flight during some sweet half-hour at noonday, so that those naïve eyes might never forget the least fold of his garments, the most secret thread of golden hair, may be found here, so far away, in Spain, that has understood scarcely at all the perfect humanism that is everywhere in his work, in a panel of *The Annunciation*, that reminds one in some far-off fashion of the fresco of the same subject in S. Marco, different in colour though it may be, and in the addition here in the Prado picture of an expulsion from Paradise, while below in five octagonal compartments you find certain scenes from the life of the Madonna.

In Mantegna's picture [1] of the *Death of the Virgin*, a small panel from the collection of Charles I. of England, you have a work so much more initiated, so much less a chance falling of sunlight upon the wall, in which Angelico, for instance, seems to have seen a vision, than that beautiful and holy picture of *The Annunciation*. So much more initiated I said, and it is

[1] Morelli has thrown doubt on this picture, needlessly perhaps.

really just that, an initiation, as it were, into the world, so noble, so splendid, so full of great things, that you discern in the really profound work of the great Paduan. His work is full of intellectual strength, joyful too, as happy indeed in its way as Fra Angelico's, only where Angelico has divined something that he cannot understand, that he accepts deliciously as a child might do, Mantegna has always understood, has mastered everything that he expresses, first of all with his mind; it is a nobility in him, a duty almost from which he will not excuse himself. It is strange, remembering the delight of his work, his love for sumptuous things, saved always from a too great fondness for them by his perfect sanity, his intellectual rectitude, that in this picture some strange asceticism, some unfortunate, unnecessary self-denial, as it were, is to be discerned; unnecessary and therefore unfortunate, since in denial in itself, for its own sake, there is nothing admirable or beautiful: it is merely a cruelty to one's self that, having suffered, to-morrow we shall be ready to inflict on another.

In these two pictures we seem to discover the awakening of the spirit of man from its long sleep that was after all but a preparation for the dawn that is already risen in Fra Angelico, and, still a little bewildered by dreams, has seen the beauty of the world; that in Mantegna is even now aware of the whole long day of love and thought to come, that in him at any rate is already awaiting it, with the serenity of a child, the courage of a young man.

To turn to the work of Andrea del Sarto from these sincere and simple pictures is to understand how ineffectual a painter he really is. The "faultless" painter, as he has been called, in truth he seems to be incapable of fault, to be really a little effeminate, a little vague, too bewildered by his own *sfumato* as it were, lost in enervating, sentimental dreams. It is no intellectual passion you find in that soft troubled work, where from every canvas Lucrezia di Baccio looks out at you, posing as Madonna or Magdalen, or just herself, and even there

beautiful, unsatisfactory, discontented, unhappy, because she is too stupid to be happy at all. If she were Andrea's tragedy, one might think that even without her his life could scarcely have been different. In the best of his pictures here she is Madonna[1] seated on a flight of steps perhaps, holding the Child, who stretches out His arms to an angel, who kneels before Him holding an open book, while St. Joseph gazes at Madonna, and in the background a woman hurries away leading a child by the hand. It is a characteristic picture, insignificant, as it were, facile without depth or force. Andrea can do better than this and worse, and while in this picture you may discern something of that Michelangelesque manner that was so unfortunate in one who was a colourist, the only colourist of the Florentine school, it is not so mannered, nor so futile an imitation as the *Madonna dell' arpie* or *The Assumption* in Florence. Yet it is how much less than the beautiful *Dispute as to the Trinity*, or the wonderful series of portraits of himself, or his wife. Just there he seems to touch life as never, or almost never, in his compositions. How simple and straightforward, for instance, is the portrait of a sculptor in the National Gallery, how vivid, how truthful the portraits of himself, how expressive those of his wife! That damaged but still lovely picture of Lucrezia di Baccio, here in the Prado, really redeems him for once from a charge of insincerity, grandiosity or sentimentalism. How beautiful she is, how living, how full of possibilities, still young, and unacquainted with the sacrifices that her mediocrity will presently demand of her! It is then as a portrait painter, who after all has left in his pictures "an autobiography as complete as any in existence," that Andrea del Sarto comes to his own; almost a great painter, anxious rather to make his confession to a world that was so ready to excuse him and to worship him, just

[1] Of the pictures here in the Prado, Mr. Berenson ("The Florentine Painters," 1898, p. 98) only accepts as del Sarto's *The Sacrifice of Isaac*, a copy of the Dresden picture. Mr. Ricketts, in his admirable work, "The Prado" (Constable, 1904), p. 113, accepts only the two pictures I name.

because he failed to show his superiority to it. As a Florentine painter he seems ever among strangers; and it is really as a Venetian, exiled in Florence, one who had been forced by some irony of circumstances to forego his birthright in the invigorating and worldly city, that might have revealed to him just the significance of the life which we miss in his pictures, that he appeals to us; a failure difficult to explain, a weak but beautiful nature spoiled by mediocrity.

It is something less admirable that you find in the majority of pictures that bear, in this Gallery, the most "beloved name in art," the beautiful name of Raphael. Something, I know not what, seems to have befallen them, they are so much less lovely than their reputation. It is as though on a day in the sunshine of the long summer that makes of the noisiest of cities the most silent place in the world, gradually, little by little, they had died, had suffered that extraordinary change, that at first seems to make so little difference, even to add some beauty by a sort of simplification, as it were, an obliteration of everything but the necessary and elemental things of character of individual life, and then suddenly to destroy for ever the loveliness that had only blossomed to die, after many years of impassioned effort. Those famous pictures, *Lo Spasimo*,[1] *The Virgin of the Fish*, *The Visitation*, *La Perla* (from the Gallery of Charles I. of England), *The Holy Family*, *Del Lagarto*, seem to-day almost inexplicable as the work of Raphael; they are dead pictures, from which the beauty has fled away, leaving only the brutal signature of death, the hideous suggestions of the skeleton. And while in such a picture as *The Virgin of the Fish*, for instance, we may find the hand, the clever imitative hand, of Giulio Romano, it is yet difficult to explain our indifference to most of Raphael's

[1] The only thing of which we may be certain is, that neither in composition nor in execution is Raphael's hand visible in this picture. It is, as it seems to me, a picture full of "lamentable obscurities," in which many suggestions from Raphael's work have been remembered and reproduced; only the figure of Christ may be from Raphael's design.

easel pictures which are not portraits. *La Perla*, for instance —"the pearl," as Philip IV. said, of his Gallery at the Escorial, when he bought it for £2,000 at the brutal sale of the Crown property by Cromwell—how may we excuse ourselves for finding it so hard, so impossible as the work of the man who painted *La Donna Velata* at Florence, or the magnificent *Portrait of a Cardinal* in this Gallery? It has not even the marvellous decorative qualities, the splendour and learning as it were of the frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican. It cannot move us with its hard perfection, it seems to be scarcely painting at all, to possess some dreadful mechanical origin, in its crudity, its callousness. And again in the *Christ bearing the Cross—Lo Spasimo*—we are moved only by surprise that anything painted, as it might seem with brick-dust, informed with so grimacing an insincerity, should even bear the name of Raphael.

No, these pictures can never have been painted by Raphael at all, it is impossible to pronounce his name before them; they are the work of those disciples who were his chief enemies, they are the brutal interpretations that the neophyte always thrusts upon the work of the master. It was with the same mad passion that St. Paul destroyed the beautiful thoughts of Jesus, it is from a like enthusiastic imitation, careful, done with much labour, that virtue, which, in art at any rate, is by itself so utterly useless, so vicious, that every artist has suffered, and will continue to suffer, since imitation is an attribute of man. That Raphael should have signed these works is impossible, in every line you may discern a forgery, in every colour a mockery, a mimicry, aping him in every gesture. Something it may be, a perfection of space, as it were, a certain quietness characteristic of Raphael, that you will find even in his most dramatic work, still suggest themselves to you as you look at these old hard pictures; but if you compare them for a moment with *The Holy Family* here in the Prado, in which the Child plays with a lamb, or with the beautiful and almost miraculous *Portrait of a Cardinal*, or even with *The Madonna*

of the Fish,[1] in which Raphael's part is seemingly so small, and yet visible enough in I know not what delicacy and perfection, shining there behind the hard academic work of Giulio Romano, you will understand in a moment either that something has befallen them, that they have been repainted, or spoiled by cleaning, really skinned as it were, in which brutal process, so delightful to the old professors who ruled the Galleries not so long ago, their beauty has vanished away; or that they were never the work of Raphael at all, merely passing as his with Princes since they came from his Botega, and one was so anxious to boast, so eager to believe that among the lesser pictures that made the background of the Royal Gallery, a Raphael had really blossomed at last, it may be after much effort, and the sacrifice of not a few priceless things.

It is in the *Portrait of a Cardinal* that you really come face to face with Raphael's work at its highest. With what clarity of mind and art he has painted that unknown figure, how perfectly he has expressed everything, simply concealing the subtlety of his art! It is almost a miracle of simplicity, living there in the beautiful painted panel by some means hidden from all, about which we may know nothing, perfect as a flower or any other thought of God. It is not often you may find Raphael so easily master of the art of his time; in his quiet and humble way he seems at last to have expressed everything in a quiet assured voice, after the rather terrible gestures, the exquisite insinuations of his fellow painters, who have really failed to convince us, not so much of life as of its perfection, its sufficiency, its beauty, that after all will content us only because it is living.

It is a lesser painter, or at least a younger, less complete and learned, one who has not yet known how to transform everything in life into art, but still speaks with an accent, here assuredly Leonardo's, that you find in *The Madonna of the*

[1] Mr. Ricketts, *op. cit.* p. 109, denies Giulio Romano's part in this picture. He suggests Penni as the painter. Mr. Berenson, *op. cit.*, p. 173, gives it to Giulio Romano.

Lamb. He has been too much impressed with the *St. Anne* of the Louvre, he cannot forget the gesture of those beautiful hands, and the smile, that still lights up the faded old picture, flickers shyly, pensively, with I know not what suggestions of assent in this small panel that is painted well, almost like a miniature, and without forgetfulness of the wide valleys and soft hills of Umbria, the devotion to all that is so visible in his master, Il Perugino. And yet while Leonardo has understood that every living thing is our brother, that the very flowers have loved us, and we must love them too, so that we find him adding certain blades of beautiful grass irresistibly, as it were, to Verrocchio's dry, cold picture of *The Baptism of Christ*, Raphael, even with Leonardo's picture before him, fails to understand that others beside men and women, less articulate even than children, have life, and move beautifully with as subtle a rhythm as ourselves. How wooden the lamb, which the Child bestrides with so dainty an eagerness, really is! Painted in 1507, just after the Ansidei *Madonna* of the National Gallery, and just before his departure for Rome, something of that larger life seems to overshadow this picture, in a kind of prevision, faint enough it may be, but assuredly to suggest itself nevertheless in a certain charm of maturity, as though he had here taken the first step in a new life really before it was necessary, to please himself, as it were, to make sure of himself, of his power to assimilate, and not to be overwhelmed by, the great world, or those strong and immortal artists he was about to encounter with so much gladness and expectancy, and yet so humbly withal.

It is to quite another school of painting you come in the work of Correggio, that joyful painter who always seems about to burst into song, as though paint, less expressive than words may be, was not quite adequate to the lyrical impulse that possessed him. Born in 1494, he belongs to the North Italian school of Bologna, Ferrara and Parma, is indeed, as Mr. Berenson has pointed out, the great painter of that district, holding " the same place there as Raphael holds among the

painters of central Italy."[1] His chief work here in Madrid, a "Noli me tangere,' is, as it might seem, a rather strange rendering of a subject so "spectral," so suggestive of tragedy. And yet it is a lovely picture enough, into which all the still beauty of the woods and fields at dawn enters not without a solemn sort of gladness. A lesser picture, *The Virgin, the Infant Jesus and St. John*,[2] is, if it must be given to Correggio, a feeble work enough, dark and repainted, perhaps, and without the delight common to all his work; while the other pictures here that pass under his name even the catalogue of the Gallery repudiates.

In passing now to the Venetian pictures, we come upon the great Italian treasure of the Gallery, without which the Prado would rank certainly much lower than it does among the Galleries of Europe. If we miss the work of the earliest Venetians, Carpaccio, Jacopo Bellini, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni, we have yet in a genuine work of Giorgione that dayspring of the Renaissance in Venice, one of the rarest things in the world, which, while it may not compensate us for our disappointment at finding the so-called Giovanni Bellini here a copy, is itself so precious a thing that looking on it we forget that grotesque forgery altogether in the surprise and joy of finding Giorgione at last almost justified in his reputation. That almost fabulous painter, whose work continually eludes us in the Galleries of Europe, and is quite faded, as a vision might fade, from the Palazzo Tedeschi in Venice, has gradually been robbed by critic after critic of almost all that used to pass under his name, so that now only some fifteen pictures scattered up and down the world, in his birthplace, the little town of Castelfranco, not far from Padua, in Berlin, in Dresden, where Morelli discovered his *Venus* under I know not what over-painting, in Vienna, in Buda-Pesth, in Florence, where three pictures still pass as his, in Venice, where there are four, one

[1] "The Study *v.* Criticism of Italian Art," by Bernhard Berenson (London, 1901), p. 40.

[2] No. 135, in Long Gallery.

of them in private hands, in Vicenza, in Rome, in the Villa Borghese, in Paris, and at Hampton Court, where *A Shepherd with a Pipe*,[1] all that is left perhaps of a larger picture, shines like a precious stone among much that is worthless, much that is only less rare than itself. But indeed we might think that even with Morelli, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Mr. Berenson against us, to name no others, who have done so much for the history of painting in Italy, we may still believe, not altogether without reason, that Giorgione had some part in *The Concert* of the Pitti Palace, which after all passed as his altogether for two hundred and fifty years; was bought indeed as his in 1654, by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici from Paolo del Sera, a collector of Venice. That figure of a youth, so ambiguous in its beauty, could any other hand than Giorgione's have painted it? Does it ever appear in Titian's innumerable masterpieces at all? Dying as he did at the age of thirty-three, Giorgione must have left many pictures unfinished, which Titian, his friend, his disciple almost, may well have finished, and even signed in an age when works almost wholly untouched by a master were certainly sold as his. However this may be, whether indeed all the Giorgionesque Titians that now pass under his name are really his, or whether some of them, *The Concert*, for instance, and the *Ariosto* of the National Gallery were his only in part, really finished by him but begun by Giorgione, there is yet remaining to us enough work incontestably Giorgione's own, or rather for the most part uncontested as his, for us to understand in some measure the enthusiasm that always surrounded his name, the immense fame that followed him to the grave. Here in Madrid there is a precious panel, *Madonna enthroned with the Child between St. Antony and St. Roch.*[2] Dressed in a long robe that trails over the marble step on

[1] Mr. Ricketts (*op. cit.*, p. 123) tells us that he was able to see a suit of armour beneath the "spurious" drapery of the shepherd. Myself, I cannot see it, though I have tried several times. I have not, however, examined the picture without its glass.

[2] This picture was first discovered to be by Giorgione by Signor Morelli.

which the throne where she sits stands, Madonna holds the Child standing on her knees, a little languidly, wrapt in some divine contemplation, as indeed are all the figures, as though an angel were about to pass by, or God were about to declare Himself. Behind her, as in a picture by Bellini, a curtain hangs, only over the curtain a white-figured stole falls behind her head, bringing I know not what delight into the picture, a certain delicate superiority that is emphasised by a branch of white Madonna lilies that seems to have fallen there on the floor before her from the eager worshipping hands of Gabriel, or the timid brown fingers of some little child who has just passed by. It is a picture full of attention to some influence unseen, unheard by the spectator, of which he is aware only by chance. It is as though we had surprised these people and overheard their prayer. And while certainly a certain mystery disengages itself from that sweet improvisation, in which for once, as Pater foretold of it, Painting has attained to the condition of Music, so that you feel not only the beauty, obvious enough both in the painting and in the matter of a thing that is really a divine interval, but you are puzzled too by the symbolism that is suggested, so unobtrusively, in the scattered leaves on the marble, the fallen lilies, the closed book. And why has St. Roch a fragment of unhewn marble beneath his foot?

Some of those whom the gods love die young; but Titian, because the gods loved him, lived to be very old, fabulously old, almost till he had accomplished everything that was possible for him in his day, carrying the art of painting really as far as it could go, always within its strict limitations, apprehending them perfectly, as indeed did all the school, never for a moment going beyond them in search of effects really unlawful, as how many a painter since has tried to do? To-day in the Prado you may see his work, at first so youthful, so lovely with dreams, in the Giorgionesque *Madonna, with St. Bridget and St. Hulpus,* passing into the enthusiasm and joy of *The Garden of Venus* and *The Bacchanal,* the strength and wisdom of the portraits of Charles V., the profound passion of

The Entombment ; and while you miss a portrait in the Giorgione manner, such as the *Ariosto* of the National Gallery, broadly speaking you will find here examples of the work of his whole life, closed by the magnificent portrait of himself.

Titian was born about 1476–1482, the exact date is uncertain, in Bieve di Cadore, a little town of the Venetian Alps. He appears to have been the pupil of Gentile Bellini, that strangely intellectual Venetian painter, whose work is so decorative and so cold, and yet lovely too, by reason of certain intellectual *ascesis* that you may discern in it, that is not to be found in the work of his brother Giovanni, whose emotion, a certain apprehension of just beauty, is so much stronger than anything of the sort to be found in Gentile's work. Nothing remains to us that shows Titian at work in Gentile's studio; but there is little doubt that he met there the great painter, only a little older than himself perhaps, who was to influence him so profoundly, whose friend he became, whose executor he was, too soon, to be. That beautiful *Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus*—how loyally it suggests the work of Giorgione, work that was the object of an immense enthusiasm, it might seem, an enthusiasm it was so natural, so incumbent upon one, so easy, too, to feel for a thing as lovely as that *Giovanelli* picture, for instance, or the *Fête Champêtre* of the Louvre, just then come into the world, and full of I know not what new beauty long sought after and only dimly apprehended till then, but for once magically expressed, really, as it might seem, by a miracle, in a serener sort of genre-painting, full of new superiorities. And then what poetry, what humanism, as well as a certain unity of the arts of painting, music, and sculpture, one might, if one would, find therein! If Titian is really the sole painter of *The Concert* and the *Ariosto* and the *Lady* of the Crespi Collection in Milan, how loyal he has been to that new spirit, how perfectly he has understood all that Giorgione was able to express! Here in the Prado, so fortunately preserved among the many pictures of later date, that precious panel of *Madonna and*

Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus is of the same company, almost perfect in preservation, while the others have suffered so grievously. And even after Titian has passed under a very different influence, is indeed beginning to emancipate himself from what had been the dream of another after all, you find a certain remembrance of Giorgione in the *Sacred and Profane Love* of the Borghese Gallery. That period in which he produced the *Adoration of the Shepherds* and the *Noli me tangere*, both in the National Gallery, to name no others, is not represented in the Prado, but the years that immediately follow give us *The Bacchanal* and *The Worship of Venus*, two works in a manner, as it were, only completely expressed by the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of the National Gallery. *The Bacchanal*, spoiled by some too brutal process of restoration, in which the sky, for instance, has been entirely repainted, is even to-day one of the great treasures of the Gallery, full of the immense joy and strength of youth, of youth that is about to pass into maturity, that is sure of itself at last, just for a moment before it is gone for ever. "*Chi boist et ne reboit, ne çais que boir soit*" he has written on the leaf of music that is spread out before the beautiful woman who holds a bowl aloft to be filled with wine. What is this company of men and women that has passed singing over the hills and is come to the sea shore ? In the background a naked figure, shaggy and splendid, has fallen upon the primitive wine-press, and the juice of the grapes pressed by his weight flows down to the sea. It is from this purple stream they are drinking as they dance or throw themselves on the ground in the shadow of the trees. Who are they that are so joyful on a summer's day, so thirsty in the genial heat ? And, above all, who is she, that beautiful nude woman whom they seem to have come upon by chance, as it were, while she is wrapped in "a passion of sleep ?" Is it Ariadne ? One might almost think so, for far away a ship with beautiful white sails seeks the horizon. Has Theseus stolen away while she slept, will she awake before long to find him gone ? The picture is like a gesture of joy, irre-

sistible in its beauty and delight, that is about to be interrupted by an irreparable disaster.

In the slightly earlier picture of *The Garden of Venus* we see an immense crowd of little Loves, winged really with the wings of the sky, playing together furiously beneath great trees in a garden before the statue of Venus. It is as though you heard an exquisite incomprehensible laughter in the woods at midday. Two women are just within the picture; one is about to fling herself before the statue in some joy of mad worship; the other, more serious, less frantic, looks away as though doubtful of her desire. Something of Rubens' work seems to be suggested in the exuberant vitality of this work, and yet it has a certain sunny reserve and sweetness, a simplicity too that is so often lacking in the work of that painter. It is really but a shadow of itself, its shape having been changed, though it is less repainted and cleaned than *The Bacchanal*.

