

## THE PYRAMID OF STUDIES

THE chief reason for the apparently irreconcilable conflict of opinions as to the relative values of subjects of school instruction lies in the ambiguity of the term *value* itself. No two persons who write letters to the *Times* about education seem to be agreed to use this very troublesome word in the same sense. The like difficulty was perceived by political economists long ago, and they have striven, more or less successfully, at all events to "mask" the battery in their operations; but controversy over educational economy is still thrown into almost hopeless confusion by it. This, no doubt, arises largely from the greater relative instability of the facts with which education deals; the economics of education lend themselves even less than the economics of industry to anything like abstract treatment. The subject is almost as much immersed in matter as life itself.

We all agree that education is a *preparation*; and most people would say that it is a preparation for *life*. It follows, then, that an inquiry into educational values appraises the pursuits which profess to prepare men and women to make life most effective, to get most out of it. It would seem to be proved, then, that the value of such pursuits ("studies" amongst the number, but not "studies" exclusively) is relative to the largest area of human activity. Those gymnastics and acquirements which affect most favourably the largest number of the things that men *do*, these are the pursuits of highest "value" in education.

So stated, the problem seems easy enough. And so it, perhaps, would be, if our aims were simple, and if we were sincere in our endeavours to attain them ; for we have merely to ascertain what things practised in *statu pupillari* have the most momentous consequences as life proceeds to its consummation, and to adopt those which seem to lead to the best. But we are brought face to face with a two-headed difficulty at the outset. First of all, complete living seems to call for a background of substantial physical comfort, or, at all events, freedom from discomfort. A good man on the rack cannot be said to live completely, much less be happy (unless the rack, as was once suggested by a puzzled Oxford undergraduate, is a singularly bad one), and both St. Francis of Assisi and St. Simeon of the Pillar failed on similar grounds, though for very different reasons, to help average man to the largest use of life. This background of *bien être* is so indispensable and is so primitive a need, that men have always been apt to identify it with life itself, and in extreme cases to set themselves so ardently to establish it that they have, as misers over their gold, transferred to the means by which they hope to achieve it the love which was originally inspired by the thing itself.

And even if this object does not actually fill the whole of the field of our desires, we are inclined to narrow our vision and to aim at its fruits earlier than we ought. Our education, too, often seems to have nothing at all in view but a gross material prosperity, and we often set our children to bread-and-butter studies and tasks before they are fit for them. We look too early for "results" that can be measured and paid for in the market. For education is concerned with everything that men do with the whole field of action. What the man can produce for sale is only a small part of the product of his personality ; it is by no means the true measure of his worth, but is rather a by-product of his full spiritual activity. Every good schoolmaster knows this well enough, and is a good schoolmaster just in so far as he acts upon it.

But our difficulty has another head. A man's goodness, or

morality, or worth, bears a necessary relation to society; he can grow good only by contact and communion with his fellows, and when his account comes to be reckoned up, we can hardly doubt that it is by his relations to his fellows that a good deal of the reckoning will be determined. Man is φύσει πολιτικόν. His "nature" is not fully developed except in association with others; he does not get the most out of life except by social attrition and communion. Here, again, we seem to have a very simple problem to solve. It ought to be easy, we may think, to determine what qualities best fit men for the performance of their duties in society, and to promote the growth of those qualities by all the means we can contrive. But a little consideration will show us that there is a dangerous uncertainty, in practice at all events, about the meaning to be attached to the word "Society." Do we mean the Kingdom of this world or the Kingdom of God? The πόλις, the Kingdom of Plato and Aristotle, was a much more definite and stable thing than our "society," and both Aristotle and Plato show little hesitation in defining a man's duties and functions in relation to it. And, in practice, the same line is generally taken by ourselves. We weigh a man's worth by what we can see of the things he makes, and we show every inclination to believe that Providence takes the same view. The German Emperor, for instance, an illustrious and conspicuous example, has clearly no sort of doubt that the German Empire is the πόλις with relation to which the ultimate value of the German citizen is to be measured, and that the House of Hohenzollern is its Palladium. "Let us go on building ships, and trust in the German God," says a German newspaper. A more general, and perhaps a more philosophical, view regards a man's worth as determined by his fitness for commerce, and national worth as measured by national commercial success. "Every nation," as Lord Rosebery says, "wishes to be a nation of shopkeepers." This, indeed, is the commonest modern conception of the highest destiny of man, φύσει πολιτευομένου, as a citizen performing citizen's duties.

There are, of course, many variations on the theme, arising from the ever-increasing complexity of civilisation and growing social heterogeneity. Sometimes we are inclined to apply the standard of military fitness, sometimes the capacity to contribute to the progress of laboratorial science, sometimes the ability to speak foreign languages, all such measures taking account, not of a man's fullest capacity, but of what are, after all, only technical and special functions. Every one of these reacts on education. Yet the best work is done by ignoring them.

The double-headed difficulty has thus one neck : a desire for measurable material results. It has on its side all the conservative forces, noble as well as ignoble, which prevent men both from despising existing institutions and from using them to evolve institutions of higher morality. It embodies an opinion as unsound as the belief, universal before Adam Smith, which is expressed in Bacon's round assertion that the "increase," that is, prosperity, of every State must be at the expense of other States. It contradicts the great generalisations, explicit in the ancient formula that "all things move," and the great modern discovery that all things move from lower forms to higher. It is in flat antagonism to the teaching of Christ, who declared God's kingdom to be not of this world. For, as Renan says of him :

Républicain austère, patriote zélé, il n'eût pas arrêté le grand courant des affaires de son siècle [if he had conspired against Tiberius at Rome, &c.] tandis, qu'en déclarant la politique insignifiante, il a révélé au monde cette vérité que la patrie n'est pas tout, et que l'homme est antérieur et supérieur au citoyen.

We must make up our minds that education is concerned only incidentally with the narrow field of production, and keeps its eye not so much on fitting men into existing institutions as on fitting men to make existing institutions better, and getting the best out of them.

That is, education must concern itself chiefly with the *largest* number of things that men do, with the area of action

and conduct. These are the things that matter most. If we look merely to a man's specific and technical functions, we are looking at life and its duties in a mean way, in a superficial way, perhaps even a vicious way. When, for instance, a modern publicist writes that "the State should spend money on education that may prove when acquired practically useful," and subsequently shows that what he means is that nothing should be taught under State patronage by which it or the individual does not "benefit in the fight for material welfare," he would have us strive for an ignoble end by ignoble means. The view of life as a scrambling "fight" for bread and shelter is both false in perspective and sordid in circumstance. "We are a busy people," said a Yankee captain to Martin Chuzzlewit, "and have no time for reading mere notions. We don't mind 'em if they come to us in newspapers along with almighty strong stuff of another sort, but darn your books." Nobler philosophers than the Yankee captain have failed to distinguish between the permanent and the temporary, between the greater and the less, between action and production, between the real whole of life and the means by which we gain a livelihood; and yet the distinction is absolutely indispensable as a guide in education. It is character that affects the largest area of our life. The good and intelligent schoolmaster habitually subordinates the minor standards when they conflict with this, using as means what other and less disinterested people use as ends. He acts as if he knew that his chief business is to set up a *disposition*; that this is the true Kingdom of God; and if not the goal to which man tends, at all events the high road leading to the goal.

What are the studies or gymnastics that most affect our "dispositions," our conduct and characters? Surely, since man is over and above all other things a social animal, there will be, in the first place, those studies or gymnastics which give him the liveliest sympathies with humanity, with his fellows, alive and dead—these will be the most truly human. The studies which cover the most general ground affecting our relations

with each other, our power of sympathising, are the "humanities," comprised under the main heads Literature and History. Literature is so all-pervading that its operation begins with the nursery, and its power increases with every day we live. It is exactly commensurate with life. It *is* life. It is life as seen and represented by others, different from us or greater than we are. It deals, in its very highest form, with primitive and unchanging facts of feeling and experience that are true for all of us. Even when we shall be able to go from London to Mantua in an air-car within half a day, the Aeneid will still be supremely true and significant; though we know that Bohemia has no sea-coast, and that there are no serpents or tigers in the forest of Arden, we find in Shakespeare "a higher truth and higher seriousness" than in our geographies and zoologies.

And after the "humanities," technically so called, we must have another line of our basis in first-hand experience of physical nature; that is, in that part of the world which is not in intelligent communion with us. We must know by personal contact the earth, the wind, and the rain, and the sunlight, the animals and the flowers and the trees about us. These two great themes, in fact, have actually always been the staple of education. Speaking roughly, up to Bacon's time there was no other conception of education beyond instruction in the humane arts; the discipline derived from physical nature was inevitable, unrecognised, unorganised, and unconscious, though infinitely true and more effective than it is with a city-cramped and sophisticated population like so much of ours.

The situation will, therefore, be clearer to us if we note briefly the revolution in education of which the herald, if not the pioneer, was Bacon. In pre-Baconian days school education was almost exclusively confined to the "Arts." The distinction between "Arts" and "Sciences," based on bad logic and imperfect knowledge, survives to our own day, and still darkens the counsels of those who use words as coins instead of counters. When the distinction was first drawn,

“Artes” meant the things you could *do* and “Scientiæ” the things you knew. So on the side of mental education, by virtue of your knowledge of the Arts of Logic, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Law, Languages, and so forth, you could solve problems and engage in disputations and, your degree in “Arts” certified that you had gone through such a course of study as would enable you to do these things. But the “Scientiæ” were learnt from books or by the interrogation of tradition, and led to nothing “practical,” to new discovery least of all.

To most of us, with our modern notions, it is the “Sciences” that suggest the most strenuous work, the patient investigator, his test-tubes, his balances, his microscope, his costly laboratory, and the rest. “Science” would seem to be far more “practical” than what we call, at all events academically, “Arts,” both in procedure and in product; nay, some critics would have us believe that all the activity has passed to the “Sciences,” and that the academical “Arts” merely potter about in a welter of antiquarian or insignificant rubbish.

Now, first of all, the old distinction between Arts and Sciences is thoroughly obsolete; it has become a distinction without a difference. Every subject that can be investigated may be quite fairly called a Science, and any scheme of action which tends to a recognised end may be called an Art. But there are some sciences that lend themselves better than others to laboratorial investigation, to dexterous and complex sensuous manipulation, and that are still adding to man’s dominion over unintelligent matter. The science of philology, though as “heuristic” as you like (and it has been conspicuously so since the recognition of the importance of Sanskrit), does not lend itself so easily to this kind of treatment, and certainly does not add to our dominion over matter, as does (say) chemistry. While, therefore, it is admirable as a discipline, it has not the attractiveness, and does not offer such prize-potentialities, as the sciences of the laboratory. Again, the discoveries of the laboratory have been in later generations so stupendous that they have become part of the mental and even spiritual

furniture of the race, so that they cannot be ignored in a scheme of education that is to make life significant to us in its widest aspects. Metaphysics itself has renewed its youth by appropriating the lessons and adopting the formulæ of great physical discovery.

Therefore the physical or (rather) the laboratorial sciences have a claim on us which they had not when "scientia" was deductive. We must recognise the immense meaning of these great physical discoveries; the "educated" man must know them, if only on human grounds, to bring him into intelligent sympathy with his fellows. But there is nothing new in the so-called "heuristic" method; what is new is its tardy school application to phenomena other than those found in books or tradition. The new "scientist" uses no logical method unfamiliar to the old scholar, but he applies his method to more refractory material and with coarser and more cumbersome instruments. "Science" teaching begins to show signs of a conscience, and to recognise that it must fully justify itself as a gymnastic. It has no right, all the same, to claim a monopoly of "method."

But, in truth, it is time to drop unprofitable distinctions. We must not try to split straws between Arts and Sciences, or Humanities and Sciences, or studies Speculative and Applied. We must try to construct an educational pyramid of sciences, the more general gradually contracting to the specific and technical. And we must guard against two possible errors: we must not forget that in many details our pyramid is to be provisional from generation to generation, in order to make allowances for new orientations of organised knowledge; and we must be careful not to propound as the first stage in education the last results of our analysis of the field of knowledge. "General" here must mean that which covers, and always must cover, the largest area of human interest.

We have no right to split up our investigation of nature, the study of the world and of man, into regions, and to say that this region is more important than that. We have no



more right to divide the Kingdom of Knowledge into mutually exclusive "subjects" than we have to divide the mind into faculties. The objective organic unity of the world is correlative to the organic unity of the mind.

Every act of knowledge, or "apperception," as it is sometimes called, is an act setting up a connection between an organised world and an organised mind. Every part of the world is concerned with every part of the mind in every intellectual act, and the more completely the mind is thereby put into organic connection with the world the more complete the state of knowledge resulting.

The common trick of giving legal or formal recognition in our school curricula first to one "subject" and then to another, and treating them as unrelated, for impartial distribution in the school, results in mere patchwork and muddle. The effect is that produced by the famous African monarch to whom an English admiral had presented a suit of dress clothes as a compendium of civilisation. His Majesty, we are told, did not don the whole suit himself, but, keeping the coat, gave the waistcoat to his Prime Minister, and divided the remaining garment between the head of the War Office and the Minister of Public Instruction!

We must build our pyramid of studies with special reference to three main considerations: first, the ultimate aim of Life; secondly, the growth of the individual Mind; thirdly, the urgency of Social Pressure. The first calls upon us to settle what things matter most in life, and to subordinate smaller things to them; the second requires that we should ascertain the progressive capacity of the mind for profitable cultivation to practical ends at various stages, which will probably be found to be from the general to the technical; and the third will compel us to consider individual needs in relation to existing institutions.

What things matter most? Obviously, in accordance with what we have already admitted, such things as affect the largest practical area. Nothing is so important as that we

should *deal magnanimously with life*. In the sphere of morals or religion this requires that we should act as we wish all other people to act. Our little act then becomes, though we know it not, part of the great pivot of righteousness on which the world turns. In the sphere of what we call literature, by the help of great men—artists who “lend their minds out” to us—we see life, the world, in a great way; see more significance in it than if we were left to interpret it for ourselves. Thus we actually get life into truer perspective, see more of it, when we learn to see it as Shakespeare and Milton saw it. Literature, then, “sacred” and “profane” (though we may not like the distinction) must be the basis of our educational pyramid, for literature records human experience and stimulates human sympathy to conduct over the largest area of life. Under this great main head, of course, come other subsidiary studies. Thus, whereas “pure” literature, as *belles lettres*, enables us to see and to live individual experience in a great way, on a big scale, so history, as a pageant, dealing with the life of nations, puts us into relation with the life of societies on a big scale. *Belles lettres* gives us sympathy and power of interpretation as between man and man: history gives us atmosphere and perspective, as between man and successive generations, as between societies and societies.

Another necessary base-line of our pyramid must come, as we have said, from first-hand familiarity with the simple phenomena of “outer” or unintelligent “nature,” the external forces to which we are exposed, and the things with minds unlike our own—the soil, the wind, the rain, the birds, the animals. For most of us live many removes away from the primitive realities on which our life depends; and, as we develop a more complex and abstract civilisation, it becomes more and more necessary that our organised education should do what it can to re-establish the broken connections. Hebrew boys, Greek and Roman boys, went about with their fathers, meeting the soil and sky at first hand, as Hans Clodhopper does to-day, sharing in the actual life lived and seeing its

simplest springs. Our social and intellectual habits do a great deal deliberately to conceal these primitive facts; and even when, in the artificial atmosphere of our schools, we address ourselves to "teach" literature and history and earth-knowledge, we at once make them abstract by philology, by discussions on such things as the constitution and the tax-gatherer, by an excessive use of the scale and test-tube and microscope. We rarely get to real business.

The third great side of our pyramid-base is the group of studies comprised under the term Mathematics, which conditions and fixes so many of the details of life from the very beginnings, and is so necessary a discipline of the capacity to draw inferences. Here, too, our common procedure leads us to the artificial divorce and conventional separation of different aspects of the same subject, making us treat arithmetic, geometry, and algebra as if they were mutually exclusive and were not best treated, wherever possible, to strengthen one another. Here, too, our procedure is excessively analytical.

The first stage of all the studies here enumerated is necessarily more general and less definite than succeeding stages. At first we desire to enlarge capacity, to give our pupils a certain general acquaintance with things which later work will articulate for them, so that they may master the parts as well as the wholes and learn to make specific applications of them to definite needs. Thus, at first our pupils are to be made acquainted with literature—in how many languages matters not at all—not as grammar, but as *stuff*, from which grammar may, later on, be abstracted. Mathematics they should learn slowly and by the help of concretes, until at a later stage they may be gradually led to dispense with concrete presentments and argue more and more *in vacuo*.

Physical science will become more abstract and specific, and will be pursued, in the laboratory, more minutely than heretofore. History gradually narrows itself into a regular study of separate nationalities, and of questions, such, for instance, as turn upon constitutional points of a more abstract

character. It may be said that this still leaves burning questions untouched; that we are all agreed on the necessity of literature with history, and mathematics, and physical science, as subjects of school study and early intellectual discipline; that indeed these things are actually taught. But what of the question as to Classics, as to Modern Languages, and as to both of these against Physical Science?

The solution of all such problems is explicit in what has already been said. The fact is that, though we have the names on our time tables, we do not always, we are not allowed to, teach them. *What we teach is mostly conventional matter*, settled for us very largely by the devisers of examinations, who are often only nominally concerned and acquainted with the real practice of education.

We cannot teach English Literature because it is particularly difficult to set an examination paper in Literature. What we *can* do is ask questions about something which (say) Milton or Shakespeare wrote about. This is a rather poor sort of "science"; all the poorer because the minutely annotated text leaves nothing for the pupil to find out for himself. We do not teach Latin and Greek literature because very few of our pupils ever arrive at the power of reading with decent ease a simple page of Latin or Greek prose or verse; what we teach is mostly the beggarly elements of grammar and syntax; and these we could teach better by other means, which would also stock our pupils with more pregnant, significant, and comprehensive material. We do not teach Science, which, if it is anything, is a Method of Discovery; we teach ill-concatenated facts clinched by bad logic on a few unanalysed demonstrations improperly called "experiments." Perhaps the "heuristic" procedure, if we have time for it, will cure all that. Mathematics are often excellently taught, especially in the primary schools, and in this region there is much less convention, and more satisfactory work done where it is encouraged, than in any other school subject. But it is still often conventional, examination papers asking too

frequently for a multitude of rapid processes rather than evidence of power of concentrated and logical thought. And as for literature in foreign tongues, what procedure could be more conventional than the examination of *spoken* tongues on paper *without speech*?

It is this that gives such point to the complaint that so little seems to come of our toil and labour in the class-room. Is it not true, as Mark Pattison said, that "of all the practical arts, that of education seems the most cumbrous in its method, and to be productive of the smallest results with the most lavish expenditure of means?" We are overwhelmed by conventional machinery.

Let us look at it again. Instead of teaching English Literature (out of annotated editions) and Classics (in the majority of cases by means of grammar and delectus alone), and Modern Languages (without real speech or with the merest pretence of speaking) we ought surely to teach literature and languages as two sides of the same thing; and we ought to use all three branches—English, Classics, and Foreign Literature—in accordance with the time at our disposal in regard to the different school careers for different classes of pupils. And this with one most important condition. We must throughout recognise *speech*, and not its articulations and abstractions, to be the basis and unit of our work in all teaching of literature and language. Thus, in English, everything should be subsidiary and subsequent to an acquaintance with the text *as a whole*; grammar and antiquarianism and the whole *apparatus criticus* should be held in reserve till this is achieved. Again, in Classics, we should get into narrative as soon as we can, and, indeed, approximate as nearly as possible to the most intelligent methods of teaching a living and spoken language. After all, the significant fact about Latin and Greek is that they were speech, not that they are "dead." Consecutive matter should and can be tackled from the very first; but then, of course, we should begin our Latin and Greek much later than is our present practice. If we did, more of our pupils would

"know" their Classics and know them better, while the rest, who never come really face to face with Latin and Greek, would have a better chance with other things. In modern languages, with the time thus saved, it would be perfectly easy to give a substantial number of boys and girls a first-hand working acquaintance with the real matter, with speech, if we left the grammar and its exercises in the second place, and prescribed copious reading and free reproduction, with a minimum of "translation," from the first. In the teaching of Physical Science, again, we ought not to be bullied by specialists into pretending to believe that those are the best pupils who "know" most specific sciences, or can perform the greatest number of prescribed "experiments" without being able to make a single step for themselves and without a glimmering of the general logical significance of what they are doing. "Science" should acquire more and more of the old connotation of "Art"; it should be a certificate of competence to *do*.

What, in fact, we chiefly need is, first, a really scientific, that is, a common-sense, view of our general aims. This will lead us, in the second place, to resolve to teach with an eye on our pupils and not merely on the work they turn out; our teaching will be organic; more will be taught under fewer heads on the time-table. And, thirdly, we shall see that it is of prime importance to deconventionalise our examinations—to contrive that the pupil, and not his work, should be the main solicitude of the testing authorities. To do this we must have examination, if not conducted, as it should be, in part by the teacher, at all events conducted by bodies really interested in education as such, and not as a means to a narrow and often insignificant end; by bodies acquainted at first hand with the real processes and problems of teaching.

Our curriculum is good enough; our manipulation of it makes it futile and barren.

## ON THE LINE

**The Heritage of Unrest.** By Gwendolen Overton. (Macmillan Co. New York. 6s.)—The Americans have by this time a considerable past, and their writers are showing that they know how to use it. Miss Overton's book is a thoroughly good story of the straightforward kind, full of natural characters moving naturally; but it is also a study in heredity, and in the working of feelings which can only be found in a society where white races are in close contact with those of another colour. Felipa, the heroine of this tale, is the child of a white father and an Indian mother; and this taint of wild blood is the heritage which makes the tragedy. It is impossible, it would seem—we need no more proof than this story itself gives—for such a life to end happily; beauty and savagery raised to this power are no longer tolerable even in the Western States. No one really liked Felipa, though all admired her and many were in love with her. She realised the situation without understanding how it came about.

There had been an afternoon in Washington when, on her road to some reception of a half-official kind, she had crossed the opening of an alley-way and had come upon three boys who were torturing a small blind kitten, and almost without knowing what she did, because her maternal grandfather had done to the children of his enemies as the young civilised savages were doing to the kitten there, she stopped and watched them, not enjoying the sight perhaps, but not recoiling from it either. So intent had she been that she had not heard footsteps crossing the street towards her, and had not known that some one stopped beside her with an exclamation of wrath and dismay.

She had been sufficiently ashamed of herself thereafter, and totally unable to understand her own evil impulse.

The success of the authoress in convincing the readers of Felipa's real power of attraction and barbarous innocence is the triumph of the book ; but it also contains several excellent studies of men and their relations to each other, as well as some capital fighting.

**The Column.** By Charles Marriott. (Lane. 6s.)—When you are certainly destined to meet a man sooner or later, and to meet him often, it is as well to take the first introduction that offers. "The Column" is by no means a great work, but it is the work of a man who will certainly be heard of again. Some readers, toiling through the laborious epigrams and subtleties of the first ten chapters, will doubt this ; but if they persevere as far as chapter xii. they will find that a dual authorship has deceived them ; much of the book is by a pseudo-Meredith with a Carnaby strain in him, but it was a different hand that drew the sculptor Cathcart. He is both real and admirable : so real that the present tense belongs to him naturally.

Cathcart's work, if it can be assigned to any school, belongs to that of which the best known examples are the paintings of J. F. Millet. Both men betray in their work the same acute sympathy with the worn hands, the inarticulate voice of labour ; though, by the accident of his material, the English sculptor is more suggestive while less explicit in detail.

Personally, Cathcart is "a dusty man, with big sullen blue eyes," given to slang, fox-terriers, and ratting, but always with something big about him—"what in our line we should call breadth." He appears twice only, but his theory of heredity and double personalities is the keynote of the whole book. Johnnie had drawn Daphne sitting by the column which her father had transplanted from Greece to a cliff in Cornwall. Cathcart shook his head.

"I don't think you know her very well," he said. "Daphne wasn't really sitting here ; she was away back where she belongs. We all belong some-



where, you know, and keep a sort of dummy to knock about and pretend. I'll show you where Daphne belongs if you like."

Then he draws her with charcoal—"thumb uppermost, like a foil, whipping the paper at thoughtful intervals as one delivering calculated blows," and talked between.

Some of us belong up trees and shy cocoanuts—or chew bones in a cave; and the dummy spreads himself at a club and talks culture. I've seen dummies mincing it down St. James's Street whose owners were jabbing each other with flint knives in the Stone Age. Same moment too, mind you. We chaps who paint, or juggle with mud and marble, see past the dummies sometimes. Then people call us brutal, and the nice young gentlemen knock up brand-new adjectives to sling at us.

Daphne turned out eventually to be "sitting on a curious three-legged seat, on a rock."

Some people, you know, are always trying to get back where they belong. . . . That's why he stuck up the column and planted the laurels. Finger-posts—d'you see?—just to get the mood. We all do it. Some use 'baccy, some beer, some worse. Now your Daphne has got back very near where she belongs; and that's why you've drawn her with blank eyeballs, just because you're one of the chaps who see past the dummy. It won't make you happy, my son, but it's worth it, oh Lord, yes! it's worth it.