When we next see Titian's work here more than ten years of his life have passed away, ten years in which he has produced the *Assunta* of the Academia of Venice, the *Altar-piece of Ancona*, the *Altar-piece of the Vatican*, the *Assunta* of Verona, the *Entombment* of the Louvre. For the first time he has come into touch with the Court of Spain. Charles V., on a visit to Mantua in the end of the year 1532, may well have received the so-called portrait of Alphonso d'Este here in the Prado as a present. We know at least that it was a portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, by Titian, that gave him the desire to possess a portrait of himself from Titian's hand. He had met Titian in 1530 at Bologna, without much enthusiasm we may believe, since the Mantuan envoy complained in the Senate at Venice of the Emperor's want of liberality; but the portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, which may well be the *Alphonso d'Este* of the Prado, and which the Emperor saw two years later when he visited Federigo Gonzaga at Mantua, seems to have converted him in a moment to a belief in the extraordinary merit of Titian's work. However this may be, Charles V. sat to Titian in Bologna in 1533, when two portraits were painted;

one of these perished later in Spain, while the other is the beautiful full-length portrait in the Prado to-day. This magnificent portrait of the Emperor in gala costume, his right hand resting on a dagger, his left on the collar of a great hound, and with I know not what suggestion of weariness in his face, was almost certainly for a time in the Collection of Charles I. of England. Given to him by Philip IV. on his adventurous journey to Spain in the company of Buckingham, at the sale of the royal pictures which followed his death, it was bought by Sir Balthasar Gerbier for £150, who sold it later to Cadenas, the Spanish Ambassador. This was but the beginning of the Emperor's lifelong friendship for Titian. In a patent dated from Barcelona on May 13, 1553, he created Titian Count Palatine, "Count of the Lateran Palace of our Court, and of the Imperial Consistory." Other honours, too, came to him, he was dubbed Knight of the Golden Spur, with certain privileges, that of legitimising illegitimate children for instance, and the Emperor tells him that these honours are in recognition of "your gifts as an artist, and your genius for painting persons from life, the which appears to us so great that you deserve to be called the Apelles of this age. Therefore, following the example of our predecessors, Alexander the Great, Octavianus Augustus, of the which one would be painted by none but Apelles, the other only by the greatest masters, we have had Ourself painted by you, and have so well proved your skill and success that it seemed good to us to distinguish you with Imperial honours as a mark of our opinion of you, and as a record of the same for posterity." There appears about this time to have been some question of Titian's going to Spain, both the Emperor and Empress persuading him to undertake this journey. But Titian excused himself; and though he met Charles again in 1536 at Asti, and again at Milan in 1541, and at Busseto in 1543, nothing of what was then accomplished has come down to us; it was not until after their meeting at Augsburg in 1548 that we have any record in Titian's work of his friendship for the Emperor.

During the period from 1533 to 1548 several pictures now in the Prado seem to have been painted; the historical picture, *The Marchese del Vasto addressing his Troops*, for instance; the *Portrait of Isabella of Portugal*, the *Ecce Homo*, and the *Venus* (No. 459), once in the Collection of Charles I. of England. Not a very interesting or very splendid group we may think when we remember that to this period belong the marvellous *Young Englishman* and the portrait of *Cardinal Ippolito de Medici* in Florence, and find that the *Marchese del Vasto* picture is a ruin; the portrait of *Isabella of Portugal* a mere restoration; the *Ecce Homo* so disappointing that we suspect the intervention of another hand; and the *Venus with the Young Man playing an Organ* so coarse that even its colour, its naturalistic power, its visible truthfulness and strength, are not enough to redeem it from a sort of brutality.

It was in January 1548, when Titian was about seventy years old, with nearly thirty years of work still before him, that at the command of the Emperor he went to Augsburg "per far qualche opera," to do some work, as a letter from Count Girolamo della Torre, introducing him to the Cardinal of Trent at Augsburg, tells us. It was the first time that he had journeyed out of Italy, though he had wandered as far as Rome not long before, meeting there among others Michelangelo himself, who praised his work, and yet seems to have been dissatisfied with it, not unnaturally, as we may believe, when we remember that Michelangelo was rather a sculptor than a painter, one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived, not because his drawing is always correct or perfect, but that it is always expressive, and by it he lived.

Perhaps the first picture Titian made on his arrival at Augsburg was the magnificent *Equestrian Portrait of Charles V. at the Battle of Muhlberg*, which to-day hangs in the Long Gallery of the Prado between two great canvases of Rubens. There is but little to describe after all in a picture that is the prototype of all equestrian portraits that have since been painted. In a rich and beautiful landscape, on the verge

of certain sweet miles of park, the Emperor rides alone to battle. With what sadness he seems to go, like a solitary prisoner, the prisoner of himself in his own dream of a world! How melancholy is that pallid grey face, hardened by ambition and the inevitable sacrifice that one must make in order to realise even the tiniest of our dreams! He sits his horse easily, is indeed perfectly a part of it, firmly grasping his spear. An immense dignity, the tragic splendour of all his House, seems to isolate him almost from the world, to thrust upon him divine honours. And indeed he is like some sorrowful opposed god, about to make a gesture of command, of attack in some battle to the result of which he is really indifferent. He is so alone that we are made afraid. And yet how human in its impotence against disease and death which have already looked him in the face steadily enough, and without relenting, is that noble dignity which isolates him even from the sympathy of man! He seems to have understood everything, to have been unable to decide with himself, to find any satisfaction save in the scornful silence that alone is worthy of us, since our enemies who will demand of us the utmost that we may give, are so implacable, so much stronger than we. It is thus he has understood the vanity of glory, the noisiness of fame, since God has drawn near to him and driven him mad with promises that he has dared to believe.

Mr. Ricketts[1] finds certain restorations in the picture, but where so much remains that is still splendid in spite of the darkness that has crept almost like twilight over the canvas, it is but a thankless task to point out the spoliation of fools. Titian is at his greatest in this miraculous work, perhaps the finest picture in the Prado Gallery; to compare it with the work of Velasquez or Rubens is but to realise that he had forgotten more than they had been able to learn, that even with this picture before them they were not able to produce a composition equal to it in decorative beauty, or to endow their work with the same strong suggestion of life.

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 141.

It was for Mary Queen-Dowager of Hungary that the two immense figures, the *Prometheus* and the *Sisyphus*, now in the Prado, were painted. Taken to Spain 1556, when the Emperor definitely returned there, originally there were four of these pictures, but the *Ixion* and *Tantalus* perished in the great fire at the Prado Palace,[1] and for many years the *Prometheus* and *Sisyphus* have passed as Spanish copies of Titian's work by Sanchez Coello. To-day, however, since they are visible really for the first time, we may assure ourselves[2] that in the *Prometheus*,[3] at any rate, we have a really fine work from Titian's hand, and if the *Sisyphus* is less satisfying it can hardly have been the work of any other painter, since its colour is so suggestive, already hinting at the miracle of the *St. Margaret.*

The splendid and beautiful *Portrait of Prince Philip* belongs to the year 1550, in which Titian, who had returned to Venice in November 1548, again crossed the Alps to Augsburg. It remains one of the most beautiful portraits in the world, with a magic of colour—Mr. Ricketts calls attention to the "astonishing use made of the whites" so characteristic of Titian—a profound charm, interesting us by I know not what subtle beauty of vitality that seems to disengage itself from the dark old picture. It was that very canvas that was sent to England when the marriage of Philip with Mary Tudor of England was being arranged. To-day it might seem as though nothing we know or may read of Philip, the recluse of the Escorial, is so full of understanding as this picture. Already he seems condemned to the solitude that was his birthright, and that he hugged to him more tightly as he grew older, that at last he really "embraced as a bride" dying daily in a world that

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle state that the four pictures perished.

[2] Ricketts, *op. cit.*, p. 142, gives them to Titian, for instance.

[3] The *Sisyphus* and the lost *Ixion* and *Tantalus* were painted in the first part of 1549; in August of that year they were already in place in the Summer Palace at Binche. The *Prometheus* was not painted till 1553. The Queen took them with her to Madrid, where they hung in the Alcazar, naming the room there Pieza de las Furias.

had already deserted him. He stands there so coldly listless, his hands on his sword and on his helmet, like a ghost almost, with all the dignity of the dead, their immense indifference, their distinction. And it is really as the son of Charles V., passionate about nothing save God as it were, that he appears to us with his Father and Isabella of Portugal, in that strangely beautiful picture, *La Gloria*, where, before the Holy Trinity, among a crowd of saints and martyrs, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Rome, wrapped in a winding-sheet with his crown at his feet, really just risen from the dead, worships the Omnipotent and Divine God, the mysterious Trinity that seems to have haunted both father and son so unfortunately almost all their lives. In all that crowd of figures, Moses, who holds aloft, not without assistance, one of the Tables of the Law; Noah, who thrusts the Ark, typical of the world's salvation, towards the mysterious cold majesty of God; there is but one who still keeps a certain humanity about her, Mary Madonna, who hesitates not far from the feet of Christ. Much that is strange in this immense picture, so full of energy, the equal Majesty of Father and Son,[1] for instance, their aloofness from humanity, may be explained perhaps as the will of Charles, here for once, at any rate, imposing itself on the old painter. And if it is here rather than in such a picture as the *Prometheus* that he touches the colossal dreams of Michelangelo, as a painter he still excels him as light excels twilight, though as a draughtsman he may be said to fall short of him who was the greatest. Yet in painting at least Michelangelo has scarcely produced anything so magnificent in its daring energy as the Moses of the *Gloria;* and while in the *Last Judgment*, that tremendous and restless fresco, in which Man seems to

[1] There is, so far as I am acquainted with it, nothing else in Italian art at all like this picture in its religious idea. Charles kept the *Gloria* with him to the end of his life, taking it to Madrid in 1556, and to Yuste too. When he died and was buried, it accompanied his body to the Escorial, where it remained till the beginning of the nineteenth century. See German, "Titian" (London, 1904), p. 179.

accuse God, he has forgotten the world and the visible loveliness of the earth, losing himself in thought, Titian has remembered just that, unable to forget it even in heaven, since for him those outward things were so important, and since, as we might say, for Titian, rather than for any other painter in history, the visible world exists.

In 1552 Titian had painted the *St. Margaret*, where a beautiful distracted woman in olive-green garments flees from a dragon over the rocks, while far away stretches a landscape as lovely as any he has painted. It has the very gesture of life, this beautiful picture, impassioned and desolate.

In the *Danäe*, painted in 1554, which is so superb and yet so coarse in its splendid sensuality, you find the same passionate and tragic reluctance almost to forego the exterior things of the world, to make the sacrifices that age was demanding so insistently, even of so splendid a vitality as Titian's, as in the *Actæon and Diana*, so suggestive in its subject, at any rate, of the price that must be paid for having overmuch loved anything that rust and moth doth corrupt. Painted in 1559 for Philip II., the *Actæon and Diana* was given in 1704 to the Duc de Grammont by Philip V., from whose hands it passed to the Galerie d'Orléans, sold in London in 1798, when it was bought with three other Titians by the Duke of Bridgewater. It is strange to find a picture so profoundly religious, so full of a passionate eagerness of love as *The Entombment*, belonging to the same year as the *Actæon*. It is as though amid all the splendour of a world he at least had found so splendid, an immense grief had swept over his soul, overwhelming everything but life itself, just for a moment, some incredible disaster seems to have befallen, incredible in any other hands than Titian's. If you compare it for a moment with that earlier *Entombment* in the Louvre, you will understand at once the simple and yet profound way in which at last Titian has come to understand that tragedy, all tragic things that is, as though for a moment he had really understood that he must die. It is too grievous for eloquence, this hiding away of the body of the

Saviour of the world, in the new tomb of Joseph, of the body of man, too, in the earth where horrible things await it, things that will insist upon confounding its beauty with themselves. And it is in a sort of explanation, chiefly to himself perhaps, of what, after all, is inexplicable, or in a sort of rebellion against so unspeakable a disaster, that we find Titian painting the *Fall of Man*, really a hymn to physical beauty, that has ever something fatal about it, perfectly happy during a single heart's-beat, while Eve, reminded by Adam, hesitates to take the fruit, not from a devil, but from Love—yes, it has come to that—in the midst of the garden among the flowers! Spoiled though it be, those two beautiful naked figures against the immense and spacious sky, surrounded by the nimble air, about to kiss one another, seem to explain everything in a moment, and to reconcile us with death, too, since it was the price of love, of an illuminating kiss of recognition without which how lonely would have been our happiness, how poor a thing the beautiful unsmiling world!

Something like this seems to me to be suggested, dimly enough it may be, in that sad, eager, impassioned old face that seems about to speak in Titian's portrait of himself, painted with an "impressionism" achieved in a moment, really foreseeing there, as it were, the work of Velasquez, the truthful, distinguished work of that pupil we have so loved.

He seems to have created life with something of the ease and facility of a natural force, to have desired always beauty as the only perfect flower of life; and while he was not content with the mere truth, and never with beauty divorced from life, he has created life in such abundance that his work may well be larger than the achievement of any two other men, even the greatest, in painting; yet in his work, in the work that is really his, you will find nothing that is not living, nothing that is not an impassioned gesture reaching above and beyond our vision into the realm of that force which seems to be eternal.

In the pictures of Veronese, the *Christ and the Centurion* and the *Finding of Moses*, the first is what we might expect,

almost simple, splendid and worldiy, so unconsciously, so naturally as it were, that it charms you, if at all, by just that. It is the work of a man who was able to feel only in the manner of the Renaissance. If the *Finding of Moses* is his, as Mr. Ricketts believes,[1] it is certainly one of his loveliest smaller pictures; and although Veronese is only to be understood when he is seen "at play among the fantastic chequers of the Venetian ceilings," as Ruskin reminds us, we may yet find a certain delight in his work here in Madrid, seeing that the work of the most delightful pagan of the Renaissance was appreciated by the cold fanatic Court so preoccupied with the extremes of Christian asceticism, with what Christianity had become, in the heart of a people, whose whole worldly advantage seemed to lie in exploiting it.

The great pupil of Veronese, Tiepolo, whose force and movement certainly lack something of the splendour, the "candour" of his master, suggest here in Spain, at any rate, the beautiful scornful work of Goya, its impatience, its haughty contempt of a world that was not sufficiently aware of itself as we may think. The burden of etiquette, of meaningless ceremonial, so unnatural in an Italian, that the Spanish Court had thrust upon Italy, spoiling a certain *naïveté* and frank simplicity, a candour in dealing with life as characteristic of Italy in the time of Giotto, for instance, as in the high Renaissance, and as visible to-day almost as ever, was not able to ruin the work of Veronese, but you may find it at work easily enough in the weaker, more sophisticated paintings of Tiopolo. And if Goya's work, so fascinating in its rebellious energy, its far-fetched beauty, is really a return to nature and to life, it is by I know not what devious ways he has been compelled to pass, almost through an under-world, the strange dim alleys, the far horizons of Baudelaire that even to-day much of our painting has been unable to forget.

EDWARD HUTTON.

[1] Mr. Ricketts, *op. cit.* Mr. Berenson ("The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," 1902, p. 147) questions the right of Veronese to this picture.

THE UNEMPLOYED AND THE UNEMPLOYED WORKMEN ACT

THE inevitable fluctuations in the demand for labour which have their origin in the ebb and flow of trade and inclemency of weather, must at times throw a greater or less number of willing labourers out of employment.

The economical disturbance caused by the South African War produced such a fluctuation, and since the peace there has been a considerable amount of distress arising from want of employment.

Similar disturbances of the labour market have of course frequently occurred in the past. In former times but little attention appears to have been paid by the Press and the general public to this recurring trouble; but in recent years public sympathy with the distress thus caused has been far more widely felt, and has shown itself chiefly by profuse, but, generally speaking, ill-organised almsgiving, with very unfortunate results.

Recently the Press has taken up the subject of the "Unemployed," and has devoted a large amount of space to it. Whether this is the cause or the consequence of the increased interest shown by the general public it is a fact that a far greater amount of attention is now given to the matter than on any previous occasion.

The coincidence of this awakening of public interest with the presumed approach of a general election offered an opportunity

for bringing pressure to bear upon the Government to deal with the question, which was at once seized and skilfully used by those who consider that the trouble arises from existing conditions of society, and can only be cured by their alteration, as well as by those who believe that this, and other social evils, can be successfully remedied by legislation. The agitation was successful; and the President of the Local Government Board, yielding to the representations made to him, issued a scheme in the autumn of 1904, the object of which was to provide for the relief of honest unemployed workmen by assisting them to obtain work, and to save them from incurring the loss of civic rights and the degradation of receiving Poor Law relief. To assist in carrying out this intention the use of public funds was authorised.

The issue of such a scheme under the sanction of the Government must be considered as an admission by them that when honest workmen are unable to obtain employment i becomes the duty of the State to take care that they shall have it provided for them, and as expressing the assent of the Government to the creation of a second public relieving authority side by side with the Poor Law, and, like it, drawing funds from the public purse.

Having authorised this scheme as a temporary arrangement, it became incumbent upon the Government to initiate legislation dealing with the subject; this was promised in the King's Speech on the opening of Parliament, and the Unemployed Workmen Bill was introduced by Mr. G. Balfour (as President of the Local Government Board, in succession to Mr. Long) on April 14, 1905.

The Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905.—This measure, after many vicissitudes and in a mutilated form, has become the law of the land. A perception of the far-reaching effect it is certain to have upon the future social condition of the country has gradually dawned upon many who did not at first see the danger, and who looked upon it merely as a

well-meaning attempt to deal with a growing trouble; but although this apprehension is spreading, it is doubtful whether the full extent of the danger is as yet widely recognised.

This Act involves the statutory recognition of a new principle, namely, that the State is responsible for the assistance, apart from the relief provided by the Poor Law, of workmen of good character unable to obtain employment. To some at least of those responsible for this measure, the extreme gravity of the statutory adoption of this principle must have been apparent, but, as has been pointed out, the approval of Mr. Long's scheme involved legislation upon similar lines, and it was stated by Mr. G. Balfour that the basis of the Bill was the circular issued last winter by Mr. Long, containing instructions to the Committee established under his scheme. This scheme was avowedly an experiment. It was initiated in October 1904, and had therefore only been in operation for a few months when the measure founded upon it was introduced in the House of Commons.

When action is to be based upon experiment it is usual to ascertain the result of the experiment before deciding upon the nature of the action to be taken. This course was not, however, adopted by the Government in this case, and was indeed impossible, since no conclusions could be drawn as to its real value from so short an experience.

As soon as it was made public, the scheme suggested by Mr. Long was strongly condemned by many persons of great experience in social work, who foresaw the danger of instituting under State patronage a system of relief independent of the Poor Law. They pointed out that it must tend to create a privileged class of workmen who would be taught to rely upon outside assistance for obtaining employment rather than upon their own exertions, and that it would necessarily offer a strong temptation to the more poorly paid class of workmen to relinquish their work in order to benefit by it, so that it would tend not only to demoralise the men assisted, but also to increase the number of applicants during periods of slackness of

employment. When the Government introduced the Bill, however, there was no information to show whether or not these apprehensions were well founded. The only official knowledge then available of the working of the scheme was contained in the Blue Book published under the title, "London Unemployed Fund, Preliminary Statement as on April 14, 1905," which gave an account of the actual work done, but afforded no indication from which a trustworthy inference could be drawn of the effect of the help given upon the self-reliance of the men, or upon their initiative in searching for work. The point is of vital importance, and to form a just opinion upon it, it would be necessary to keep a careful record of the men assisted, showing whether upon the cessation of the temporary work provided for them they made efforts to find work for themselves, or returned to ask for further help.[1] Such a record was kept in one of the Metropolitan boroughs, and it showed that a large proportion of the men assisted returned and demanded further help, instead of looking for work for themselves. This is, of course, insufficient evidence upon which to found an opinion, but it goes to show that there is good ground for the apprehensions referred to. The very title of this Blue Book shows that it does not claim to be a full record of the results of the scheme.

The Government, however, entirely ignoring the warnings given, and in ignorance of the more important results of the experiment on which they declare it to be based, introduced and carried this Act, which gives statutory force for three years at least to the experiment devised by Mr. Long, as if it had been proved to be a success!

We are only too well accustomed to empirical and haphazard treatment of social questions; but that the Govern-

[1] From the figures given in the Blue Book it appears that 2349 men were employed at Long Grove, Hadleigh, the City Markets, the Green Park, and the London Council Parks, and of this number 464, or about 20 per cent., are stated to have "found work" or left "with the prospect of work." (The figures given are said to be approximate.)

ment should deal in so crude and hasty a way with a matter of such vital importance to the State is a new experience, and creates a precedent of sad import for the future well-being of the working classes and the prosperity of the nation.

When moving the second reading Mr. G. Balfour candidly admitted that the Bill would for the first time give statutory recognition to a system of relief unencumbered by "the difficulties attaching to Poor Law administration." He recognised the danger of the step, but said that in his opinion it would be possible by the introduction of safeguards to limit the assistance provided to the class of persons defined in the Bill.

It is obvious that the Act thus restricted will by no means satisfy the demand. The history of the passage of this Bill through the House of Commons shows that the supporters of the Government were only induced to acquiesce in its passing by the excision of one of its most important provisions, coupled with the promise of the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Poor Law, whilst the Socialist and Labour Members openly stated that they only accepted the measure as a "beginning," and on the ground that its "principle" was capable of large development. In thus acting they were no doubt well advised, since it is difficult to see how the extension of the principle can be logically resisted. In view of the energetic agitation certain to be initiated, it seems doubtful whether the sublime disregard for logic which has preserved this country from so many dangers will, in this case, be a sufficient protection against the "disastrous failure" foreseen by Mr. G. Balfour as certain to attend any attempt to extend the principle of the Bill to the "vast and complicated problem known as the unemployed question." It is well, therefore, that the public should understand what is implied by such an extension of the principle contained in this Act.

The logical conclusion is that the State must eventually become the only employer of labour. This is the goal, and the stages are only too easy.