Of the rest of the book the reader will not remember much; but he will look forward to its successor.

At Bath we are never far from the days of Queen Anne. An exquisite waft of gaiety, as if laughter had been stirred by the caress of a feather, flatters him who pursues the fortunes of *Monsieur Beaucaire*—(by Booth Tarkington. Murray. 2s. 6d. net)—at the moment when "a small, fair gentleman in white satin" comes out upon the steps and hands down Lady Mary Carlisle, "an achievement which had figured in the ambitions of seven other gentlemen during the evening." Was he a duke? Was he a barber? Far be it from us to betray the secret! "Believe me," said Molyneux (who saw him fight single-handed against a troop of horse) "he's no barber! No, and never was!" But the great-grandfather of

Mr. Molyneux was French. Other gallants thought otherwise—ladies also. "And live men are just—*names!*" said Monsieur Beaucaire, in whose country there lived a philosopher "who says strange things of that—that a man is not his father, but *himself.*" He was capable of asking "What's in a name?" was Monsieur Beaucaire. Ah, in this mediævalised world of ours only Romeos, Juliets, and Jean-Jacques Rousseaus honestly think there is nothing! Lady Mary was of the opinion of many Lady Marys now; she believed there was much. She was a lady first, a woman afterwards—to her cost.

From the other end of Romance—though it is well within the borders of that enchanted land—comes **The Plea of Pan**—(by Henry Nevinson. Murray. 5s. net)—bearing with it something of the rare fragrance of "Eothen," of "Euphranor," of "Walden," of "Prince Otto," of "Pagan Papers"—of a work so immeasurably above all these that we hesitate to name the writer, though we do not think all readers will hesitate. Some men will be indifferent. "Queer book!" they will say, and never give it a second thought. A queer book it is, undeniably. Here and there a woman will be distressed. Pan was not—he never could be—a Christian. The scholar—the dreamer—the Shakespearean—will buy it instantly, will carry it away to moor and forest, will refuse to lend it even to the friend of his bosom. It will not make him laugh, but it will keep him smiling all day long. It will not sit still to be described; to tear extracts out would be ruthless. The gift of seeing what others do not see is genius, says the lord of living genii. That gift the author has.

**Le Silence.** Par Edouard Rod. (Librairie Académique: Perrin et Cie. 3fr. 50c.)—M. Rod is always worth reading. The volume before us contains two short stories, each of them preceded by the conversation which evoked it. The stories are records of mysterious and silent passion; the conversations touch on many well-known themes. The moralities of love,

the worth of conventions, the possible whiteness of lies, are problems that cannot be solved in any smoking-room, or, indeed, in any corner of our bewildering little planet. And, to do M. Rod justice, he does not pretend to solve them; he spreads them out, he regards them gently, he follows them with philanthropic emotion; he leads us and his characters into a labyrinth, and when, after much walking, we are in the middle of it, he holds out his hand and proffers us—not a clue, but his pity. And his pity, we often feel, has an Evangelical note in it. M. Rod is Swiss, and if he clearly shows a reaction against Genevan traditions, there is also something Genevan about the solemnity of the reaction.

Yet his men and women interest us. They are in the same walk of life as most of us and lead the life of ordinary professional people. The first tale deals with, or rather suggests, the relations between two noble-minded persons, who love one another too late, when a husband already stands between them. They remain true to their duty. No Trappists could more faithfully practise the austerities of silence and abnegation; and the picture of the man when he hears casually, at a dinner-party, of the woman's death—the description of him afterwards, wandering blind and half-conscious through Paris, while the muffling snow falls thick upon him, show the author at his best.

No one will dispute that M. Rod is sympathetic. He is even too sympathetic. In his effort to show that a literal untruth may hold a deeper truth of feeling; that passion may give scope for the sternest self-sacrifice, he grows rather unfair. He forgets that it is possible to be as moral within wedlock as outside it. There have been devoted husbands and wives from the days of Alcestis downwards, and sometimes it even happens that people who love each other marry. But M. Rod is a philanthropist, and his foibles are the foibles of benevolence.

*Lettres à la Fiancée, 1820-22.* By Victor Hugo.  
(Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 3 fr. 50c.)—There are love-

letters and love-letters. Those from men of genius, or else from the humble and obscure, generally have the merit of being spontaneous; those written by the second-rate literary are often composed with an eye round the corner. The letters from Victor Hugo to his Adèle belong to the "men of genius" category. From first to last they are a splendid outburst of youth—a poet's youth, full of sunshine and storm, and of power to express its love beautifully. Hugo's romance began when he was seventeen and Adèle Foucher sixteen, and it was three years and a half before he married her. His mother was surprised at his docility in accompanying her every evening on her after-dinner visit to M. and Madame Foucher. It did not seem very amusing for a young man. M. Foucher did not like conversation, so the ladies sat in silence with their reticules and their work, and Victor watched his goddess sew. Presently there came assignations in the garden, then tempests in the house and separation; next his mother's death, his want of means, his growing fame, his final success with Adèle's parents, and his marriage. A common enough story, but he was not a common lover. His letters glow with honesty and with a noble tenderness. He had the self-confidence of genius, and refused to give up poetry and poverty for an appointment at the French Embassy in London, offered to him by Châteaubriand. "Poésie oblige" might have been his motto, and his letter on poetry is one of his finest. So is another on the nature of love, of which no view could be more spiritual than his. The thought of his lady, he says, kept him proof against all evil. His Adèle was much like other Adèles. Besides being a divine angel with a pure brow (what French poet's love has not had that sort of brow?) she was rather a mediocre little bourgeoisie who wrote short letters, was afraid of what people thought of her, and said that passion was "de trop." "J'ai une grande faculté dans l'âme, celle d'aimer," he wrote to her ". . . Je t'envie quelquefois d'être aimée comme je t'aime." In the end his unselfish love won the day. It widened and ennobled her till he almost raised her to his level, and she

might have said with him : " Quand on n'a pour pensée unique qu'une éternité d'amour et de bonheur, on voit toutes les choses de la terre de si haut quelles semblent bien petites."

The author of **Bolingbroke and His Times**—(by Walter Sichel. Nisbet & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)—writes as though every one else were at least half as familiar with the reign of Queen Anne as he is himself, and his book has the qualities and the defects of this method. It is not simple nor clear enough in style to guide the ignorant through the maze of intrigue and counter-intrigue ; but historians will find it valuable. It is full of learning and research, full of quotations chosen with brilliant certainty of their effect. It deals with a period of confusion bewildering enough to have terrified any but a determined student.

These fifty-three years may be said to have witnessed four successive Englands, yet a single man might easily have outlived them all. David Mispeler, whose tomb is in Barnes Churchyard, was waterman to Charles II., James II., King William, Queen Anne, and George I.

The Bishop of Ely " maintained that the Hebrews were called Israelites 'because God ever hated Jacobites.'" From the Queen, gnawing her fan when she was doubtful how to reply, to Bolingbroke, who writes " I am like a man on a chess-board " ; no one knew his or her own mind for two minutes together. Self-interest marred all ; wit ruled instead of wisdom. Mrs. Henrietta Tofts made thirty guineas one night by selling her kisses, a guinea apiece, at the Duke of Somerset's party.

There is a niece of Lord Portland's in Holland [writes the " infeit affekshenit " mother of Lord Raby], a handsom young woman worth thirty or more thousand pound. I wish you had her. If you was married, although I leved twenty milse of you, yet it would be an unspeakable happiness to pore me, for sartainly I should never desier to liv with a daughter-in-law, for although themselves ar never soe good, yet sum tattling sarvents or acquantenc will put jealousies in their head to breed discontents.

Spite of all this, there were great writers and fighters—there was gay good fellowship.

I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people [says Bolingbroke], and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing.

Who can wonder at the spell he has thrown over his apologist? We may agree or not agree as we listen to the special pleading. The man himself charms us too—all the more for that fine bit of special pleading, his portrait in the frontispiece.

**The Love-letters of Prince Bismarck.** Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. In 2 vols. (Heinemann. 1901. 21s. net.)—A better title would have been "Bismarck's Letters to his Wife." They are, it is true, love-letters, such as loving husbands write, but half the first volume contains all the letters written before the marriage in 1847; letters which are full of misgivings, approaches and retreats, self-questionings, reticences and susceptibilities; the man holding the woman firmly and sure of himself, but conscious that he may not always be sufficiently tender or considerate; she, as one may guess from his answers, inclined to value her precious gift to him, to be exacting and to blame herself for being exacting, and him for not being more attentive; in short, the common language of lovers who have nothing but themselves to write about, interesting to their children and friends, but not meant for the public; and to the public only interesting because such letters open another window into the chamber of natural affection, and remind us how many millions of good people are writing this language to each other every day. The domestic vein, with all the details belonging to it, absence and hopes of meeting, change of lodgings, cost of living, births, illnesses and recoveries of children, criticisms of relations and friends, runs through the whole book. It should be read side by side with a biography; for the allusions to public affairs are only incidental, such as a statesman in high place would write to a wife who is neither a politician nor a great lady, but is interested in all that her husband does.

These letters show the softer side of Bismarck's character;

they also show the homelier side. We see only by glimpses that he is in the heart of affairs, driving, dining, and talking with kings and emperors, giving orders to ministers, generals and ambassadors, fighting republicans and socialists in Parliament, playing the game in which crowns and provinces are the stakes. To Frau von Bismarck he writes about croup, wet nurses, house-rent, sausages and beer, the cost of postage, beds, bugs, cold rooms, *schnapps* and *schnupfen*.

Three points come out most clearly, all interesting in view of his character. We have known him as the man of vast ideas and invincible resolution from his action on the great page of history; from the sordid volumes of Busch; as the supreme man of business, thorough-going, indefatigable, unscrupulous, tyrannical, sparing neither himself nor his slaves. Here he appears as an affectionate husband, father and friend, a man with a strong and sincere religious feeling, one who believed in prayer and the offices of the Church and read the Bible regularly, a faith which, however, did not prevent him from fighting a duel with a clear conscience, and after "seeking" God with a friend for an hour, nor from taking his own line in European politics.

Gott weiss viel,  
doch mehr der Herr Professor,  
Gott weiss alles,  
doch Er alles besser,

may have been his view of such matters; and in the third place a lover and observer of country sights and sounds, with a keen eye for scenery, and a happy poetical touch in describing it. To be sometimes sentimental is his heritage as a German, whether Imperialist, Prussian or Pomeranian; but his sentiment is always sincere and manly.

On the whole, these letters throw light upon the homely, human side of the great man's character; and we should never guess from their evidence that they were written by the man of blood and iron. We welcome the revelation; but no publication of correspondence can make Prince Bismarck an amiable character.

**The Francis Letters.** Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. (Hutchinson & Co. Two vols. 24s. net.)—The Francis family had the praiseworthy habit—which, however, might easily be abused were it not the rule in most families to destroy everything—of preserving all letters, whether marked “To be burnt” or not. The result is that the reader of these volumes finds himself admitted to the intimate concerns of a large, capable, witty, ambitious, and worldly family during a period which extends over sixty years. Play (a *coup* of £20,000 at whist on one occasion), racing, excessive eating and drinking, the usual censures on other people’s extravagance, dress, *ridottos*, routs and balls, house-hunting, marriages, illnesses, quarrels, and Court life make up the staple of the record. We do not form a high conception of the Francis family and their aims in life, nor of their mutual amiability. But there is much selfish good-nature and affection, and a great deal of gaiety and enjoyment of life. Philip Francis and his wife seem to have quarrelled and grumbled and loved one another without much sentiment; their affection was evidently chilled by his seven years absence in India, and (though no allusion is made to this in the letters) by his intrigue with Madame Grand, afterwards the wife of Talleyrand. Francis had an inveterate habit of sending his wife presents of plain muslin when she wanted sprigged—how gladly the Catherine Morlands of to-day would accept either, if muslin of that quality were now to be had!—and strings of pearls when she would have preferred a draft upon his bankers; reasonably enough, since out of an income of £10,000 he made yearly remittances of £6000 to his agent in London, and allowed his wife only about £800 a year. Nothing appears to have checked the flow of Francis’s high spirits, though he writes bitterly enough of his difficulties in India and his dislike of the country. The picture of life in India is interesting; so is the account of Francis’s quarrel with Warren Hastings, ending with the duel in which he was wounded. His great disappointment in life was in being passed over when a successor



to Warren Hastings was to be appointed. Towards the end of his long life, when he was meditating a second marriage at the age of seventy-four, he appears in the character of a rather absurd old beau, flirting with the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Thanet, dining with the Prince Regent every day for weeks together, and "trying (as he says) to shut his eyes to everything but pastime."

We like some of the younger generation: especially the clever, sensible, warm-hearted Catherine, afterwards Mrs. George Cholmondeley; and Eliza Johnson, the saucy step-daughter of Mary Francis, and afterwards the wife of the younger Philip Francis, is charming.

A "note" prefixed to the letters gives a clear summary of the "Junius" question. The evidence may not be enough to hang a man; but the "doubt" on which a jury might acquit is the equivalent of a moral certainty, clenched by Euclid's familiar argument, "For let it be any" one else.

**The Stall Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, 1348-1485.** By W. H. St. John Hope. (Constable, in eight parts, at 12s. 6d. each net.)—There is a well-known story of a peer who praised the Garter because it was the only honour left in England with "no d——d merit about it." A generation which has seen Lord Roberts elected to the Order will hardly take this view, but any one who compares the new with the old plates in the Stalls of St. George's must agree that, on the artistic side, at any rate, all merit has disappeared from this fraternity. The modern knight disfigures his stall by an enormous plate of gaudy and tasteless appearance: the design is tame as a carriage panel and the colouring worthy of a biscuit tin. It is a pleasure to forget such things and turn to the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century plates, of which Mr. St. John Hope has reproduced nearly ninety in facsimile. The work is a splendid display of the art of colour-printing, and when complete will not only be full of historic interest, but cannot fail to give an impulse to the revival of heraldic design: for the

examples it supplies are drawn from work done when heraldry was still a living thing, not yet stunted by the rules of the pedant nor spoiled by the hasty clutch of the vulgar and ambitious. To take an example at random: Plate XXXII. is the achievement of Sir Reginald Cobham, Lord Cobham of Sterborough, familiar to us as one of the three knights in whose charge the Black Prince fought at Cressy, and marshal of the host at Poitiers. He was also Admiral of the Fleet, and more than once an Ambassador; and he married a daughter of the Lord Berkeley. Yet all these splendours and associations are completely and perfectly commemorated by a small plate of the simplest possible design, and the scroll contains no title beyond his name, "Sir Reynald Cobham." Almost as simple and even more beautiful and free in style is the plate of Gaston de Foix, Count de Longueville and Benanges, Captal de Buch, where the mantling, following the arms of Foix, is of gold with narrow stripes of red, lined with dark green and tasselled green and gold.

Mr. Hope supplies an introduction which is a model of care and compression; and a page of description and identification faces each illustration. We cannot imagine work of the kind better done.

## THE WAR OFFICE, THE ADMIRALTY, AND THE COALING STATIONS

IT is regrettable that the Secretary of State for War, in disclosing to the House of Commons the scheme of Army Reform, incidentally made a proposal involving Admiralty action without the sanction of that Board, and presumably, without the authority of the Cabinet. If it was a bid by the War Office for Parliamentary and popular support to force the hand of the Admiralty it was mischievous. The reason for taking so unusual a course is, however, not so important as the result. Probably it will be found to be exactly the opposite of what Mr. Brodrick expected. The Admiralty and the naval service generally will always loyally carry out any policy laid down by Government, but neither the Admiralty nor the admirals are likely to be conciliated by the attempt of a single Minister, representing a single department, to compel the navy to take over such of the coaling stations as the army no longer wishes to keep. The real issues involved by the proposal will not be made clearer by the blowing off of departmental steam in a rivalry of noise between Whitehall and Pall Mall. Where oil was needed, Mr. Brodrick has heedlessly cast in grit.

The question, however, whether the Admiralty or the War Office should be responsible for the custody and control

of ports purely naval in use and application involves something much more serious than "ink-slinging" between the two spending departments. It is one of high policy, embracing strategical, naval, military, and financial problems. Under the principles and practice of our constitution, the element of cost in the long run prevails. Now the more closely the question of garrisoning the coaling stations is examined by lynx-eyed Chancellors of the Exchequer, and Cabinets specially careful of public expenditure, the more probably will financial considerations turn the scale in favour of transferring them to the navy. The dangers, if any, of such a result to the efficiency or effective force of the navy, are not matters of Admiralty concern only, but are of vital importance to the empire at large. Anything done which hampers or impairs the sea-going effective force of the British fleet is grave injury done to the realm.

Broadly speaking, the transfer from the War Office to the Admiralty of the coaling stations is objected to by distinguished admirals—who rightly influence Admiralty policy—for two reasons: (1) That the increase of burden thus cast upon Navy Estimates by the necessary provision of such land-service as these ports may require might, and probably would, divert naval money from the sea-going fleet to the shore. This danger cannot be dismissed as imaginary because, when in obedience to popular sentiment, Chancellors of the Exchequer cut down Admiralty expenditure, the reduction of the ship-building vote, or of the number of ships in commission, would be far easier than dismantling fixed defences, however moderate, and vacating them by dismissing the garrisons. It is, however, to be observed that this line of Admiralty objection could be, but never has been, adopted in the matter of the creation and maintenance of great harbours to provide for the shelter and security of the fleet. Dover, Gibraltar, and a whole host of other harbours are examples. The difference is not one of principle but of detail. The enormous cost of these harbours is provided for under Naval Works Acts, not out of

annual Navy Estimates. The annual cost of upkeep of all these harbours, when completed, falls on Estimates. That is just as much a diversion of naval money from ships to shore as the upkeep of such force as may be necessary to secure them or to guard the entrances of a coaling port, and to protect the naval coal stores, &c., from being raided. The difference may be in degree, that is in relative cost in one case or in the other; in principle there is really no difference as far as money is concerned, but there is in the appropriation of men. To the question of men I will presently refer.

(2) The other main objection raised to the Admiralty taking over the coaling stations is this: It implies an enlargement of the field of Admiralty administration, and the consequent increase of that establishment for a purpose only indirectly connected with the business of the Board, viz., the provision and control of the sea-going fleet. This, it is urged, would involve a permanent increase in the cost of naval administration, incapable of much variation. The importance of this objection is, however, relative to the actual additional cost involved, and may not, on examination, prove to be so great as some admirals imagine.

It may fittingly be noticed here that naval bases at home need not be considered as within the range of the present discussion. To the navy they are of primary importance, but they are also great commercial towns and natural military centres. The existence of the navy now depends upon them. The resources of these naval bases originate in their hinterlands, which comprise the whole area of Great Britain. They are not dependent on sea communications for ability to create, repair, and maintain the fleet. From any point of view their relation to the fleet differs totally from that of Hong Kong, Bermuda, &c., where everything in the shape of materials, repairing plant, and supplies must be brought by sea. Nor can home ports be compared with Sydney, Halifax, Esquimalt, or Simons Bay, until hinterlands of the latter are so developed as to produce supplies of raw materials, and their manu-

facturing powers so increased as to render them, for naval purposes, wholly independent of intake by sea. Though Malta and Gibraltar are entirely dependent on the sea for ability to supply the wants of the fleet, they are also military *places d'armes* on the road to our Indian frontier and the East, and therefore they cannot fairly be regarded only from a purely maritime point of view.

For the reasons thus indicated, the questions under review should be limited to naval bases other than those at home or in the Mediterranean. In due time, if we pursue a wise Imperial policy, and develop local ability to supply the requirements of the fleet, my reasons for placing certain colonial ports in a different category from those at home will gradually disappear. The process must necessarily in any case be slow, but unfortunately our policy at present shows no sign or symptom of a recognition of the expediency of beginning it. Port Arthur, Mare Island, Yokosuka, and Kure, &c., in the other hemisphere, stand in the same relation to their hinterland resources in Russia, the United States, and Japan respectively as Portsmouth, Devonport, &c., do to those of Great Britain. Russia, the United States, and Japan are steadily preparing for a permanent naval future on the Pacific, to which we shut our eyes. Additions to the means of supply and to the repairing plant at Hong Kong are no true answer to Port Arthur, Mare Island, or Yokosuka. Lavish money as we may on Wei-hai-Wei, that position can never furnish the true answer. It is to ports in Australasia that we must look for producing power. The hope of British survival in the Pacific is not in mounted infantry or bushmen scouts—those admirable troops of proved excellence in modern war by land—it lies in the development of means of local production and maintenance of battle power on that ocean. In the face of such developments as are now in progress on both sides of the Pacific, our island resources in the north-east corner of one hemisphere cannot indefinitely compete on equal terms for maritime control of the other. The mere fact

of having to drag across the globe almost every single thing necessary for the repair and equipment of British ships is a heavy handicap in a war with a nation, or nations, having the necessary sustaining power, so to speak, on the spot. We forget that the last great struggle for maritime supremacy was practically confined to the Atlantic basin and its indents. The Atlantic epoch of maritime strife succeeded that of the more restricted area of the Mediterranean, and produced the result which naval history records; but now the whole water world is open as the theatre for the naval struggles to come. Just as centres and sources of maritime power shifted from the Mediterranean to seas outside, so now centres and sources of that power have already begun to be shifted to the Pacific. Since the last great maritime war, the British position has changed from that of an island with plantations here and there abroad, to an empire composed of a series of self-governing states in both hemispheres, and dependencies of enormous magnitude in two continents. The method of providing for that sea security on which the whole wondrous world-wide fabric depends is nevertheless still the same as that of the "right little, tight little" island, when the Pacific Ocean was but a vague geographical phrase expressing the unknown. Our naval policy tenaciously clings to traditions founded on conditions long passed away. Because a system which necessarily centralised in the south of England all naval means of production and supply was successful during the Atlantic epoch of naval history, we persist in trusting to it still, though the other half of the world has been added to British maritime risks and difficulties. If the enormous, though scattered, resources of our empire cannot be combined to produce and sustain the naval power necessary to secure British sea supremacy, upon which the empire's existence depends, expectation of its lasting cohesion is an idle dream. If statesmen at home fear to propose practical co-operation for this purpose, and colonial statesmen are too busy piling up the wealth and extending the commerce of their own communities

to pay attention to the gravity of the British naval position in the very near future, the world will have one more proof that size does not mean strength in an empire, any more than in a man. The most obvious necessity of British naval policy lies in the direction of commencing at once a great Imperial dockyard and arsenal in the South Pacific by the co-operation of British money and resources to develop local capabilities of production, for securing the maintenance of British naval power at the other side of the world.

This digression into a wider field of thought is desirable in order to appreciate the true magnitude of that problem of which the immediate controversy over naval bases and coaling stations is but a detail, though an important one. The true grand base for fleets and squadrons, their sub-bases and coaling stations in the Pacific and the eastern portion of the Indian Ocean, is in Australasia. To ports and their hinterlands there, our Pacific fleet should look for the production and supply of all things necessary to its efficiency; certainly not to an island in the north Atlantic. In considering the question of garrisoning these outposts, whether off the coast of China to the north, or in the eastern portion of the Indian Ocean, we must look to the future as well as to the present. We are bound to assume that common sense will assert itself in British policy, and that our answer to Port Arthur, Mare Island, and Yokosuka, will be found in the resources of Australasia. For the same reason we should conclude that our fellow citizens in Australasia will soon see that, for their safety, they depend upon British naval supremacy generally, and more immediately upon our supremacy in the Pacific, and right away to the North. This being so, and the security of advanced naval depôts being contributory to the exercise of the sea power on which Australasia depends, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Commonwealth will recognise their obvious duty to prepare and hold in readiness for general service in any part of the Pacific, as the exigencies of war may require, such forces as may be necessary and adapted for naval purposes afloat or



ashore. If this chain of reasoning be unsound, then the foundations of any Imperial co-operative system for the defence of the British position in the Pacific are rotten, and it is folly to disguise the fact. If, on the other hand, the assumptions are well founded, Australasia can be relied upon to agree to provide the war garrisons and men for general naval service in the Pacific at all events. Thus the controversy between the War Office and Admiralty over garrisoning the coaling stations is but a part of that great question—is British naval power to predominate in the Pacific Ocean in the future or is it not?

Maritime war is primarily and essentially a series of operations on the water, but in the nature of things—as all history in all ages teaches—minor land operations, to attain purely naval ends, are not merely expedient, but often wholly unavoidable.

The history of the Pacific itself in our own time illustrates this fact, though our Imperial policy of defence ignores it. On the outbreak of the Crimean war, there was a Russian squadron loose in the South Pacific under Admiral Putiatin. There was also on that ocean a powerful Anglo-French fleet. The French squadron was at once re-inforced by the fitting out and putting to sea of certain ships kept in reserve at the Marquesas. There were no British ships in reserve in the Pacific, though Australasia was then a series of thriving British communities. The nearest military Russian outpost to the Pacific was on the Amoor, but over 2000 miles from the coast. The intervening territory was Chinese. General Muravief, who commanded, had some seven years before sent an expedition down the Amoor, which never returned, and was never heard of again. Undismayed, he then set about preparing for war. He cast guns, established ammunition factories, and built barges, and a small steamer, the *Aigun*, to tow them. Meanwhile a Russian ship surveyed the mouth of the Amoor and the contiguous coast, and established one trading port at its mouth and another a little way up the river.

At Petropaulovski, in Kamtskatka, Russia had a sealing station, consisting of one or two wooden huts. Petropaulovski is about 800 miles by sea from the mouth of the Amoor, so that between the most easterly Siberian outpost and Petropaulovski lay about 3000 miles, about one third being sea and some two thirds a *terra incognita*. There were, of course, no telegraphs in those days, and Muravief and Putiatin could only communicate with each other *via* the Baltic, the Cape, or Cape Horn, a process occupying some six to eight months at the very least. Such was the position in the beginning of 1854, when troops were embarking in our home ports for Varna, and all our eyes were fixed on Europe. Admiral Putiatin, at a South American port, received notification from St. Petersburg of a state of war, long before the Anglo-French fleet. The moral effect of that overwhelming naval force, also in the South Pacific, of course automatically drove the Russian squadron right away to the north to shelter at the only port it had—Petropaulovski, though not a pistol-shot had been fired, and not a British or French ship sighted. It did not, however, go there direct, but proceeded to a bay, which is to the south of the mouth of the Amoor. There arrived also Muravief's military expedition, which had forced the Amoor. This was at once embarked, and set sail for Petropaulovski. When the Anglo-French fleet arrived at the port, anticipating the easy capture of the Russian squadron, the Russian preparations were complete. The Russian ships were found behind a mole, dismantled and protected with sand bags, the approach being dominated by great redoubts heavily armed and fully garrisoned with Muravief's troops. Futile attempts were made to destroy the Russian vessels by bombardment, and finally a reckless effort to take one of the redoubts, with such force as could be landed from the fleet, was made. It was, of course, defeated with appalling loss, and the fleet ultimately retreated, after disastrous failure to accomplish the naval aim by capture or destruction of the ships, because of want of military force associated with its naval power.

Subsequently Putiatin restored his ships and transports to a sea-going condition, the forts were dismantled, and the guns, stores, and troops, were re-embarked for the Amoor. The ships were withdrawn up the river, while the troops occupied its banks, establishing a chain of forts from the mouth to the original starting-point of Muravief's expedition. So while we were slowly closing in on Sebastopol, Russia, by a sudden master stroke, was securing a seaboard and ports on the Pacific for which she had so long and so splendidly struggled. From that time she persistently worked southward and seaward to the boundary of Corea, while further inland she advanced towards the Gulf of Pechili. Russia's position at Port Arthur to-day is the last of that sequence of events which commenced with her defeat of the Anglo-French fleet at Petropaulovski by a combination of naval and military force for which we were wholly unprepared. If the sceptre of the sea begins by-and-by to slip from British grasp in the Pacific, it will not be for want of previous warning. But Petropaulovski is too long ago for England or Australasia to bother about. We at home are too busy preparing six army corps to line our hedge-rows, and Australasia too occupied with plans for military local defence to attend to the maritime future of the Pacific Ocean. While at Port Arthur, Yokosuka, and Mare Island, three Pacific Powers develop local naval resources as preparation for that future, our Admiralty and War Office are quarrelling over which department should furnish a few hundred men for British naval depôts in that and other seas remote from England.

Turning from general aspects to the smaller issues involved, the Admiralty objection to appropriating men available for service at sea to service on shore, needs examination. For purposes of illustration I will confine observation to the other side of the world where troops provided by the War Office are stationed at naval ports. The following table shows the places and the constitution of the garrisons now :

## THE MONTHLY REVIEW

	Imperial Troops.	Native or Local Force.
Hong Kong . . . .	1962 ...	2463
Wei-hai-Wei . . . .	206 ...	1083
Esquimalt . . . .	327 ...	none
Total . . . .	2495 (all ranks)	3546 (all ranks)

The local or native force must be a constant quantity whichever department is responsible, so that, so far as these three stations in the other hemisphere are concerned, the Admiralty objection is to stationing on shore 2495 units belonging to the naval forces, because naval units are for service at sea and not on land. That is an objection which, to use a slang phrase, "catches on with the crowd." It will not, however, stand in the face of this fact—that at home 4200 bluejackets are permanently quartered on shore in the coast guard. That is, and has been for years, the Admiralty's policy. No First Lord and no admiral has ever called in question the wisdom of that policy. The men are embarked in reserve ships for a week or two every alternate year—half in one year and half in another—to keep them ready and efficient for service at sea. What is good in this hemisphere cannot be bad in the other, and reserve ships are now, by reason of Port Arthur, Yokosuka, and Mare Island, as necessary at ports near the North Pacific as they are on the North Atlantic.

Modern naval conditions are such that the Admiralty have been forced to build barracks on shore at home for naval forces. As a matter of fact, accommodation on land is provided at home for the following naval units for service at sea *exclusive* of coast guards.

For 14,517 officers and men of the Navy.
„ 7,433 „ „ Marine Forces.

Total for 21,950 naval units.

The relative numerical strength of the two branches being 89,523 and 19,590 respectively, it will be seen that quarters on

shore are thus provided for about one-sixth of the total blue-jacket branch, and for less than half the marines, while, if coast-guard quarters be added, accommodation is prepared on shore for nearly one-fourth of the bluejackets.

But there is another and a more substantial Admiralty argument against the proposal to apply to the garrisons of the coaling stations in peace the system illustrated by the coast-guard at home, viz., that these garrisons in war could not be removed for service afloat or away from the base. It is urged, and urged with force, that raids on the ports may be attempted, and that therefore the garrison could not be reduced. But, on the other hand, is it to be for one moment supposed that on the outbreak of war additional force—ships and men—will not have to be sent to our admirals in the Pacific? Is it not a dead certainty that this must be done, and done promptly? If those admirals are to have no mobile military force at their disposal, and associated with their reinforced squadrons, then we may possibly expect another Petropaulovski, perhaps something worse. In old days, warships could and did carry supernumerary force in excess of that actually required to fight the ships. That is so no longer. In the days of sailing ships, men could be landed, or detached in prizes, without impairing seriously the ship's fighting efficiency. Now every man has his necessary place, and there are none to spare. To part with a very small number of the complement in these days destroys the real effective power of a warship. In 1854 a Petropaulovski left the fleet heavily short of complement, but still quite able to fight. A Petropaulovski in 1901 would leave our fleet incapable as an effective sea force, and perhaps not able even to run away. But if it did not fall a prey to the enemy and got back, say, to Hong Kong, and was thus forced to assume there the rôle of inferior sea power, under our present arrangement it would have to remain until officers and men to fill the vacancies arrived from Portsmouth or Plymouth! Under the proposed plan of substituting naval for military garrisons at Hong Kong, the admiral could restore fighting efficiency

to his squadron by filling up the complements from his garrison; local volunteers in such an emergency taking the place of men embarked. It is at all events open to argument that an effective fleet, able to keep the sea, is better than an ineffective fleet unable to keep the sea, yet having at its port a strong but purely military garrison. It is quite certain that coal transports must accompany squadrons and fleets in war, and, indeed, ammunition ships and repairing ships as well. Under these circumstances it is well-nigh inconceivable that an admiral on a distant station, having these things at command, would, on cool reflection, face war with military garrisons at his base, and not under his control, rather than with naval garrisons at his own disposal.

Is it already forgotten that our admiral in China only the other day was forced to rob his ships of fighting power in order to land a force to attempt the relief of the Legations at Peking? He had no alternative, for the force at his base was not under his control. By skill and courage of the highest order, he and his force escaped destruction, and got back to the ships. Had they not succeeded in doing so, the ships must have remained inefficient in fighting power until officers and men from home ports could reach the China Sea, the units of force at Hong Kong being useless to fill vacancies in the ships.

I trust I have said enough to show the tremendous issues involved in a question which excites but languid interest in the public mind, from the impression that it is one of subordinate detail, and not one of broad principle, in which every citizen of the empire is vitally concerned. The attitude of the Defence Committee of the Cabinet, and of the Government itself, seems to be that of irresponsible spectators, rather amused than otherwise at the rival claims of the War Office "Codlin" and the Admiralty "Short." It is one more proof that arrangements for the safety of our world-state in war are not guided by policy founded upon principles, but are left to contentions between the Admiralty and War Office to evolve, uncontrolled by any Minister responsible to the empire for the

co-relation of the fleet to the army, and the efficiency and sufficiency of the means employed.

The annual value of the sea trade of Australasia and Canada, with seaboard on the Pacific, is, in the aggregate, two and a half times as great as that of the Russian empire, about half that of the United States, and nearly four times that of Japan.

The aggregate revenue of these British states is about one-fourth that of the whole Russian empire, nearly one-sixth that of the United States, and double that of Japan.

The expenditure of these British states on a sea-going navy—by contribution to the British fleet—is £180,000 a year, while Russia spends over £8,000,000, the United States nearly £10,000,000, and Japan over £5,000,000 per annum.

With these facts in view, I conclude by asking—is it not time for Australasians and Canadians to awake to the development of naval war power on the Pacific, and to ask themselves what hope there is that the resources of an island in the Atlantic, however great, can alone bear the British naval burden in that ocean in which they are most directly and immediately concerned?

Surely these great and growing states must see that they ought at least to prepare, in concert with the Admiralty, to furnish the means to meet promptly, on the outbreak of war, the demands of British admirals in any part of the Pacific for forces adapted to, and associated with, the British fleet—the fleet on which their own safety depends. It would be their obvious business on their own side of the world to relieve the naval garrisons, and to provide the mobile military force required for naval purposes elsewhere, and so release the naval peace garrisons at naval bases for service afloat.

Thus a true Imperial policy would reinforce simultaneously British naval power on the Pacific and the Atlantic.

For the inauguration of such a policy, founded upon the lessons of experience and common sense, we may well hope.

But the teachings of history, and the strong British common sense of which we boast, are alike unheard amid the clash of conflicting departmental interests, and the noisy demands of the multitude outside crying for submarine boats and mounted infantry to protect them at home !

JOHN C. R. COLOMB.



## THE POLICY OF THE POWERS IN CHINA

“**H**ERE is the inhabitant: every one is not allowed to come in.” So runs the quaint announcement outside the private grounds of a Chinese house in Chefoo; and it would be difficult to find a more excellent epitome of the Chinese attitude towards the Western barbarians. It was not so always: in the days of Marco Polo strangers were accorded a far more hospitable welcome; and even so late as the seventeenth century, in the time of the early Jesuit missionaries, they were received with kindness if not with cordiality. All this, however, was changed as soon as the strangers began to assert rights, and to interfere with the customs of the country, and the carefully prescribed rules of intercourse; for the one thing to which the Chinese cling above all others is the absolute direction and control of their domestic affairs, free from all outside interference or restraint. In the edict issued by Governor Loo in 1834, in response to the observations addressed to him by Lord Napier on behalf of the Canton merchants, these words occur:

The said barbarian eye styles himself superintendent come to Canton. Whether a superintendent should be appointed over the said nation's barbarian merchants or not is in itself needless to inquire about minutely. But we Chinese will still manage through the medium of merchants. There can be no alteration made for officers to manage.

In more dignified language the same principle was enunciated by the Tsung-li Yamên to Sir C. Macdonald, on December 31, 1898, in reply to his intimation that the British Government claimed priority of consideration by the Chinese Government of all British applications already made for railways, in the event of the Chinese Government revoking their resolution not to entertain any more proposals. The letter of the Tsung-li Yamên is worth setting out *in extenso*, for the rush for concessions, and the arbitrary, and to the Oriental mind, almost indecent way in which they were forced upon the Chinese Government, have, in the opinion of many competent observers, had far more to do with the recent outbreak than any action by, or animus against, the missionaries.

We have the honour to observe that the development of railways in China is the natural right and advantage of the Chinese Government. If hereafter, in addition to the lines already sanctioned, which will be proceeded with in order, China proposes to construct other railways, she will negotiate with the nation which she finds suitable. When the time arrives China must use her own discretion as to her course of action. The applications of British merchants can, of course, be kept on record as material for negotiation at that day, but it is not expedient to treat them as having a prior claim above all others to a settled agreement.

No one can wish to palliate or excuse the treacherous conduct of the Chinese Government, or the terrible cruelties committed by the officials acting under their orders, but unless some attention be paid to the Chinese case (and in many ways it is a strong one) it will be impossible to understand what can have induced them to act as they have done, or to take measures for guarding against a repetition of such behaviour in the future.

To begin with, it will be admitted that the commercial wars waged against China by Great Britain and France in the middle of the present century have done much to justify the dread which the Chinese have always had of intrusion, as the thin edge of the wedge which will some day rend their country asunder; a dread which the insistence with which commercial

enterprises have of late years been urged upon an unwilling court has still further intensified.

It would have been wiser if all the Powers had acted upon the principle laid down in the Burlinghame Treaty in 1869.

The United States, always disclaiming and discouraging all practices of unnecessary dictation and intervention by one nation in the affairs or domestic administration of another, do hereby freely disclaim and disavow any intention or right to intervene in the domestic administration of China in regard to the construction of railroads, telegraphs, or other national internal improvements. On the other hand, his Majesty the Emperor of China reserves to himself the right to decide the time and manner and circumstances of introducing such improvements within his dominions.

For it is every day becoming more evident that the open and undisguised way in which the coming partition of China was discussed, the unseemly scramble for concessions, and still more the seizure of portions of Chinese territory, notably that of Kiao-chow by the Germans in 1897, have had a far more potent influence in bringing to a head the latent hatred against the foreigners than the much talked of friction with the missionaries, of whom the politicians of Europe are now anxious to make a catspaw.

But though the acquisitions of territory, and not the missionaries, have been the real *irritamenta malorum*, the missionaries have nevertheless contributed, in proportion as they have caused themselves to be looked upon, not as evangelists pure and simple, but as emissaries acting on behalf of their respective Governments. Nor will missionary enterprise in China ever really flourish until the missionaries disassociate themselves altogether from political affairs. The Tai-ping rebellion, it should be remembered, was nominally a Christian revolt, and although it was put down by the assistance of Great Britain, it was inevitable that the Court and the official classes should thereafter regard Christianity as a grave national danger; nor was it surprising that San-kolin-sin in 1858, and the Governor of Kiangsi in 1860, should

have memorialised the throne against it as a revolutionary and subversive creed, just as many of the officials have been doing lately.

On this account [wrote Archdeacon Moule, in his "Personal Recollections of the Tai-ping Rebellion"] one could not but welcome the roar of the British guns on May 10, 1862. It afforded a complete answer to the sneer "You Christians are in league with our oppressors, the destroyers of the dynasty, yet with no reconstructive power of their own." Strange, if so, we replied, that Christian powers should have driven out their brethren and allies by force of arms. Nevertheless we should deal gently, I think, with governmental inertness, and official reserve, and literary opposition, which meet us and hinder us continually in our Christian work.

Most noble and Christian words! Would that all missionary effort had been on the same broad and tolerant basis.

It is not necessary to follow step by step the various occasions on which the murder or ill-treatment of a missionary has been made use of as a pretext for political and commercial aggression. None have felt the wrongfulness of it more keenly than the missionaries themselves, none have protested against it more strenuously. But in spite of their protests such outrages continued to be made use of in the same way until the climax was reached in 1898, when Germany seized the Port of Kiao-chow, as compensation for the murder of two German missionaries in the province of Shan-tung: this, it is generally believed, being the final grievance which lit up the long smouldering resentment of the more hot-headed of the Manchu princes.

So much for the general policy of the European Powers. In addition to it, the net result of our own diplomacy during the last few years has been most disastrous to British prestige. We have threatened and have then given way—always a fatal mistake with Orientals—have formulated a policy, and immediately after have acted in a directly contrary manner. British influence in the East has never really recovered from the blow dealt to it by the House of Commons in passing a resolution that the integrity of China should be maintained, followed

almost immediately afterwards by the acquiescence of the British Government in the occupation of Port Arthur, and by our own acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei and Kowloon. The Chinese are rapidly ceasing to trust us, and they are ceasing also to fear us.

Russian prestige on the other hand has increased in proportion as ours has declined. Russia has been outwardly most solicitous of Chinese rights, of the feelings and dignity of the Chinese Court: what she has done she has always done under cover of diplomatic arrangements, and not by violence; but she has never failed to seize upon, and to retain, an advantage whenever an opportunity to do so has presented itself. Her acquisition of Port Arthur under a nominal lease from the Chinese Government was a typical instance of her method of procedure, just as the forcible seizure of Kiao-chow by a German squadron was an instance of the opposite method. So too was the cautious attitude assumed by the Russian Minister in Peking during the early days of the Boxer outbreak.

Sir Claude Macdonald telegraphed on May 21, 1900, to Lord Salisbury: "He (M. de Giers) thought that both landing guards and naval demonstrations were to be discouraged, as they give rise to unknown eventualities."

And when the outbreak assumed alarming proportions, instead of declaring, as the Germans did, that the Chinese Government was crumbling to pieces, the Russian Government, as late as June 6, offered to undertake the suppression of the Boxer rebellion, and the restoration of order in the province of Chih-li.

So again, directly after Peking was entered, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs issued a statement in which he declared that the only objects had in view by the Russian Government were the protection of Russian subjects against the Boxer insurgents, *and to furnish the Peking Government with such assistance as might enable it to take the necessary measures for the restoration of tranquillity and good order.*

The terrible cruelties committed by the Russian troops

have, as might have been expected, aroused a very bitter feeling; but however much they have shocked the conscience of Europe, they have not had the same effect upon the Chinese Court, for they were exercised nominally against the rebellious subjects of China, and they were not worse than those committed against the Boxers by the Chinese authorities themselves. And in any case the Chinese as a people do not seem to resent Russian brutality in the same way that they resent the severities of other nations. The Russians, it is true, are ruthless whilst hostilities are still in progress, but when once they are over they treat the Chinese with a rough kindness which does much to conciliate them; being half Oriental themselves they mix with them freely, and do not hold themselves aloof like superior beings, as most other foreigners do. A man who knows China well explained the difference to me thus: "The Russians," he said, "hold the sword in the right hand and a bit of sugar in the left, and when they have done with the one they begin with the other. But the Germans use first the sword and then the horse-whip; they never let the people down at all; they embitter their daily lives far more than the Russians do."

And it certainly was a noteworthy fact that when the Russians removed their troops from Peking, and it became known that the Germans were to occupy the Russian quarter, there was a hasty exodus into the adjacent Japanese quarter of many of the Chinese who had begun to settle down quietly under Russian administration.

From the very beginning the German policy has been one of unconcealed and brutal assertiveness, both to the Chinese Court and to the Chinese people. The Russians, on the other hand, after the heat of conflict was over, did all they could to spare the feelings of the Chinese officials, "to save the Chinese face." They safeguarded both the Imperial Palace and the Summer Palace as long as they were able, and extended protection to many of the Chinese officials who were believed not to have been implicated in the attack upon the

Legations; the Germans declaring that protection could be accorded to no officials whatever.

It is a pity that we have had no independent policy of our own, for from every point of view it has been prejudicial that British interests should have been subordinated to those of Germany. An American said to me in Tientsin, "I can't understand you English. You ought to be the principal Power in China—your trade interests warrant it—but first you almost ask Japan to settle this business for you, and then you place yourselves under the orders of Germany. How can you expect to maintain your influence with the Chinese?"

On May 21, 1900—just a year ago—M. De Giers told Sir C. Macdonald that there were only two countries with serious interests in China—England and Russia. Would he place England in such a prominent position now when her influence in the North has dwindled to nothing, when her trade there has been crippled for years, and when, too, she has lost her exclusive control of the Yangtze Valley?

The demand for vengeance, and for excessive indemnities, has only played still further into Russia's hands; it has enabled her to work successfully on the feelings of the Chinese Court, and has driven into a tacit co-operation with her both the Americans and the Japanese, although they are the nations most injured by her virtual annexation of Manchuria, and would therefore have otherwise been most strongly opposed to her. The net result of the two policies—of forbearance and of vindictiveness—is that the influence of Russia and of Japan has gone up in the scale in proportion as that of Great Britain has declined. Can there be any doubt of this? What do the Chinese themselves say? Kang-Yu-Wei, as long ago as 1897, foretold accurately what has since happened: "China only leans upon Russia, and in this way allows itself to be easily divided up and ruined"; and again, "the Empress Dowager was ready to give up Manchuria and Formosa. The Emperor could not think of it for a moment without crying with distress: he wanted to make an alliance with England and reform, whilst

the Empress Dowager was equally bent on alliance with Russia without reform." Has the balance of power shifted since then? Has not Russian influence become increasingly preponderant owing to the occurrences of last year? On September 13, 1900, the progressive Chinese newspaper, *Sin-Wan-Pao*, wrote as follows:

It is now pretty generally acknowledged that in matters of diplomacy Russia takes the lead of all foreign nations, and England is hopelessly belated. In the settlement between Japan and China England was asked to act as intermediary, but declined to do so, and we lost Liao-Tung. Russia looking on demanded its restoration, and it was restored to us. Germany and France have also assisted us, but we have yet to hear that one word was spoken by England. Now all China is in a ferment. Every one is filled with gratitude towards Russia, and no doubt of her is entertained, the hearts of all inclining to her, so that outsiders agree in saying that there must be some secret treaty between Russia and China. In thus putting forward an empty name, and keeping her real material advantage in the background, shows her unfathomable subtlety which other nations cannot imitate. The fact that the first peace proposals have been from Russia should startle the brain and nerve of every Foreign Government.

The Russians, as the *Sin-Wan-Pao* says, are past masters in the art of diplomacy. They thoroughly understand the art of apparently conceding a point in dispute, whilst in reality they are gaining all they are contending for. It is what they are doing now about Manchuria: they will not insist upon China signing the Convention, if it is repugnant to her and to the Powers; but nevertheless they will not relax their hold; if anything they will rather strengthen it. It is of no use girding at Russia about her action there, it only increases the friction without doing any good, and her occupation of it is as accomplished a fact as our own occupation of Egypt. The line of attack, of defence rather, must be shifted elsewhere, and is to be found in an entire reversal of the suicidal policy adopted by us in 1898 of supporting the Empress Dowager against the lawful Emperor and the Ministers he had chosen to carry out his reforms; in recognising that what was called by Sir C. Macdonald the Kang-Yu-Wei conspiracy was in reality



a conspiracy of the Empress Dowager, backed up by the Foreign Powers, against the Emperor Kwang-Su, who has been just as much an unhappy victim in the hands of the reactionary Manchus as Louis XVI. was in the hands of the Paris mob in the early days of the French Revolution; and that it is monstrously unjust to punish him, and to punish the unoffending Provinces of China, for crimes in which they had no part. It is even uncertain whether the Empress Dowager herself has not in reality been a mere puppet in the hands of Prince Tuan and his following: Sir C. Macdonald, as late as June 3, 1900, telegraphing to Lord Salisbury that

The situation at the palace is, I learn, from reliable authority, very strained. *The Empress Dowager does not dare to put down the Boxers, although wishing to do so, on account of the support given them by Prince Tuan, father of the hereditary Prince, and other Conservative Manchus, and also because of their numbers.*

So, also, the Peking correspondent of the *North China Daily News* wrote on June 5:

At a secret conference of the Empress Dowager's principal advisers, held at the palace on June 4, it was decided not to crush the Boxers, as they were really loyal to the dynasty, and properly armed can be turned into valuable auxiliaries of the army in opposing foreign aggression. Jung-Lu and Price Li opposed measure, but were over-ruled by Prince Ching, Prince Tuan, Kang Yi, Chi Hsui, and Chao Shu Chiao. Wang-Wen-Shao was silent, and the Empress Dowager kept her own counsel.

And before that on June 2, Sir C. Macdonald had wired to Lord Salisbury:

I am informed by the French Minister that he has learnt on good authority that the Empress Dowager is preparing to fly to Sian-Fu in Shensi, owing to hostile demonstrations of the Boxers against herself.

This, and more similar evidence goes far to prove that the Empress was not the moving spirit in the attack upon the Legations, but that she, like the Emperor, was swept away by the tide of popular passion; that the attack was really the action of a revolutionary party, and not of the responsible Chinese Government.

It is sometimes urged that we ought to refrain from

taking any very prominent part in the future settlement of China, because our trade interests there show signs of being on the decline. But our position in China is of infinitely greater importance to us as a matter of Imperial prestige than as a merely trade question. There is such a thing as Imperial responsibility, as well as Imperial profit. We have not hesitated to recognise that in South Africa, nor ought we to shrink from doing so in China. In Asia rumour travels fast, and it travels far, and if we consent to play a subordinate part in China now, if the Chinese should come to look upon Great Britain, whom they have been wont to regard as the greatest of all the Powers with whom they have to deal, neither as a friend to be relied upon nor as an enemy to be feared, the result upon our Indian Empire is not difficult to conjecture. On that account alone we dare not stand aside, dare not allow America or Japan or Germany to give us any longer the lead which we ought from our position to have been the first to give ourselves. We have grudged neither men nor money to retain our hold upon South Africa, because it is a half-way house to India, but we seem quite blind to the danger of losing our influence in China, a country which for our Indian possessions is of infinitely greater importance than the Cape.