But it may be said that these anticipations ignore the "safeguards" contained in the Act upon which Mr. G. Balfour relies as being an adequate protection against this danger, and it will be well to see how far his confidence is justifiable. The safeguards consist of:

(1) The general control of the Local Government Board.

(2) The requirement of twelve months' residence.

(3) The restriction of the provision of assistance to the central body.

(4) The restriction of the use of public money raised under the Act.

(5) The limit of the operation of the Act to three years.

(6) Discrimination between applicants.

(1) *The Control of the Local Government Board.*

The protection afforded by this depends upon the spirit in which this power is exercised. The consistent practice of this Department in the past has been to inculcate and encourage a firm administration of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 by Boards of Guardians; but the absence of any real effort on its part to check the recently rapidly growing abuse of out-relief in certain districts of the Metropolis, especially in Poplar, and the introduction by the President of the Board (presumably with the approbation and advice of the permanent staff) of this measure, so contrary in spirit to the lessons taught by the evidence upon which the Act of 1834 was founded, appears to indicate a radical change of spirit in the Department, and leads to some misgivings as to whether the control referred to will be exercised in such a way as to minimise the injurious tendency of the Act. But assuming that the Local Government Board is prepared to make the best use of the authority conferred upon it, it is difficult to see how this power could be successfully used so as to check the fatal influence of the "principle" now conceded.

(2) *The Requirement as to Length of Residence.*

This restriction will no doubt materially assist the operation of the Act by checking an influx of "unemployed" from outside into a district where assistance is being provided; but, as one of the conditions of the selection of applicants, it will afford frequent occasion for an outcry of hardness and injustice, since if it is strictly enforced it must often occur that workmen otherwise acceptable would be debarred from the benefit of the Act, owing to their term of residence being not quite up to the required period. In such cases the requirements of the Act would be certain to be frequently relaxed, and in this way it is probable that the restriction would soon cease to exercise much deterrent effect.

(3) *Assistance by Central Body Only.*

The value of this restriction so far as regards London is to a considerable extent discounted by the fact that the Metropolitan Boroughs have been for years in the habit of providing work for the "unemployed" in their districts largely at the expense of the rates, and upon conditions which vary widely in different Boroughs in accordance with the constitution of the Council, but which, generally speaking, have been "easy." Judging by what has happened recently, the terms of the Act will appear, to some at least of the Metropolitan and Provincial Boroughs, to be both harsh and inadequate, and it is probable that in these cases the Distress Committees, which are sure to represent the feeling of their Boroughs upon the question, will send up the more worthy applicants to the Central Committee and refer the less worthy to the Borough Council, who will continue to provide employment as heretofore, and probably upon easy conditions. If this should occur to any considerable extent the object of the Act, namely, that assistance should be provided for the worthy only, and the rest left to the Poor Law and to private charity, would be defeated. Recent experience has shown that the tendency of local relief

committees is to avoid referring applicants to the Poor Law, except in those districts in which "out-relief" is freely given by the Guardians, and there is no reason to suppose that the Act will affect this tendency.

(4) *The Restriction of the Use of Public Money.*

If there were any good ground for believing that this Act would continue in force unaltered, this restriction would be of great value as a barrier against the terrible social disasters that have always followed when public money has been used for the provision of employment, but at the end of three years the whole question will come up for reconsideration. It is impossible at the present time to form an opinion as to what the outcome of this reconsideration may be, nor how far it will be affected by the result of the Poor Law Commission; but if, unhappily, the nation should then determine that the "principle" embodied in this Act shall continue to be a guiding motive of social legislation, it is quite safe to say that this clause is not in the least likely to survive and reappear in any continuing Act. Long before the time limit of this Act has expired, the well-known fact that State and voluntary contributions cannot continue to co-exist will have made itself clear; the charitable aid relied upon will not be forthcoming to anything like an adequate amount, and the financial inadequacy of the Act, fettered with this restriction, will be evident.

(5) *Limitation to Three Years.*

Experience, founded upon countless experiments, proves that when public arrangements for the provision of "relief" or assistance in any form are made, the fact of their existence itself invariably creates a demand for the assistance thus advertised. This is well known to all who have had experience of the administration of relief, and constitutes one of the greatest difficulties attending its distribution. A large proportion of the applicants thus attracted will always be persons for whom the assistance provided by this Act is not intended, and their

presence will add greatly to the difficulty of selection. The public cannot have any true knowledge of their number, and is consequently led to believe the amount of real distress to be far greater than it really is. However carefully the weeding process is carried out, the chance of assistance is certain to lead to a great increase in the number of applicants, and to a corresponding increase in the strength of appeals to the feelings of the benevolent; it is therefore very unlikely that at the end of three years the public will be induced to consent to the abolition of the machinery created for meeting the distress: it is far more likely that a cry for a large extension of the Act will be demanded.

(6) *Discrimination.*

This safeguard, which provides for "discrimination" between applicants, is perhaps the most important of these restrictions, and, if it could be efficiently enforced, would confine the assistance provided to the limited class for whose benefit the Act is intended, and thus materially help to minimise the danger of the extension of the principle referred to by Mr. G. Balfour. The question whether this is possible is considered further on, and for the reasons there given it is concluded that in practice the effective enforcement of this restriction would be unattainable.

We see, therefore, that when examined the safeguards provided by the Act do not appear to justify the confidence in them expressed by Mr. G. Balfour.

The probable result of the appointment of the Poor Law Commission as affecting the question has still to be considered. The report of this Commission will (it may be hoped) be issued before the three years for which the Act is to remain in operation have expired. No doubt the Government expected that the Commissioners might be able to suggest some less objectionable method of dealing with the problem of unemployment than that embodied in this Act. It is, however, to be feared that no better foundation exists for

this hope than for the confidence expressed by Mr. G. Balfour in the "safeguards" above referred to.

The basis upon which any State scheme for assisting the worthy unemployed must necessarily rest is the possibility of a just classification of applicants, and no scheme can succeed which does not secure the fulfilment of this condition. In order to discover those who should be assisted, each applicant (excluding those disqualified by age or physical infirmity) must be placed in one of two classes: Class I., consisting of the worthy; and Class II., of the unworthy.

The applicants placed in Class I. would then be considered to have established their claim to obtain assistance upon terms involving no civic disabilities, and made as little onerous as possible; whilst the conditions under which relief would be given to those in Class II. would probably be at least as severe as under the existing Poor Law, and in addition to this disadvantage there would be a public stigma attached to inclusion in Class II., which might well be a serious hindrance to industrious men unjustly or accidentally relegated to it. The method of selection is therefore one of vital importance to the applicants; and unless arrangements can be devised which will secure that it shall be just, any system of which it is the basis must and ought to fail. Are such arrangements possible? Attempts to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy have been frequently made, and much evidence on this subject was before the Poor Law Commissioners, who in their report (1834) say, "Most attempts to administer public relief according to character, even when those attempts have been made under circumstances apparently the most favourable, have created great dissatisfaction;" and again, "In more rude hands such attempts often excite fierce discontent by the inequalities of the distribution amongst claimants who conceive themselves at least equal in merit." In another place it is said, "The whole evidence shows the danger of such an attempt; it appears that such endeavours to constitute the distributors of relief into a tribunal for the reward of merit, out of the property of others,

have not only failed in effecting the benevolent intentions of their promoters, but have become sources of fraud on the part of the distributors, and of discontent and violence on the part of the claimants." To make a just selection a very complete knowledge of the circumstances and history of an applicant is absolutely necessary; to obtain this knowledge, even with the aid of a sufficient force of trained inquirers and ample time, is very difficult; without them it is impossible, and at seasons of distress the applicants would be so numerous that there would be no time for inquiry, even if the means of making it were available.

Assuming, however, that it would be possible to obtain the adequate knowledge, the gradations between the less worthy of the one class and the more worthy of the other are so slight that the task of deciding to which class an applicant should be assigned must frequently be one of extreme difficulty. To quote again from the report of 1834: "However diligent an assistant overseer or an officer for inquiry may be, there are numerous cases which will baffle his utmost diligence and sagacity." It would soon become evident that in practice only a rough classification would be possible. Under such a classification, however, cases of injustice would frequently occur, the public would hold the officials in charge responsible for those cases, and they would therefore naturally be inclined to place all doubtful cases in Class I. Many applicants consigned to Class II. would consider that they had been unjustly treated, and they would be certain to receive a ready support from the benevolent public and from some portions of the Press in advertising and pressing their claims to be included in Class I. The consequence would be that a continually increasing number of those who should be in Class II. would get placed in Class I., and thus, before long, the dividing line between the two classes would disappear, and with it the possibility of maintaining any distinction between relief given under the Poor Law and relief given under a scheme of State-aided provision of employment. The necessary result of failure to

maintain this distinction would be a constantly increasing competition in the market between the State and private employers of labour, a struggle which could have but one termination—the extinction of the private employer.

The infinite variety and complexity of human nature must always nullify attempts to determine the relative merit of applicants, and there is no reason to hope that attempts which were found to be useless and mischievous in the early part of the last century would be likely to be attended with any better success at the present time, or to suppose that the Poor Law Commissioners now appointed will take a view of the question differing from that held by their predecessors seventy years since. A just discrimination between applicants may safely be considered unattainable.

Apart, however, from the question of selection, there are other serious difficulties to be encountered in devising a system of State-aided employment.

It is essential that the work provided should be of such a nature as not to impair the capability of the men assisted to resume their own trade. Rough manual labour would be harmful to men whose usual work requires delicate manipulation; a watchmaker, for example, after a period of road-making or agricultural labour would probably be unfitted to avail himself of any opportunity that might offer for returning to his own business; and the physical exhaustion and exposure of open-air labour would be likely to be dangerous to the health of men accustomed only to sedentary occupations.

Another difficulty in practical working would be caused by the varying physical capabilities of the men employed. In work under ordinary conditions, the effect of this variation is adjusted automatically: the man who does not satisfy the ganger has to go, but where relief by way of employment is provided this rough process of selection cannot be utilised; it would constantly happen that men of varying strength would be employed in the same gang, and in such a case the adjustment of work to capability must depend upon the power of observa-

tion and the sympathy of the overseer. It is clearly impossible to provide overseers, or gangers, in sufficient numbers and of sufficient intelligence to know accurately the amount of work that should be done by each member of a gang; but even supposing them to have such knowledge and to be prepared to act upon it, since the pay is the same to all it is only natural that the strong and capable workman, trained to hard manual labour, and to whom such work is familiar and easy, should refuse to do more work than the weaker member of his gang, to whom the work, even for a short time, is a severe strain; and the greater the kindly care taken to adjust the amount of labour in these cases the greater would be the discrepancy between the work done under this system and that done under ordinary conditions. Work so done would necessarily be extremely costly, but far worse than its extravagance would be the temptation offered by such easy conditions to the ordinary capable workmen to relinquish their employment and join the "unemployed" in the hope of securing it.

It may be objected that the rate of payment might be fixed so low as to eliminate this temptation; but, the principle of public responsibility once accepted, it follows that the assistance given must be adequate, and that a workman who has established his claim must receive sufficient wages to maintain himself and his family in reasonable comfort. Besides the important point of the size of their families, the men assisted will have been in the receipt of widely varying wages, and will have correspondingly different standards of life. A rate of pay therefore which would mean comfort in one case, in another would be quite insufficient. At the same time any attempt to vary the rate of pay according to the previous history and needs of the individual would be obviously impracticable, and the only way of ensuring the adequacy of the assistance would be by paying sufficiently high wages to all, without regard to the quantity or quality of the labour given in return; but in this case it is not easy to see how it would be possible to debar workmen from giving up employment in order to secure well-

paid work under such easy conditions. It remains to be considered whether, apart from the question of discrimination, any modification of the existing law might help in the solution of the problem.

The history of the slow process by which the Poor Law has been gradually moulded into its present shape is deeply interesting and instructive; but to form an adequate idea of the solidity of the foundation upon which it rests, and of the possibility of advantageous modification, the report of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834, and the evidence upon which it was founded, should be read.

It is, of course, an open question theoretically, whether in the long run the Poor Law has been of real social benefit or not; practically, however, some such institution appears to have been unavoidable. Granting this necessity, it is difficult to see how relief in cases of destitution could have been more safely and wisely provided than by the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. A survey of the history of pauperism from that date seems to show that if the recommendations of the Poor Law Commissioners at that time had been fully acted upon, or even if the Act, as finally passed, had been firmly and consistently administered throughout the country, pauperism would long since have been reduced to a negligible quantity.

Until lately it looked as if this anticipation was being slowly realised; but in recent years the ebb has ceased, and the tide of pauperism has again begun to flow and threatens to become a devastating flood. To those who watch its progress nothing is more striking than the condition of districts in which the Poor Law has been in the past and continues to be firmly administered. Such places stand like islands of safety, and their immunity serves as a convincing proof, if further proof were needed, of the soundness of the reasoning upon which the Act of 1834 was based. The inference is obvious that it is not the law but its administration that needs reform. When the method of election of those who administer the

Poor Law is considered, it is at once seen what powerful influences are at work to encourage lax rather than firm administration; and so long as the present system remains unaltered no improvement, except in few and isolated instances, is probable or even possible.

One way in which an alteration of the Poor Law might assist in dealing with the "worthy unemployed" would seem to be by ensuring that those persons who after inquiry are adjudged to be unworthy (assuming for the moment that real discrimination is possible) and are referred to the Guardians, should receive the necessary relief under far more unpleasantly stringent conditions than at present. If, however, it is left to Boards of Guardians, as at present constituted, to enforce the necessary regulations, it is not probable that in the vast majority of parishes they will be found willing to do so.

If this view is correct, and upon the assumption that in order to assist those who will work without danger to the country it is absolutely necessary to make relief uncomfortable for those who won't work, it would seem that the existing system must be abolished, and the execution of the law entrusted to an indirectly, in place of a directly, elected authority; that is, that it should be administered by trained officials under central control. Whether such a change would so far meet with the approval of the general public as to induce the Government of the day to propose legislation to carry it into effect remains to be seen; it is to be feared, however, that the evils of the lax administration of relief are by no means generally appreciated. On the other hand, so far as the Metropolis is concerned, there is a strong demand for an equal distribution of the cost of out-relief; and since this is obviously impracticable under the existing system, those who are in favour of it may be prepared to support a change of administration which would make it possible.

The more closely the Unemployed Workmen Act is examined the more evident it becomes that, as it stands, it can have but little direct influence upon the question at issue either

for good or evil, and the real importance of the passing of this measure lies in the fact that it denotes the acceptance of the principle of State-assisted labour by the Government, and (seeing the difficulty of maintaining restrictions which impede its development) in the probability of the further extension of this principle. Bitter experience has shown conclusively that attempts to relieve distress by this method have always failed signally, and with disastrous results, and there is no reason to hope that their repetition at the present time will meet with any better success. It is indeed only too probable that this Act, so far from assisting in the solution of the problem of the unemployed, will add very materially to its dangers and difficulties.

Arguments drawn from this experience, which derive their force from the permanence of the tendencies of human nature, are always unpopular, and are frequently condemned as being harsh and unsympathetic, but they remain unanswered. Face to face with a question of such vital importance it might fairly have been hoped that the Government, whose duty it is to lead the community, would refuse to be led by the interests of party politics or by popular clamour, and that truth, reason, and the lessons taught by experience would be their only guides.

Unhappily, in place of following this safe but thorny and unpopular path, the Government took the easy line of least resistance, but their failure to solve the problem by no means shows that it is insoluble. There are many considerations which help us to avoid the necessity of coming to so sad a conclusion. Certainly no success can be hoped for from the operation of an Act which at the best merely provides a new method for the distribution of relief for the unemployed out of the pockets of the rest of the community, a course of action which can only result in the impoverishment of the nation and the increase of the number of the unemployed, who after all are only the outward and visible sign of a deep-seated disease, and it is with the source of this disease that we must deal before we can hope to get rid of its symptoms.

No one can have paid much attention to this question without noticing how exaggerated an idea of the number and distress of the honest unemployed is entertained by the public. This is not to be wondered at. The philanthropist is apt to over-estimate the extent of distress upon which his mind is constantly dwelling, and to ignore the smallness of the proportion which the number of sufferers (of whose distress he is so acutely conscious) bears to the rest of the population; the Press is naturally disposed to admit sensational statements likely to interest or excite its readers; the number of the unemployed is largely swelled by those who certainly cannot be correctly described as "honest and capable workmen," but who appear at once in any place where there is a chance of obtaining relief, and who cannot be separated and deducted when numbers are given. These causes all co-operate in misleading the public as to the number of the unemployed and the real extent of distress.

The pressure of existing conditions is therefore never quite so severe as it appears, and is generally supposed to be, and there is no necessity for the haste and consequent want of organisation which has so frequently caused grave mischief. Still, after making due allowance for exaggeration, there will, under existing industrial conditions, at all times be a certain number of able and willing men occasionally unable to obtain work.

A wise writer, Mr. Walter Bagehot, has said: "The key of the difficulties of most discussed and unsettled questions is commonly in their undiscussed parts." If we consider the problem in the light of this saying we see at once that the attention both of the Legislature and of the public has been concentrated not upon the cause, but upon the symptoms of the disease; and, in consequence, the treatment it is proposed to apply, such as the Unemployed Workmen Act, is directed chiefly to the relief of the symptoms, rather than to the cure of the disease which produces them. It is natural that this should be so, and that it should be the symptomatic distress, and not the underlying cause which would attract the attention and sym-

pathy of the public, and lead it, in a generous passion of benevolence, to welcome any action for the relief of the suffering it sees without regard to the probable result of the means adopted. It is certain, however, that so long as the cause of the evil remains the symptoms will recur.

One of the many causes alleged for the existence of this distress is that there is not enough work to go round, and that the power of absorption of the labour market has become exhausted. No doubt there must be times when this is true locally and under exceptional circumstances; but owing to the present very imperfect arrangements for securing "fluidity" of labour, the assertion has never been fairly tested as regards the general labour market. Both theory and practical experience, however, go to show that the assertion is incorrect, and that the general demand for labour will keep pace with the natural increase of the population; indeed, no device could for long avert destruction from a nation in which this equipoise should cease to act.

The distress we are now referring to arises from a more or less general disturbance of the labour market, and it is obvious that the sooner the market reverts to its normal condition the shorter will be the duration of the trouble.

In order to minimise this time care should be taken to remove as far as possible all impediments to the free operation of the natural laws of supply and demand, and to assist the return to normal conditions it is necessary to provide for the fluidity of labour. Much can be done to ensure this by efficient arrangements for the wide and prompt diffusion of information regarding the state of the labour markets amongst workmen throughout the country, and for their migration from congested areas to areas where labour is in demand; and one good point in the Act is the attempt it makes to do this. It is discouraging to find from the opening speech of the president of the late Trades Union Congress that, after referring to the Act as an "abortion born of political expediency and desperation," he went on to say that the provisions of the

Act for the establishment of labour registries would give "the employer the opportunities to point out the over-abundance of labour on the market as an excuse for cutting down wages—and to use that machinery as blackleg recruiting depôts in times of disputes."

Too much weight need not be attached to these irresponsible utterances, but they show that arrangements which provide efficiently for the fluidity of labour will run counter to narrow and short-sighted views of the supposed interest of Trade Unions. The opinions on social questions held by these great bodies are, however, happily becoming rapidly wider and more far-sighted, and it may reasonably be hoped that they will not offer serious opposition to the development of so valuable an agency in the relief of distress from unemployment.

Another essential condition is that no temptation should be offered, by unwise distribution of relief, to workmen to remain in an area of congested labour.

In these ways the re-establishment of a normal condition of the labour market after a period of disturbance might be materially hastened.

In the attempt to cure the disease of unemployment much may be hoped from the development of labour co-partnership, a system which appears to offer a natural and satisfactory solution of the difficulties constantly arising between capital and labour, which both produce and accentuate the disease. Membership of these undertakings must tend to strengthen character, and men joining them would, by their own exertions, have placed themselves in a good position for meeting periods of slack demand for labour, and would thus have learnt the invaluable lesson of self-reliance.

The conditions under which children leave the elementary schools have a most important bearing upon this question. There is in London an apparently inexhaustible supply of situations for boys which require no special aptitude, and in which they learn nothing which will help them to secure their independence and self-support in the future. When a lad in

such a situation reaches the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, his place is taken by a younger boy, and he is thrown helpless upon the world, ignorant of any useful trade, and compelled to pick up a casual living in the best way he can. It cannot be wondered at if large numbers of these victims of a faulty industrial system drift into the ranks of the unemployed. The pay offered is comparatively high, and the temptation to the boy of pocket-money and independence, and to the parents of a weekly increase of family earnings, is almost irresistible.

This is a direction in which much might be done. No doubt the subject bristles with obstacles, and to arrange a really efficient system which would secure the entry of elementary school children into life with a fair prospect of future economic competence would be very difficult and costly; there is, however, no reason to fear that the obstacles are insuperable, and expense incurred for such an object would probably prove to be the soundest economy.

The educational authorities and employers might usefully co-operate in solving this difficulty, and if employers could be induced to recognise their responsibility in engaging boys leaving school to undertake work which leads to nothing, and in then discarding them when just entering on manhood, it would be of material assistance in remedying the evil.

Closely connected with this part of the subject is the apprenticeship system, which by teaching lads a trade can do so much to arm them in waging the battle of life. Existing industrial conditions, however, differ very widely from those obtaining when this system flourished, and no doubt the neglect and disrepute into which it has lately fallen is largely attributable to this cause; but its great value becomes very apparent when it is recognised how very few of the men who have learnt a well-paid trade are to be found amongst the unemployed, and it is much to be hoped that the efforts now being made to resuscitate it may have some measure of success.

The remedies hitherto referred to are for the most part beyond the control of the individual citizen, except in so far

as he may be able to influence them as an elector, and it will be as well to consider to what extent the workman can protect himself by his own efforts. Here again is a side of the question which has been but little discussed, and yet from the point of view of national progress and prosperity it is the root of the whole matter.

It always appears to be assumed apparently that the sufferers from these periodical disturbances of the labour market are powerless to avert distress from themselves and their families by their own efforts, and the advantage of thrift as a means of tiding over a bad time are generally either ignored or assumed to be impossible. The consequence is that these men are taught to consider themselves as helpless victims and encouraged to trust to the efforts of others to relieve them. No attempts are made to rouse their feelings of self-respect and independence, or to direct their attention to the best measures of protecting themselves against temporary distress.

All who have had much to do with relief work know well how rare it is to find a case of distress which is not attributable to some fault of character on the part of the sufferer. Instances of unmerited distress caused by ill health, accident, loss of savings impossible to foresee, there must always be; but their rarity is striking, and the conclusion is irresistible that in the vast majority of cases the real, although possibly not the proximate, cause of distress is some defect of character. No human being can judge another with perfect justice, and to attribute distress to this cause should not always imply condemnation of the sufferer; if blame is due it should be imputed rather to the system of which he is a part than to the individual, but it is of vital importance in discussing this question that the bearing of individual character upon it should be fully recognised.

It may be fairly said that although strength of character cannot ensure its possessor complete immunity from distress caused by a period of slack demand for labour, yet in the vast majority of instances it will enable him to minimise the strain and help him to tide over the bad time without outside help.

Clearly, therefore, the State should do all in its power to develop, preserve, and strengthen the character of its citizens. Since 1870 (when it assumed the duty of educating its children) it has had powerful means at its disposal for such a purpose. Unfortunately it cannot be said that much, if any, use has been made of this power; the energies of the State as applied to education have been directed to the acquisition of book knowledge (much of it inappropriate and useless) by the children, rather than to the formation and development of their character. There are now, however, signs that more attention is being paid to this, and it may be hoped that as the supreme importance of this part of the education of a child is more and more fully realised, our educational system will turn out citizens morally, as well as mentally, well equipped, and thus cut off at its source the supply of that large section of the unemployed who become so owing to weakness of character.

The army of the unemployed of late years has been largely swelled by the accession to its ranks of paupers who, in too many instances, have fallen victims to the temptation offered by a lax and ignorant administration of the Poor Law. Here again the State might use its authority to check the supply with far more energy than it has lately shown. Another body which adds much to the difficulty of the problem is the great horde of beggars and vagrants practically created and supported by the thoughtless and selfish benevolence of the public. Dock labourers also supply a large contingent always ready to join in "demonstrations" of the "unemployed," and swell their number. No doubt it is a great convenience to dock proprietors that since the demand for dock labour is necessarily very irregular, they should always have the required number of labourers available at any moment without having to bear the cost of their maintenance when they don't want them; and the casual and intermittent employment involved by such a system is unfortunately attractive to a certain class of workmen, but it is obviously calculated to add to the number of

the unemployed, and is unjust to the rest of the community, who in the last resort have to relieve the distress thus caused.

In the ways indicated much might be done to solve the problem of the "unemployed," and without risk—but much time and persistent effort will be necessary to effect a real cure of the disease, and for many years to come distress caused by "unemployment" will occur, and must be dealt with.

The following suggestion is offered as a practical way of meeting this difficulty without incurring the risks attending State-assisted employment. All are agreed that the men it is desirable to assist must be selected from out of the crowd of applicants, and that in some way they must satisfy the authorities of their merit. As stated above, experience has proved that a just "discrimination" cannot be secured officially—yet "discrimination" there must be.

Now this division of the worthy from the less worthy candidates for employment is a process that is always going on under the operations of the laws of supply and demand. The workmen who have shown themselves to be capable and industrious are first employed, then those that come next in quality, and so on, in a descending scale, to a point the position of which varies according to the demand in the labour market.

This process is natural and automatic. It is free from the difficulties inseparable from an artificially regulated system of "discrimination," and, excluding the physically or mentally incapable, it works with absolute justice to the varying shades of capability of those who are seeking employment; but however great the demand for labour at any time, there will always be a standard below which the men, from some cause or other, are unable to obtain employment. Under existing social conditions, therefore, there must always be a certain number of unemployed; the average merit of the men composing this residuum will vary inversely with the demand for labour, and therefore during periods of extreme slackness of demand, men of good character and fair capacity will be included in it.

If, then, the demand for labour could be increased during these periods without interfering with the automatic process of selection, one of the chief difficulties in dealing satisfactorily with occasional distress would disappear. This increased demand for labour might be secured if the State were (at such times of distress) to undertake public work, such, for instance, as the reclamation of land, canalisation, afforestation, the making of public roads, &c. There must be various ways in which the National property might be developed and its value increased, which would offer a safe and profitable if not an immediately remunerative investment for National funds; and surely it might be possible in this way to prepare for periods of slackness of demand for labour. If Government were to provide themselves with reports and advice from experts upon various kinds of National work that might usefully be undertaken, then, when occasion arose, works which would require an amount of labour varying in accordance with the extent of distress might be undertaken. These works, by withdrawing the requisite number of workmen from the general labour market, would at once create the necessary demand and relieve the congestion.

Such action, however, could only be undertaken safely if two conditions are strictly adhered to—one, that such work must be invariably put out for tender, and contracted for in the usual way, the State to have no direct relation whatever with the workmen; the other, that contracts for this work should be so arranged as to allow of its being proceeded with or relinquished as occasion might require, and that they should not be proceeded with unless during the existence of exceptional distress arising from want of employment.

The condition that the work must be of an intermittent character, although no doubt troublesome, and one which would demand ingenuity and foresight upon the part of the officials concerned, does not seem to present any insuperable difficulty. To the obvious objection that to carry out such a scheme upon an adequate scale would impose a heavy financial

burden upon the resources of the present generation, it might be answered, that whilst any system for relieving the unemployed must necessarily be costly, this scheme has the advantage of not offering any temptation to men to join their ranks, of effecting a great saving of office expenses and salaries, and of being prospectively remunerative.

The disease here discussed is protean in form, and cannot be treated only from the economical point of view; it is essentially human, and its roots lie deep in the hearts of our people; the appearance it assumes is governed by every changing influence which affects our social life, and its growth withers or flourishes as the influence is good or bad.

It is impossible in so short a space to do more than to refer to some few of what appear to be the more important aspects of the question, and the special object of the writer is to call attention to the social peril and inadequacy of the Unemployed Workmen Act—to the fact that this and other efforts now being made deal with the symptoms and not with the cause; and that the dominant factor in the production of the disease is the character of the people who suffer from it.

The inference is that it is to improvement in character, not only, or even specially, of the working class, but of all sections of the community, that we must look for the cure of the disease; and this means that the cure must necessarily be slow. As Sir Thomas More says: "It is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good, which I think will not be yet for many years."

This was written nearly four hundred years ago, and we are still far from the goal; but, when we trace the history of social conditions through these centuries, it is impossible not to recognise that, although progress may have been slow, and backsliding frequent, the improvement since "Utopia" was written has been great, and justifies the hope that (though the time may still be distant) human nature will some day reach a state in which poverty and all its sad problems will disappear.

ARTHUR CLAY.

INDIVIDUALISM IN THE RANKS

A REVOLUTION is essential in our system of treating the individual in military life. The recent effervescence amongst the Volunteer rank and file (not created, but merely stirred by War Office clumsiness) is but a symptom of the greater unrest existing, though without outlet, in the regular ranks.

The soldier of to-day is an incalculable improvement on the soldier of a century ago: he may be educated, he certainly has ideas of his own. Education can be subversive of the best discipline: individual deliberation is antagonistic to it. In the Russian and Turkish armies the unreasoning ignorance of the masses makes for self-sacrificing devotion in war, and perfection of discipline always; in Japan patriotism suffices to absorb self; in Germany the military system has been made cohesive by a Draconic rigour and the cruelties of caste. But it is now evident that what answered in the days of Frederick the Great is failing in these days of enlightenment and broadcast principles; we are told that democracy is gnawing at the root of German military discipline and efficiency; we have evidence that the same thing is manifesting itself in the French Army. If, then, in conscript armies the growth of thought does not harmonise with military rule, the discord must be even more pronounced in the case of a voluntary army, the discipline in which owes nothing to the factors above-mentioned. For

these reasons: the volunteer is not in sympathy with the more numerous shirkers—he does not suffer in *common* with the multitude; he expects, sub-consciously it may be, some consideration in return for his sacrifice; and his most treasured illusion is—that he remains an individual. Yet it is for these very reasons that, perhaps, he will be the last to show his resentment actively. The fact, therefore, that there is substantial evidence of practical protest among the rank and file of our army proves how real the trouble is. It need only be mentioned here that twenty-two per cent. of the total courts-martial (12,000) held during 1904 were for desertion alone, and that out of a total of 46,000 soldiers becoming non-effective during the same period 7000 were deserters. In the other voluntary army, that of the United States, it is almost as bad, the number of desertions among recruits recently reaching ten per cent.

Modern warfare demands initiative and self-reliance in every member of a fighting force; but whatever responsibility is now necessarily accorded the soldier in the field he has none in the routine of barrack life. He still is treated as the helpless grown child, needing constant supervision; scarcely any military act of his, from "reveille" to "lights out," is done except under superintendence. In the senseless orchestra drowning the individual voice the bugle is predominant. Imagine during the wakeful sixteen hours the blurting *da capo* of a minimum of thirty-six *routine* bugle-calls, augmenting non-commissioned officers' commands and the barrack clock or gong, and pity, above the executant and harassed clerks and pay-sergeants, the self-reliant individual who must respond. Should this individual wish to go to hospital, or be discharged therefrom, should he desire to proceed to town or on furlough, should he (conceivably *without* desire) perform scullery or other domestic labour, draw his rations, his coal, or his kit, or wish to approach his officer (even, in some regiments, his sergeant-major), he must consult, be inspected, accompanied, and supervised by a non-commissioned officer, as applicable to the case

—usually all four conditions; at his meals he is inspected; the seasons, even the air at nights, are studied for him to prevent his going insufficiently clothed; he is told how often he must bathe. In each of these performances he will be still further guided by certain subsidiary garrison, regimental, and company orders.

And if in the levelling barrack-room life the individual is unrecognised, in the treatment accorded him for offences, military or civil, he is extinguished. One prisoners' room confines alike (pending trial) the impetuous youth whose reverence for authority is immature, or whose regard for punctuality is upset by ignorance or unforeseen circumstances, and the drunken scoundrel or barrack-room thief. On every necessary occasion he is marched under charge in company with those characters, he stands with them between the escort at the orderly-room, and, if all are sentenced summarily, will drill and labour with them—his mode of punishment being identical. This state of things is of all the most harmful; for it is as a culprit that a man is reasonably most jealous of his threatened individuality.

Such, then, are some of the tangible evidences of the suppression of individualism (and self-respect, one might almost add) in the soldier. Naturally the prescribed systems to be followed in all such matters are modified at the whim of the prevailing local authorities, but in relation to what obtains in the stricter regiments what has been said is exceedingly mild.

Not only does this automatic procedure in peace militate against the efficiency of the individual in war, but it impairs discipline in the latter event. For in peace time discipline draws largely from these auxiliary trappings; on active service these fall away, and discipline is bared to the wind of utility. Nor can it altogether be covered by heightened punishments, for, except in standing camps, it is extremely difficult to carry these out. Furthermore, there is the danger, circumstances being favourable, of individuality running riot. Perhaps the lack of true discipline in the field army so noticeable through-

out the late South African War (calling forth from one eminent war correspondent the description of the force employed in the advance on Pretoria as a "huge military *mob*") was not altogether to be accounted for by the presence of so large a body of reservists and colonials. It is at least noteworthy that, under their own officers, these latter often evinced more cohesion and thoroughness than many regular regiments, for the sufficient reason that their discipline owed its power to no extraneous influences (either of barrack routine, or inaccessibility, based on social position, of their officers), but had its foundation in common sense guided by consideration for the individual.

Though the treatment accorded the individual can therefore exercise an influence on discipline and efficiency, its effect on recruiting, to which it is intimately related, is far greater. Our best recruiting source—sons of farmers and of the middle classes, still remains untapped. These are the men who so efficiently recruit our irregular and colonial forces. Something more potent than mere prejudice against soldiering prevents their becoming regulars. They are intelligent, cautious, and no hard circumstances can colour their decisions. In their abstention from permanent service is apparently seen the exercise of a quality which ought to make them the most desirable men in a voluntary army, namely, strong individuality: it is impossible for them to accept conditions threatening their manly independence and reserve.

There are two ways in which this class might be attracted to the colours—by opening to them with special privileges and prospects the non-commissioned ranks, and by the formation of gentlemen regiments. The latter might be the better course were it reasonable to hope for acknowledgment of its practicability, but in default of that the former channel should be made as wide and congenial as possible. The ranks could not fail to be improved in every way. No plan, however, could succeed that did not recognise and encourage individualism.

Among even the less intelligent of our rank and file to-day

there is undeniably manifest an inclination to interrogate orders, and, in the field, to question the commander's dispositions, even, among the maturer hands, to discuss points of strategy. The private has become the officer's keenest and most merciless critic, the officer is perhaps the favourite canteen topic, arising from a quite natural desire to shoot darts at the remote and unattainable. No legitimate outlet can of course ever exist for the private's personal deliberations with discipline constituted as it is; their suppression, however, is not healthy; therefore it is desirable to modify the conditions which foster this effervescence. Satisfied that he is in all ways treated as an individual the soldier will not be too prone to inquiry in matters outside his sphere. Thus would discipline gain.

It is reasonable to infer that a more sympathetic method of treatment generally—liberal privileges, including, primarily, commissions from the ranks, and abolition of unnecessary and irksome regulations, as an acknowledgment that the soldier is a *volunteer*, could scarcely fail to solve the growing problem: to stimulate recruiting by offering a congenial career to the best class of potential recruits, and also to promote content in the ranks, and consequently, extensions of service. It cannot yet be said that our army offers a real career to the intelligent recruit; nor can any career be attractive to the true volunteer unless his individuality be preserved therein. The recognition of, and due concession to, growing democracy should be of primal importance in a voluntary army; yet we seem to be the last to realise and act up to it. Not until army reforms aim at treating the individual on sympathetic, common-sense lines will there exist no internal evidence in the army of the need for compulsory service. Such evidence exists abundantly to-day.

EX-NON-COM.

FORBIDDEN MARRIAGES AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: SOME ANOMALIES

"IT is, of course, well settled," said an English judge in a recent case, "that a marriage may be valid in one country and at the same time void in another." A layman might content himself with the comment that such a state of things was extremely ill-settled. Most people know, to take the most crucial example, that a marriage ceremony with a deceased wife's sister is void in England, but valid in many other countries; but the difficulties that arise from this divergence, especially as to property and the status of children, are usually considered too technical for any but lawyers. The divergence is perhaps inevitable—it must be so, so long as a union which is good by one Christian law is incest by another, but it is acknowledged that the best adjustment of it is a problem still awaiting solution. The elements of this problem are certainly worth consideration by any one not already plighted or married to a spouse of his or her own nationality. At present, if a man's marriage is valid in England but void in France, he has merely to cross the Channel to contract a further marriage with another woman if he wishes, the existence of his English wife being then no lawful impediment. It certainly seems desirable that this state of things should be amended; the rollicking sailor with his wife in every port

would by most people be looked on as an objectionable anachronism if he emerged from romance and presented himself in a concrete form for their inspection.

Without entering into the questions of extreme intricacy which abound even on minor points of international law, it can be said broadly that in the ordinary case a valid marriage is made by the parties going through the prescribed formalities —which may vary from an elaborate ritual and double ceremony in Southern Europe to the very unexacting requirements of Scotland—and when they have done this in their own country and according to its laws, the union is good throughout Christendom. And manifestly, there could be no alternative; to the many advantages of a circular tourist ticket a decree absolute could not with propriety be added, even in the twentieth century.

The complications arise when the parties are of different nationalities, or, being of the same nationality, insist on marrying abroad. If a native of one country marries a native of another in a third—not an uncommon one—further difficulties are introduced. If, in addition, the marriage is prohibited by the laws of one or two of the countries, but not of the others or other, there results a mix-up of questions beside which the constitution of a Scotch haggis might be thought a comparatively simple affair. Yet such a contingency is by no means impossible; and even that could be dealt with if an international convention could be arranged, securing uniformity of treatment in such cases by, at least, all the Christian nations of Europe and the United States of America.

Generally speaking, personal capacity to marry will depend on domicile, a thing which in some cases it is difficult to determine by law; for example, a man may spend all his working life and die in a country without being domiciled there, while another during the same period may have enjoyed half a dozen different domiciles. Moreover, each country has its own method of arriving at a conclusion on this point, and it would be quite possible for the tribunals of two countries each to

claim the same person on identical facts. The first reform, therefore—and a very useful little reform it would be, in this and also in many other matters—would be to arrange for a uniform method of finding a man's domicile, with a last resort of appeal to an international court, if necessary.

This would clear away a preliminary difficulty, and then the ordinary case would have to be considered when the domicile of each party is indisputable. If it is identical, questions arise only if the ceremony takes place in a foreign country—and for this purpose "foreign" means under a different system of marriage law, so that for English people Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, and France are in this category. In almost every country certain conditions of residence and other formalities are necessary: but usually these present no special obstacles, and the chief difficulties arise in other matters.

That marriages so celebrated must sometimes be considered void by the country of the domicile is clear when the case of the deceased's wife's sister is considered; it was long ago held in England that an Englishman and Englishwoman thus connected could not go to a country where such a union was lawful and then come back to live in England and have their marriage there legally recognised. Such recognition would, of course, make the law nugatory.

If the couple changed their domicile before marriage to Jersey, for example, the marriage might be recognised, even in England, but if they afterwards returned to their native land their status might be difficult to determine.

To avoid the absurdity that a man may be validly married in one country and single in another, it would thus be necessary that, so long as the English law remained unchanged, the marriage of domiciled English people, widower and sister-in-law, should be held void everywhere, even in the land where the ceremony took place; and, indeed, it probably would be so held in any country which respected international comity. By the convention suggested above, such a decision would be obligatory on the tribunals of each signatory nation, and it

would be an easy matter to put checks on a double change of domicile made to get the advantages of the native law without its restrictions.

As there must obviously be give-and-take in the matter, English Courts have declared void a marriage celebrated in England between first cousins because they were natives of a country where such marriages were forbidden, and also recognised the marriage of an English lady who became domiciled in Italy and there espoused an Italian, who was her deceased husband's brother—a somewhat neglected character in matrimonial polemics.

In these cases the English Courts gave logical decisions; but some theorists have held that certain prohibitions are prejudices which ought not to be recognised. As examples, it has been said that the marriage in England of a domiciled American negro and white woman ought to be considered valid, though void by the law of their own State; and also the marriage of monk and nun, whose solemn vows of celibacy, binding them in their own country, Protestant England does not choose to recognise. But thus to discriminate between a reasonable and unreasonable prohibition would again much confuse the matter, and in any international agreement the country of the joint domicile should certainly be the only arbiter on the question of capacity.

The matter of greatest nicety, however, is when bride and bridegroom are of different domicile and the marriage is forbidden by the law of one, and not of the other; and the English Courts have solved the difficulty in a characteristic fashion by the method known as "having it both ways." Thus, because the English law forbade it, the marriage in Germany of a German (domiciled, however, in England) to his brother's widow, a domiciled German lady, was not recognised; but in another case the marriage of first cousins was held valid, though the law of the bride's domicile did not allow it. These two cases can only be reconciled on the principle that the husband's domicile should prevail—a principle on

which they were not decided. But it would probably be a convenient one for future usage in the case of international understanding.

In view of the attitude assumed by French jurists, the requirements of each nation as to the consent of parents or guardians ought to be considered when the ceremony takes place elsewhere than in the land of the domicile. These consents are necessary in France in certain cases where the English law dispenses with them, and, by the present French system, a domiciled Frenchman cannot marry anywhere without them; it is now fairly well known that an Englishwoman marrying a young Frenchman in England takes a serious risk. If this requirement cannot be modified, a Frenchman's marriage in England without observing it should be made an offence of equal gravity with bigamy, and, as between the two nations, within the principles of extradition.