What we require is a definite policy one way or the other, and a policy we are ready to back up if need be by force of arms. Which policy is it to be? The German policy of vengeance, or the Japanese-American policy of forbearance and assistance? Self interest as well as humanity counsel the latter. It is of no use to flatter the Yangtze viceroys if we go directly against their wishes. They naturally object to a huge indemnity; for why, they say, should our people, who have remained steady through all this time of stress and anxiety, be called upon to pay an enormously increased taxation because the northern provinces have been swept into the vortex of rebellion. It is a little difficult to understand, for the obligation the Europeans are under to the Yangtze viceroys is incalculable. Last summer, when a

hostile move on their part would have seriously imperilled Shanghai, they kept their people quiet, and all through the vast provinces committed to their charge Europeans were able to live in perfect safety. Chang-Chih-Tung issued a proclamation at the most critical moment of which the following is an extract :

Chang-Chih-Tung, Viceroy of Hu-Kuang and Yu Yinlin, Governor of Hupeh. The Viceroy and Governor have co-operated with H.E. Liu, Viceroy of Liang Kiang Provinces, with regard to the protection of, and preservation of order in our respective territories. We have all agreed upon a carefully worked-out plan of mutual co-operation for the complete protection of all the eastern and southern provinces, and have moreover mutually arranged with the Consuls of the various Foreign Powers, that while the admirals of the various Powers do not enter the Yangtze River with their fleets, we will guarantee the safety of all foreigners and foreign property in the inland provinces, all of whom and their belongings will be under the special care and protection of the local authorities, who will use their best efforts to preserve the peace. This has since been telegraphed to the throne and entered in the records. It must further be understood that these arrangements have been entered into and mutually agreed upon with the special object of safeguarding the land, and the protection of the lives and property of the masses. There is no better plan than the above.

Moreover, an increased taxation to meet the indemnities will mean European control of the whole of China; and why, the viceroys say, should we, who kept our provinces quiet at the moment of danger be rewarded by our authority being curtailed? But if a conciliatory policy be adopted it must, however, be adopted frankly and ungrudgingly and without delay; we must not seem to be drawn into it unwillingly, and because we cannot help ourselves. And the support we proffer must be a tangible support, and not merely one of friendly declarations. It is quite possible that China may be rousing herself from her many centuries of torpor; that, to use the inexpressibly pathetic words used to me by a Chinaman in Tientsin, all this misery and desolation may have been necessary for her ultimate welfare; that they may prove to be the agony of a new birth; that she may be going through the same transmutation that

Japan has undergone. If that should prove to be the case is the new-born China to look upon us with gratitude or with aversion? Is she to be our willing ally, or another of our many opponents? Our action now will determine our position hereafter; all Englishmen in China are agreed as to that. What they are not agreed upon is what our action should be. Yet, as partition is out of the question, every consideration of political as well as of Christian morality would seem to urge upon us forgiveness rather than vengeance, reconstruction rather than disintegration, a generous assistance rather than the crippling of much needed reforms by the exaction of enormous indemnities. We are continually told that if we do not pursue what is called a strong policy we shall lose ground in China; but the time for a strong policy has gone by, if it were ever desirable, and a considerate policy is the only means now by which we can regain the influence we have lost. A continuance of the measures we have pursued for the last few years, of threats not followed up by action, will only weaken us still further. Apart, too, from the question of self-interest, is there not such a thing as abstract right and wrong? It *may* be that to think of *China's* interests, even more than of our own, to support unreservedly the Emperor and the Yangtze viceroys in their projects of reform, might be the wisest course to pursue from a worldly point of view, might prove to be for us the most paying policy in the long run, and that, in the stricter observance of the principle laid down in the Treaty of Tientsin, that the Christian religion teaches that we should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, may perchance be found the solution to the intricate problem of our Chinese policy.

H. C. THOMSON.

## VOLUNTEER EFFICIENCY

**T**HE idea of conscription is much in the air just now, and though nobody in a responsible position has yet proposed a scheme for compulsory service in England, there is no doubt that there is a tendency to drift in that direction. I have not space here to develop the reasons, which seem to me conclusive, that compulsory military service in any form could be our worst possible remedy having regard to the object of our army, but it is worth considering whether some of the admitted defects in our scheme of national defence can be set right by improvement in existing institutions.

It is obvious that, without compulsory service, we shall, as in the past, have to rely almost entirely, in case of foreign invasion, on the militia and volunteers. Of the militia I am not qualified to speak; I must confine myself to the volunteers, who are reckoned by the War Office as an effective force for home defence, and attempt to deal with the question how far that belief is justified.

There is no doubt that the estimation in which the volunteers are held has been very considerably enhanced by the use made of them in the South African War. From their ranks were drawn not only the numerous volunteer companies attached to their respective regiments, and the C.I.V., but a very large proportion of the Imperial Yeomanry. Mr. Brod-  
rick, in his speech of March 8, mentioned that, as a result of the good opinion which one volunteer battery earned from

Lord Roberts out there, it had been decided to arm volunteer batteries generally with modern field-pieces; General Mackinnon, evidently no lenient judge, testifies in his book on the C.I.V. to his high opinion of the men in that force; it is notorious that the various regimental volunteer companies have done excellent work, and the value attached to the Yeomanry Volunteers is proved by the long-continued use made of them in the war. Now all this is encouraging as far as it goes, but how far can the work done in South Africa be taken as an indication of their utility as a home defence force?

It is most probable that, if the volunteers are ever required for home defence, they will have to take the field at almost a moment's notice. In order to do that with any advantage they must, in the first place, have their equipment ready and not have to be buying it or getting it from store when they ought to be on the march. The limited extent to which volunteers were called upon to serve in South Africa does not afford a large amount of evidence one way or the other as to the readiness of the force generally in this respect. The Yeomanry were, of course, a special corps, and so had often no volunteer or yeomanry depôt to draw upon, and the single companies from various volunteer corps were too small to create much difficulty in equipment. But, unfortunately, what evidence exists with regard to the C.I.V. is not very encouraging. The infantry are a comparatively easy branch to equip, but even in their case a very serious *contretemps* occurred, as readers of General Mackinnon's book will remember. At St. Vincent, on the way out, the author says that he received a telegram from London saying, "Army Order of Saturday calls in Lee-Enfields, similar yours, because sighting defective, as we knew."

This is annoying [the General comments on this], as it tends to create want of confidence among men who above all else are good shots and fond of their rifles. I especially asked for new rifles for this regiment, thinking that we should get the very best, . . . *because the great majority of rifles of the Home District Volunteers were at Weedon for examination, and could not possibly be back in time.* However, it is the only part of our outfit which has proved defective.

The General does not add, as he might have, that this was the only part of their outfit which was not provided by the unmilitary energy of the Lord Mayor. But the defect of equipment is best seen in the case of the C.I.V. battery, which was provided, though not entirely manned, by the Honourable Artillery Company. A battery, to be of any use in the field, requires a very special and complete equipment of such things as wagons, picket-ropes, horseshoes, tools, spare harness, spades, and so on; and three or four skilled artificers, such as a collar-maker, a farrier sergeant, a wheeler, are absolutely essential. When the authorities of the H.A.C. came to review their resources they found they had the men and the guns, but that was about all. It must be remembered that the H.A.C., though technically not a volunteer corps, is for all practical purposes on the same footing as other volunteer regiments, and would certainly be one of the first to be called out in case of emergency. The artificers were one difficulty. There were men in the corps who knew something about the work, but not enough to have the responsibility in the field; finally, retired army artificer-sergeants had to be enrolled, much to the advantage of the battery. As to the equipment, it took the best part of a month for energetic volunteers, working almost literally night and day, to procure the horses, wagons, horse and mule harness, tools and personal equipment for the men. And though the War Office paid some of the expenses incurred, all the labour involved in procuring everything necessary with such completeness and comparative rapidity was done by the officers of the battery and by patriotic civilians belonging to the H.A.C. who could not go out to South Africa. But it hardly requires such evidence to prove that our volunteers are not, as a rule, ready for immediate mobilisation. The complicated and somewhat arbitrary system in which volunteer regiments are brigaded together and affiliated to regular regiments, especially in London, introduces an element of confusion in matters of detail and the transmission of orders which it is important to avoid for rapid mobilisation. The

equipment stores are rarely in anything like a complete state, and such matters as arrangements for the supply of baggage-wagons and horses from private contractors in case of mobilisation are generally in a very inchoate condition. Of course, there are cases in which the arrangements are as good as the War Office will allow them to be: in one London volunteer rifle corps, for example, I know that the question of mobilisation has been very carefully thought out and provided for by an energetic captain; but it cannot be said that there is any complete system even in London.

The chief things required to remedy this state of things are money and system. The money for providing stores sufficient for the immediate equipment of volunteer corps should come from the nation in peace-time as it would in war-time. The volunteer gives some of his time to the nation, and should, I think, be asked to give more, but it is unreasonable to expect him or his officers to pay for his patriotism out of his pocket as well. If the volunteers are of use they are worth paying for; if they are not, they should be abolished. By system I do not mean any hard-and-fast War Office plans for providing stores and making contracts. Sufficient control should be exercised by the War Office, in supervision through adjutants and inspecting officers, but commanding officers who know local conditions, and could often do things more cheaply and efficiently than the War Office, should be allowed a large discretion as to contracts. At the same time, unnecessary complications in the brigading and affiliation of volunteer corps, such as exist in London, should be done away with; one rifle corps, for example, is connected for some purposes with the Rifle Brigade, for others with the Scots Guards, and it is also in a brigade exclusively composed of volunteers. A simplification in this respect would not be difficult of accomplishment, and would greatly facilitate rapidity in mobilisation. Artillery volunteers present in some respects a more difficult question, because there are the horses and the artificers. An artillery horse cannot be trained in a day, and, especially in



London corps, it is difficult always to get men of sufficient experience to be good army artificers. The first difficulty might be met by having a preferential claim on certain horses in a contractor's yard, which should be exercised with guns as often as possible. To meet the second difficulty it has been suggested by an artillery adjutant that army reserve artificers should be allocated to volunteer batteries if called out, and that seems a very feasible proposal, as the number of volunteer field or horse batteries is not, and never could be, very large. It is only fair to add here that the War Office has lately awakened to a sense of these difficulties, and has made some attempt to meet them; but it remains to be seen if the new organisation, by which some volunteer corps, and those not always the same, will be embodied in army corps, while others are not, will not introduce a new element of confusion.

The second point to be considered is the efficiency of officers and men. How far is the acknowledged good work of volunteers in South Africa an indication of the value of the volunteers for their proper function?

First, as to the rank and file. It is obvious, of course, that a very small percentage indeed of the volunteers actually served in South Africa, but I do not think that those who went out were, to any great extent, a picked force, except perhaps in respect of martial ardour; but even that is not wholly true, because there were innumerable cases of men extremely anxious and qualified to go out, who were prevented by family or business circumstances. The battery of the C.I.V., at any rate, of which I can best speak, was certainly not a picked volunteer corps; not that the best men were unwilling, but that, in many cases, they found it absolutely impossible to serve: and the same is, I imagine, true of the rest of the C.I.V. The physique of the men was good, but the medical tests were by no means exacting, and I should say that the physique of the South African volunteers was very little, if at all, above the average physique of volunteers who make themselves efficient in the ordinary course. For these

reasons the various volunteer corps that went out to South Africa may, I think, be taken as fair average specimens of the volunteers at home, both as regards efficiency and physique. The further question then arises how far the training they had received as volunteers in England fitted them for immediate service, the object, of course, of volunteer training. In the case of the infantry, at any rate, the experiment is most encouraging. The drill and discipline which the infantry of the C.I.V. had to undergo before they had to perform serious military duties was not at all considerable; and the chief complaint which their colonel made of them on board ship was that some of the best shots were not adepts at sectional firing; but as volley firing was probably never used with advantage in this war the ground of complaint does not seem very serious. Similarly the volunteer companies affiliated to their regular regiments were generally sent up country immediately to take their share of the fighting, and no distinction from their regular comrades was ever made to their disadvantage, as far as I know. The case of the yeomanry and the artillery was rather different. There is no doubt that the yeomanry had not at first the reputation for efficiency and usefulness which they have since more than earned. This was due partly to their officers, a point to which I shall revert later, partly to the fact that it takes longer to train a mounted man than an infantry man, as he has to learn the management of his horse as well as of himself and his rifle. With regard to volunteer batteries, the only one of which I can speak with much knowledge is the C.I.V. battery. But the Elswick battery, which was said to contain many time-expired regular artillerymen, had very little training in South Africa before it was sent up to the front, where it did excellent work. The Canadian artillery, which also proved most efficient, had some weeks of training before it was sent to the front.

The C.I.V. battery had a very long training on lines of communication before it was employed in serious campaigning. Some of this time was certainly unnecessary for purposes of

training, but there is no doubt that the battery would not have been as well fitted for the work it did if it had not had a considerable amount of training beforehand. Much could be said of the training necessary for a battery; it is enough, however, to point out that mere gunnery is a very small part of what an artilleryman has to learn: the chief difficulty is in the management of the horses. Guns without good horses and drivers who can keep them good are worse than useless to an army, they are a positive danger to it. One of the things of which the battery may be proudest is that, in spite of the very hard and continuous work given to the horses, no less than ninety-six out of about one hundred and ten were delivered into the remount department at Pretoria when the battery was sent home. This was partly due to the fact that the horses had the long rest which Sir Evelyn Wood once declared was necessary for all horses landed in South Africa before they could do really hard work, but chiefly to the training given to the men by the major and the captain.

It will appear from the above facts that, as far as the infantry volunteers are concerned, the experiment in South Africa is most encouraging, and that, though the experiment with regard to artillery volunteer corps is not conclusive as to their immediate efficiency, yet that, with comparatively little training, intelligent men can be usefully employed as artillerymen. But there is one element—the most important, as it seems to me, in considering the utility of volunteers—which I have not yet dealt with, and that is, the officers.

If the volunteers were called out for home defence they would necessarily be under the command of their own volunteer officers, so that in any attempt to estimate the value of the volunteers from this experiment in South Africa it must be considered how far the volunteer officers were an element in its success.

Of all the corps that were sent out from England, the yeomanry had the greatest proportion of volunteer officers, and there is very little doubt that the want of success of

some of the yeomanry corps at first is largely, if not entirely, attributable to their officers' want of experience. Last year, in South Africa, one was constantly hearing stories of quaint movements, often ending in disaster, executed by the command of yeomanry officers, which experienced officers would never have sanctioned. Hopeless and useless positions would be attacked, ridiculous and purposeless retreats would be made, and captures of yeomanry would be effected in farmhouses, which the most elementary precautions would have averted. Now such occurrences are not heard of; the officers as well as the men have had their training, and the yeomanry have become some of the most successful and useful troops in South Africa.

The volunteer companies that went out also had their own volunteer officers; but they were not of sufficient seniority to have any great responsibility at first, and were under the orders of senior regimental officers of the regular forces, so that if they made mistakes they were not necessarily of great moment, and their training proceeded apace with their campaigning. Hence no special argument can be drawn from them. The C.I.V. were, on the other hand, attached to no regular regiment, but here again little evidence, except of a negative character, can be gathered, for, at least as far as the infantry and battery were concerned, the real responsibility rested with officers who either were or had recently been in the regular army. Thus the colonel commandant was Colonel Mackinnon, who had been in command of a Guards battalion, one of his staff captains was in the Grenadier Guards, and the other had been an officer in the army, while the adjutants, both of the infantry and of the mounted infantry, were regular officers; and it is obvious, in reading General Mackinnon's diary, that, at any rate at first, he left very little to his subordinates. Of the officers in the battery it would be unbecoming of me to speak, except to say that the major had been in the Royal Horse Artillery, and that the captain is an officer in the Royal Artillery, that not a man in the battery would deny that it is almost entirely due to the training which these regular officers gave them, and to their

experience, that the battery was up to its work, and that the volunteer subalterns would be the first to acknowledge that they would not have cared to undertake some of their responsibilities in the field without the lessons they had previously learnt from the major and the captain on lines of communication.

On the whole, the experience of the war does not negative, even if it does not confirm, the suspicion in many minds that the weakest point in the present volunteer system is the officers. There are, of course, corps which insist on a high state of efficiency in their officers, but these are rare, and the best probably that could be said even of their officers, with their present opportunities, is what a friend, who was an officer in a particularly energetic London corps, writes of its officers: "Had we been embodied, I think we should have provided, say, four or five men capable of being made useful *after some training*." It can hardly be said to be the fault of volunteer officers that they are not more efficient; they are busy men, and cannot reasonably be expected to be more efficient than the War Office requires them to be, though many are. The requirements of the War Office are almost laughable in their insufficiency. A second lieutenant is appointed on the recommendation of the lord lieutenant of his county, or of the commanding officer of the corps; no qualification is necessary, except a certificate of character from a clergyman or magistrate. After a second lieutenant has obtained his commission, the only test he is required to pass in the successive ranks is an examination in drill of an extremely perfunctory character, the passing of which entitles him to put *p.* before his name in the Army List. On the other hand, there are certain courses of training which a volunteer officer can go through which are by no means compulsory, but which give him the right to other letters in the Army List. Such are examinations in tactics, strategy, and so on, and a month's course in a school of instruction for militia and volunteer officers. He can also go through a month's course of training with regular soldiers, but this method is not often pursued, it can hardly even be said to

be encouraged, and officers who try it sometimes find that the profit they get out of it is rather small, as the regulars do not always think it necessary to take much trouble about a volunteer officer. The school of instruction is, as far as I can gather, the most popular method of increasing a volunteer officer's efficiency and the most useful of the present methods open to him. But it must be remembered that it is instruction in formal drill only, and teaches practically nothing else of an officer's duties. However, as I have said, it is the best available method, and officers who are keen about their duties undertake the month's course, and in some of the best corps are obliged to do so by their commanding officers. Even here, however, it may be noted, the War Office does not give great encouragement; the number of schools is limited, and the number of officers who can be taught at a time is also limited, so that sometimes a man finds himself precluded from joining for the only month he could spare in the year. However, as a rule, it may be safely asserted that the least inefficient officers are those who have taken the trouble to go through the month's course at a school of instruction. I have then examined some lists, taken quite at random, in the Army List, to see what average of volunteer officers have gone through this course. Here is the result:

No. of Battalions in Volunteer Regiment.	No. of Officers in Regiment.	No. who have passed School of Instruction.
6 ...	218	45
2 ...	56	18
4 ...	111	41
3 ...	81	12

On the other hand, in most of the London regiments the average is very high; thus, in one, 36 out of 48 officers have passed, in another, 29 out of 36, in others, 24 out of 33, and 21 out of 29.

In all these cases second lieutenants have been counted in the total of officers, and some of these will doubtless pass through the school of instruction before attaining the rank of first lieutenant.

In artillery volunteer corps, where exact knowledge is even more requisite in an officer, the following figures show no great improvement, although I have reckoned in the totals those who have passed the special examination in artillery as well as those who have passed the school of instruction.

In one corps only 6 officers out of 27 have passed either the school of instruction or the artillery examination; in another, 6 out of 25; in others, 6 out of 16, 6 out of 14, 10 out of 26, 4 out of 11, 8 out of 16, 15 out of 37, and 18 out of 23; in one corps the major, four captains and six lieutenants have not apparently even passed the examination entitling them to the prefix *p*!

One of the reasons which I believe tells against the efficiency of volunteer officers is the expense connected with the office. It may seem a small matter, but in many corps the mere cost of the uniform acts as a deterrent to men who would be otherwise well qualified to become officers. It is perfectly ridiculous that, as is the case in some corps, the uniform of a second lieutenant should cost £50 or £60, all the more as in some of the best London corps the officers are quite content with a uniform costing no more than £20. This is a matter in which the War Office could with advantage pass a sumptuary regulation. It is quite true that the gorgeousness of the uniform is to a certain extent the choice of the officers themselves, but the present generation do not like to change what their predecessors established, and would probably be only too glad to adopt a change forced on them in the interests of the service from headquarters. But there are other expenses which officers have to incur which might also be avoided. They are often expected to pay for regimental shooting prizes: this should be done by the county or the nation. Again, volunteer drill-halls have sometimes been presented by wealthy local magnates, who in return hold high commands in the corps: such gifts should not make it easier for an inefficient man to hold a post in which he may by a want of energy or ability paralyse the whole working of the corps. It will probably be found that

many a volunteer regiment is inefficient because its colonel has been a great benefactor to it or to the district financially.

To make the volunteers more efficient, more to be depended on for what should be their sole purpose, rapid embodiment and immediate use in case of foreign invasion, setting apart the question of mechanical mobilisation, which I have already dealt with, the one thing necessary is the improvement of the officers. The men will be, on the whole, good enough if they really get the ten days, or even one week's, real training in camp, and can keep up their shooting; they are intelligent as a rule, and if they know the elements of drill and discipline, which can be learned in the odd hours of drill at home, they can easily do whatever a good officer wants them to do. But an officer who is an amateur is worse than useless, he will simply throw away his men. In the first place, he must be able to drill his men, and for that he must know his drill at least as well as the school of instruction will teach it him. People are inclined to run down mere drilling now, and say it is useless. They generalise from the Boers or from irregular corps of volunteers, who had little drilling and were excellent at scouting work; and they forget that possibly the Boers might have fought better battles if they had been more drilled, and that sometimes high intelligence and a knowledge of country, which characterised most of these irregular corps, will take the place of strict discipline in certain circumstances. But, as a rule, it may be said that drill for a soldier and power of drilling for an officer are as necessary for their work as logic or Euclid are to a thinker. In both cases they make the man handy at doing what he wants to do. It is absurd to say, as "the subaltern" does in his letters to his wife, that the drill-book is of no use, because in war-time the soldiers do not march in step or in exact quarter-column. If they had not been able to do those things they would not be able to follow what their officers wanted them to do, and their officers could not convey it to them. But the school of instruction in drill is not enough; the drill-book, though essential, must be kept in its



place ; it is a means, not an end, and the volunteer officer must have more practical training than he has any opportunity for at present in handling his men and in seeing to the thousand and one points which have to be considered when men are actually in the field, such as feeding, camping, judgment of distances and of the men's capacities. The only way of getting this is by practical training with large bodies of troops. In order to secure this, my suggestion is that at all the chief camps of the new army corps a school of instruction for volunteer officers should be established. It should be open all the year, and every volunteer officer should be obliged to go there for training for a month in his first year, whenever he could most conveniently get away, and for at least three weeks in every succeeding year, for four years. He should there be instructed in drill, and should also be required to undergo the ordinary training of a camp with the regular troops. The time when his own corps is in field training might be allowed to count in the time required of him. He should be paid or given allowances during this time of training.

The great objection which I know will be raised against this scheme is that volunteer officers would not be able to find the time for this. It is an objection which has to be met, but I do not think it would be insuperable. The men who are not really keen about their functions as officers, but regard them chiefly as a means of display or a satisfaction of vanity will, of course, be weeded out, but they can easily be spared. It is even possible that the supply of volunteer officers, already none too great, would be diminished, but even that would be better than the present system, for volunteers who are not efficient or not efficiently commanded had really better be away, as they are useless and only create a false idea of sufficient numbers. But I do not believe the supply would be diminished, especially if the expenses of volunteer officers be reduced as I have proposed. Many men who cannot find time for a thing if it is optional, do it as a matter of course if they are obliged, and many employers who would hesitate to lose a week or two's service

from a valuable man if they know that he would not lose his rank as an officer by their not granting him leave to go to an optional course of training, would find it possible to grant the leave if they knew that otherwise the applicant would have to lose his position in his volunteer corps. Moreover, the fact that such a large proportion of London volunteer officers manage to pass the month's course of the school of instruction is proof that where the necessity exists the means can be found, for probably as a class these officers are the busiest of any in civil life. Such training would, of course, not make great generals, but it would at least give such volunteer officers as are keen enough even now to go in for any training at all, enough experience to be useful officers; and, at any rate, the country would know more of what a volunteer officer is capable instead of being entirely in the dark.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

## NIGERIA AND ITS TRADE

**A** PART from its arbitrary divisions for the purpose of administration, Nigeria has been divided by nature into two portions differing widely in physical aspect and the character of their inhabitants. The first, which consists of some four hundred miles of unhealthy seaboard swamp extending south and east from the Lagos border to the German Kameruns, has been for some time under British rule, but in several places our real authority hardly extends more than a day's march from the barracks of the black soldiery. The second, over which until recently the Royal Niger Company held sole commercial and administrative sway, though the latter was to a great extent nominal, stretches back northwards through a drier country into the Soudan, and comprises the ancient Moslem Sultanate of Sokoto, a considerable portion of which is as yet a practically unknown region.