Reform on such lines, if not epoch-making, would evolve order out of chaos and prevent many absurdities. For example, a domiciled English widower might now go to Italy and marry his Italian sister-in-law and return to England and wed his English first cousin in this country, and each marriage might be held valid by the law of the nation where it took place (though, curiously enough, a void marriage was once held valid in England within the law of bigamy). But such paradoxes cannot be commended, except, perhaps, to novelists and playwrights, who, by adroit discovery of relationships at p. 300 or the end of Act III., may thus provide their heroes both with the tow-haired heroine and her dusky but devoted rival to the satisfaction of everybody concerned—except the stricter sort of moralist. To him, therefore, may be left the problem of having English law put on a consistent footing, and also of inducing other nations to enter into an agreement which shall abolish for ever such unseemly possibilities.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

THE KHUNAPUR MURDER

IT was about 3 A.M. one dark sultry night, the "false dawn" had just faded from the sky, when the village of Khunapur was aroused by cries of "I am beaten, I am beaten," and a further sound of what is called "striking bome," which consists of an intermittent howl produced by hitting the mouth with the palm of the hand and yelling all the time; a sign of vivid distress among the natives of India. The inhabitants of the village, most of whom had been spending the hot night recumbent in white-sheeted rows along the village street, arose drowsily, and proceeded to straggle towards the scene of the disturbance. The first to arrive was the local watchman, who had, as usual, been calmly sleeping with a sheet round his head, propped up against one of the neighbouring houses. Then came the regular policeman, who had been spending his two hours' guard in placid slumber in the guard-house. This worthy appeared with his uniform coat on the wrong way, a police boot on one foot and a sandal on the other. Then came the head-man of the village, followed by a mixed crowd of citizens in various stages of *déshabille*, and with them Afzul Khan, the police jamadar, in a loose flowing robe of white. The verandah whence the cries had proceeded abutted on the road, and all that could be seen was a motionless figure lying down, with a white sheet over it, and a groaning form writhing on the ground in the immediate neighbourhood. It was from this latter that the cries

proceeded. "They beat me," said this dark figure, "they beat me, and they killed Bhima with an axe. It was Ramah the son of Bapoo, Govind the son of Ramah, Vinayak the son of Ramlal, Ramappa the son of Hunumuntappa, and Rajaram the son of Naga." He added, in answer to numerous inquiries: "I am Nihalchand, the son of Bulwunt; these five men came and killed Bhima with an axe and attacked me, but I called out and they ran away towards the north." The village head-man lifted up the sheet which concealed the recumbent figure, and saw that the head was separated from the body. He then remarked, with some acuteness: "This, as it seems to me, is a murder." The policeman, towards whom every one now looked, then took up his parable. "I was on guard when I heard a noise. I went to the spot," he continued in a sing-song voice like a schoolboy repeating a lesson, "whence the cries proceeded, and I saw five men, whom I did not recognise at first, going——"

"Peace, son of a she-ass," said Afzul Khan, who knew exactly how his subordinate had been passing the night; and he accompanied his admonition with so shrewd a thrust from his elbow under the fifth rib that the unfortunate policeman uttered one yelp of pain and relapsed into moody silence.

"Well," said the village head-man, "in the morning there will be a 'punch' (a jury); and now every one can go to his house and sleep." The crowd drifted away, and Afzul Khan and the policeman were left. The former had been looking quietly on, and no feature of the case had escaped his intelligence. He remarked to himself that when a man's head is cut off with an axe it does not usually remain adjusted to his neck with the hand under the cheek; and if there had been a struggle it was not easy to see how and when the body had been decently covered with a sheet. The readiness with which Nihalchand had named his assailants also struck this experienced police officer as peculiar, and he did not exactly see how they could all have been accurately recognised in the darkness of the night.

In the early morning the whole village was astir. A jury was formed and set to work to examine the woodwork of the verandah and surrounding buildings; one sharp-eyed man, who found a speck of blood on the wall, being regarded with envy as a person who had made a really important discovery. Another member of the jury, not to be outdone, examined the ground, which was a hard piece of road, and announced that he saw distinctly the footprints of five men fleeing towards the north. The others gazed vaguely in that direction, as though expecting to see the forms of the murderers escaping on the horizon. Having completed this inspection the jury adjourned to the village "chouri" to consider the matter. It is sad to have to relate that the first idea of these worthy men was to hush the whole matter up. They were well aware that a murder was invariably followed by a visit from the police superintendent, and they regarded with dread the arrival of that officer and his police myrmidons and hangers-on in his train. One old grey-beard—*vir pietate gravis*—was particularly emphatic on this point, and he pointed out the distress that would come on the village from having to satisfy the insatiable appetites of the hordes of police—he remarked that in the old days a murder or two was not a matter of much consequence, that questions of death and life were in the hands of God; but that a police visit might be avoided by the action of man, by the simple expedient of saying nothing whatever about the crime. Afzul Khan, however, who had attended the deliberations of the jury as a friend, at this point entered a very strong demurrer. He saw his way to obtain great credit out of this murder case; and so he pointed out that if the matter was hushed up it was possible an army of "sojers" might be sent to the village in addition to punitive police. He finally observed that at all events *he* would not keep silence, but would report the matter. This settled the question, and the jury proceeded, somewhat reluctantly, to make their report. They found that "the deceased met his death by having his head separated from his

body by an axe. There was no other cause of death. Blood had come out of the wound. No damage had been done to the floor of the verandah." They then added as a rider (they thought they might as well take the opportunity, as they were addressing the authorities) that the wall of the village chouri needed repair. They also added that cholera had appeared in the villages near, and that the Government should send a doctor with medicine. Fearing that this remark might lead to some misconception, they hastened to say that there was no evidence that the deceased had died of cholera. They also mentioned the fact that the crops were not particularly good, and that it would be difficult in consequence for the poor people to fill their stomachs. Under these circumstances they suggested that a wholesale remission of revenue would be a desirable thing. This concluded their simple wants, and the report was signed or marked with great solemnity by the jury. In the meanwhile the body had been sent to the dispensary, where the hospital assistant, who represented the most advanced medical science as taught in Bombay in the eyes of these simple villagers, was to hold a post-mortem. This distinguished surgeon reported that the cause of death was the separation of cervicular integuments from the caput mortuum ; that there was a contused wound caused by an incisive instrument on the neck, and that extravasated blood (his spelling of the word "extravasated" defies reproduction) was observed on the outer cuticle; and there was no trace of cardiac disease. The wounded man's statement was also taken down, and he was sent to the hospital for treatment. The corpse was delivered to the relations for burning; and the village awaited the perfectly incalculable action of the European police superintendent.

The Government always insist on a European officer going to the scene of a murder, which perhaps partly accounts for the fact that so many murders are entered in the returns as deaths from snake-bite. For purposes of detection he is of course remarkably useless ; but there is a belief among the heads of

departments that it shows zeal. However, this particular officer was a man of sense, he came with one orderly and without his dreaded retinue, stayed for two hours, and left the matter in the hands of Afzul Khan. That astute policeman in the meanwhile had not been idle. The case appeared to him more suspicious the further he looked into it. The injuries of which the wounded man complained were really a small scratch on the back and a little hole, apparently caused by a knife, on the arm. The story that these injuries were received after a desperate struggle with five men armed with axes seemed a little "thin," and Afzul Khan had no doubt in his own mind that Nihalchand knew very much more than he chose to tell. Afzul had recently been under a cloud, having been suspended on a charge of having taken bribes. Now was the opportunity to re-establish his character, and he resolved to make a good case out of this sensational murder. Obviously, the first thing to do was to interview the wounded Nihalchand. Three out of the five men he mentioned had been arrested; but they had been temporarily discharged and kept under surveillance. So the next morning Afzul Khan, in full uniform, proceeded to the hospital. He had intimated to the hospital assistant that he would like to be left alone with the patient in order to "make him understand." This is a euphemism well comprehended in India. So he found himself in the hospital ward unattended, and seated himself at his ease on the pallet on which the groaning Nihalchand was lying. It had not escaped him that the patient had commenced to moan in a perfectly heartrending manner as soon as the door opened.

"How are your wounds?" said Afzul Khan.

Nihalchand only groaned and rolled his eyes, to intimate that he was in extreme pain.

"Who committed this murder? tell me," said Afzul Khan in an easy conversational manner.

Nihalchand began, "Ramah the son of Bapoo, Govind the son of Ramah, Vinayak the son of——"

"Yes, yes," said Afzul Khan; "I know all that. Now tell me the truth. Tell the truth," he repeated, glowering over the unhappy patient.

Nihalchand was silent, gazing at the Mussulman with a kind of fascinated terror.

"In the police-station," resumed Afzul Khan blandly, "we have some little dodges to make people speak the truth; little ways of catching hold of people's thumbnails—do you understand? And then there is the arrangement of sand-bags, and the water on the head, and twisting their moustaches. No use complaining to the sahib; there is no sign of violence. Like this," he added, and caught hold of the wounded man's moustache and gave it such a twist that Nihalchand uttered a stifled shriek, checked only by Afzul Khan's hand on his mouth. "Be quiet," said the policeman, "or I will bring a charge against you of having offered me a bribe."

And when Afzul Khan again caught hold of the wounded man's moustache and slowly tightened his hold on it, Nihalchand shut his eyes and said, "I will speak. Pardon, your Majesty. Babaji and I did it."

And then the tale was told at length. In order to understand it, we must take a glance at the local politics of Khunapur. In that village, as indeed in almost every village in India, there were two factions. Why, in the absence of any broad line of cleavage such as that which exists between Hindoos and Mohammedans, every Indian village should have its two hostile parties, is a problem which, like the cosmogony or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. My own idea is that it is the exceeding monotony of Indian village life that makes the peasants embrace any opportunity for excitement; and there is no doubt that the existence of two factions gives both the people and the magistrates plenty to do. It also affords plenty of varied occupation for the civil courts. Perpetual lawsuits over minute fractions of land are constantly going on between the two parties, and the forging of the necessary documents and the getting up of

evidence for these suits is an innocent amusement which never seems to pall on the villagers. And when the work of the day is over an evening can be profitably spent in devising schemes against the peace of the other side; and an occasional free fight, which brings a whole row of bandaged prisoners and disabled witnesses before the local court, is a joy which does not stale by too constant repetition. But the chief engine of annoyance consists of false accusations and anonymous petitions. When a charge is made, the whole of one faction appear and testify to the crime; while the entire opposite party turn out in force and swear to an alibi. This makes the administration of justice so satisfactory in our Eastern Empire. Now, in the village of Khunapur, some six months before, the men of one faction had inveigled this Babaji, who was of the opposite party, into a field, and had there beaten him with sticks, for no reason but just to keep up the local ill-feeling. Babaji had promptly gone off to the magistrate and accused thirty-six of the opposite side of this assault, who at once filed cross-summonses against forty of Babaji's party, accusing them of theft and violence. Babaji, furious at the treatment he had received, had made a vow that he would not wear his turban till he had got vengeance on his assailants. The magistrate, after taking about four months over the case, dismissed both charges, and Babaji was left with bare head in a state of discomfiture. His temper was not soothed by the ribald remarks addressed to him by the opposite side. The small boys of the village added their crude and jeering observations on the turbanless Babaji till he grew sullen and brooding; and when an Oriental begins to brood he begins to be dangerous. Such was the state of affairs when the murder of Bhima startled the village of Khunapur. It need hardly be said that Ramah the son of Bapoo and Govind the son of Ramah, and the others enumerated by the plausible Nihalchand belonged to the opposite faction to that to which Nihalchand and his deceased friend Bhima belonged, and this being the case there was no inherent improbability in

Nihalchand's story. Indeed, Afzul Khan himself could not at first see what motive there could have been for one faction to kill one of their own partisans. But Nihalchand's story made this plain. The unfortunate Bhima, a harmless inoffensive man, had been slain by his friends Babaji and Nihalchand for the sole purpose of throwing suspicion on the other side.

Afzul Khan listened to the whole recital with much interest, and felt confident that his reinstatement into favour would be the result of his admirable management of the affair. Now his first care was to make this promising case "pucka," as Anglo-Indians say. He got Nihalchand to repeat his statement before a subordinate magistrate, by whom it was duly taken down, and then the next step was to get hold of Babaji. That melancholy victim of a rash vow was ushered into the police-station at one o'clock in the afternoon. The details of his reception there are lacking; but at four o'clock he emerged looking rather pale and dejected, and announced his intention of making a full confession before the magistrate. He was duly cautioned, but he declared that his confession was absolutely voluntary, that no pressure had been put upon him or inducement held out to him to make him confess the truth, and he made a clean breast of the whole plot. It was characteristic of native ways of doing things that whereas in the earlier part of the day there had been a complete absence of evidence on the subject of the murder, no sooner had the accused confessed than Afzul found himself embarrassed with an overwhelming plethora of testimony. Fifteen offered to depose that they had seen Babaji stealing towards the scene of the murder with an axe in his hand. Twenty others volunteered to swear that they had been looking round the corner at the time and had seen Bhima fall a victim under the blows of Babaji. A dozen or so more were prepared to give evidence in support of the probable story that on the afternoon before they had heard Babaji say: "To-morrow, at the end of the third watch of the night, I will kill Bhima with an axe." However, these considerate and disinterested offers of assistance

the sagacious Afzul Khan politely but firmly declined. He had seen many a good case spoiled by the insensate habit of the police of bolstering up a really well-founded charge with wholesale fabricated evidence, and he was resolved that this pet murder of his should not be ruined by any such clumsy manœuvres. However, a little buttressing of the confession and Nihalchand's admission was deemed advisable, so he selected three good hardened liars who had often appeared as witnesses before, and who could stand the cross-examination customary on these occasions. These men could be trusted to answer without a mistake or discrepancy; and having carefully tutored them by means of a full-dress rehearsal of the whole drama of the murder, Afzul Khan proceeded with a light heart to take the case up before the committing magistrate. Of course before that officer Babaji retracted his confession, alleging that he knew not what he was saying, as he was out of his senses owing to the beating that he had received from the police; but this excuse availed him nought. He was committed for trial. The Sessions Court found him guilty, for the craven Nihalchand insisted on giving his evidence for the Crown, and Babaji terminated his inglorious career on the gallows outside the headquarters gaol. The unscrupulous Afzul Khan obtained his not altogether well-deserved promotion, but the factions at Khunapur have become more violent than ever, and no less than four cases arising out of this murder affair are awaiting decision in the magistrate's court.

T. Hart-Davies.

THE LARK

Et tout finit ailleurs.—VICTOR HUGO.

I

O LARK, lark, singing while my heart is breaking,
Soaring and singing,
Thy clear notes flinging
Like firefly sparklets, like petal showers
That the orchard sheds in the month of flowers,
Like the almond's bloom in the year's awaking,—
Cans't thou sing thus, lark, while my heart is breaking?

II

O lark, lark, singing while my heart is breaking,
Singing and soaring,
Thy music pouring
In runlets of joy, in rillets of pleasure
In a spilth of gladness that knows no measure,
In a laughter of rain for the dry earth's slaking,—
Oh why dost thou sing when my heart is breaking?

III

O lark, that singing while my heart is breaking,
Thy flight art winging
Upwards, and ringing,
Above all care, and sorrow, and wrong,
The lessening chime of thy silver song
Till it melts in the skies, the earth forsaking,—
Ah, I follow it, lark, though my heart is breaking.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

ON THE LINE

A Patriot's Mistake—Being Personal Reminiscences of the Parnell Family. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)—Mrs. Dickinson, the sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, was perhaps the most noted horsewoman of her time in Ireland, as well known in the city of Dublin as in country districts, where, as she tells us, her fame as a cross-country rider was established at an early age. A skilled driver, too, she was a conspicuous figure in the Dublin thoroughfares, where her handling of her spirited horses was always appreciated by its horse-loving inhabitants. Interest in her was naturally the greater on account of her connection with the renowned Nationalist Leader, and a work from her pen at this moment is bound to attract attention. In her preface to the book she quotes the remark of a well-known journalist, often since repeated, that the Parnell family was the most tragic he had ever known; in her pages Mrs. Dickinson fully bears out the truth of this. As the title implies, the reminiscences are personal, and with a weakness to which women are more or less given there is a strong current of egotism running through the book. But this gives the book its own individuality; and for a first work it is written with an ease, a certain command of style, and in places vigour, that would do credit to a more practised writer. What strikes us particularly about the book is its amazing candour, and on the advisability or wisdom of this we have not a doubt but that the opinion of the reading public will be

divided. We live in an age, however, when everything is known, and when that which is done in secret is proclaimed from the housetops. Mrs. Dickinson evidently thinks that whatever is to be known of the Parnell domestic circle she had better tell it, rather than leave it to some "Creevy Papers" for a future generation to disclose. Whether it would have been wiser, in better taste, and with better judgment not to have drawn the veil aside so much, is not for us to decide here. It is, however, but fair to say that in the chapter headed "Colonel H——" she displays her own foolishness and weakness with the same candour and courage as in her description of her husband's fall through drink. The latter is told with much dramatic force and feeling, and yet with a command over language and suppression of emotion that carry conviction more than the most eloquent temperance oration or sermon. Rarely, indeed, has the lapse of a strong, healthy, and in every other way attractive man been told with more convincing realism than that of Captain Monroe Dickinson. If his example serves as a warning to others at home and abroad the disclosure may be excused.

But the interest of the book centres largely on Charles Stewart Parnell, for so many years the central figure in the political life of Ireland, and the leader of the band of Nationalists who reduced the government by party of the United Kingdom almost to impotency, and threatened the dismemberment of the Empire. How great he was in keeping the discordant and incongruous elements that composed his party in complete subjection and under complete control, whipped to his heels like a hunting-pack, the history of the disruption of that party from his death until now bears eloquent testimony. His private and inner personal character was little known, for few had his confidence, and fewer still got behind that cloak of cold reserve that wrapped him as in a shroud. A born leader of men, he ruled his party with an iron hand, by the sheer force of a powerful personality and the exercise of an indomitable will, while he captured the imagination of the Irish

people by his proud reserve and air of lofty self-conscious isolation. None of his party we believe loved him; some showed their hatred to him by their action at his fall; but all obeyed him through his stern exercise of discipline, and their unbounded belief in his capacity to bring them to the promised land of Home Rule. That he led them to its Pisgah heights is but too well known, and his tragic fate and end form one of the most dramatic events in the political history of nations.

For the first time we get from Mrs. Dickinson some insight of the personal character of the great Irish leader. As a child she tells us he was noted for his passionate, domineering ways; he ruled his brothers and sisters young and old; he taxed the temper and patience of his teachers, but he was keenly sensitive to his mother's influence. We hear also fully for the first time of the Cambridge incident, that youthful act of folly with its tragic ending which left an indelible impression upon him through life; it seems, indeed, as if an avenging Nemesis pursued him to the end, and brought on through another woman the terrible punishment that awaited him for his early departure from the narrow way. If indeed, as some maintain, hell and judgment are here, and that we suffer the penalty on earth for our sin and folly, no better example could be given than that of Charles Stewart Parnell. We do not wish to excuse, still less to defend, but our pity for his fall is great, for his suffering was extreme. Because he was great, because he was capable of such control over himself, as over others, all the more was the necessity the greater why he should have exercised it for himself and them. With his clear, cold, calculating intellect, none knew better than he that his fall would be disastrous to himself and his party. But it invariably happens that when men so self-centred, and capable of such personal control, loose the bonds of self-restraint they are hurled into catastrophes. How he bore it all Mrs. Dickinson tells us in the most vigorous pages in her book. Many will remember the terrific struggle in town and country of the last few weeks of his life: the crowded meetings, the howling rival fighting mobs, the hunted,

hounded leader—on one occasion cruelly tortured by lime flung in his eyes. Surely a titanic struggle, and what a sight for gods and men! He, the idol of the race, how fallen! At no time was his astonishing virility more fully shown. That he went under was inevitable: a man who had so lapsed, the Irish people, be their faults what they will, could not follow. It has been put down to a mean concession to the British Nonconformist conscience and political expediency; it was nothing of the kind. Powerful as political feeling is in Ireland, the feeling of chivalry towards woman, the sanctity of the home, and religious conviction are infinitely stronger forces, and stronger than all others when combined. To hurl oneself against such is to meet total destruction, and hence Parnell's defeat. But in all fairness and in all candour, Parnell in the last few weeks of his life made some atonement by the example of an unflinching courage in his hopeless, dying effort to climb the heights from which he had fallen. If it were for nothing else but this picture of him, we are grateful to Mrs. Dickinson.

Mary of Modena, Queen of James II. By Martin Haile. (Dent and Co., London, 1905.)—Few women enjoyed less happiness than Mary Beatrice d'Este, wife of James II.; yet, if beauty of person, of character, and of life constitute merit, few have better deserved to be happy. Those vivid contrasts, which lend such fascination to the romantic history of the house of Stuart, were conspicuous in her life. Married as a child of fifteen to a man she had never seen; transported from her Italian home to an English palace; now adored by her people, and now a fugitive from their hatred; a chaste wife, yet the victim of vile charges; four years a Queen, and thirty years an exile; experiencing both the extremes of power and independence, of wealth and poverty; betrayed with cold-blooded treachery, and served with undying devotion—her story affords unusual opportunities to a biographer.

In 1673, James, Duke of York, then a man of nearly forty, tall and angular in figure, pitted with the small-pox, afflicted with a hesitation in his speech, was a widower with the two

children who alone survived out of the eight born to him by his wife, Annie Hyde. Negotiations for his remarriage were on foot. Eligible princesses were suggested, interviewed, rejected. The choice fell on the Princess Mary of Modena, a child (born October 5, 1658) who had never heard of England, much less of the Duke of York. Her reluctance was overcome by an autograph letter from the Pope. Her intention to take the veil was abandoned, and her marriage took place by proxy.

At Dover, in November 1673, the young Duchess of York for the first time met her husband. Her youth, her innocence, her beauty won the hearts of the English people. Her well-ordered household, her love of music and painting, her sprightly conversation endeared her to those who attended her Court. But her life cannot have been happy. Of her first five children all died in infancy; her servants were in danger as Roman Catholics, and her secretary was one of the first victims of Titus Oates; she and the Duke were twice forced into exile; her pride was outraged by the infidelity of her husband, who had conceived a passion for Catherine Sedley, as he had previously for Arabella Churchill.