At first sight the whole delta of the Niger would appear to have been intended for the black man's especial use, and though it is more than four hundred years since the first white traders landed there, the sable tribes inhabiting it live to-day much as they did at the beginning. In places missionaries have made their influence felt, and Government officials have suppressed village-burning and human sacrifice, but there is no disguising the fact that the mass of the negro populace remains unchanged, while the character of the country to some extent accounts for this. Steaming in from seaward, anywhere between Lagos

Lagoon on the one hand and the Cross River near the other extremity, one's first impression is much the same. Lower Nigeria seems to consist mostly of water, and on closer acquaintance the reality almost bears out this appearance. From horizon to horizon blurred islets of mangrove tops rise apparently from the depths of the sea, with a few belts of taller forest and white vapour behind them. Then, if as usual the day be fiercely bright and hot, a haze of spray appears lower down, with the occasional flash of white surf on a yellow beach, until the smoke of the river bar obscures everything.

The mouth of each river—and there is a separate entrance every mile or so—is cumbered with shifting shoals on which the long heave of the Atlantic breaks furiously. Lights are unknown, buoys or beacons remarkably scarce, while one clump of mangroves much resembles another, so that it is only a long experience as second in command that enables a skipper to take his steamer in. As a rule he gropes shoreward with the lead, looking out for some particular ridge of cottonwoods, and when found, if the day be clear, full steam is raised to drive the vessel, with her 4000 tons of salt, gin, and cotton cloth, in across the bar. Sometimes it is passed without incident, but crossing an Oil River bar is not infrequently an exciting experience, a rush through a white seething of breakers, a vicious thumping over a shoal with muddy foam flooding the iron deck while the whole vessel trembles to the pounding of engines, till the spray cloud is left behind and a broad inlet winds inland between the mangroves. It generally resembles pea-soup in colour and consistency, and one can neither forget nor adequately describe its strange sour smell; presently a cluster of whitewashed factories rises dazzlingly bright against a background of forest, and when the anchor rattles down opposite the nearest, the newcomer realises that he has reached a very strange country. All the Oil Rivers, as the navigable creeks are called, Benin, Forcados, Nun, Brass, Opobo and the two Calabars, are almost identical in aspect and surroundings, which latter usually consist of fever-haunted swamp.

There are only three classes of white men in Nigeria, the trader, the missionary, and the Government officer, who has hitherto combined the calling of soldier and general administrator. The trader may, perhaps, fairly be placed first. Though the missionaries have made reforms locally, the deltaic negro still remains darkly pagan, and after the return of each punitive expedition forthwith reverts to his original ways; but while both missionary and official work for the future, the presence of the trader is only accounted for by present success. Besides, the trader came there first, long before those rivers were known to be outlets of the Niger, and it was commercial foresight and energy which, anticipating the late agreement with France, preserved at least a portion of the hinterland for us against alien absorption; while, in spite of innumerable drawbacks, British trade with the Niger shows a rapid increase, and there will soon be surprising developments.

For centuries the Oil Rivers have been a favourite resort of the reckless free lance. At first they came in small, worn-out vessels, which lay moored for months together in the malaria-haunted creeks, trafficking for palm-oil with bad liquor and sundries, until when full to the hatches the survivors made shift to take their craft home. Then followed the days of the anchored hulks, some of which still remain, where ex-slavers and privateersmen from Bristol and Liverpool, and their fearless successors, rioted and died, until, about the time when various rival associations were amalgamated into the corporation which became the Royal Niger Company, a new era began. British capital was freely invested in trading ventures, and commodious factories replaced the stifling hulks, men of a somewhat higher stamp took charge of them, and a degree of order became apparent, so that to-day there is hardly a navigable waterway in the delta that is not the centre of a growing commerce.

Practically speaking, the exports of Nigeria are confined to palm-oil and kernels. A little rubber comes out—there will be more some day, though at present Lagos holds the monopoly

—but to all intents and purposes a little nut accounts directly or indirectly for the white man's presence in Nigeria. It grows beneath the curving fronds of a palm in clusters which, although it is not a very good simile, resemble a pineapple, and when detached it looks like a plum painted scarlet and saffron. Under the thin skin lies a layer of scented grease, which is scraped off, and boiled to extract the fibre, and the result is palm-oil, indispensable in many manufactures, and worth from £20 to £25 a ton. Then there remains a thin-shelled nut, which is cracked, and its two black kernels thrown into baskets, to be shipped by thousands of tons to Europe for oil-extraction. It is a simple process, for it must be remembered that the tribesman, who makes no attempt at cultivation, merely gathers what Nature lavishly provides, but it is probable that every few puncheons cost a human life. The possession of favourite native markets is periodically fought for, petty robber chieftains waylay the oil-carriers going down stream, or exact illegal blackmail, until an expedition is sent up against them, while the mortality among the white men who purchase the oil is very heavy.

It is now an expensive matter to set up a factory, and a large capital is necessary before embarking in the trade, for competition is so keen that native dealers often demand an excessive credit, taking up hundreds of pounds' worth of cloth, gin, and salt long before they send a puncheon of oil down, while some, if dwelling safe among the fastnesses of the swamps, defy the white agent to recover from them. Still, there are many honest coloured dealers. Almost invariably a Nigerian factory consists of a cluster of whitewashed sheds standing in a clearing hewn out of the cotton-wood forest on the banks of a muddy river, or on a narrow strip of sand piled in hundreds of tons among the crawling roots of torn-down mangroves. The white trader's wooden house stands behind them, raised high on piles in a somewhat vain hope of escaping the miasma, and there the unfortunate agent, often suffering from fever, works in monotonous isolation twelve hours a day.

Soon after sunrise, when the morning mist hangs charged with germs of fever above the river, if trade is brisk huge dug-out canoes come in loaded to the water's edge with oil and kernels, and as a rule many scores of exuberant savages in elementary attire accompany them. They are of fine physique, with hair knitted up into corkscrew plaits, and tattooed devices stand out in high relief upon their naked skin, though the writer could never ascertain how this is accomplished. For several hours, or perhaps all day, a fierce wrangle goes on as to the weight and measurement of the oil and kernels, and the agent's vigilance is taxed to make sure that shells, earth, and pieces of wood are not palmed upon him. Then each sable dealer receives a stamped brass token for the goods he has brought, and proceeds to the salt or gin shed, which by this time resembles an oven in temperature, to commence another dispute as to the value of the merchandise he is entitled to.

All this is comparatively easy, but when a swarm of clamorous customers throng the general store or "shop," and demand treble the number of flintlock guns, old silk hats, cheap umbrellas, and various rubbishy sundries their token represents, it requires a keen wit and sharp eyes to hold one's own with them, for the West African savage is as adroit a bargainer as any in the world. Then when the glaring sunset fades off the river, and with a splash of paddles the last canoe slides away, the agent goes back to his evening meal in the damp-soaked upper room, and lounges for the sake of coolness on the verandah while the fever-mist rolls like steam across the forest, and hot, muggy odours fill the heavy atmosphere. There is usually nothing else he can do, for even when three or four factories are built at half-mile intervals beside the same river, trade jealousy often prevents intercourse between their inhabitants. The building is hemmed in by creeper-choked forest or impassable swamps, and apart from this a white man usually finds that his daily work exhausts all the energy he can muster in that climate. The agents do not often live very long. Alcohol is always a temptation in such surroundings,

though the most abstemious rarely escape sickness, and of the many young Britons who go out for some £60 per annum to learn the business, a large proportion die before completing their three years' contract.

Nevertheless, if there were only exports the trade would be important, but in exchange for his oil the native takes large quantities of Cheshire salt and Manchester cotton, besides sundries and Hamburg gin, supporting several steamship lines which bring them in. The cloth and gin are consumed in the delta, and opinions are divided upon the influence of the latter, which may be purchased at about twopence per quart wholesale. Some describe it as a brain-destroying poison, others as an innocuous stimulant, while the writer would only state that though he has seen great numbers of cases purchased he rarely witnessed any drunkenness among the natives. This may, however, be due to the fact that the negro can apparently consume almost any fluid without ill-effect. On the other hand, few white men care to drink the "trade" brand of gin, and the few seamen who do so surreptitiously are usually brought back by main force in a state approaching dangerous insanity. It is also stated that the gin-case is a useful commercial standard in a region where, except for the "piece of cloth," there is practically no other currency, though this, regarded ethically, would seem a poor reason. The salt goes inland into the Soudan, and will be referred to again.

The missionary question is mixed up with the consideration of the native status, and it can only be frankly admitted that as regards the delta this is a particularly low one. There are many races all of pure negro type, and fine in physique, though being canoe-dwellers the weakness of their lower limbs is accentuated. As is perhaps natural in a region of swamp and twilight forest which lies sweltering under tropic heat save when it is rolled in mist that breeds pestilence, or when it is thrashed by equatorial deluge, they are pagans whose mythology consists of vaguely-conceived but bloodthirsty deities. There are also superstitions based on the reincarnation theory, including the



power of the mysterious essence known as the Ju-Ju to take up its habitation in trees, the bodies of animals, or, more often, the person of some fetiche king. One hears of many secret societies connected partly with the cult of the Ju-Ju, whose proceedings appear to be the same throughout the West African littoral, for the advent of one of the mysterious wanderers who ostensibly combine the callings of minstrel and soothsayer will throw dusky labourers of widely different races into a continued state of nervous restlessness. Also small tokens, a bunch of reddened rags, or other insignificant object set up on a wand, will suffice to close a waterway to trade, or in other cases serve as a safeguard and passport; and though few traders or officers possess any insight into their real significance, all agree that the power of the Ju-Ju exponents is enormous, and that they are capable of stirring up serious trouble in Western Africa. Human sacrifice, in spite of official efforts, is by no means uncommon, and two powerful black traders whose acquaintance I made were reputed to owe their success to talismans in the shape of desiccated portions of the human anatomy, while until recently each ebb brought mutilated bodies down certain creeks.

Beyond the collection of palm-oil, there is no settled industry, but all the tribes alike seem keen traders. A commercial dispute often underlies the periodical risings, and armed interference is necessary to prevent some petty ruler hindering his rivals in carrying their produce down river, or suppressing competition with the flint-lock gun. Sympathetic, fond of merriment, seldom seeing further than the day's needs, but unstable and liable to outbreaks of revolting cruelty, the well-known description, "half-devil, half-child," would seem to fit the Niger tribesmen especially. Such missionaries as the writer met were zealous and long-suffering men, who could often show good results of their labours in the shape of cleanly villages, where many of their converts had been taught useful handicrafts, and lived in peace and prosperity. Nevertheless, the bulk of the population will have nothing to do with them,

while those who leave the mission stations do not always reflect credit on their training. It is an unfortunate fact that almost the wide world over, in West Africa, the Straits, China, and the Southern Seas, one rarely finds either trader or official speaking well of the native convert. Of course, that may be the fault of the self-styled convert rather than of his teaching, and the trader is generally prejudiced against the missionary, but the truth remains that most factory agents prefer a raw heathen assistant to a converted one, while in the Government service, where courage and fidelity are requisite, the post is given to a dusky Moslem. After some experience of semi-civilised black men, the writer would sooner trust his property to a pagan Krooboy, for whom indeed he has a qualified admiration, or an unsophisticated Jackery from the Nigerian bush.

The Government officer's life is perhaps a brighter one. As a rule he lives in a well-appointed Consulate built among a number of factories, in close touch with civilisation. The dwelling is raised high on piles, and there is a court-house below, with a barrack close beside it for the black soldiery, then beyond the hard-trodden compound the forest closes in again. Still, the position of Consul or outpost lieutenant is rarely a sinecure. The trade routes must be kept open, even at the cost of bloodshed, that peaceful sable dealers may send down produce without their canoe-boys being kidnapped or murdered. A pledge has been given that the rivers shall be free and safe to all, while it is only when repeated remonstrance fails that the dusky pirate is sternly repressed. Then human sacrifice must be put down with the strong hand if there is no other way, though it would probably require an army division to do it effectually. As an instance of official forbearance, we may take the case of Old Benin, which stood scarcely forty miles behind an old-established British settlement. When engaged in the neighbouring creeks we heard the usual horrible stories of fetiche cruelty, and sometimes found unmistakable evidence of it at low water, while the Government officers we conversed with on the subject—and among them

were the members of the unfortunate expedition—explained themselves much as follows: "We shall be bound to interfere soon, but we wish to avoid bloodshed if we can, and it will be a serious matter to get into Benin."

All were without exception humane men, devoid of any hankering after cheap glory, and here, as in the case of headman Nana, waited long and patiently before action was forced upon them. As a last hope Nana was invited to attend a gathering of the chiefs he had plundered at Sapelli, to see if their grievances could not be adjusted, and after kidnapping a canoe-load of friendly oil-carriers under the protection of the flag his answer was, "I am King of Brohemie, and I come to talk to no white man. If they want me let them come to Brohemie," while to be ready should his invitation be accepted he had carefully ambushed the one creek leading to it. Also, when the state of affairs in Benin could be overlooked no longer, it was decided to send a few unarmed officers in the hope that this might avoid a conflict. The result is a matter of history, but it is not perhaps generally known that the white men who went were perfectly aware that in all probability they were going to their death. Two of them previously told me that it would be fatal for any European to carry a warning to Ubini. Nevertheless, they went, and were duly shot down from ambush. One at least was as gentle and courteous a soldier and gentleman as ever this nation sent out on a deadly mission, and he went down shattered by potleg, facing the tribesmen with a light stick in his hand, and hailing his companions to escape if they could.

Then there is justice to administer, and at regular intervals the court-room beneath the Consulate is packed with mostly naked black humanity. The heat and mingled savours grow almost overpowering, while in spite of warnings accuser and prisoner chatter together with the negroes' apathetic indifference to the future. There are a couple of sentries on guard outside; inside a black interpreter faces the assembly, and generally a thin and haggard white man, whose yellow uniform

hangs very loosely about him, sits wearily at a desk with two dusky soldiers standing in state behind him. The favourite defence is an *alibi*, and when each witness has located the culprit in a different place about the same time the result becomes bewildering, and it requires a long experience to sift out the truth. The cases are also many and varied, waylaying oil canoes, a rival's murder, mixing palm-kernels with shells, smuggling gin, and litigation between wild black men who have brought their complicated disputes to be decided by the wisdom of the white men. And this may continue all day until the court-house resembles the black hole of Calcutta, and at last the worn-out Consul, who probably suffers from fever, is scarcely able to drag himself away.

A company of dusky soldiers is generally attached to each Consulate, not negroes, but finer-featured men, often of lighter colour, from the hinterland, usually either Moslem Haussas, or Yorubas from behind the Lagos colony. They are both intelligent and courageous, for as one travels north the influence of the Arab becomes apparent, and these soldiers have diluted Eastern blood in them, while some might even claim an ancient descent from the first white conquerors who invaded Africa from the Mediterranean shore: all of which leads us back towards their own country—Upper Nigeria.

Travelling northwards, the swamps and dripping jungles of the delta give place to drier land. There are still forests, but one also finds mountain ranges and wide tracts of park-like scenery, while, instead of foul creeks oozing through mud and slime, there are clear streams, and the great river forming broad lakes or frothing down rock-walled gorges. The character of its inhabitants also changes, for here, instead of the naked savage, one finds an intelligent people cultivating the land, raising cattle and horses, and practising many handicrafts. As one instance, the fine blue "country cloth," spun from native cotton and died with indigo in the Haussa land, commands a higher price along the coast than any Manchester product. Handsome leather-work is also produced,

as well as steel from native forges. All these people are Moslem, though with some the faith of Islam is largely tinged by negro superstition; and they owe nothing to Europeans for such advantages as they possess.

Twice in bygone years there were powerful empires in the Nigerian hinterland, and the Sultanates of Songhay and Sokoto have in decaying left an ineffaceable stamp. Both were evidently ruled over in a manner rather Eastern than barbaric, and for a time they made their influence felt over much of Northern Africa. Even to-day, great though partly ruinous walled cities, Kuka, Kano, Sokoto, and others smaller, stand amid a fertile country. It is a patent fact that, in the region behind the West Coast at least, contact with the Arab and the Moslem religion has the power to raise the negro from the condition of a savage to a state which, if far from perfect, is certainly superior to his original condition.

There is a vast market in this region, and, to be reached through it, in the Soudan, for European produce of good quality. Rubbish would be useless here, and already we send vast quantities of salt into it. This travels up the muddy waterways in canoes, and is then packed in fibre cylinders, from which each heathen headman or petty Moslem Emir cuts off so much in toll, as it passes on the heads of slave trains, and by horse and camel in turn, beyond European knowledge. Our present trade, though extensive, is but the beginning of a greater commerce, as will become evident when the territory lately taken over from the Chartered Company has been opened up to all comers. At present, European goods travel south across the deserts from Tripoli, and are purchased largely at a correspondingly exorbitant cost, the conservatism of the Arabs, and interference by interested native potentates, having hitherto prevented the adoption of the Niger as an easier route.

France has been long scheming with far-sighted energy to tap the trade of the Soudan by railroads from Algiers and Senegal, and by diverting caravans *viâ* Lake Chad to Ubangi, but she has never made colonial extension a success

commercially. The officers of the *Genie* have done good work in Africa. From Algiers round by Senegal and Dahomey to the Gaboon, their roads, light railways and piers, are better than our own, but the result has always been disappointing, while wherever the British trader, often hampered—so he complains—instead of assisted by his Government, wins a footing, he continues to flourish. Favoured by the Nile, Khartum will get a share of this coming trade *viâ* the old Meccan pilgrim road; and though France has to a considerable extent forestalled us geographically, it is very probable that there will presently be great developments in Upper Nigeria. For some time the Royal Niger Company had doubtless this future in view, and on the whole they did their work as pioneers thoroughly, while now they have turned over a wide field as well as a heavy responsibility to the Imperial authorities. Had the warnings of those interested in West African commerce been listened to, Great Britain would have been in a much more favourable position as regards hinterland territory.

The founders of the Royal Niger Company saw this clearly, and saved us a share of it, and it must never be forgotten that while no territory in West Africa is very suitable for European settlement, the hinterland should be much less deadly than the coast, with much greater latent capabilities. To-day, the whole of Nigeria is, as it were, passing through a transition stage, and those who understand its peoples and conditions wait with expectation for what will follow.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

## AN ART IN ITS INFANCY

**T**HIS is an age of advertisement. Even within the last ten years a great advance has been made in the art of advertising, though much still remains to be done. The mark (would it be more correct to say the trade-mark?) towards which the true advertiser presses is, of course, the sky advertisement, to which, though forbidden for the moment, he or his descendants will without doubt one day attain. That Pears or Monkey Brand or Elliman or some of their enterprising compeers will eventually cover the entire dome of St. Paul's with pictorial placards may be taken for granted, as merely a question of time. The Dean and Chapter of the next generation will probably find that sections of the inside of the dome if illuminated by search-lights will let almost as well as the outside. Pulpit advertisement, we venture to prophesy, will prove the most remunerative of all.

Already every grocer's van which promenades our streets, or penetrates to our secluded villages, is a mass of flaring announcements, all paid for by the advertisers. A new development, and one which in this season of agricultural depression might be put into practice immediately for the relief of the present distress, is that of advertising in somewhat the same manner on the carriages of our poorer nobility and landed gentry. The nobility, especially in its uppermost spirals, would command, of course, a higher price than the mere commoner, but the landau of the country squire would not be without its market value, while a baronet's carriage

would rank next to that of an earl, owing to the conviction of the public mind as to the high rank of a baronet, strenuously inculcated by the society novelist.

All this, as far as my own experience goes, remains yet to be done; even doctors' broughams, as far as I know, though presenting a surface admirably suited to the purpose, have not been as yet utilised.

Landscape advertisement is also still in its youth. Snowdon, Ben Nevis, and many other eminences are practically unemployed. The pretty drives near most country towns are also frequently bald of any interest save that of nature—an omission which is the more surprising because in southern watering places the persons who drive most assiduously are generally invalids, who possibly have not taken Dinneford's Magnesia, or Eno's Fruit Salt, or Homocea which touches the spot, but who might do so to their lasting benefit if their attention were called to these panaceas, by seeing them nestling among the primroses in the steep banks of a Devonshire lane, or gleaming above high-water mark along the rose-red cliffs of Torquay.

But when fired by its splendid present we thus "dip into the future," the still more splendid future of the advertising art, the brain reels before the conception of the varied perfections to which it will undoubtedly attain, and the dazzled vision is fain to turn for relief in the opposite direction, and endeavour to retrace this half-grown giant to his cot, and to discover from what foundation the present imposing superstructure has sprung.

For the pictorial or rainbow-hued advertisement designed to catch the eye, of which we have been speaking, is, after all, but one feature of the art. The whole columns and sheets in the *Times* and *Morning Post*, and in all the magazines and illustrated papers—to say nothing of papers published solely with that object, such as the *Matrimonial News* and the *Exchange and Mart*—show how enormous has become the growth of advertisement of every description.



The task of retracing an art to its infancy is not in this case an easy one. It depends mainly on the testimony of old newspapers. But who in these days keeps old newspapers? And in past generations who kept them? No one, we suppose, except the bore of the family. The person who nowadays writes to the *Morning Post* about a large gooseberry, or a wide-waisted tree in Kensington Gardens, or the advisability of throwing out crumbs to "our feathered friends" in long frosts, by these acts lets off the steam which his ancestor spent in collecting newspapers and making long extracts from them.

But the difference between a newspaper bore of to-day and a newspaper bore of a hundred and fifty years ago is as great as that between a live and pertinacious fly and a fly in amber. We can "suffer gladly" a bore who lived long ago, because he died long ago. Nay, we can perhaps even bless his memory, for it may have been his portion in this life to preserve from destruction the valueless and uninteresting until it became in the course of years interesting once more. This theory, if true, presents an interesting solution of the hitherto unfathomed mystery of the existence of the bore, and gives him a place in the universal economy. But this is a digression.

Quite recently, in the library of an old country house, I had the good fortune to light upon a bulky collection of old newspapers made by a member of my own family who, from a feeling of grateful respect, may surely be likened to a fly in amber. These newspapers<sup>1</sup> date from the declaration of war between England and Spain in 1739 and cover a period of sixteen years—1739 to 1755. There is also a whole year

<sup>1</sup> The *London Evening Post*, 1739-55; the *Daily Post*, 1741-45; the *Daily Gazetteer*, 1742; the *Reading Mercury*, 1743; the *St. James Evening Post*, 1745; the *Whitehall Evening Post*, 1745-55; the *General Advertiser*, 1745-50; the *General Evening Post*, 1746-48; the *Essex Weekly Advertiser*, 1746; the *Westminster Journal*, 1754-55; the *Evening Advertiser*, 1754-55; the *Daily Advertiser*, 1755. These papers are in many cases incomplete and numbers are frequently missing. It appears as if some of them had been taken in for a year or so, then counter ordered for another year, and then taken in once more.

(apparently complete), of the *St. James's Chronicle* or *British Evening Post*, for 1764.

Between 1739 and 1755 the advertisements in most of them are few, and printed so small and in such wavering lines as to be almost illegible. In 1755 there is a sudden marked increase in the number of advertisements, and this increase is maintained.

The discovery of the primeval advertisement has not of course rewarded our research. For we have not access to the strata wherein we might at least dig for his remains. The earliest of any kind which I have been able to unearth occurs in a "Rider's Diary" for 1736, which possibly belonged to the newspaper collector. It is that of a dentist. I give it with its own spelling and punctuation.

Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, as to eat with them, and so Exaet, as not to be distinguish'd from natural ; they are not to be taken out at night as is by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together ; yet are they so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the Speech : Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts . . . Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

The earliest announcements in our collection of newspapers consist mainly of unflinching specifics for noisome "distempers." Week after week the same remedies meet the eye for "that Reigning disease Scurvy," for palsy, for leprosy, for scrofula, for all kinds of terrible ailments and skin diseases. Some of "these noble drops," we are informed, "darting almost as quick as Lightning through the whole Human System," effect a complete cure in one or more doses. Others are recommended to ladies as "exceeding pleasant either in Snuff or a handkerchief."

Asthma, which we had imagined to be a comparatively modern disease (dating, as some elder persons brought up on hand basins firmly believe, from the introduction of baths into private families)<sup>1</sup> has many cures advertised ; especially a

<sup>1</sup> I remember visiting some ten years ago at a country house which had not been altered since it had been refurnished in the height of the then fashion,

certain tobacco which relieves "Asthma and such terrible Wheesings," and "is prepared only up one pair of Stairs at the Sign of the Anodyne Necklace."

In the official record of deaths in one of these papers there are in one list no fewer than three ascribed to asthma. But possibly all diseases of the lungs were considered to be asthma in those days; as in our grandmothers' time bronchitis, congestion and inflammation of the lungs were alike called "a closing of the chest," and generally proved fatal. An old lady once told us that in her early youth she had seen a little cousin playing about with his brothers and sisters in an advanced stage of this "closing," which closed altogether a day or two afterwards, to the regret of the parents, who, though wealthy and affectionate, felt that nothing could have been done.

Ladies at this date seem to have suffered much from "the vapours," for we find repeatedly advertised "The most noble smelling Bottle in the world . . . which Smelled to, momentarily fetches the most dismal fainting or swooning Fits, and makes chearful although never so sad." It is hardly necessary to add that this panacea may also "be taken inwardly." Old patent medicines certainly had one advantage over their numerous descendants, namely, that they could almost invariably be applied externally as well as internally, no doubt with equal success.