In 1685 James II. came to the throne, and the coronation of the King and Queen was a ceremony of unusual splendour. Four years of growing anxiety succeeded, culminating in the birth of her son, afterwards James III., or the Old Pretender. The Revolution followed hard on an event which ruined the hopes of a Protestant succession, and the story of the Queen's escape with her son is most dramatically told from the contemporary record of her Wardrobe-keeper, Riva.

The years of exile were crowded with all the vicissitudes of hope and despair. At times it seemed that her son must succeed to the throne; at others the prospect receded into remotest distance. Year after year the Queen grew more lonely. Her husband died in the practice of the most rigorous austerities of his faith, and it is a touching instance of wifely forgiveness that she hoped for the Beatification of King James II.

Her daughter, born to her in exile, died when she had grown to be her constant companion. Her son was banished from France, where she herself was compelled to live. Alone, surrounded by needy dependants, supported by capricious bounty, often in sore straits for money, she found, as she had done in more prosperous days, her consolation in religion. Her courage never failed. "Her life," says St. Simon, as quoted by Mr. Haile, "since she came to France at the end of 1688, had been but a series of misfortunes, which she bore nobly to the end, in devotion towards God, detachment, penance, prayer, in continual good works, and in all the virtues which make a saint. . . . Her death was as holy as had been her life." Queen Mary died in May 1718.

Mr. Haile has found a good subject, and written an interesting book. He would, perhaps, have made better use of his opportunity if he had not been over-anxious to employ so much of the material at his disposal. The index is so meagre as to be of little service.

A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

La Bretagne est la terre du passé. Nulle part les mœurs n'ont gardé un parfum d'archaïsme, une noblesse et un charme surannés aussi pénétrants. Sur ce cap avancé du monde, dans le crépuscule éternel du jour, la vie est tout agitée de mystère ; les âmes sont graves et résignées et comme sous l'oppression du double infini de la mer et du ciel. Mille signes éclatent, témoignant avec évidence d'une intervention surnaturelle de tous les instants et dans la conduite des choses les plus humbles. L'homme ne s'appartient pas : il marche dans un invisible et mouvant réseau de fortes croyances ; toute sa vie est dirigée par elles. CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

CHAPTER I

THE PROTAGONISTS

La mer de Bretagne est femme ; elle n'est jamais la même deux jours de suite ; on songe devant elle au mot de Claudien : *dulce monstrum* . . .

TÉPHANY gazed with troubled eyes across the sea Since ten o'clock of that June morning the wind, blowing fitfully at first, had increased in violence ; the waves, each larger than its predecessor, now crashed with terrific force against the reefs opposite the granite mole which protected the harbour of Concarneau, whence but a few hours previously the sardine fleet had set sail. Some few boats were returning, flying furiously before the S.W. gale ;

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

but the greater number, although forced to abandon fishing, had sought the security of the open ocean, fearing with reason born of experience the bristling rocks of a lee shore.

From all parts of the town women were hastening to the small chapel near the lighthouse, the chapel of Our Lady de Bon Secours. In their brooding faces, in the shadows of their eyes, Téphany, who was partly of their blood, could read that mysterious fascination exercised by the ocean; the ocean as a huge amorphous personality: to be propitiated, worshipped, feared and loved. Out yonder, indeed, groaned and travailed a Titanic Mother, who fed and clothed, who kissed and caressed her children, who sang sweetest lullabies when the midsummer moon hung resplendent above her: but a Mother, alas! furious in her rage, unappeasable, jealous, a dealer of cruel buffets, of thunderous words: an inexorable Force, subject only to the Mother in Heaven, who, robed in the blue of the skies and the silver of the stars, looked down in pity.

Inside the chapel the women were on their knees. One could see little save the white coifs and collars shining out of the thickening shadows. *Ex voto* offerings of grateful sailors and fishermen—models of different craft, waxen legs and arms—all the pitiful symbols of a fervent gratitude, hung above the worshippers. Here and there a taper flared. The figure of the Virgin, crudely painted, garishly gilded, imposed, with uplifted hand, silence and resignation.

Téphany entered the chapel, and prayed.

She was a girl of fifteen, sunburnt of complexion, with very thin legs and arms, but giving promise (to an intelligent eye) of beauty to come. Her features were finely cut, bearing the unmistakable signs of race; she carried her small head with a distinction which aroused attention. The eyes were of that varying blue-grey tint to be seen in a field of ripening flax. In certain lights they appeared dreamily blue, suffused with a melancholy never quite absent from the orbs of a Celt;

but if she became excited, the irids changed into a clear and sparkling grey, intensely vivid and vital. Hair, brows and lashes were dark umber in sunlight, black in shadow. The mouth was rather large, and full of character, drooping pathetically to match the sadness in the eyes when the face was in repose, curving into captivating smiles when she spoke. She was dressed in faded blue gingham, and she wore a child's flapping sun-bonnet tied with strings under her chin.

After a few minutes, Téphany rose from her knees and went back to the mole, now crowded with factory girls, whose work in the sardine packing-houses was over for the day. They looked seaward, very anxiously, thinking of their lovers struggling desperately with the ever-increasing gale. Such fishermen as had gained sanctuary received but scant notice as they left their boats and climbed ashore. They had escaped. Why waste thought on them? The men hurried past the girls, wringing wet, and ravenously hungry for their fish broth. Téphany heard one say, as he strode by:

"It is safer out there, much safer."

The coifs and collars of the girls fluttered as fiercely as their hearts, for the storm was lashing itself into a hurricane. Téphany saw tears trickling down the brown wrinkled cheeks of a grandmother. The old woman had witnessed many such scenes, and could count upon the fingers of each hand the gallant sons and grandsons who had sailed gaily away—who had never come back.

Moreover, not a fish had the few returning boats brought home. Foul weather, likely to last for many days, had driven the sardines far down into placid depths, not to be lured again to the surface till the tumult above was stilled. And times were terribly hard in Concarneau. To many a family no fish meant starvation. Yet the women never complained.

"You here?"

Téphany turned; then the sadness in her face vanished

as she exclaimed: "Oh, Michael, I am so glad to see you. Isn't this awful?"

"Yes," he replied simply.

His face was grave, and in his eyes lay an expression which vaguely frightened the girl. He knew that her father, a painter like himself of fisherfolk, had set sail that morning in one of the boats; and he had not returned. Michael was wondering how he should break this lamentable piece of news to his companion.

"They say it is safer out there, but if the wind goes on rising—and in those small open boats! Oh, Michael, there will be more crosses in the cemetery after this night."

"The boats are staunch," he answered, trying to infuse hope into his voice, and aware that the attempt was dismally feeble. Then, being but a young man and therefore too ready to disguise his feelings under a mask of irritability, he added sharply: "For Heaven's sake don't talk of cemeteries."

Téphany held her tongue. But her thoughts fled to a certain cemetery crowning a hill, encircled by a low granite wall, filled with humble graves over which waved long grasses. This cemetery of Nizon, in which her mother was buried, stood out as the largest landmark among her earliest memories; she remembered perfectly her mother's funeral, although she was only a child of six at the time. In the cemetery stood a stone Calvary, upon whose granite pedestal she had sat playing with her doll, while her father, day after day, knelt at his wife's grave. If Téphany lived to be an old woman, would she ever forget the walk, through pleasant fields and woods, from Pont-Aven to the cemetery, the gradual ascent of the hill, the weather-beaten château to the right, and out in the west a thin silver line—the sea? The cemetery and the sea! In her mind lurked a mysterious affinity between the two: the one held the dead women; the other the dead men.

Téphany's mother had been a Bretonne. Of this mother and her family the girl knew little. Her father had said once

that his wife was the last survivor of an ancient race, the de Lautrec of Le Morbihan. Marie Téphany de Lautrec, it seems, had left Vannes, her native town, to accept a position as governess in Paris. At that time, Henry Lane was painting in Gérome's studio. There he met Quellien, the Bard, an extraordinary genius, the friend of Rénan and one of the founders of the Celtic Dinner, that famous Round Table of men of letters. Quellien introduced young Lane to Mademoiselle de Lautrec. The pair fell violently in love, married, and being very poor decided to live at Pont-Aven,[1] where Gérome's students had established an art colony. Henry Lane sold a few pictures each year : enough to keep himself and his wife and child in comparative comfort, no more. Then the wife died. After the first six months anguish, the love which Henry Lane had lavished upon his wife was transferred to the child. Téphany became her father's companion. He taught her English and a little arithmetic. French and Breton she picked up as a sparrow picks up crumbs. Also, he taught her to draw. The other painters at Pont-Aven adored her ; and one, Michael Ossory, a young Cornishman destined to achieve greatness (so said Gérome) became her particular friend and ally. Michael had made a study of Bretons. He recited to Téphany folk-songs, he told her legends, he said he believed in the Ankou and Korrigan, he touched with his lively fancy every ancient stone and tree in or near Pont-Aven, and—excepting her father—the girl reckoned him the most charming and clever of his sex. So the years passed swiftly and happily. Henry Lane had leased a small house near Nizon, but nearly every summer he came to Concarneau, because his most successful pictures, the ones which the dealers bought, were of sardine-boats and fishermen.

[1] Si je n'avais que cent écus, je voudrais tenir ménage à Pont-Aven ; car c'est là qu'est la plus grande abondance de toutes choses. A Pont-Aven on a le beurre pour le prix du lait, la poule pour le prix de l'œuf, et la toile pour le prix du lin encore vert.—Souvestre.

Meantime, with the fading light the colours of the seascape changed. The afternoon's sun was now obscured by clouds. The amethystine tints upon the water assumed a drab grey. Colour banished, form took its place. The surface of the sea had broken up into mountains and valleys. Even in the pool the water became troubled, and the boats at anchor strained at their cables, emitting dismal moans, like the cries of tethered creatures in pain. These dull, rasping sounds formed an accompaniment to the more clearly defined noises of the waves, which, as the tide mounted higher, began to attack the mole. Téphany and Michael watched the majestic combers, fascinated by their size and power. They broke with thunders upon the sharp reefs, and then, hissing like myriads of serpents, rushed upon the mole. Now and again some stupendous surge, resisting—so it seemed—the attack of the wind, would rear itself up to a terrific height, blotting out with its vast bulk half the sky. But invariably the wind overthrew it. Falling back in a sublime curve, with the roar of a cataract, it would vanish in a silvery cloud of spray. The women in coifs retreated, laughing and chattering: Téphany and Michael remained. An overpowering smell of crushed seaweed filled the air.

"Here comes another!" said Michael.

Téphany thought he was speaking of a wave, but he pointed a finger at the white cauldron of water to the left of the reefs. Through the spray, so thick as to hide entirely the pines of Portzou upon the opposite side, Téphany could just descry a homing boat, close-hauled, driven furiously by the wind. Behind her, but never, so it seemed, quite overtaking her, raced the waves. Those in front she climbed superbly, plunging down into cavernous abysses and then emerging light as a swallow.

"It's going to be a close shave," said Michael between his teeth.

The boat was whirled on at such speed that unless the narrow passage to the harbour were hit off to a fraction of a

yard or two, shipwreck on the reefs appeared inevitable. An old man was at the tiller. At the exact moment he put the helm over; the boat reeled to the right, dipped her nose into the whirlpool, and flew round the end of the mole within a few yards of Téphany. She could see the grim face of the steersman relax as the wet sails fell with a swish. A boy was cowering at the foot of the foremast. Téphany marked his white lips, his terror-stricken eyes. But a few minutes later, when the crew clambered ashore, they were laughing, the boy the loudest of all! Téphany noticed, however, that they reeled as they walked, as if intoxicated by joy, and their laughs held the quavering note of men who have seen death at their elbow. Michael nodded to one of them, and said a word of congratulation. The man touched his cap, looking at Téphany.

"Pouf-f-f!" said he. "It is not young ladies' weather. For the rest—we are lucky. The next boat—who knows?"

Téphany shivered. These masses of water advancing and retreating with terrific fury and persistency, this unslaked strength, this monstrous element, so protean in its myriad manifestations, in its infinite complexity of colour and form, yet always the same in one thing: its mad rage directed against whatever dared to oppose it, appalled and allured her. Each breaker crashing upon the rocks, shaking the mole on which she stood, drenching her with its spray, symbolised for her a personal power, an outward and visible enemy, challenging all who beheld it to mortal combat. She gazed with fervent admiration at the men who had conquered in such a hellish strife; but when she thought of what might have been, she felt that she must run away or faint.

"Let us go in," she said. "Father will be anxious if I stay here any longer. Have you seen him, Michael?"

"Not since this morning," Ossory replied evasively.

"He can't paint out of doors in this weather; we shall find him in the studio. Come on."

Lane and Ossory shared a big attic behind the hotel where

they boarded. To this the girl led the way, moving quickly and lightly a pace or two ahead of her companion. When they reached the attic and found it empty, Michael blurted out the truth.

"Don't make an idiot of yourself," he began, "but the truth is your father is—is out there, with the boats. He may have to stop out all night."

The girl gasped.

"Father—*out there?*"

The terror in her eyes made Michael wince.

"Yes, yes," he said testily; "but why make such a fuss? It isn't the first time the wind has blown a bit."

"Michael, you are as frightened as I am."

Michael whispered such phrases as came into his mind.

"Why, you foolish child, you mustn't cry—he's with old Corentin, one of the best. Come, come! Dash it all, I thought you had more pluck. Those sardine girls are braver than you."

"On the quay, perhaps." She flung herself away from him. "But they are crying now. Michael," she dabbed at her eyes fiercely, "I must go back to the chapel."

"But we can pray here," he objected.

Straightway, they fell upon their knees on the bare floor. The wind shrieked outside, the booming of the breakers never ceased, as those simple prayers went up. Michael knelt upright; Téphany abased herself, crossing her bosom with trembling fingers, moving her lips, looking upward in passionate supplication. Presently Michael got up, and then a curious thing took place. The young man stared intently at the face of the kneeling girl. At first the sympathy and pity so plainly inscribed upon his features were good to behold. But as he looked these vanished, and a different expression usurped their place. An eager, almost greedy light gleamed in his hazel eyes, his fingers twitched nervously. Withdrawing furtively to one side, he whipped a notebook from his pocket and opened it. Then, as if realising that he was about to commit a sort of

sacrilege, he flushed scarlet. Téphany, half turning, saw the sketch-book, at the moment that he was thrusting it back into his pocket. With a sharp cry, she sprang to her feet, confronting him with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks.

"How dared you?" she gasped.

"I didn't dare," he answered, with admiration in his eyes. "But I was tempted. I couldn't help it. It was a—" he hesitated, and brought out his adjective with a burst of real feeling—"damnable thing to do. Téphany, forgive me. Oh, you poor little girl, how could I be such a beast? Forgive me, please forgive me!"

She forced a smile, on the edge of tears.

"All right," she answered. "Let's go back to the quay.

She put on an old cape hanging on the wall. Michael followed her out of the attic, down the rickety staircase, and into the street which led to the market-place and thence to the quay. During the brief half-hour they had spent in the studio, the wind seemed to have increased in violence, if it were possible, but the masses of cloud overhead had broken. Between the purple wracks flashed the saffron light of the sun, dyeing the sharply defined edges of the clouds a vivid scarlet; the sea beneath, no longer drab, displayed all the opaline splendours of mother-of-pearl.

"What colour!" gasped Michael.

For the second time Téphany's eyes flared.

"You talk of colour, when men may be drowning——"

"I was trying to distract your thoughts from that," he growled.

She flitted from him, bending her head as she faced the blast, clutching at her cape, which flapped tempestuously. Michael saw that she was making for the chapel. He decided that she must be allowed to have her way. To-morrow she would be the first to laugh at this terror which possessed her.

The road between the factories and the chapel was still crowded with girls. But Michael noticed that they no longer knitted; nor did they walk with arms round each other's waists,

as is their custom. No; the terror upon Téphany's face was inscribed also upon their square, brown, slightly animal countenances.

When they reached the chapel it became obvious that something had happened. Men were gesticulating violently; some of the women were crying. Michael asked a question. A boat, trying to make the entrance to the harbour, had been driven on to the reefs. Only one man out of the crew had been saved. Michael repeated this to Téphany. At once she became rigid, all the colour fading out of her cheeks and lips.

"Whose boat was it?" she gasped.

Michael shook her arm, softly and then hard.

"I don't know."

"Ask—ask!"

"Téphany, you must calm yourself. Do you hear? Why, your teeth are chattering."

"Ask the name of the boat! If you won't, I will."

She staggered forward, Michael trying to restrain her, soothing her gently, entreating her to be patient and brave. None the less the terrible fear that gripped her gripped him also. As they approached a group of old men, the word Corentin came to their ears.

Téphany shrieked.

"Shush-h! For Heaven's sake!"

"You heard it—you heard it? They said—*Corentin.* Let me go."

She broke from him, running up to the men, who regarded her curiously. The raging wind had drowned her cry.

"Did you say—Corentin?" she asked.

To Michael's amazement she had controlled both features and voice. The question was put almost indifferently.

"Yes; Corentin, Mademoiselle. You know him, the old rascal? *Ma Doué,* he has the luck, that one. He was found clinging to a rock, almost unhurt—and the others—name of a pipe!"

"The others?" Téphany's voice penetrated shrilly above the dull roar of the gale.

"The others, Mademoiselle, will be washed ashore when the tide turns. Ours is a pig of a trade—*hein?*"

Next day Henry Lane's mutilated body floated ashore, and, later, was laid to rest in the cemetery of Nizon, beside that of his wife. It seemed to Michael that Téphany would join her parents within a week, but she was young and strong; and in her hour of need Michael stood stoutly by her. Amongst Henry Lane's effects was found a simple holograph will, directing that in the event of his death Téphany, if a minor, should be sent to England to his married sister, living in Dorset, Téphany's guardian and sole executrix of the will. Michael travelled with the girl to Saint Malo, and placed her in charge of the stewardess; it was understood that her aunt, whom she had never seen, would meet her at Southampton.

During the journey, and while they stood together on deck, waiting for the sound of the bell about to warn shore-going visitors to leave the ship, Téphany exhibited neither distress nor even nervousness. Michael knew that she was suppressing her feelings with a stupendous effort of will. And her determination not to break down seemed to the young man the most poignant thing he had ever witnessed. On his side, also, he disguised his sympathy and pity, and perhaps a warmer sentiment, under a flimsy veil of small talk.

"You will write regularly," he was saying; "and I shall write. Tell me everything—eh? You'll be a wee bit home-sick at first. It won't last long, that. And your aunt—why, she must be charming; your father's sister; and no children of her own; she'll spoil you terribly, Téphany—oh, yes, that is certain."

"Is it?" Téphany replied. "She's my father's half-sister, and years older than he was. He respected her, but I'm sure he never loved her. They had nothing in common, nothing. And her husband—a dried-up stick, father called him."

"I know they will spoil you, a childless couple. You will forget us."

Indiscreetly he had let slip a word too much. Without warning Téphany replied, with a passion and intensity that swept all barriers before it:

"Michael, don't dare to say that. Forget you? Forget Pont-Aven? Forget old friends? Never!" She began to tremble. "And *you* know, *you* guess, what is waiting for me on the other side; such misery, such loneliness, such home-sickness that I could—and would—drown myself to-night, if—if——"

"If——?" He held her hands tightly in his.

"If I did not believe in God."

As she spoke the bell clanged loudly.

"Good-bye," said the young fellow, abruptly, unable to control his voice, which quavered oddly. "Good-bye, dear little Téphany."

She flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. She was barely fifteen; and Michael, ten years older and infinitely wiser, seemed to her the concrete presentment not of a handsome young Cornishman, but of all that she loved and was leaving. She pressed her lips to his cheek with an ardour which thrilled the man to the core, revealing to him what he had ignored, or, shall we say, misinterpreted, the true nature of his feeling towards her. Was it possible that he loved this child in short petticoats? Regardless of the inquisitive eyes of a dozen tourists, he lifted her up, straining the slight, clinging body to his chest, kissing her cheeks, her forehead, her eyes. Then, as they reluctantly released each other, he said hoarsely: "Téphany, I am going to work, you understand, as I have never worked yet, as——"

"Gangway's being cast loose, sir."

"Good-bye, Michael."

"Good-bye, you darling little thing."

He rushed across the gangway, knowing that tears were in his eyes, not daring to look back for a minute. When he turned he saw the vessel getting under weigh, heard the throb of the

screw and the straining of the big cables. But the figure of the girl, standing alone upon the deck, seemed shadowy and spectral. Something within him, stronger than all reason, because, perhaps, greater than all reason, whispered to him that as they parted now, he and she, young, strong, ardent, they would never meet again. Cruel circumstance was putting more than the Channel between them.

Téphany waved her handkerchief and he waved his in return, as inch by inch, foot by foot, the stern of the vessel swung into the harbour. In the hazy west the sun was sinking into an untroubled sea out of a cloudless mid-summer sky. The gulls fluttered about the ship, picking up pieces of bread and cake which the tourists threw at them. Michael heard laughter and voices. The tourists were confident of a smooth passage, looking forward to joyous greetings, to a return—home.

He waved his handkerchief. The screw of the vessel revolved faster; then two bells rang out crisply. The engines, till now reversing, began to go ahead. Michael remembered that the boat would pass close to the end of the pier. By running he might get there in time. Racing down the quay, regardless of the protests of persons whom he brushed by with scant ceremony, out of breath, with flushed cheeks and heaving chest, he arrived in the nick of time. The boat was cutting swiftly through the water just abreast of the lighthouse. Téphany had not moved. Her thin, graceful figure stood out in silhouette against the amber and rose-coloured sky. The intense black of her dress struck the painter as significant, the most striking note in a picture which remained a vivid impression for many years. Téphany gazed at him in silence without moving, without one gesture of the thin arms. Then, with an unexpectedness which almost unnerved him, her lips parted, showing her pretty teeth and the dimple in the corner of the left cheek. There was radiance in the smile with which she rewarded his physical effort, and a joyous assurance in her voice, as she cried clearly:

"I shall come back, old Michael, as soon as I can."

"Yes, yes," he shouted in return.

Thus they parted, gazing at each other till each appeared but a faint speck, illusive as a reek of smoke. Michael never left the end of the pier till the steamer was hull-down on the horizon. As he turned his face towards the town he was sensible that the long twilight of Brittany had crept up from the land. It seemed to touch with cold fingers the shivering sea. Michael shivered also—and sighed.

CHAPTER II

AFTER TEN YEARS

C'est dans l'âme féminine surtout qu'apparâit la profonde originalité de la race celtique.

TEN years afterwards Téphany returned to Saint Malo. When she left it the last object on which her eyes had rested was the figure of Michael; when she came back what first revealed itself through lifting sea-mist was the islet of Grand Bey, the tomb of the illustrious Châteaubriand.

Then the mist fell; the islet vanished as if it had been a mirage. A moment later, the mist lifted again, and the splendid spire of the cathedral flashed upon the sight, only to dissolve and vanish like Grand Bey.

Once more Téphany felt, permeating every fibre of her being, that sense of mystery which is the peculiar inheritance of the Celt. And for an immeasurable second, so overpowering was the emotion, so long was it since she had experienced it, that she forgot the years and what they had held; she became the child of fifteen, the little Bretonne, whose mind had held all the superstitions and folklore of the province—and little else.

The vessel glided into harbour, leaving the mist upon the sea to struggle feebly with the rising sun. On the land, and

on the water near the land, everything was incomparably clear and warm and fresh. It seemed to Téphany of good omen, inasmuch as the sea was so smooth, so filled with prismatic colour, holding in its translucent depths all the exquisite promise of the rainbow. When she had bade farewell to this enchanted country, the sun was setting into a night sable as the despair in her heart. On her return, the sun rose to greet her with the assurance of bright hours to follow. But she wished passionately that her eyes had first rested anywhere save on a tomb.

Below, in the small ill-ventilated ladies' cabin, Mary Machin, Téphany's faithful friend and paid companion, was petulantly asking herself a question to which she could find no answer. Why had a young woman, rapidly approaching fame as an operatic singer, cancelled an important London engagement, and then, leaving a delightful flat in Mayfair, declared her intention of burying herself in the wilds of Finistère?

Within the past fortnight, Téphany and she had returned from a triumphal tour through Canada and the United States. Téphany's triumphs had been a source of sincerest pleasure to Mary Machin; but she had rejoiced exceedingly to find herself once more in Daffodil Mansions. The size of North America had distressed Mary Machin. Columbia suggested to her an enormous young woman only partially dressed. New York and Boston were very well indeed, but Milwaukee——! Had not Milwaukee proved herself to be naked and unashamed? Why, at the stage door of the Grand Opera House one hundred and three maidens, lost to all sense of self-respect, had stood in line to kiss Trepoffski, the Polish tenor, who had shared the night's triumph with Téphany. As many youths escorted Téphany to her hotel. They had not kissed her, to be sure, thanks possibly to the presence of an English gentlewoman, but an impudent rascal had snatched her bouquet out of her hand and divided the petals of its roses among his fellows! One more instance will

suffice to indicate Miss Machin's satisfaction in Daffodil Mansions. At Omaha, the fact had been given to the world in a headline: "*Machie misses her Muffin.*" Téphany alone addressed Mary Machin as "Machie." And below the pleasing alliteration was a long and very personal article about "The Diva's Dame de Compagnie," concluding with the hope that lacking her muffin "Machie" would console herself with—waffles!

Meantime, the vessel had been warped alongside of the quay. Téphany, apparently in high spirits, superintended the disembarking of Mary Machin and the luggage, pointing out, the while, the picturesque roofs rising above the machicolated walls, the gaily dressed crowds, the various craft in the harbour, objects of interest which only evoked monosyllables from a tired, indisposed (Miss Machin's own word for an averted attack of sea-sickness), dishevelled creature who was thinking of Daffodil Mansions.

"Machie, how cross you are!" said Téphany.

"My dear, I am very cross. Why, in the name of common sense, have we exchanged our pleasant life in town for—this?"

Very contemptuously, Miss Machin indicated the Customhouse in which they were standing, the pushing, perspiring crowd of tourists, the officials derisively smiling, and the chaos of piled-up luggage.

"We shall be out of *this* in a jiffy," said Téphany, "and when we are in our rooms at the hotel, after bath and breakfast, I will answer your question, not before, Machie." She turned to the inspector, who was asking her to point out her baggage. "Yes, Monsieur, yes, my luggage and my friend's," her perfect accent provoked interest: "we have a great deal, Monsieur: four trunks, two dressing-bags, a large lunch-basket, a small tent, a bicycle and a tricycle, a bundle of wraps, a paint-box and easel."

"Mademoiselle is an artist?"

"An artist—why, yes."

Two porters collected the luggage, which made an imposing pile. The official smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Artists, according to his experience, travelled light.

"Name of a dog!" he said solemnly, "this is all that is of the most respectable."

"Respectable! I should think so," exclaimed Miss Machin. The inspector bowed. He understood a little English, and he had a sense of humour. Smiling at Miss Machin, he asked politely if she had any cigarettes to declare. This question passed unnoticed. Mary Machin was staring at the luggage with open mouth.

"Why, Téphany," she gasped, "do you see that all the labels have been torn off your things?"

"I tore them off myself, Machie. Why you ask? Shush Wait!"

Somebody once described Mary Machin as a matronly maid. Strangers always made certain that she must be a happy wife and mother. Maternal solicitude beamed out of her eyes; strange children clutched at her skirts and at her heart-strings; disagreeable babies sat contentedly in her lap. She was small without being insignificant, thin without being angular, pale—except in moments of excitement—but never pasty-faced. She had most lovely eyes of a forget-me-not blue and a delicate aquiline nose. The other features, plain as they were, did not matter, because nobody looked at them. She loved Téphany, and Téphany knew it because Mary Machin said so fervently and frequently.

"I love you as if you were my sister," she would murmur. Once, in a moment of exaltation, she had added: "I should like to have a child like you." Then, scarlet and palpitating, she had faltered out, "If an old maid may express such a wish."

Perhaps Mary Machin divined that Téphany was one of those feminine creatures who not only crave for love, but exact also a reiterated statement of the fact. Kind words and looks—Mary Machin's only available capital—never cloyed on Téphany.

At the Hôtel de France two adjoining rooms were assigned the ladies: one happened to be the apartment in which Châteaubriand had been born.[1] The huge bed in the corner kindled a spark of enthusiasm in Mary, but she refused to sleep in it.

"I should see the man," she said.

"If only one could!" sighed Téphany.

In this room, after the midday breakfast, which was exceedingly good, Téphany gratified her friend's curiosity. You must conceive Mary Machin no longer cross, nor indisposed, nor dishevelled. The few peevish lines upon her face had been wiped away. She looked charming in a grey dress embellished by violet ribands. Daffodil Mansions seemed far away.

Téphany sat beside her, taking Mary's hand between her long, delicate fingers.

"We have been wanderers over the face of the earth, you and I, Machie."

Miss Machin nodded, as she murmured: "Yes, yes; Paris, dear Paris—then Petersburg. Br-r-r-r! How cold it was that first winter in Petersburg! Then The Hague—Brussels—Rome, where I had a touch of the fever, and you nursed me so tenderly," she kissed Téphany and squeezed her hand—"Vienna and Buda-Pesth. It was at Buda-Pesth that foolish young man——"

"Pray don't mention him, Machie!"

"He tried so hard to drown himself! And it was such a splendid advertisement for you, Téphany. That and the duel at Milan quite established your reputation. I have always said so. Dear me! I wonder what it feels like to have men—such handsome men, too!—fighting about one?" Mary sighed profoundly.

"It made me feel furious," said Téphany curtly.

"I know, my dear, I know; you are always hard-hearted about men, and I should have been *so* flattered. Yes; let us change the subject by all means. We had got as far as Buda-

[1] La chambre où ma mère m'infligea la vie.—"Mémoires."

Pesth—no, Milan. How well I remember those delicious Milanese ices, frozen coffee at the bottom and whipped cream at the top! Then Florence—then the English season, Australia, America, and now—and now," she eyed Téphany nervously, "and now, my dear, when the world is at your feet, you kick it."

Téphany rose and paced up and down the big room. An expression unknown to Mary Machin slightly altered her face. Opinions were legion in regard to the beauty of it. Photographs revealed finely cut features, a delightfully modelled cheek and chin, an engaging smile. But how many actresses and singers can boast as much and more? The men said that beauty lay in the singer's colouring—and the men were right. Cheeks and lips were rose-tinted: pale rose deepening into carmine upon occasion. In figure, she was not too tall, very straight and slender, with the finely rounded throat and bust of a singer.

Mary Machin waited patiently for Téphany to begin her explanations. She knew that mystery lay behind those troubled eyes, and that it would be unveiled in due time. Suddenly Téphany stood still. Then, speaking in a slightly higher and sharper tone than usual, she said abruptly, "Machie, I believe that my triumphs have been more to you than to me."

"That is true, my dear."

"I have seen you wallowing in my press notices."

"Ah-h-h-h!" murmured Mary, ecstatically.

"Machie, it is so nice of you to purr because the world has stroked me. But if it stopped stroking—what then?"

A vague apprehension of coming evil set Mary's pulses a-fluttering. Téphany, noting her distress, sat down, and, once more, took her friend's hand into her clasp. This time Mary became sensible that the fingers touching her skin were strangely hot.

"Téphany," she exclaimed, "you are in love!'

"What a shocking bad shot, Machie. In love—I?"

She laughed, too derisively, so her friend thought. Then her face softened, as she tapped Miss Machin's hand and murmured, "Try again."

"My dear—you are not—ill?"

"Ill? Have I ever been ill? But you're getting warm, Machie. One more guess!"

"Your throat?"

After what seemed to be an æon of suspense, Téphany said slowly: "Yes—it is my throat. Don't look as if I were being crushed by a steam roller! At the worst—and the worst is not likely to happen—I might lose my singing voice."

"Lose your—your singing v-voice?" gasped Miss Machin.

"Not my life, Machie."

"Oh, oh!" Miss Machin began to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Téphany, glancing at her, rose abruptly and walked to the window. For a moment she was wishing, passionately, that she could cry like Machie. Outside a May sun was shining gloriously, bathing all things and persons in a warm flood of light. But a colossal figure obscured the sun for Téphany. She could see nothing save a black-coated giant with piercing eyes, who had said to her forty-eight hours before—only forty-eight hours before!—in cool, calm tones: "The Covent Garden engagement must be cancelled. That is inevitable. Six months hence we will see—we will see."

There was much more, but Téphany remembered none of it. Sir Japhet was the greatest specialist in London; and he confirmed the verdict of the New York surgeon, whom Téphany had visited in secret on the eve of sailing from America.

"Oh—oh!" wailed Miss Machin, melting deplorably.

Téphany laughed, flinging back her head with a certain air of defiance.

"I don't care—much," she said clearly.

"Eh?" Miss Machin looked up, incredulous, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief rolled up into a ball.

"I don't care very much," Téphany repeated, with greater honesty.

"After that last week, that never-to-be-forgotten week in New York. Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"That last week bored me."

Miss Machin held up her hands. By the motion of her quivering lips, one might guess that she was repeating Téphany's words: "That last—week—bored—you?"

"Yes."

"But you have cared for nothing else," Miss Machin managed to falter. "Your fame, your art, seemed to fill your life ever since, ever since——"

"Go on, Machie! Or shall I finish your sentence? My art, my success have filled my life ever since you have known me, but you have only known me three years."

"And three months."

"And three months. And I'm nearly twenty-six."

"And I am twenty-nine."

"Machie, you look it—when you cry. Now please don't cry any more."

"It's very disfiguring, I know," sobbed Miss Machin, "but I can't help it."

"When I lived in Brittany, before I found out that I had a voice," said Téphany, reflectively, "I was interested in heaps and heaps of things. I must try to find them again—those things. And you must help me, Machie."

Miss Machin wrung her hands helplessly, murmuring, in a choking voice: "What things—where?—oh, dear! oh, dear! ——" Did her weakness inspire strength? Téphany's face lit up with a smile. She sat down again, relaxing features and limbs, with an air of accepting graciously ill fortune. The defiance in her eyes disappeared.

"You know that I was happy in Brittany," she began, "and unhappy, frightfully unhappy, in Dorset?"

"Yes, yes."

"But I have never tried to give you details. No. Because

there are none. I was overpoweringly homesick. I believe all Breton women are like that. When the peasants leave the Province to take service in Paris they nearly die. I nearly died. What saved me, I think, were some letters from a friend."

"From a friend?"

Téphany hesitated. The habit of silence is difficult to break.

"From a man, Machie."

"Oh!" Miss Machin's eyes brightened.

"From a young man," Téphany sighed; Miss Machin's eyes positively sparkled; she was the most well-conducted and at the same time the most romantic woman in the world; and the great humiliation of her life, carefully concealed, was the fact that no young man had written letters to her.

"His name was Michael Ossory. Have you ever heard of that name?"

"Never, my dear. Michael Ossory? Never."

"He was a painter: one of the cleverest students in Gérome's studio. My father, everybody, predicted that he would be famous."

"I know now why you buy catalogues of picture exhibitions."

"Machie, how sharp you are! Yes, I have bought catalogues; and never once have I seen his name in any of them."

"But he wrote, and, I—er—suppose you answered his letters?"

"Of course I answered them. I wrote sheets, four to his one, till, till he stopped writing. Till he stopped, did I say? Long after he stopped. The hardest time of my life came when *I* stopped."

Mary Machin kissed Téphany several times, very softly; then, in a whisper, she murmured: "Those letters, of course, were love letters."

"No—not at all. I mean—er——"

"Between the lines," Mary suggested.

Téphany nodded.

"Why did he stop writing?"

"Why indeed? It nearly broke my heart."

A long silence followed. Looking back, Téphany shuddered, remembering the misery of those days when the link between her and Michael had snapped. Her uncle and aunt, well-meaning and worthy folk, Philistines of the conventional type, were unable to see an inch beyond the trimly cut fence which encircled the modest demesne of Home Close. It seemed to Téphany, then and thereafter, that the business and pleasure of her uncle's life lay in rooting weeds out of his lawn—daisies were reckoned as weeds—in pruning hedges and shrubs, in repeating—not without absurd blunders—what he read in his daily newspaper, and in playing croquet. Now, she could not remember whether his eyes were grey, or a faded blue, or a watery green. She thought of him as a spud, *plus* shears, a pruning-knife, a mallet, and the *Morning Post*. Her aunt represented keys. She was one of those careful bodies who, owning nothing worth a passing burglar's regard, make a point of keeping it under lock and key. The books Téphany yearned to read were locked up like the dried cherries which appeared once a week at dessert; the answers to the questions put by the eager girl were locked up also; at night, every door and window in the small shabby house was heavily barred. . . .

When it became plain that Ossory had no intention of answering her letters, Téphany wrote to Yvonne, the genial landlady of the inn at Pont-Aven—a friend of Ossory's and of her own—asking for information. From Yvonne she learned that Ossory had left Pont-Aven, nothing more. Téphany would have mourned Michael as dead, but her letters to him were not returned; she knew therefore that he must be alive.

The abomination of desolation followed. Téphany entreated the pity and help of Breton saints. She spent hours, when she ought to have been in bed, praying to Sainte Barbe, Sainte Anne d'Auray and Our Lady des Bonnes Nouvelles. Then, believing that her own sex had abandoned her, the unhappy creature invoked Saint Yves and Saint Hervé. Bretons, be it remembered, seldom address their prayers direct to the Almighty.

Finally, worn out by self-imposed penance and want of sleep, she gave up the struggle, submitting with piteous resignation to the desire of her aunt that she should join the Anglican Church in which her father had been baptized. Téphany would have embraced with equal docility the creed of Mahomet or Buddha.[1]

Within a couple of years she had changed outwardly into as prim and demure an English Miss as may be found in any parish in Dorset. Indeed, she had come to regard herself as a wild bird helplessly caged, condemned to eat groundsel—with grace said before and after eating it—for the rest of her days. Her uncle and aunt were in straitened circumstances; they were unable to entertain their few neighbours, and too proud to accept hospitality they could not return.

It is certain—at least, we have Téphany's testimony to that effect—that ultimately the girl would have married the curate, who, once, scarlet with bashfulness, offered her a—nosegay. But immediately after this thrilling incident, Téphany learned that she was, so to speak, an undeveloped gold mine. A big, burly, much-bearded Frenchman happened to hear her sing in church. Comedy followed. The Frenchman called at Home Close, sent in his card, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where Téphany and her uncle and aunt were drinking tea. The Frenchman bowed, turned to the

[1] What Rénan says in this connection is worth quoting: Une fois séparé de son milieu primitif le Breton cessait presque aussitôt de s'appartenir et n'opposait aucune résistance à son absorption dans un milieu étranger. . . . Sa douce foi est ébranlé

master of the house, indicated Téphany with a gesture, and burst out excitedly: "Monsieur, Madame, your niece she carry a fortune in her mouse."

The worthy uncle stared at his visitor and at his visitor's card.

"I don't know who you are, sir," he replied coldly.

"Who am I? Monsieur," he struck an imposing attitude, "I am Bandin—Gustave Bandin! And I—*I*—say zat Mademoiselle carry a fortune in her mouse."

"The man ought to be locked up," murmured the good aunt. Then, to the surprise of the elderly people, Téphany, whom they had come to regard as a modest and retiring young lady, burst into voluble French. A moment later, Bandin and she were shaking hands. Another moment and the piano was open. *On Sunday afternoon!*

"My dear——" faltered the aunt.

"He is the famous French tenor," Téphany explained.

"Mademoiselle will sing ze scale. Do—Ré—Mi—— Sing, Mademoiselle, sing! Have no fear!"

Accustomed to impose his wishes, Bandin dominated this extraordinary situation. Téphany sang the scale—twice. Bandin wiped his forehead.

"*Sapr-r-r-risti!*"

Then, in rapid French, he explained to the petrified uncle and aunt that Téphany possessed a voice which it would be criminal not to cultivate; that she ought to study in Paris, if it were possible at the Conservatoire. He, Bandin, was at the disposition of this charming and interesting family. Let them confide in him. He had given his card. He was singing at Covent Garden. He would answer letters, make arrangements, do all that was possible, for the sake of his art—which he adored.

Before his listeners had time to reply the good fellow was gone.

He left behind him, however, a regenerated Téphany, in whose veins the half-frozen blood flowed once more swiftly

and copiously. The originality of her strong character asserted its power. We may pass over a stormy month. At the end of it, Téphany was despatched to a kinswoman living in London. The verdict of a famous master confirmed what Bandin had said. Téphany possessed a small income of her own, about a hundred and fifty a year. Matters arranged themselves. But the student years of successful artists are seldom worth recording. Téphany worked—and worked—and worked. She had inherited her father's passion for art, her mother's Breton patience and enthusiasm. At the end of five years' training came a triumphant *début* at Brussels, and, following this, half a dozen engagements. Then the uncle and aunt, unable to accompany their niece upon her travels, insisted upon a paid companion. Out of a hundred and eleven highly recommended ladies, Mary Machin was chosen.

Machie broke the silence.

"I would give anything to know why Mr. Ossory stopped writing."

Téphany hesitated; her trunk was open; on the top lay a small leather desk. She got up, crossed the room, unlocked the desk, and took from it a letter.

"This is his last letter."

She stared at it meditatively; then, in a quiet voice, she read aloud a paragraph.

"'In my next letter I shall have something very exciting to tell you. I have found what I have been hunting for for years. Between ourselves, my dear Téphany, I believe that I'm going to be prosperous; the broad highway to fortune is certainly in sight. I won't spoil an interesting story by dribbling it out in instalments. Wait for my next.'"

"Is that all, my dear?"

"I have been waiting for the 'next' ever since."

"It is most mysterious. I suppose that a woman——"

"I do not know. Money parts some old friends. I don't think money would have parted us, although," her cheeks flushed slightly, "the want of it did."

She put aside the letter, sighing.

"Was he handsome, Téphany?"

"Yes, and very strong. He could pick me up as if I were a baby. Why, when we parted—Oh, Machie, I couldn't have believed it possible that I should tell you these things, but when we parted——"

"Yes——"

"I kissed him."

Mary Machin, remembering for what purpose her very handsome salary was paid, tried to look shocked. She succeeded in looking inexpressibly funny.

"My dear!"

"Machie—I hugged him. And he—he lifted me up and kissed me. At that moment I knew that he cared. He did not say a word, but in his eyes——"

"Would one want more?"

"Machie, how satisfactory you are! But, as a fact, a girl does want more. I should have liked him to have written to me that he adored me, as I adored him."

"Oh, Téphany!"