An "incomparable tooth powder" asserts that it needs no recommendation, "its own virtues being sufficient; nor did we ever seek for a patient; for, as they say, Good Wine needs no Bush." As might be expected, however, a long panegyric follows this dignified preamble.

We hear in the years between 1739 and 1764 of many drugs "which prepare the body for the small-pox," but with all the latest improvements, in 1745. The washhandstand with a mahogany top, resembling a fitted desk more than anything else, and having a cream jug in a saucer in the middle, still remains a root of bitterness in the memory.

not till 1764 do we arrive at a doctor's advertisement of inoculation.<sup>1</sup>

Persons of either sex and children are inoculated, attended, and provided with everything necessary in neat and separate apartments . . . at Five Guineas apiece. The expense attending this operation when performed at home or in private lodgings has hitherto reduced persons of moderate circumstances to the disagreeable necessity of going into an hospital or being deprived of this salutary Practice.

In a later advertisement on the same subject a doctor assures the public that many of his patients had actually quite recovered "in a month."

Miserably few and far between, according to present ideas, are the advertisements of ladies' dress. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the class of newspaper through which we have been looking. If some back numbers of the *Lady's Magazine* advertised in these papers could be procured, a number of dress announcements might perhaps be discovered. One catches the eye by its heading in large print

#### TO ACCOMODATE THE LADIES.

Alexander Middleton makes "all sorts of Stays, Jumps, and Slips with easy and agreeable Shape . . . all Tabby or Sattin at 1£ 11s. Half Tabby, 1£ 6s."

A sidelight is thrown on this interesting subject by advertisements of theft such as the following :

Whereas a fresh colour'd Man in a Snuff colour'd Coat went up three pair of Stairs at the house of Mr. Thom without asking any questions, and took from thence a pair of Stays Tabby before, Callemanco behind,

and several other equally domestic articles for which a reward is offered.

Whenever an advertiser offers a reward for a lost or stolen article he always thoughtfully adds "and no questions ask'd," whether it is in the case of "a little Shag dog," or a pointer having "one of his Short Ribs at the Right Side broke which

<sup>1</sup> In 1841 The Vaccination Act made the practice of inoculating with small-pox virus unlawful. In 1853 another Act was passed with a view of rendering the practice of vaccination compulsory.

Sticks out: his Tail about a handful and answers to the name of Puro," or a pet the loss of which might almost appear to be a blessing, "partly of the Cur kind and inclinable to be mangy"; or even of "a large Silver tea kettle and lamp the Top left behind." Whatever the article may be the owner promises on restoration to ask no questions.

Horse-stealing appears to have been much more frequent then than now if we may judge by the continual advertisements for very inferior animals, such as a Brown Mare with "a hole in her near Shoulder and a slit in her near ear." (Where was Miss Cobbe, or at least Miss Cobbe's great aunt?) Or another with "his legs pretty hairy and thick"; or a "Grey Roan Mare seven years old next grass, a bob tail that's been nick'd and bends in the middle, the hair worn in the girth place almost to the skin."

One horse-stealer is described as having "a pale complexion, and a more than common rising upon a largish nose": which graphic if unflattering description seems to have led to his conviction, for the advertisement does not appear again.

A very large number of book advertisements appear regularly, especially of the religious pamphlet description, such as "A sober appeal to a Turk or an Indian concerning the plain sense of Scripture relating to the Trinity."

The first advertisement of "Pamela" is quickly followed by a skit called "Anti-Pamela." As one looks down the lists of new books one is struck by the very small percentage of novels or stories of any kind. Happy the novelist who lived in those days!

Prints from Hogarth's pictures are frequently advertised, sometimes in a manner happily obsolete now.

New Print. Taste in High Life from an incomparable picture of Mr. Hogarth's—proving beyond contradiction that the present polite assemblies of Drums Routs etc. are Meer Exoticks; and the supporters of such a parcel of Insects.

Of children's books I have found but one mention—one mention in sixteen years—and of toys only one.

The very finest Dutch toys as not to be imagin'd Unless a Lady with little Masters and Misses were to see them.

Only two advertisements of Almanacs have been discovered. That for 1741, "For Families. Quite different from any Almanack ever yet published since Almanacks first began"; and another for 1748, "Containing those things throughout the year which all the common Almanacks ought to mention, yet none of them speak a word of." This advertiser is evidently culpably ignorant of "Rider's Diary," which twelve years earlier, in 1736, offers masses of information and advice to the reader. In January he is advised not to use Physick, but to drink White Wine fasting "for the best Physick is warm Diet, warm Clothes, and a merry honest Wife." In February "Slimy Fish, Milk, and the like, that do oppilate and stop the Liver and Veins . . . are to be eschewed as Enemies to Health," and so on. These invaluable hints for every month of the year as to the preservation of health are mixed with directions as to sowing and pruning and the treatment of live stock. At the end of the Diary is a "True and Plain Description of the High-Ways in England and Wales," a "Table of the Moveable Fairs, The exact Dimensions of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Anglesey, of Garnsey, etc., Beer Measure, Ale Measure, A Table of Kings," and "The Hour and Minute of High Water at London-Bridge every day" besides "A Computation of the most Remarkable passages of The Times from the Creation to this present year 1736," among which we notice with interest the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, and that of the bridge from Fulham to Putney.

Directly the war begins constant are the advertisements of officers for deserters from their regiments. Thomas Atkins, if we may judge by the description of his outward man when he was missing, was not such an imposing-looking creature as his namesake of to-day. He was generally described as marked with the small-pox or "pock fretten," and frequently as having a stoop, and still more frequently as having a "west," or "sty," or "blemish" in his eye, or having "tender eyes."

He almost always deserted in a "gristle" or "bob wig." Once indeed he is described as having "Slink Black hair," but this is an exception. Most of these deserters were very young. A certain Isaac Chesmon is only sixteen.

Side by side with the rewards for deserters appear numerous advertisements of the sale of Spanish, and, later on, of French boats, sloops, and Register Ships and their cargoes, many of them of the richest description, captured in the East Indies.

Commodores Barnett and Warren while protecting our trade in 1744 took many richly laden prizes, some of which perhaps found their way into these narrow columns, with a woodcut of a ship in full sail to draw attention to them—one of the few illustrated forms of advertisement we have been able to find.<sup>1</sup>

Advertisements for servants are of the greatest rarity. One of the very few is for "A Gardener that can on Occasion drive a Coach and look after horses." And another is that of a gardener seeking a place, who, besides gardening, "can also place Wheat Sheafs in Shocks in the Harvest Field."

There are, however, a considerable number of advertisements for servants and apprentices who have "eloped from their masters." One such, a certain William Swaine, is described as "red haired of a down look, his hands thick and very full of warts." He is strongly suspected of having assisted his elopement by laying his uncomfortable hands on a large sum of money, including "a three pound twelve shilling piece." What a monster of inconvenience such a coin must have been! At any rate, in these days nothing worse has to be encountered than an execrable but comparatively harmless four shilling piece, the value of which, when there is any question of

<sup>1</sup> In 1746 we took no fewer than 143 French and Spanish vessels, and in 1748 we seized 472 French and 98 Spanish vessels. Our gains on the French prizes seem to have been considerably lessened by the fact that many of them were insured in England, which does not appear to have been the case with the Spanish ships.

change, is, we must confess, a painful strain on the mathematical powers.

Another of these eloping apprentices who was "of a very deep red dull countenance" . . . "wore and carried away two coats and two Pair of Breeches," which, as his flight was in midwinter, shows that he was not so dull as he looked. Yet another "wears his own black hair and a little deform'd in his legs."

Certainly apprentices in those days—at least those that ran away—seem to have been singularly ill-favoured, but possibly their masters saw them without illusion after their departure, not empty handed.

A few black servants are advertised for as having run away. The advertiser in one case evidently feels that the identification of a certain "negro man" is a subject to be approached with some delicacy, as "the colour of his Clothes is unknown, as he absconded in the night without his Clothes."

Many also are the advertisements of losses of money and property through footpads, whether it be "a lusty young fellow who wore his own hair" or "a pock fretten man in a pair of everlasting Breeches"; or on Wimbledon Common "a tall man in a blue Frock and a light Bob wig on a bay Horse with a Swish tail, and look'd like a genteel galopping hunter."

It is noteworthy that the numerous persons who were robbed seem always to have had time to observe every feature of their assailant, and every detail of his apparel, from the lining of his waistcoat to the wearing of his hair, and from the "setting a good tail" of his horse to the other end of the animal, whether it were "rode with a Pelham bit."

Here is an advertisement for a warrant against a certain Jesse Boreham, suspected of having stolen from the Rev. Mr. John Mayonnet "a large silver saucepan, a parcel of Silver Pennys," and other necessaries of a clerical establishment. The said Boreham is—

Genteely made, but stooping in his gate, makes him appear round shoulder'd, his legs are long, and he has a remarkable Jirk in his Walk, his face rather



pale than fresh colour'd with a dark Mark on one side of his Neck resembling Dirt.

Announcements of racing and cock-fighting recur regularly. Easter Monday seems to have been a favourite day for "a match of Cocks" at 10 guineas a battle. An advertisement for Races on Bicton's Heath, near Shrewsbury, April 1755, ends with "There will be assemblies each night at The Raven, and Cocking as usual."

Packs of hounds are occasionally advertised for sale, "used to hunt both Fox and hare."

The number of "Sash'd houses" to let or to be sold is by far the largest item in the advertising columns. They always boast one or more dovecotes, well-stock'd fish ponds, and occasionally "there is also a good pew in the Church belonging to it."

Of schools or seminaries there are but few mentions. Occasionally we come upon one such as that of Mrs. Young, who takes young ladies "in a handsome sash'd House. . . . The young ladies to pay 12 pounds per year. The Entrance one guinea and a new silver spoon."

As we turn over the yellow pages of the London *Evening Post* we cannot but regret that the *Morning Post* of to-day has not imitated it in one particular, namely that of mentioning the fortune of the bride in the announcement of marriage. "Mr. So-and-So to Miss So-and-So, a young lady of great merit and 1,500£ fortune." This good old custom has unfortunately become obsolete, and we venture to suggest to the *Morning Post* that its revival would add a new element of interest to these always interesting announcements.

The want of a *Matrimonial News* seems to have pressed heavily on the unmarried in the days of which we have been writing. There are several advertisements for wives, which shows how that courageous newspaper has met in our own day a long and deeply felt want of our ancestors. "A gentleman," we read, "nearer the age of sixty than fifty" is on the look-out for a second wife "answerable to his years." He requires that she should be

Of a Behaviour to do Dignity at the Table, and in the House of a man of fortune ; of a chearful disposition, without any deformity in her Person : Her age implies that no external Beauties are required *but* . . . she must be plump, not hagged and lean.

As I close these notes a report reaches me which shows that, even while these short pages were being written, another bound was being made in the direction of expansion on the part of the professional bounder.

I hear (not on authority, therefore possibly correctly) that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine, as our hospital ships near our shores, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him :

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?"

"No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed 'Labby's Lip Salve'?"

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peers into the night and says, "Dash my starry topsails if we aren't out of our course!"

"No, sir," says the attendant bo'sun ; "that's 'Keating's Cough Lozenges' a-showing up on our lee now."

Ah! happy island, where the shout of the advertiser already re-echoes in our drawing-rooms, and will shortly greet the homing Briton from afar across the waves.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

## THE COMPANIONS OF THE CONQUEROR

**T**HERE is no more striking witness to the glamour of the Norman Conquest, and few more singular phenomena to be met with in our social history, than the craving to claim descent from a knight in the Norman host. To the historian this phenomenon is well worthy of attention, for it has borne persistent testimony to the social catastrophe of the Conquest, to the fact that a foreign aristocracy had obtained possession of the land. So firmly implanted in the English mind was the Norman origin of our feudal nobility that, even when it had been largely supplanted by an aristocracy of later growth, Norman descent was still considered almost indispensable to a noble, and the demand for a companion of the Conqueror at the head of the family pedigree was one that the heralds of the past were willing enough to supply. Nor, it would seem, in the popular mind, has the old belief been much shaken; in spite of the ever-increasing disappearance of our ancient houses, we still meet in the pages of the novelist, in the obituary notice, and in the personal paragraph, with the ancestor who "came over with the Conqueror," and even with the family who have inherited their lands from that interesting personage without a break.

Nor is it only in our own country that descent from a companion of the Conqueror is still coveted or claimed. I was recently told by a Professor of History at a famous American

University that the genealogical books in its library were always in great request, for the purpose of tracing, not, as we might expect, descent from a "Pilgrim father," but from one of the Norman knights who accompanied the Duke to England. It is easy enough to ridicule the quest; and yet there are probably few among us who would not in their hearts be proud of a proved pedigree from the Conquest, who would not feel that it gave them, as it were, a share in our national history. We have only to open any of the books professing to record the descent of our titled or untitled aristocracy to learn that it is still, as it always was, the "blue ribbon" of descent. Coveted, claimed, disputed, its attraction is undiminished; the families of to-day are as keen as those of the Tudor age on a founder who "came over with the Conqueror," who fought in his motley host, and who shared in the spoils of England.

There are doubtless, therefore, very many who would be glad to know where to look for authentic information upon this subject, and who would feel a certain interest in learning to what extent a Norman origin can be proved for existing English families. The whole question of the Norman settlement, at the time of the Conquest, in this country is one that has received less attention than might have been expected from historians; and this, no doubt, is one of the reasons of the misconceptions and popular delusions by which the subject is surrounded. It might well be imagined that Professor Freeman, in the five portly volumes he devoted to the Norman Conquest, would have dealt with so interesting a side of that great episode in our history; but I think it may fairly be said that he did not attempt to do so, possibly because it was a feature of the Conquest which did not particularly appeal to him. Moreover, on the question of the settlement as a whole, apart from its personal and local details, he is by no means a trustworthy guide; he appears, misled by the fables of the chronicler, to have vastly over-estimated the numbers of the Norman host, and, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," he had absolutely no conception of that system of tenure

by knight service on which the Normans received their fiefs.

It is not only in the course of the researches which enabled me to explain that system that I have been led to make a special study of the *personnel* of William's following: when preparing for the Public Record Office the "calendar of documents preserved in France" relating to English history in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, I visited each of the "departmental archives" of Normandy, and thus obtained a special knowledge of the records there preserved. And now, in working on the feudal period for the great "Victoria History of the Counties of England," I am devoting particular attention, in each county, to the tenants-in-chief and under-tenants named in Domesday Book. It is in the course of this inquiry that I have been struck by the want of any authoritative work on the Norman settlers in this country.

The main sources of information available at the present time may be briefly summarised as follows: First and foremost there is "Domesday Book" (1086), in which are recorded the names of all the "tenants-in-chief" (that is, of those who held directly of the Crown), and of their under-tenants, with the lands that were held by each just twenty years after the Battle of Hastings. Excellent, though perhaps not absolutely perfect, indexes to the names will be found in Ellis's "Introduction to Domesday Book" (1833). A grievous gap of eighty years separates this priceless record from one of the utmost importance for the history of our oldest families, namely, the transcript of the feudal returns sent in by the "barons," or tenants-in-chief, in 1166. These returns contain the names of those who held of them by "knight-service," and it is in them that we meet for the first time with the names of many knightly houses which are said to have come over with the Conqueror just a century before. A transcript of them has been officially published in the "Red Book of the Exchequer" (1896), but I have had to criticise that work severely, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will recall it and give us a better

edition. In the meanwhile the reader should beware of the treatment of names in its index. The only records that help us to bridge the above gap are "the great roll of the Pipe," as it is termed, for 1130, and its successors from 1156 onwards; and they are but of occasional assistance. There is, however, a great mass of valuable information on this subject to be found in the charters of religious houses. But Dugdaie's "Monasticon," unfortunately, contains no index of names, and only a small selection of charters. Societies are now slowly publishing the "cartularies" of our abbeys and priories, but the majority of these volumes remain at present in manuscript.

On a footing altogether different from that of the above documents there stand three "authorities" for the names of the Conqueror's companions. The first of these is the "Roman de Rou," which did not appear till more than a century after the Battle of Hastings, but in which its author, Master Wace, professes to record the names of those who fought for William. The second is the most familiar and the most worthless of them all, the so-called Roll of Battle Abbey. The third is the modern list compiled by M. Léopold Delisle, and now to be seen inscribed on a tablet in the church of Dives, the little port where the Norman host assembled in 1066.

It is obviously not possible to discuss in these pages the exact amount of credence to be given to Wace's names; but as Planché made them the basis of his work, "The Conqueror and his Companions"—a painstaking and meritorious book—something has to be said. In the first place, Wace was not a contemporary, and was consequently apt, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," to misunderstand his written authorities and to be confused by tradition. Le Prévost in Normandy and Taylor in England have both impugned his accuracy in details, and even Mr. Freeman admits that he mistook Roger for Robert de Beaumont. The question of his accuracy in the matter of names was raised in a friendly controversy between Mr. Freeman and Sir Henry Howorth as to the presence of no less a man than Roger de Montgomery

at the battle. Mr. Freeman, indeed, went so far as to write that "Wace's account, with Mr. Taylor's notes, is a perfect *nobiliaire* of the Conquest," and to add that "the names and the rewards of these men and of countless others are written in the great record of Domesday." But of the few names he selects from Wace we find that the very first is not to be found in "Domesday." The two points that strike me personally about Wace's names are, firstly, that they included houses which had risen, or at least had obtained lands in England, at a period later than the Conquest; secondly, that he wrote as a Norman, in Normandy, for the Normans. He reminds us, for instance, of Roger de Beaumont, that—

De cest Rogier en descendant  
Vint le lignage de Mellant.

In Normandy, no doubt, Roger's descendant, in Wace's time, was the Count of Meulan; but in England his descendants were the Earls of Warwick and of Leicester. I gather, therefore, that Wace's interest was chiefly in those whose descendants were known to him as *seigneurs* in Normandy, where the story of the Conquest remained for centuries a great tradition. I further gather that, while mentioning some of the Breton houses, he ignored the names of those who hailed from the region to the north-east of Normandy, whence Flemings and *seigneurs* of the Boulonnais had flocked to William's standard.

The so-called "Battle Abbey Roll" is, as I observed above, doubtless the most familiar of the lists of the Duke's followers. Its evidence is still freely cited in the pages of "Burke's Peerage," and in those of his "Landed Gentry." It is a document of which we have most of us heard, and which few of us, probably, know anything about. Mr. Freeman, not without good reason, wrote with wrath of that "transparent fiction," the "false roll of Battle;" and Mr. Joseph Hunter, who was specially qualified to pronounce an opinion on the subject, declared, after carefully weighing all that could be said in its favour, that we do not hear of such a Roll having even existed

at Battle till we come to the days of Elizabeth. Some ten years ago, however, the Duchess of Cleveland gallantly endeavoured to vindicate the Roll as a genuine list of those who accompanied the Duke, in a notable work of three volumes, entitled "The Battle Abbey Roll" (1889). All that can be said in favour of the Roll will be found in that able and ingenious book, in which the names are rescued from their corrupted forms, and the history of each family sketched with a brilliant touch. The sound genealogy and the literary grace by which the work is distinguished have failed to obtain due recognition owing to its advocacy of a hopeless cause, and to its reliance throughout on statements found in "The Norman People" (1874), an anonymous work which the reader must be warned never to treat as trustworthy.

The Roll is a mere list of surnames; it does not even pretend to give the names of individuals. It is so indisputable that some of these surnames are of later origin than the Conquest that the Roll's apologists have had to plead "interpolation" by the monks. That singular writer, Mr. Fox-Davies, asserts that "the monks of Battle Abbey are known to have tampered with their roll," although it is not even "known" that the "Roll" was in their possession. I believe, however, that their presence is explained by the simple fact that the whole roll was composed at a later date—perhaps in the fourteenth century—and was only intended to be a list of families which had "come over with the Conqueror," that is, whose ancestors had done so. The great baronial house, for instance, of St. John of Basing, figures as "St. John" on the Roll; but it did not assume that name till the thirteenth century, its Domesday ancestor in the male line being Hugh "de Port," a tenant-in-chief. And for the name of "Port" we search the Roll in vain. Remembering that in no copy of the Roll are found the names of individuals, it is amusing to read in "Burke's Peerage" that the founder of Lord Sefton's family, "William de Molines, one of the Norman nobles in the train of the Conqueror, stands in the eighteenth order upon the roll of Battle



Abbey." And this amusement is increased to amazement when we learn from the Duchess of Cleveland's work that even the surname of "Molines" is wanting in each of the versions of the Roll! It has been suggested that the original "Roll" was compiled in the fifteenth century, but I think it may date from that age of chivalry, the latter half of the fourteenth, of which some of the names are suggestive. Such a name as Howard, however, may have been interpolated later. No one can be more unbiased than myself in thus dismissing the "Battle Roll" as a list of the Conqueror's companions, for it includes the name of my own family in its French form. The compilers seem to have selected mainly names of French appearance, although families of real Norman origin had often adopted the name of an English manor as their own.

With the other so-called "Roll," that in the church of Dives, we might, indeed, seem at last to find ourselves on sure ground. For, as the Duchess of Cleveland writes, it "was compiled with much care and labour by M. Léopold Delisle, the greatest antiquarian authority in France, who professes to give no name that is not vouched by some deed or document of the period." That great scholar, M. Léopold Delisle, the head of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has long justly enjoyed a European reputation, and on Normandy at least his authority is supreme. But his list of the "Companions of William the Conqueror at the Conquest of England in 1066" is one that fills me with misgiving. It is, no doubt, largely based on the evidence of Domesday Book, which is, of course, the best of all for the date at which it was compiled (1086), though not to the same extent for the men of 1066. But even Domesday has its traps. Among the members of the famous house of Toeni, "Juhel de Toeni" figures on M. Delisle's list. This is obviously "Judhel de Totenais," as Domesday terms him, who had nothing whatever to do with Toeni, but was a Breton who derived his surname from our own Totnes, the head of his barony in England. Let us apply another test. "Hugue de Bolbec" and "Hugue de Mobec" were, according to M. Delisle,

among the companions of William. But the Domesday scribe's "Molebec" is a mere blunder for "Bolebec," as is shown by the descent of the manor of Kimble. There was but one Hugh, and he held a vast estate under his lord, Walter Giffard, whose Norman home was at Bolbec, a village near the mouth of the Seine, from which Hugh's descendants, the earls of Oxford, assumed a peerage title.

After these tests we shall not be surprised to find that "Gui de Rainecourt" and "Gui de Raimbeaucourt" were simply one and the same, while on the other hand M. Delisle records the name of Roger de Pistres, but omits that of his brother Durand. He similarly records "Richard Engagne," but omits William Engagne, as he records "Eude le Sénéchal," while omitting his brother Adam, a Domesday Commissioner and tenant. And what are we to say to such omissions as those of Aubrey de Vere, and of the gallant Lisois des Moustiers, the hero of the passage of the Aire (1069), who gained for his reward an English fief? But, indeed, the omissions are more than these. As to the names which have no right to figure on M. Delisle's list, "Guineboud de Balon" and "Hamelin de Balon" were, as I have shown in my recently-published "Studies in Peerage and Family History," two brothers from Maine who did not establish themselves in England till the reign of William Rufus. And I gravely doubt whether their contemporaries, "Bernard du Neufmarche," whose daughter was married in 1127, and the notorious "Renouf Flambard," who died Bishop of Durham in 1128, are likely to have been among William's companions in 1066; while as for "Auvrai de Merleberghe" (*i.e.*, Marlborough), he was certainly settled in England before the Norman Conquest.

It will be seen, then, that even this most eminent scholar has not succeeded in compiling a really trustworthy list; nor do I think that we are likely to obtain it from a foreign quarter. For in Normandy itself there is little evidence available for so early a period; and what little there is we

virtually know already. But in England there is still much to be done.

Two points, which are closely connected, have to be borne in mind. The first is that the number of Normans who settled as landowners in this country has been probably much over-estimated; the second is that a Norman baron might be known by more than one name. Richard, "the son of Count Gilbert," as he was commonly styled, was also known as "de Clare" or "de Tunbridge," from two of his English castles, and as "de Bienfaite" from his Norman lordship. Richard was one of the princes of the Conquest, but the same variety is found in the surnames of smaller men. The Tehel "Britto" of Essex and Norfolk was the Tehel "de Herion" of Suffolk, in Domesday Book. Its "Winemar" was also its "Winemar the Fleming" and its "Winemar de Hanslepe." Even where the surname was the same in fact, it might vary in appearance. Ellis, for instance, gives us in Domesday three tenants-in-chief—Robert "Blundus," who held in Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex; Robert "Flavus," who had a manor in Wiltshire, and Robert "Albus," who held one in Northamptonshire. Yet these three were all one, namely, Robert le Blond, whose chief seat was at Ixworth, Suffolk, where, after the manner of Norman lords, he was trying, in 1086, to grow, as he doubtless had done in France, his own wine. An existing family of Blount claims descent from Robert, whose identity is proved not only by that of his English predecessor in all his lands, namely "Achi the housecarl," but by his heir's return of fees in 1166. As Robert is also given by Ellis, twice over, as an under-tenant, we have here a single Norman converted into five.

Mr. Freeman appears to have seen nothing improbable in the fact of "sixty thousand" landowners assembling on Salisbury Plain to pass "a statute" in conjunction with their king at the close of the Domesday survey. Nor did he reject as impossible the estimate of "sixty thousand" for the host that sailed with William to share in the conquest of England.

But these tales are of the same kind as that which makes the Conqueror parcel the lands of England into "sixty thousand" knights' fees. As I have shown in my "Feudal England," it is probable that all the fiefs in his realm, including those in the hands of the Church, were not liable to provide more than 5000 knights. Even if the total rose to six or seven thousand, the traditional number is absurd. It is only from Domesday that we can estimate the number of the Norman landowners. And even the evidence of Domesday Book might lead us, as we saw above, to think that there were more than was actually the case.

The looseness with which his surname sat upon a Norman lord accounts for the many cases in which his heirs are found disguised beneath the name of an English manor. The Draytons of Drayton, Northamptonshire, were a younger branch of De Vere; and the Wolvertons of Wolverton, Bucks, were the direct heirs-male of the Breton Lord of Wolverton and its fief in 1086. It was really a matter of chance what the name would be. In England, for instance, the heirs male of Walter Fitz Other of Stanwell, who was probably constable of Windsor, became Windsor of Stanwell, a manor still in the possession of the Domesday tenant's heir when he was created by Henry VIII. Lord Windsor of Stanwell; but in Ireland a younger branch, which dwarfed the parent stem, has remained known to our own day by the historic name of FitzGerald. The cadets of De Clare are another instance, for while in Northamptonshire they bore the names of Daventry of Daventry and Fawsley of Fawsley, in Essex, where they were the Lords of Dunmow, famous for its fitch, they were known by a name illustrious in connection with the great charter, namely, that of FitzWalter. In a history of his own ancient house, that able genealogist, General Wrottesley, has observed that, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, "it seems to have been a mere matter of chance whether the family surname would have assumed at this date the form of Wrottesley, Verdon, or Simmons." I have myself seen charters granted by

a knightly tenant at about the same time, in which he used a certain surname. I suspected him to be a man known under quite another name, and on examining the seal of one of the charters I found that it duly assigned him that very different name.

The reader will be tempted, at this stage, to ask "What's in a name?" and will at least be on his guard against assuming that a name is evidence of Norman or Saxon origin. The ordinary man would select, probably, among the names of our titled aristocracy, those of Fitzwilliam and Neville as characteristically Norman. Yet, oddly enough, the bearers of them both can actually prove their descent from ancestors of English blood. In my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," I have shown that the Fitzwilliams are directly descended from a certain Godric, living about the middle of the twelfth century, whose name was so typically English that the Norman barons bestowed it in derision on Henry Beauclerc, their king, when he married an English wife. Of Godric we only know that he was probably a Yorkshireman; but the house of Neville can claim a founder of noble blood. Dolfyn, the son of Uchtred, who obtained, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," what was known as "Staindropshire" in 1181, was, in all probability, of high Northumbrian birth. His descendants, however, have always preferred to dwell on their Norman blood, traced through an heiress of the Nevill family, whose surname they assumed with her inheritance about the end of the twelfth century. Burke derives them from "Gilbert de Nevil, one of the companions-in-arms of the Conqueror," who used to be styled admiral of William's fleet; but, as was acutely observed by Planché, the "admiral" story doubtless sprang from the ship or *nef* borne by the Nevilles, in accordance with a practice common in heraldry, as a pun upon their name. In the Dives list, M. Léopold Delisle has named Richard "de Neuville" as the Conqueror's companion; but he probably consulted only Ellis' "Index to Domesday," from which the name of Nevill is omitted; while Sir William Dugdale went further, and declared that it was not to be found in the

Great Survey. I have shown, however, that not only does the name of Ralf "de Nevilla" occur in "Domesday," but that a "Gilbert" in that record can also be identified as a Nevill. Both Ralf and Gilbert were tenants in Lincolnshire of the Abbot of Peterborough, nor is there any reason to suppose that they were of high position. Neuville, of course, like Newton among ourselves, was a place-name not uncommon abroad, which accounts for the fact that the name of Neville is found among the Protestant refugees of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England.

Although it is somewhat invidious to select the finest Norman pedigree, it would not be easy to surpass that of the house of Ferrers. Of baronial rank at Ferrières St. Hilaire, even before the Conquest, its chief obtained, as a follower of William, a fief which ranged over no fewer than fourteen counties, and to which, in Derbyshire alone, belonged a hundred and fourteen manors. To this great territorial position there was added the dignity of an earldom, as a reward for the victory of "the Standard" in 1138. In the existing peerage there is no family that can claim descent from such a house as this, and, indeed, both within and without the peerage there are families which are proud to find their founder in one of its under-tenants. In her charming notice of this historic house the Duchess of Cleveland could still write, in 1889, of its Baddesley-Clinton branch, that it "flourishes to this day, the last off-set of the stately tree that once spread its branches far and wide over the Midland counties." But, as a matter of fact, even this branch came to an end in the male line on the death of Mr. Marmion Edward Ferrers, co-heir of the barony of Ferrers (1299), in 1884. Cadets, however, doubtless exist.

Few indeed are the houses that can prove an uninterrupted male descent from a Domesday tenant-in-chief. Of the ducal race of FitzGerald I have already spoken, but when we turn to the lords of Kerry, now represented by Lord Lansdowne, we find their claim to the same origin dependent on their ancestor's

alleged descent from one of the "Giraldidæ," Raymond le Gros. Unfortunately, Gerald, the historian, states that Raymond, whose cousin he was, died without legitimate issue, and this statement is accepted by the "Dictionary of National Biography." As the same descent is assigned by "Burke" to the Graces of Grace Castle, theirs also goes by the board. One of the most remarkable examples of descent from a great Norman house was that of the early Staffords, who could prove that their founder was a Toeny, of a race illustrious in the Duchy. But the famous Staffords, earls and dukes, were, in the male line, Bagots. The tale of their greatness and their fall has been told by the Duchess of Cleveland, down to their extinction, in utter poverty, in 1640. She adds that "one remaining branch of the royal Toënis still flourishes in the male line," namely, the Gresleys of Drakelowe Park, holders of a baronetcy dating from the first creation of that rank (1611). But although it is always assumed and stated that Nigel de Stafford, their Domesday ancestor, was a brother of Robert de Stafford, there is no positive proof, unluckily, of the fact. The Gresleys, however, can claim the surely unique distinction of being still seated on that lordship which they held of the Conqueror himself as "Drachelawe" in 1086. As this distinction is as genuine as it is certainly remarkable, it is, of course, ignored in "Burke," where we only read :

At the time of the Conquest, Nigel, son of Roger de Toeny, with his brothers, Robert afterward Lord (*sic*) Stafford, and Ralph, the ancestor of the Cliffords, accompanied their kinsman, Duke William, to England, and was rewarded for his services by grants of numerous lordships in the counties of Derby, Leicester, and Stafford.

The mention of the Cliffords reminds me that their pedigree in the same work begins only in the days of Henry II.

Walter, son of Richard FitzPons, living in the time of Henry II., *m.* Margaret, dau. and heir of Ralph de Toeni.

Yet Dreu Fitz Pons and Walter Fitz Pons are tenants-in-chief in Domesday Book, while Richard Fitz Pons, as I

was able to prove, married the daughter of a Norman baron and the sister of a Norman earl. On the other hand, the Toeni marriage has never, I believe, been proved.

In the English peerage, the only house, perhaps, that can prove descent from a Domesday tenant-in-chief is that of St. John, to which the Lords St. John and the Earls of Bolingbroke both belong. But even this is dependent on the soundness of one or two essential links in the pedigree as accepted. Here again the family has preferred to derive itself from the St. Jeans (of St. Jean-le-Thomas), who did not come over (as alleged) at the Conquest, but under Henry I., rather than from Hugh de Port, the Domesday tenant-in-chief. The latter, if the pedigree is sound, was their ancestor in the male line. The story of Hugh's fief is one of peculiar interest. Deriving his name from Port-en-Bessin, a little village on the coast to the north of Bayeux, he was a feudal tenant of its warrior bishop in England as in Normandy. But he also held in chief of the Crown wide estates in Hampshire, of which Basing was the head. Basing passed with an heiress to the Paulets nearly five centuries ago, and became famous for its long resistance, as the seat of their head, "the loyal Marquess," to the forces of the Parliament (1643-1645). And although it has passed away from their line, their heirs-male still retain a fragment of the Domesday fief. When the late Marquess fell at the battle of Magersfontein, having displayed on that occasion "almost reckless valour," his body was brought home to the churchyard of that Ampport which preserves in its suffix, though the fact has been forgotten, the name of his Norman ancestor, the Hugh de Port of the Conquest.

We have hitherto dealt with those families which claim descent in the male line from a Domesday tenant-in-chief. More numerous, as might be expected, are those which find their ancestor in a Domesday under-tenant. But for those the proof is far harder, not only because it is rare in Domesday to find the surname of an under-tenant, but also because the descent of his lands is infinitely harder to trace. Mr. Eyton,



the best authority on the subject, asserted, of "families of knightly degree," that "the latter half of the twelfth century is . . . a limit not often surpassed with probable truth, while its earlier half is only a field for the wildest conjecture." Nevertheless, there are a few cases in which the descent can be carried back to a tenant in Domesday Book. As the house of Ferrers is the best instance of descent from a Norman tenant-in-chief, so perhaps are the Shirleys, whose descent is traced from one of its great vassals, and who bear its name as that of their earldom, the best case of this other claim. For the evidences printed by Mr. Evelyn Shirley in his "*Stemmata Shirleiana*" prove, I think, quite clearly, not only his house's descent from "Saswalo," who held under Henry de Ferrers, but also the very remarkable fact that his own seat, Etingdon Hall, was one of his ancestor's Domesday estates and had been in the family ever since. There may, of course, be other cases, but I do not myself know of one in which it has been proved. It is claimed, indeed, for an ennobled family, Bagot of Bagot's Bromley, and even the Duchess of Cleveland states that

*Bagod Dominus medietatis de Bramele*, holding of Robert de Toeni, Baron of Stafford, is recorded in Domesday; and this same manor of Bagot's Bromley is still held by his descendants in the direct male line. Few indeed of our great English houses can rival so rare a distinction as an uninterrupted tenure of more than eight centuries.

Unfortunately, Domesday Book contains no such words. Bagot held, not Bromley (which was "Brumlege" in Domesday), but "Branselle," which was fully shown, in Mr. Eyton's "*Staffordshire Domesday*," to be represented by Bramshall. I suspect, however, that Bagot was the actual ancestor of the family, although one may not be able to prove it. That astonishing person, Mr. Fox-Davies, who is surprised that any one should question the verdict of an officer of arms, would doubtless consider decisive the fact that, as "*Burke's Peerage*" informs us,

The pedigree of the family, in the possession of the family, attested by Sir William Dugdale and Gregory King, of the College of Arms . . . deduces

the lineal descent from Bagod, Lord of Bromley . . . as mentioned in Domesday Book.

But this same Gregory King, who was doubtless the working partner of the two, was, we must remember, the obliging herald who, when Thomas, Lord Coventry (1695), married one of his young maid-servants, Grimes by name, provided him and her with a fraudulent descent from Graham, and assigned her the arms accordingly! Her indignant stepson, on succeeding to the title, took formal steps to convict the herald of the fraud.

Indeed, one has always to allow for the intervention of a herald. The ancient house of the Knightleys of Fawsley, distinguished by its matrimonial alliances, can be traced back, as Knightley of Knightley, to the middle of the twelfth century. But one of the most famous of the old heralds, one whose authority at the College of Arms is still most highly esteemed, I mean Augustine Vincent, drew out its pedigree from Rainald, who held Knightley in Domesday, adding the links required. In Burke, therefore, the house is traced to this Rainald de Knightley, and the late (first and last) Lord Knightley of Fawsley was named after him. Mr. Eyton, however, showed clearly that the Domesday tenant was Rainald de Bailleul, with whom the Knightleys had nothing to do. His indignation was stirred by the fact that this great Norman tenant had been coolly laid hands on by the heralds to provide, not only the Knightleys, but also the Lees and the Westons, with an ancestor in Domesday Book. Vincent's connecting link, I may add, was a document which cannot now be found. Even where the heralds of former times adduced actual documents in proof of the pedigrees they compiled, the evidence, although often genuine, has, at times, to be accepted with much caution. Mr. Eyton told us very plainly what he thought of a herald's pedigree of the Dunstanvilles, containing not only falsified documents, but at least one "detestable forgery." He indignantly exclaimed—

We may here dismiss this tissue of falsification and forgery. That very ancient School of Heraldry which originated such documents is perhaps

extinct. . . . How can that be an available element of history which poisons the very fountains of history itself?—"Antiquities of Shropshire," ii. 304.

In my "Studies in Peerage and Family History" I have shown that a Clarendieux King of Arms who compiled, some three centuries ago, the pedigree of the Spencers, must have been aware that one of the very documents he cited proved the falsity of that pedigree which he solemnly certified to be truth. It is but fair to add that the heralds may not have been the only sinners. The pedigree, for instance, of the Mordaunts, commences in "Burke" thus :

Sir Osbert le Mordaunt, a Norman knight, of Radwell, co. Bedford (an estate granted by William the Conqueror to his brother), was succeeded by his son Osmond le Mordaunt.

The Mordaunts can be traced back to within about a century of Domesday, and their baronetcy is one of those created in 1611. But, as usual, this was not enough; a Norman founder was required. So a charter was discovered by which Eustace de St. Gilles gave his brother, the above Osbert, the manor of Radwell, which he had received as part of his reward, "by the munificence of William, most illustrious King of the English, for the services rendered him in the Conquest by my father and myself." The charter, of course, is a blatant imposture, but it has been accepted without question, and the name of its quite imaginary Osbert revived in that of the present baronet. One has only to turn to Domesday Book to learn that it knows nothing of Eustace or his brother at Radwell. The alleged charter saw the light in a work known as "Halstead's Genealogies" (1685), for which Henry (Mordaunt), Lord Peterborough, was really responsible. He also produced a charter (which appears to be the best evidence for "Payn," the Conquest ancestor of the Dawnays) in which a Hugh Burdet was made to say that the Conqueror had given him Maidford in Northants. As "Hugh" appears in Domesday as only its under-tenant, Baker, the able historian of the county, pronounced the charter to be of special interest for the new light that it afforded :

A wide field is thus opened to conjecture as to the nature and extent of the enormous grants made by the Conqueror to the principal Domesday tenants-in-chief.

But a glance at the witnesses is enough to show that the charter must have been concocted.

From such pranks as these it is pleasant to turn to General Wrottesley's patient proof that his house can fairly claim descent from Randulf, brother of the Abbot of Evesham, a Domesday under-tenant. And there are other families which, if they cannot find their direct ancestors in Domesday Book, are, at least, clearly of Norman origin. The Curzons, for instance, who, like the Shirleys, were under-tenants of the house of Ferrers, derived their name from Courson, in the south-west of the Calvados, and appear in Derbyshire at least as early as 1135. A Robert de "Curcon" is found in Domesday, but only in East Anglia. Coeval in Derbyshire with the Curzons is the house of Fitzherbert of Swinerton, of which the founder was seneschal to Ferrers, though their Derbyshire manor of Norbury cannot have been granted so early as 1126, if, as "Burke" states, Robert de Ferrers witnessed the grant as earl. Two interesting Norman families are those of Burdet(t) and Corbet. Loséby, Leicestershire, was held in 1086 by "Hugh Burdet" as under-tenant; and as the manor remained in the hands of the Burdets for some three centuries, there cannot well be a doubt of their descent, though the earliest links, as usual, are in my opinion wanting. "Burke," however, characteristically ignores the Domesday tenancy, and does not even hint at an origin before the days of Henry II. On the other hand, the pedigree it gives of Corbet of Moreton Corbet loudly proclaims their unbroken descent from Hugh Corbet, living in Normandy in 1040. The pedigree given is that of Blakeway, which was utterly overthrown by Mr. Eyton, who devoted "the greatest attention" to the matter. He decided that the pedigree could not be proved beyond the Richard Corbet living in 1180, although he was doubtless a cadet of kin to the Roger "FitzCorbet" of the

Conquest. But the family has held Moreton Corbet in the male line for seven centuries, and obtained it with an heiress of its Domesday tenant.

As a contrast to this genuine case of uninterrupted tenure, we may take this statement, which only last year (1900) was placed at the head of the De Hoghton pedigree in "Burke" as the result of "a more thorough revision than usual," in which Somerset Herald assisted by "laborious researches":

William de Hocton, living 5 Stephen, gave ten marks in gold that he might have to wife the widow of Geoffrey de Favare (*sic*), with her land and the custody of her son, till he might be knighted, and that afterwards he might hold the land of the said William. This property is now in the possession of his descendants. His great grandson, &c. &c.

This, surely, is precise enough. Yet the record cited, as has long been known, is not of "5 Stephen," but the roll of 1130, and the Favarches' land, as I can show, had nothing to do with Lancashire, but was at Walsingham, in Norfolk. The positive assertion of its descent is therefore simply untrue, and the above William had nothing to do with this ancient Lancashire house. I have introduced this case as a warning that even the precision of a statement in no way implies its truth. Family after family which is stated in "Burke" to have come in with the Conqueror is quite unable to prove its pedigree to the Norman period. That "the founder of the English Grosvenors, Gilbert le Grosvenor, came over in the train of William the Conqueror," is a proposition which would certainly be rejected by any competent genealogist; while the Gurdons, who are stated, under "Cranworth," to have "come into England with the Conqueror from Gourdon, near Cahors," are understood to be descended from a rich Dedham clothier. I have exposed a number of similar cases in my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," but may here add a few others. That the Lechmeres "acquired from William the Conqueror a grant of lands in Hanley, co. Worcester," is a statement at once disproved by Domesday; and the same evidence disposes of the claim, for which a pedigree by Garter King of Arms

(1682) is vouched, that the Caves descend from Jordan, who received North and South Cave from his brother "Wyamarus" in 1080. Mr. A. S. Ellis, the best authority on early Yorkshire pedigrees, tells me that the claim of the Skipwiths to be a branch of the baronial Stutevilles is equally baseless, as indeed one might expect from its description of Hugh Fitz-Baldric as a "Saxon thane." The Barttelots of Stopham acquired it with an heiress about the close of the fourteenth century, but even a friendly account of the family admits that their previous history is obscure; and the statement that "the first of this family, Adam Barttelot, came to England with William the Conqueror and seated himself at Ferring (*sic*), Sussex," is an Elizabethan invention. But traditions, which even "Burke's Peerage" hesitates now to give as fact, are still accepted and acted on if, as has been stated, the singular title of the viscountcy bestowed on Lord Roberts, namely, that of "St. Pierre," refers to the fancy that the Bunburys of Bunbury, from whom his mother's family may have been descended, were founded by a Norman follower of the Conqueror who bore the surname of St. Pierre.

I am not here concerned with dreams of so-called "Saxon origin," as claimed for the Bathursts, Boothbys, Thorolds, and Wardlaws (who first came "from Saxony into England about the beginning of the sixth century"), and even for the Crofts and the Tichbornes. Nor have I even attempted to compile an exhaustive list of those families that may be able to prove a pedigree from the Conquest. But the instances I have given should at least suffice to prove how extremely rare is this widely-coveted distinction, and how little faith can be placed in its assertion by "Burke" and similar "authorities." If the great scheme of family history projected in connection with the new "Victoria County Histories" is successfully carried out, those who can claim Norman descent will at last have justice done to them, and will cease to find a spurious descent placed on a level with their own. And for those who cannot claim it—indeed, for the "newest" of families—there is,

let me tell them, comfort. There is, though they may not know it, in England a noble "caste," to which they may gain admission for an almost trivial sum. And, once within it, they may look with scorn on the poor plebeians that remain without. I am betraying no secret when I tell them that for £76 10s. they may obtain a patent of nobility on all fours with a peerage patent, by which not only they, but all their descendants in the male line for ever, will be severed from the vulgar herd. My authority for this interesting statement is the "Armorial Families" of Mr. Fox-Davies, in which a common mistake is thus corrected—

We teach boys their manners and exhort them to *be* gentlemen, when they have nothing to do with it. They are or they are not gentlemen already. . . . if they are, show them how, and why, and in what way they are better than others. Teach them that they are—as they are—of another caste.

For they are the happy children of what he terms "armigerous persons." Let us speak no longer with scornful amusement of titles bestowed by the Pope or the Republic of San Marino; let us cease to scoff at "decoration scandals" that we hear of across the Channel. For a patent of nobility *à prix fixe* there is nothing, to judge from "Armorial Families," equal to a grant of arms, of which the fortunate grantee is "the first holder of the lesser nobility of that creation in precisely the same manner as the first Peer is a Peer by patent." We cannot all be of Norman descent; but even the newest of *novi homines* can enter the noble "caste." And if the rush of aspirants, when this is realised, blocks the traffic in Queen Victoria Street, the responsibility must rest with Mr. Fox-Davies, and not with the writer of these lines.

J. HORACE ROUND.

## FLORENTINE PAINTING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE art of the Trecento is overshadowed by the genius of Giotto. He had discovered a style so perfectly moulded to the ideas of his time and the genius of the Italian people, that for nearly a hundred years artists were engrossed in the work of applying that style to the recital of all the legends of Christian mythology. Thus it comes about that the art of this period has the effect of an anti-climax. It is too like Giotto's art in its aim not to be instantly compared with that, and too unlike in its accomplishment not to suffer by the comparison. Adhering strenuously to the high and heroic notion of art which Giotto had established, it left no room for the unfolding of slighter talents, for the indulgence of trivial but genuine interests. With the comparative lowering of the imaginative aims of art in the fifteenth century, such minor painters attained to their complete development; and we often pass by a Giottesque fresco in which the principles of the grand style are studiously upheld, in order to admire the genial trifling of some fifteenth century cassone painter who scarcely regarded himself as more than a craftsman, but who had the good fortune to be able to work unreservedly on the level of his own temperament. It was not always thus. When Italian art was studied more for its Christian sentiment than for its



æsthetic excellence, the Trecento was pointed to as the great period, and Orcagna was a bigger name than Botticelli. In any case, that minute analytic study which has now for many years been directed to the works of the Quattrocento has hardly taken in hand the work of the preceding century, and I shall endeavour in this article only to attempt a general indication of what were the main currents of influence and the leading æsthetic ideas in the period which intervenes between Giotto and Masaccio. The convenient term *Giottesque* which is applied to the artists of this period implies too wide a generalisation; it tends to disguise the differences and underestimate the changes discernible in the art of the Trecento. None the less it indicates the main trend of artistic endeavour, and calls attention to the formation of a style which imposed upon the artist an habitual academic formula. The fullest development of this style is found in Florence; but even there it underwent successive modifications, while it was occasionally refreshed by influences derived from the freer development of other Italian schools. The most important of these foreign influences is that of Siena, where an independent tradition deriving from Duccio di Buoninsegna maintained a vigorous existence throughout the fourteenth century. In the second half of the century we find a spontaneous outburst of a new sentiment for the charms of natural life, though this, it is true, scarcely finds any echo in Florentine art till the beginning of the Quattrocento.

Of the pure *Giottesque* tradition, which forms as it were the ground bass of the art of the period, Taddeo Gaddi was on Giotto's death regarded as the great exponent. He was Giotto's favourite pupil, and had so completely absorbed his master's style that, more than any other artist of the time, he is quite adequately defined by the term *Giottesque*. His works are indeed academic in just the same way as that of Michaelangelo's and Raphael's immediate followers. We feel in them that the authority for Taddeo Gaddi's design is not a personal conviction, but a pious belief in his master's infallibility. His

test of the rightness of a type or pose is only whether or not it reminds him of something in Giotto's works.

In the Presentation in the Temple (Fig. 1), for instance, the children in the foreground, with their awkward proportions, are compounded from such of Giotto's pictures as the Allegory of Poverty and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. Giotto, it is true, is responsible for their curious proportions; but his children were always doing something definite, whereas Taddeo Gaddi's are still wondering why they find themselves in these attitudes. The same want of instinctive understanding of gesture is evident in the otherwise rather pleasing figure of the Virgin, whose attitude suggests a discourse to the crowd on her parents' virtues. Taddeo Gaddi's tendency is everywhere to exaggerate his master's mannerisms without understanding the ideas which conduced to them. The narrow opening of the eye, which with Giotto was a natural reaction from the Byzantine stare, and which enabled him to suggest a new vivacity of expression, has here become as much of a formula as the Byzantine convention it replaced. Giotto's massive design of the figure has in the High Priest and the spectator to the right begun to threaten symptoms of dropsy. A characteristic of Taddeo, also perhaps derived by exaggeration from Giotto, is the menacing proportions of the triangular noses to be found in the same figures.