"But I did adore him. I'm not the least little bit ashamed of that. He was poor, and very proud; otherwise I feel convinced that he would have spoken."

"And the world would have lost a great singer," observed Miss Machin solemnly. Then she said sharply: "I can guess what has brought you to Brittany. You have lost your voice, but you hope to find this mysterious Mr. Ossory."

"Machie, you know why I picked you out of a hundred thousand other watch-dogs? I asked you if you liked my frock. And you said bluntly that you didn't. And now, you have blurted out another truth which," she blushed, "which really I would not admit to myself. I want of course to see the country where I spent my childhood. I want," her voice softened to a whisper, "to kneel once more in the cemetery at Nizon; but I want, most of all, to know what has happened to Michael Ossory."

"Téphany, you are in love with your Michael still."

Téphany answered gravely, deliberately :

"No. That is past. But I am curious. I have always felt that the man is alive, and, being alive, how comes it that he is not famous ?"

Miss Machin pursed up her lips ; she had great tenacity.

"I do not say that you are in love with Mr. Ossory as he now is," she remarked austerely, "but you are in love—which accounts for everything—with the young man who was too poor and too proud to tell you he adored you."

To this Téphany made no reply. Mary Machin glanced at her. Then, in a different voice, she said : "Why did you tear the labels off your boxes ?"

"Because I have left my stage name in London. I don't want to hear it again till——" she touched her throat significantly, not finishing the sentence. "I am going back to Pont-Aven, where I was known, and shall be known, as Téphany Lane."

"Oh !" Protest informed the exclamation, for Mary was not insensible to the advantages of travelling with a celebrity. Téphany's stage name opened many doors.

"Yes," continued Téphany very softly, "I go back as Téphany Lane."

"Do we leave to-morrow ?" Mary Machin asked.

"*I* leave to-morrow," Téphany replied. "You will follow two days afterwards. I must have two days alone, Machie ; I feel sure you will understand. I see you do. In two days, left to myself, I shall become, really and truly, Téphany Lane."

She smiled, not forgetting how much she had changed, but sensible that she might change again, that she might renew the tissues, the fancies, the ideals of youth in that remote corner of the world in which she and her mother had been born.

CHAPTER III

PONT-AVEN

Pont-Aven—ville de rénom—quatorze moulins—quinze maisons.

Not many changes had been wrought in Pont-Aven. The houses, built of grey granite, built to endure for ever, seemed to greet Téphany with a sober smile ; the familiar water-mills, with their huge wheels, looked not a day older. They had, so Téphany reflected, the sane, mellow appearance of faithful servants who had worked hard and were now enjoying a well-earned rest. The doors of the houses stood open as of yore. Peering into the dark interiors, Téphany caught a glimpse of furniture black with age and smoke, polished by the use of a hundred years. The villagers were busy in the prosecution of small daily tasks, so important to their welfare. The old women knitted, chattering together in pairs ; the wives and daughters were washing down by the river, or preparing the simple noonday meal, or at work in the fields ; most of the children were at school. In a window Téphany recognised the face of a friend, Mère le Beuz, who glanced up as Téphany passed. The dear soul smiled pleasantly, thinking, perhaps, of the fat five-franc pieces which strangers brought to the village, but in the keen kindly eyes bent on hers, Téphany perceived interest only, not recognition. Time had been generous to Mère le Beuz. Perhaps her shoulders and hips were a trifle broader ; a few more lines lay about the brown clear-skinned face which glowed above the snowy collar and coif ; but she still looked strong, the mother, the wife, the sister of strong men.

The sight of this plain honest face gave Téphany a thrill of delight. Then, in the reaction, she compared her own life during the past decade with that of the peasant. The hurry and scurry from town to town, from country to country, from continent to continent, the never-ending competition, the jealousy of rivals, the glare of the footlights, the hot, tainted

atmosphere of the theatre, the adulation of the mob. And at the end a physical breakdown; a tiny rift within the lute. Had it been worth while?

The market-place was empty save for a couple of carts standing opposite a tavern. The carts, very long in the body, deftly balanced between high wheels, gave Téphany another thrill. How often she had lain snugly curled up in masses of sweet-scented clover and hay, half dreaming, hearing the tinkle of the bells upon the horses' necks, as these same carts carried her back from the fields to the small house where she and her father lived.

At the east end of the market-place she saw the ancient inn, and at its side a large annexe built since Téphany had left Pont-Aven. Téphany smiled at the old tavern, and frowned at the new. A moment later she was walking up the stone steps, walking, so she felt, into the past, as one walks into a pleasaunce where time has recorded its sunniest hours.

To the right, through an open door, she could see the dining-room, panelled from floor to ceiling with pictures and sketches painted by her dear artists for Mademoiselle Yvonne. And Mademoiselle Yvonne was still Mademoiselle Yvonne. (Téphany had learned this at Quimperlé), and, as ever, the loyal friend of all painters.

Téphany walked into the small office to the left, where a young girl, in the dainty coif and collar of the commune, sat writing behind a broad counter. In answer to Téphany's questions, the girl informed Mademoiselle that as the season had not begun she could have any accommodation, any room almost, she might require. Mademoiselle Yvonne was in the kitchen. Certainly, if one wished to see her, she could be summoned. Téphany asked for a room in the old house, and, without giving her name, wandered into the dining-room and up to a panel at the farther end of it. The panel held a portrait of herself. Gazing at it, she wondered if it were possible that she had ever presented so wild, so disordered an appearance. For the first time she experienced an honest sympathy for the

uncle and aunt who had welcomed their unknown niece so coldly, who had stared with such horror at unkempt locks, untied strings, badly laced boots; all, in fact, that Michael Ossory had faithfully reproduced upon the panel.

In a minute, however, Téphany recognised herself, the essential spirit which still dominated her. The eyes, burning out of the panel with such fiery interrogation, were her eyes; the smile was her smile. Such as she had been she still was; only the envelope had changed.

A step, not a light one, upon the well-scrubbed floor, warned her that Yvonne was approaching. Ah, thank Heaven! her kind friend had altered hardly at all. Her hair was now iron-grey; her fine figure had grown massive; but the shrewd twinkling eyes, the square chin, the mobile humorous lips were the same. She greeted Téphany courteously, but indifferently. Téphany smiled, as she returned the formal salutation.

"Who is that?" she asked, indicating the portrait of herself.

"It is one of my best panels," said Yvonne.

"But what an ugly child!"

"Ugly?" Yvonne frowned, then she added sharply: "Evidently Mademoiselle is not an artist. The sketch is very fine. I have been offered a thousand francs for that panel."

"You ought to have taken them," Téphany murmured, still scrutinising her elfin locks. Vanity hinted that such a terrible witness ought not to be at large—and yet——

"Never!" Yvonne's voice was flatteringly emphatic. "And to me, Mademoiselle, that child is beautiful."

"Sinfully ugly," said Téphany. Then, as Yvonne's kind eyes began to blaze, she burst out laughing, holding out her hands.

"Why, Yvonne," she said, and although she was laughing, tears shone in her eyes, "you have told me a thousand times that I was ugly, and naughty, and an imp of Satan, and that you never wished to set eyes on me again."

"*Ma Doué!*" gasped Yvonne, relapsing into Breton under the stress of violent emotion. "It is thou, my blessed one. The Saints be praised!"

Téphany flung herself into those sturdy arms, sobbing with delight.

Presently, after the first ebullition had subsided, after scores of questions had been asked by Yvonne and answered by Téphany, the latter pointed once more to her portrait. Then, in a voice too quiet and restrained to be quite natural, she said——

"Yvonne, what happened to Michael Ossory?"

"Monsieur Ossory? Nothing."

Her lips shut with a snap; her eyes refused to meet Téphany's.

"Eh? But what do you mean by—nothing?"

"Just nothing. He has not arrived. He never will arrive. It is a man—*lost!*"

The finality of the "lost" made Téphany shiver. Looking keenly at the speaker, she perceived Yvonne's fingers nervously interlaced. The rough tone of exasperation in her voice was eloquent of deep regret. Téphany remembered that Michael Ossory had been a prime favourite with the landlady of the Hôtel Yvonne.

"But where is he? You wrote to me that he had left Pont-Aven."

"He came back after two years. He is here."

"In this hotel?"

"He has rooms of his own. He never comes to see me."

"Is he—still poor?"

"Oh, no; he has money. He does not have to paint for a living."

Téphany hesitated, recalling old methods, tactics successful long ago. Laying her hand upon Yvonne's wrist, she whispered coaxingly: "You have a story to tell; tell it to me—please do!"

"Never!"

The familiar word exploded.

"Of course I shall call upon an old friend."

Yvonne laughed scornfully.

"As you will. But Monsieur Ossory is not famous for welcoming old friends. Bah! I must be about my business." She smiled frankly. "After breakfast, which we will eat together—*hein?*—I will show you my annexe, of which I am so proud."

With a wave of her hand she was gone, carrying with her an indescribable atmosphere of freshness and vitality. Left alone, Téphany turned with a sigh to look at another portrait to the right of her own. This was an excellent likeness of Michael Ossory, painted by Téphany's father, shortly before his death. The face, intensely virile, curiously alive, acclaimed Téphany with a grin at once sardonic and defiant. The man seemed to be saying: "Yes, yes; this is Pont-Aven. It hasn't changed—has it? But don't flatter yourself that you and I are the same. We are not."

Outside, the young girl from behind the counter was waiting to show Mademoiselle her room. Téphany looked at her watch. Breakfast was at noon. She had a good hour to spare, and an ardent desire to revisit some of her old haunts, to recapture, as it were, that elusive spirit of the past which she seemed to have caught and held securely only a few minutes before, the spirit put to ignominious flight by the expression upon a painted face.

Crossing the bridge over the Aven, she passed through the village and into a wood, the delicious Bois d'Amour. Here, beeches, chestnuts, and oaks grow luxuriantly upon steep mossy banks sloping sharply to the edge of the stream, which widens out into a broad peaceful pool, whose surface is only broken by lichen-covered rocks. Below this pool are the mills, and the rumble of their wheels, when revolving, may be heard above the roar of the weir higher up. As a child Téphany used to think that the waters of the Aven must be loath to

leave this enchanted resting-place, the last before the final plunge over or through the sluices on to the mud flats of the estuary. Téphany remembered a certain stone, the sanctuary of an old brown trout. The trout lay there still. Had he defied capture for ten years? Perhaps he was a son or a grandson of the guileful veteran for whom her father had angled unsuccessfully a score of times. He lay, nose up stream, among the weeds, his tail fins slightly moving. A few yards further on a man was painting. Téphany approached him smiling. Her father, and she herself, had painted this bit over and over again.

For the moment she thought she saw Michael Ossory. The man had Michael's tall fine figure; he carried his head with an air of distinction, as if aware that it was excellently well set upon broad, shapely shoulders. Téphany, however, coming nearer, perceived that the painter was a stranger, about her own age, possibly a couple of years older. Seeing the interest on her face, he raised his cap. Téphany asked if she might look at his canvas. One glance told her that he had great talent. After a minute's talk, she learned his name, Carne; he was a Californian, who had come to Pont-Aven to spend the summer.

"Everybody paints this pool," he said apologetically; "but I'm after something different. I don't care a red cent, for instance, about those reflections, glorious though they are. To paint a landscape upside down and two tones lower and then to dash a few lines across it and call it water is not my ambition. I want to paint the water itself, its curves, its ripples, and the things that grow in it. Aren't those waving weeds immense?"

Téphany fanned his ardour, eyeing critically the wet canvas.

"You paint yourself?" said Carne.

"Enough to appreciate the good work of others. I was brought up with painters. My father painted. He has painted this pool, and so have I."

"It's better than a formal introduction.'

"Yes," said Téphany, as frankly. "Tell me, do you know a painter who lives here—Michael Ossory?"

"Ossory? I seem to have heard his name."

"He has lived here for years. His portrait hangs in Yvonne's dining-room."

"Oh, the Hermit; we call him the Hermit. I had forgotten that his name was Ossory. No—I don't know him. You see, I'm a stranger. I've only been here a fortnight. A friend of mine, Johnnie Keats, who is a bit of a gossip, tells me that the Hermit is a 'has been.'"

Téphany asked no more questions. She returned to the hotel, unpacked her boxes, and wandered once more into the small dining-room to stare again at Ossory's portrait. Presently she discovered a panel of his.

"But this is wonderful," she whispered to herself.

Sunlight fell slantingly on a group of peasants dancing the gavotte. In the background sat the *binious*—the piper and his comrade with a small fife—enthroned upon two huge cider-barrels. One could see that they were piping lustily. The movement in the bodies of the dancers, the expression of vitality and force, the strong contrasts of light and shade, were rendered with unerring delicacy and power. And the man who had painted this lived unknown in Pont-Aven. The why and wherefore of it bit into Téphany's heart.

After breakfast, alone with Yvonne, Téphany was shown the annexe, the big dining-room not used till the beginning of June, the salon, and the studios above. In July, so Yvonne said, the crowd of tourists and holiday-makers would arrive.

"I shall stay with you till then," said Téphany.

When Yvonne left her, she decided to walk to Nizon to visit her mother's grave and the Calvary. On the morrow she hoped to summon up sufficient courage to call upon Ossory. If he repulsed her, if—ah, well, why should she anticipate a slight, a rebuff at his hands? Passing Mère le Beuz's house she saw the dear old gossip at the same window, knitting and

smiling at the foot-passengers. Inside the house a woman was crooning to a child an air familiar to all Bretons, but at that time new to Téphany: one of the songs of Théodore Botrel:

> Pour égayer ma nuit profonde,
> J'avais trois vaillants petits fieux,
> Que j'aimais plus que tout au monde :
> Ils etaient si bons pour leur Vieux !
> Mais, un jour, l'Océan sournois
> Les a pris, d'un coup, tous les trois.
> Il m'a volé les petits fieux
> Qui devaient me fermer les yeux :
> Je dois le haïr ! et pourtant,
> Malgré moi, j'aime l'Océan ! ! !

Téphany went to the window and spoke to Mère le Beuz.

"That is a new song, very pretty, very sad," she began, "but the old songs—you still sing them to your babies?"

She wondered if the woman would recognise her, having an absurd yearning that she should do so at once, at the first glance. Mère le Beuz smiled and answered the question, simply and lucidly, telling Téphany of Botrel, of his birth at Dinan, of his upbringing, of his visits to the province after Paris had acclaimed him, of his innumerable songs set to music of his own composition. That, according to Mère le Beuz, stamped him as true bard. She recited the legend of the mystical union between Hyvarnion, the poet, and Rivanone, the setter of psalms to music, whence sprung Saint Hervé, the blind patron of all Armorican troubadours.

"Ah, yes," said Téphany, smiling; "you told me that before."

"Before, Mademoiselle?"

"Years and years ago, not once, but a dozen times."

And then again she heard the delightful acclamation, felt the warm handclasp, saw the twinkling eyes beam with affection and excitement.

"But you are tall, beautiful—a great lady. Without doubt you are Madame, Madame la Comtesse, perhaps."

"I am still—Mademoiselle," said Téphany.

You may be sure that she was persuaded, with but little pressing, to enter the house and drink a cup of cider. Mère le Beuz presented her daughter-in-law, who had sung Botrel's song, a pretty creature nursing her firstborn.

"And do *you* love the ocean?" Téphany demanded gravely.

Trouble lay in the young wife's eyes as she murmured shyly:

"Ah, yes—after all she gives us our bread."

"She has taken one of my sons," said Mère le Beuz, "and her father." She nodded at her daughter-in-law. Both women crossed themselves.

"And mine," said Téphany, in a low voice. After a moment's hesitation she crossed herself also.

"God forgive me, I'd forgotten that," said the grandmother. Both women gazed at Téphany with an intense and poignant sympathy.

"You are one of us: I always said so," the elder woman muttered.

"I am Bretonne, yes," said Téphany. "I was born here, and your blood is in my veins."

"Surely, surely," assented the women.

Téphany took leave, promising to return.

The road to Nizon is upon the other side of Pont-Aven, but Téphany wished to take the short cut through the woods and fields; the path she had trod so often with her father, which passes the chapel of Trémalo. She knew every tree, every stone and stile. Presently she came to a delightful avenue of oaks; upon each side of the way are wheat-fields and apple orchards. Téphany looked at the trees, stunted, mis-shapen, many of them, but sturdy and vigorous, deeply rooted in the soil, twisted by a thousand storms, yet surviving them as they would survive others, almost imperishable, honoured in legend and song—the oaks of Finistère. This avenue leads into a wider, more beautiful avenue of beech trees: an approach to the château, but Téphany, turning sharp to the left, came suddenly upon the small chapel of Trémalo, a miniature church

built of granite, extremely old, but in a state of remarkable preservation, and surmounted by a delicately carved spire, an ornament added probably in the sixteenth century. Téphany paused upon the threshold.

A strange emotion thrilled her. Baptized and confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church, as has been said, she had joined the Aglican Communion. Later, when she left Dorset, she came under the influence of some Rationalists, but their teaching left but a slight mark upon a mind intensely plastic, yet at the same time prejudiced and even obstinate. Téphany listened to the arguments of the philosophers, with the sound, so to speak, of the Angélus in her ears. Let it be remembered that the religion of Bretons is engrafted on paganism. Of this more will be said later; it is sufficient to mention the fact here because it elucidates what otherwise might seem obscure; the peculiar attitude of Téphany towards the faith of her mother. It appealed powerfully to her imagination, while it left her intelligence not cold, but lukewarm. She had come to consider herself a Catholic in the widest sense of the word; a daughter of a Church which acknowledged neither Pope of Rome nor Archbishop of Canterbury. Téphany prayed fervently in cathedrals, in kirks, in conventicles, even in synagogues. But since she had left Brittany she had not made confession to a priest.

Now, standing upon the threshold of this chapel, a strong desire assailed her to dip her fingers into the *bénitier*, to cross herself with holy water. She was distressed when she discovered that the *bénitier* was dry.

Téphany entered the chapel. Inside it is paved with rough granite flagstones. Wide arches, surmounting big, round, whitewashed pillars, support a wooden roof, painted sky blue. Between the roof and the walls is a frieze with extraordinary heads of men and animals carved upon it, all grimacing violently to keep at bay evil spirits. Some ostrich eggs hung in front of a painted figure of the Virgin. The stained glass in a window, very old and very good, deflected oddly the light, throwing splotches of vivid colour upon the stone floor.

Téphany noted these details before she perceived at the further and darker end of the chapel a man sitting upon a rude bench, with his face hidden by his hands. The man sat so silent and motionless that he seemed to have no more life than the figure of the Virgin. Téphany's presence, seemingly, did not excite his interest. This, however, aroused no surprise in her. Some fisherman, doubtless, had wandered into the chapel to pray and meditate. She felt sorry that she had disturbed him. Possibly he had covered his eyes on purpose. Her imagination flared, seeing a fellow creature suffering in spirit, yearning to be alone with his Maker, resenting bitterly, perhaps, the advent of a strange woman. His attitude was one of profound dejection. With a shy, backward glance, Téphany left the chapel.

A few minutes later she was kneeling at her parents' grave.

When she rose, she noticed that the first inscription upon the tombstone had become slightly worn, it was fading. With a shock the reflection followed that the few memories she possessed of her mother had become as the dust within the tomb, as the fading writing on the stone:

In Memory of
MARIE TÉPHANY,
Beloved Wife of Henry Lane,
Born at Vannes; Died at Nizon.
Aged 27 Years.
R. I. P.

The live Téphany, thinking tenderly of the dead Téphany, tried to recall her mother's face. Henry Lane had made many studies of his wife's head, but these he had destroyed after her death, because—so he told his daughter with passionate emphasis—they were caricatures unworthy to be preserved. Téphany could just remember a pure, delicately cut profile, standing out like a fine cameo against the dark confused years of early childhood.

Underneath the above inscription were a few lines setting forth the date and manner of death of the husband, who lay beside his wife.

Téphany turned from the graves to the Calvary upon whose steps she had spent so many hours. The Calvary at Nizon is triple, richly ornamented, carved out of granite, the hardness of which has been softened by centuries of rain. It is probable that it was set up after one of those fearful visitations of sickness which ravaged the country of Cornouailles about the middle of the sixteenth century. During the Reign of Terror the crosses had been pulled down and broken up. All over France madness wreaked its fury upon such sacred emblems. And yet, the madness passed away, the emblems remain, replaced by pious hands, venerated, as before, by pious souls. Téphany, gazing at the steps worn by the feet and knees of countless pilgrims, reflected that another thunder-cloud of madness and violence hung over the province, and she believed that, as before, it would pass, having spent itself, but that the faith, enduring as the granite of these monuments, would not perish, but would rise again, purged, may be, by fiery ordeal, refined, tempered, glorified.

Repassing the chapel of Trémalo, Téphany looked in for the second time; the man was gone; the chapel looked strangely desolate and forlorn. The splotches of vivid colour had disappeared; in the shadows, the figure of the Holy Mother seemed spectral; out of the frieze the hideous images grimaced horribly.

Téphany shivered as she closed the massive oak door, heavily clamped with iron. Unable for the moment to analyse her emotions, she was none the less aware that, returning to these scenes of her childhood, she was not strong enough to resist the influence which objects considered as inanimate elsewhere exercise over the minds of Bretons. As a child she had believed that certain springs and stones and trees harboured spirits: powerful to work good or evil upon those who beheld them. In London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne she had laughed at these childish fears.

And to-day, now that she was a woman, they assailed her fiercely.

(To be continued)