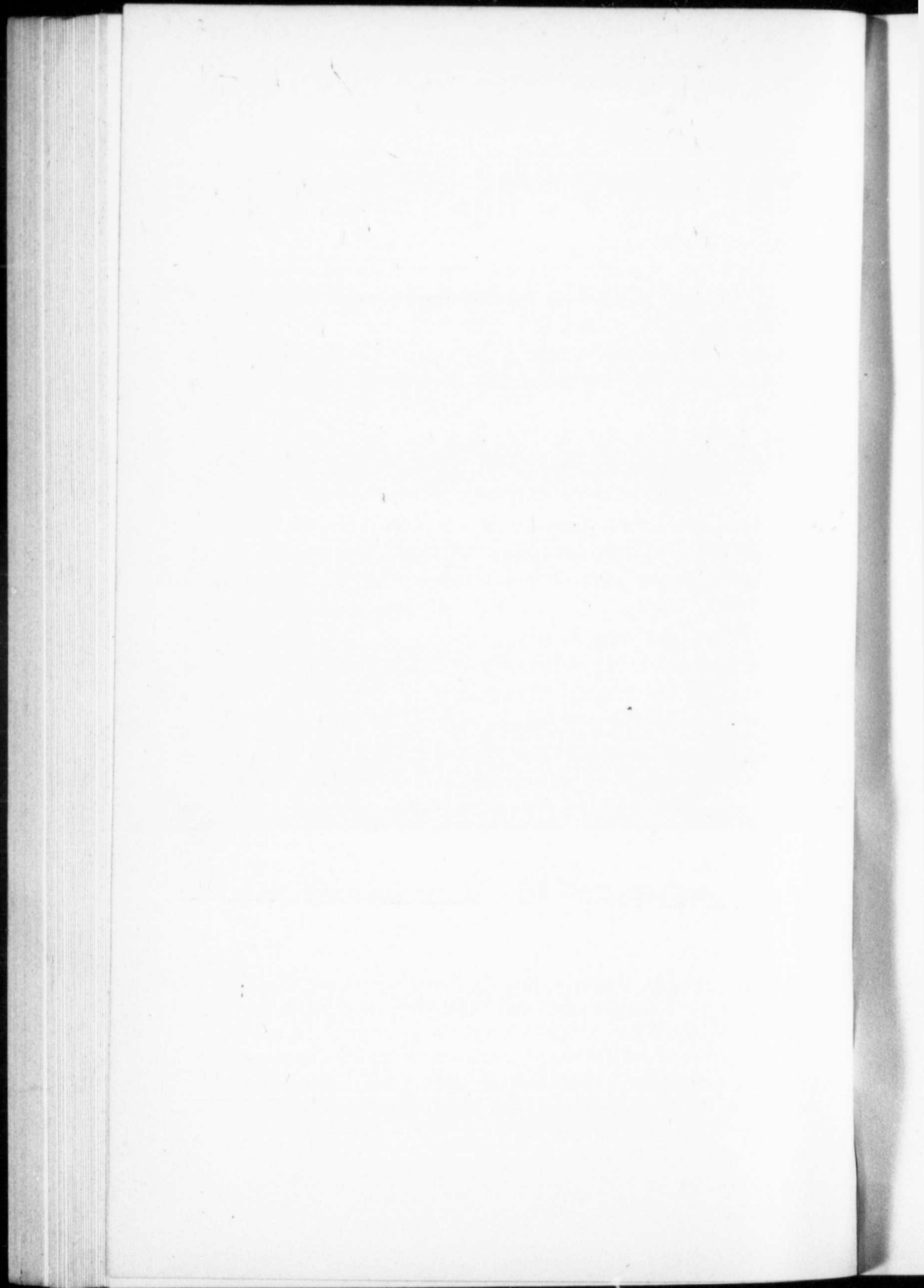
Giotto, as we saw, had made a brilliant approximate guess at the laws of linear perspective; had given to his figures very nearly the relations that they would have in a three-dimensional space. But as he had never found a scientific statement of what he instinctively perceived, he was unable to hand on to his pupils any guiding principle; and we find already in this work, together with a much greater complication of the architectural setting, a great loss of verisimilitude in the relation of the parts.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To Taddeo Gaddi may probably be ascribed several inferior works which at one time oppressed Giotto's reputation. Among these the most important is the large altarpiece of the Coronation of the Virgin in the sacristy of Sta.



*Phot. Alinari*

FIG. 1.—Presentation of the Virgin, by Taddeo Gaddi. *Sta. Croce, Florence*



Taddeo's younger contemporary, Giotto, discovers a very different and much more attractive temperament. There is some doubt about the historical person who went by this nickname, two artists competing for the honour, but there is no doubt about the artistic personality to which we owe the frescoes of the Chapel of S. Sylvestro in Sta. Croce and the beautiful pietà in the Uffizi.

Giotto is said by Vasari to have died young, of consumption, and certainly his works have something of the romantic glamour which agrees with such a type of genius. Fig. 2 is taken from one of the frescoes in the Chapel of S. Sylvestro. It represents St. Sylvester closing the mouth of the monster whose noisome breath killed several hundred Roman citizens daily; to the right he is restoring to life two mages who had succumbed to the smell. It is, perhaps, no mere accident that in the painting of the Trecento we find so many subjects like this, in which the childish and grotesque side of Christian mythology replaces the humanity and dignity of Giotto's subjects. The great ideals of Dante's time were during the fourteenth century being ruthlessly exposed by the course of events, the mediæval system was crumbling, and the elements of superstitious ignorance it contained were no longer held in check. But in any case Giotto uses his subject for all it contains of dignity and dramatic effect. We see again almost as much as in Giotto the instinct for appropriate gesture and expression. St. Sylvester throughout, even when he is engaged in the delicate operation of shutting the monster's mouth, has the grave and stately demeanour which

Croce, which, as it is signed *Opus Magistri Jocti* on the frame, was accepted even by Morelli as a standard work. Baron Rumohr based his attack upon Giotto largely on the defects in this work. The monotony of the faces, the long noses, and masks too big for the skull, to which he calls attention, are all traits of Taddeo Gaddi's work. The peculiarity of the sleeves, which led him to accuse Giotto of a trivial interest in fashionable fancies, is also frequent in Taddeo's work, and I believe known in Giotto's. It is none the less a work of extraordinary technical excellence.

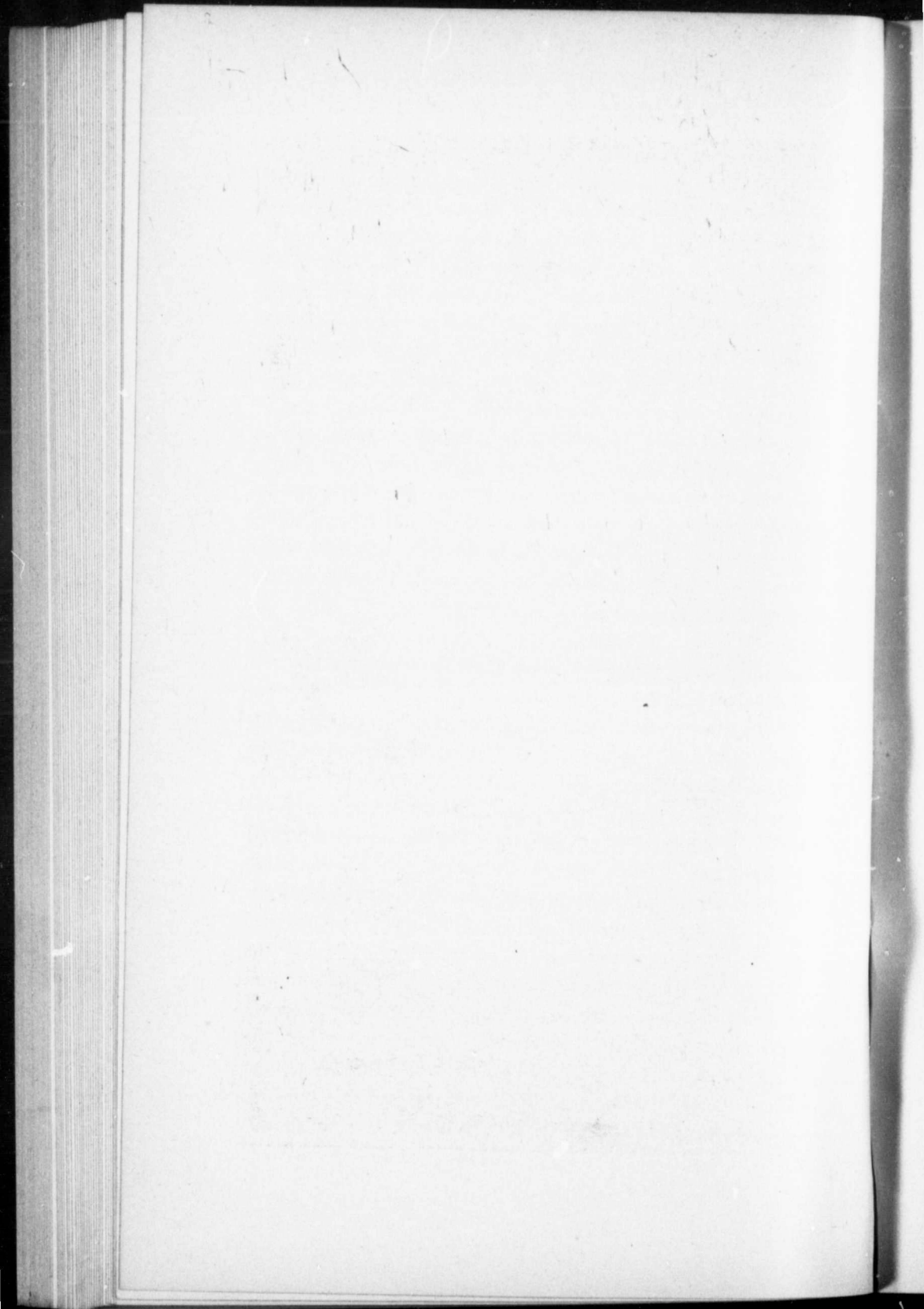
befits his position, while Constantine and his courtiers express their amazement with dignified vivacity. Unlike Taddeo, Giotto was clearly gifted with a fine sense of proportion, which enables him to give unusual spaciousness to his composition. The buildings, with their ruined walls and weeds sprouting from the cracks, are not only very beautiful in design, but seem actually intended to enforce the suggestion of desolation and havoc. This picture may almost be considered as showing the first germs of the idea of mood in landscape. In his figures Giotto tends to a finer, more minute realisation of the features than Giotto; they lack his imposing breadth of treatment, but there is a variety and naturalness in these heads which suggests that had Giotto lived long enough to influence more decidedly the current of Florentine art the rigidity of the Giottoesque formula would have been sooner broken. In the beauty of its tonality and the novelty and boldness of its colour scheme this fresco must be considered as among the finest works of the Trecento. It evinces, however, signs of a tendency which increased throughout the fourteenth century, and led art farther and farther from Giotto's conception. The chief sign of this is to be found in the extreme use of the method of continuous representation.<sup>1</sup> This method had been consistently employed in pre-Giottoesque art, but Giotto himself makes the most sparing use of it. Intent as he was upon the dramatic sequence of events, he visualised them too vividly as actually occurring in a three-dimensional space to allow of this convenient method of symbolising their succession. But here not only are two scenes combined in a single composition, but two moments of the same scene are given by the device of representing the mages twice over, once lying stark dead and once kneeling in humble gratitude to their deliverer. Such a treatment is no doubt shocking to the modern craving

<sup>1</sup> I adopt here with gratitude the convenient term employed in Mrs. Strong's translation of Wickhoff's "Roman Art," where the origins of this method in early Christian times are fully discussed.



FIG. 2.—Miracles of St. Sylvester, by Giotto. *Sta. Croce, Florence*

*Phot. Alinari*





for complete verisimilitude, but it is one indication of an alternative view of art to ours, and one which gained ground throughout the fourteenth century, till at one time it appeared likely to become the established mode of European design. In his employment of the continuous method Giotto shows consummate skill. The whole success of his composition depends on the ingenious use he has made of the pillar in the foreground. By this he has suggested the sub-division of the whole composition into two sections. Such a duplex composition sets an extremely difficult problem, and one which few artists—perhaps only Giotto and Masaccio—have solved quite successfully, for each figure must have its proper preponderance in regard to the act in which it occurs, and at the same time to the whole drama. Here, but for the pillar, St. Sylvester would be too exactly in the centre, but he takes his properly emphatic place in the particular scene of the resurrection, where he is about a third of the way across the composition.

We must now turn aside from the Florentine tradition to consider those elements of design cultivated by the Siennese artists, which were destined to have a great effect on the work of later Florentine masters. The distinguishing trait of the Florentine temperament was its union with æsthetic sensibility of a shrewd and penetrating intellectual insight. The mental attitude of the Florentines was essentially a scientific and speculative one. Of all Italians they were the most capable of co-ordinating experience in wide-reaching generalisations. Even their turbulent political passions became to them material for objective study and research. The Siennese character was in many respects the antithesis of this. If possible, more fiercely passionate than the Florentines, they were wanting in the conception of any objective standard to which the successive phases of emotion could be related. They remained throughout their history unscientific and subjective. Of this their political history affords evidence; dominated by an unreasoning passion for democratic liberty, without any idea of

relativity or compromise, they were doomed to a succession of intolerable party tyrannies, varied by intervals of revolution and proscription. Dante, who shared their Ghibelline sympathies, found his love of order and symmetry so shocked by their mercurial instability, that he asks contemptuously if ever there was so vain a people as the Siennese, and replies "None; not even the French by a long way"; while contemporary writers agree with Philip de Commines that they were the worst governed people in Italy.

But they had the qualities of their defects. That excess of passionate conviction found beautiful expression in their art. The Florentines from the beginning recognised the existence of an objective reality, of certain laws of structure in natural objects to which their representations must conform. But the Siennese were less patient of what lay outside the domain of pure feeling; with the irrefutable logic of fanaticism, they refused to come to terms with external nature and became the purest and most intransigent artists of Italy.

We might suppose that with such a wilful and subjective temperament the Siennese artists would cultivate the *a priori* and internal elements of design—precisely that side which was least evident in Giotto's work—and would neglect that sense of structural significance by which Giotto stirs our imaginations to the reconstruction of palpable forms. And such in fact was the case. Already in Duccio the tendency to sacrifice structural possibility to a mellifluous rhythm of line was apparent. In Simone Martini, the greatest artist Siena produced, and the dominating figure of the Trecento, this quality of rhythm was brought to its highest perfection. Nor did these tendencies cease to affect Siennese art all through its too brief career, and when in the Quattrocento the Florentines were absorbed in the study of characteristic form, Siennese artists, like Neroccio di Landi, continued to design with the beautiful inaccuracy of mediæval art, and Siennese pictures of a date contemporary with Leonardo da Vinci strike us at first sight as belonging to the Trecento.

To Simone Martini we will turn, then, to investigate the characteristics of the Siennese tradition. Simone Martini derived his art from Duccio, as we can see by examining his great enthroned Madonna of the Palazzo Pubblico. This is little more than a magnificent and ennobled variation of Duccio's great altarpiece for the Duomo. Simone painted it on two occasions at an interval of five or six years. The figures that belong to the first painting still retain a Byzantine rigour, but the figures, especially the two angels and two saints on either hand of the throne, which belong to the second painting, are perfect examples of the neo-Christian style. Martini then effected for the Siennese the emancipation from early Christian tradition which Giotto had accomplished for the Florentines. And, indeed, the neo-Christian conception of beauty is found in Simone's works in its purest, most magically persuasive form. When one looks at Simone's great Madonna of the Palazzo Pubblico, Petrarch's sonnet on the portrait of Laura done for him by the artist, who was his intimate friend, seems no idle conceit. That celestial grace must, he says, have been drawn in Paradise itself, and indeed no more purely delectable and enchanting beauty is to be found than in some of Simone's faces. In such a picture as the Annunciation of the Uffizi (Fig. 3), we see that this beauty is rather the immediate outcome of an impassioned feeling than of a close study of natural forms. There is here no apprehension of the solid relief, the palpable mass, of the figure. The structural possibilities of the human body are frankly disregarded: it would be impossible to fit a real human body into the contours of the Virgin's robe. And even if it were possible Simone has not done so, for he has wilfully left the form as an almost flat mass upon the golden background. The parts are related, not in an imagined three-dimensional space, but upon the flat surface of the panel. The pattern made by the contours becomes here the all-important mode of expression. And it is only by such a method that so perfect an interdependence of the contours, as this shows, is attainable. If the eye follows the line of the contour down one side of the figure

of the Virgin, it finds the line of the other side to be in perfect correspondence, each is accepted instantly as the inevitable complement of the other. We may trace a similar perfection of harmony in the lines of the angel's robe or the involutions of his floating drapery. We are in the habit of regarding pattern as merely an affair of fitting forms together so that they do not offend, or at best gently gratify our senses. But it is possible, especially when, as here, the pattern hints, however distantly, at human forms, for it to have a direct and powerful effect on the imagination. It is, indeed, only by such an unstructural symbolism that Simone could express the particular shade of virginal purity and restraint which gives to this figure its unique charm. Pattern as understood by Simone Martini is no mere matter of elegant decoration—though it certainly is that—it compels the imagination to the most immediate apprehension of a definite spiritual idea.

The extraordinary likeness of this picture to the greatest works of Chinese and Japanese religious art can hardly escape notice. The Virgin's pose, the disposition of the features within the pure contour of the face, the treatment of the angel's mouth, all recall the methods of Oriental art. And indeed we shall see that by the beginning of the fifteenth century there were signs that European art might possibly have progressed along similar lines to the art of the East, had not the discovery of the laws of perspective and the renewed attention to classical conceptions of the figure definitely established the complete realisation of solid relief in a three-dimensional space as a permanent condition of European design.

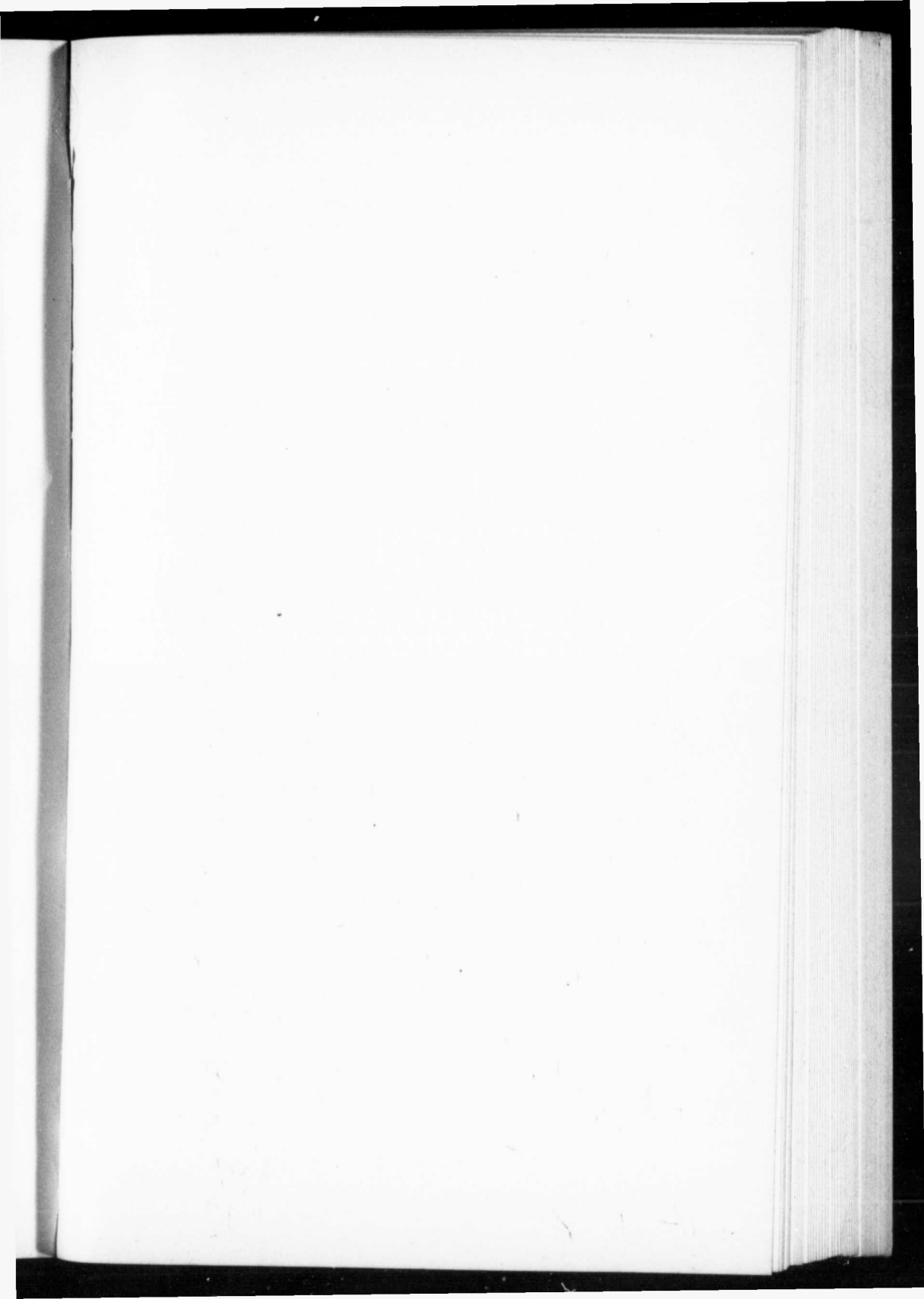
This conception, then, of an abstract symbolism of the idea by means of the rhythm of pure non-naturalistic forms, which finds its highest expression in Simone Martini, was the most important element in the changes which the Giottesque tradition underwent.

In the work of Giovanni da Milano, the contemporary of Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi, this influence is already apparent.



*Phot. Alinari*

FIG. 3.—The Annunciation, by Simone Martini. *Uffizi, Florence*



In his signed altarpiece at Prato, the full sweeping curves of the drapery, in which pattern is more sought for than structural form, the sinuous poses of the elongated figures are evidences of the first appearance in Florence of this new conception of design.<sup>1</sup>

Siennese influence is also discernible in the works of the next great Florentine master, Orcagna. But in this case its effects were confined to details: it cannot, I think, be held to have affected the general principles of his design. As a sculptor he was naturally led to the investigation of structural form, and his few paintings show him as a sculpturesque rather than a truly pictorial designer. His great fresco of Paradise in Sta. Maria Novella is undoubtedly one of the most sublime conceptions of the Trecento, imposing by the austerity of its vast upright lines and the rigidity of its structure; imposing, too, by the very monotony of the serried ranks of saints and angels which compose the vast fabric of Paradise. If we imagine this translated into sculptured relief on the façade of a cathedral, the real grandeur and appropriateness of the conception become more instantly apparent. On a flat wall space where no structural limitations are given we might expect a subtler co-ordination of parts, a more elastic and varied principle of composition. Orcagna has been guided in his painting by the architectural limitations of sculpture. Nor is this merely due to the fact that he was a sculptor. In his imaginative sympathies he stands aside from the main current of fourteenth-century art. In many respects his art was a reversion to pre-Giottesque ideals. The rigid symmetry,

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni da Milano was, as his name indicates, not a Florentine by birth. He came from Lombardy; and it is curious that already in his work there are evidences of that tendency to an unctuous and sentimental manner which distinguishes the later Lombard school. Through the severe conventions of the fourteenth-century art there pierces something of the wilful affectation of a Luini or a Beltraffio. But Giovanni da Milano must none the less be considered, as by education and practice, a Florentine artist, and his marked deviation from the strict Giottesque tradition makes his work, therefore, an important stage in the development of Florentine art.

the hieratic solemnity of his figures, even the staring eyes and long, firmly defined nose of his Christ in the altarpiece of the Strozzi chapel are all more in sympathy with Byzantine than Giottesque ideals; and even when, as in his relief at Or San Michele, he treats so pathetic a scene as the death of the Virgin, there is no trace of the intense and passionate humanity which Giovanni Pisano or Giotto would have expressed.

So far as it was possible in the middle of the fourteenth century, Orcagna reverted from neo-Christian to early Christian artistic ideals. But within the limits of an art restricted to the expression of hieratic ceremonial, Orcagna attained to an unrivalled perfection. Its perfection is indeed the most striking characteristic of his work. Even Giotto, carried away by the impulse of his dramatic idea, occasionally hazarded poses which he rather guessed at than fully comprehended, and drew his forms at a venture. But Orcagna in the few genuine works we possess is impeccable. The feeling for structure which Giotto gives in the broad masses of his figures, Orcagna carries out into the minutest folds of his drapery. His forms have, it is true, actually less likeness to nature than Giotto's (in particular his treatment of the perspective of the feet is more like that of the older Byzantine convention), but they convince us by the rigid consistency of the whole, the perfect interdependence of the parts. The altarpiece reproduced here (Fig. 4) cannot with certainty be attributed to Orcagna.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless this work, which almost escapes notice in the little gallery of Sta. Maria Nuova, has much closer likeness to Orcagna's style than any other of the works outside Sta. Maria Novella which bear his name. It is, indeed, an admirable example of his strangely austere and hieratic manner. The exquisite proportions of the framework and of the small side

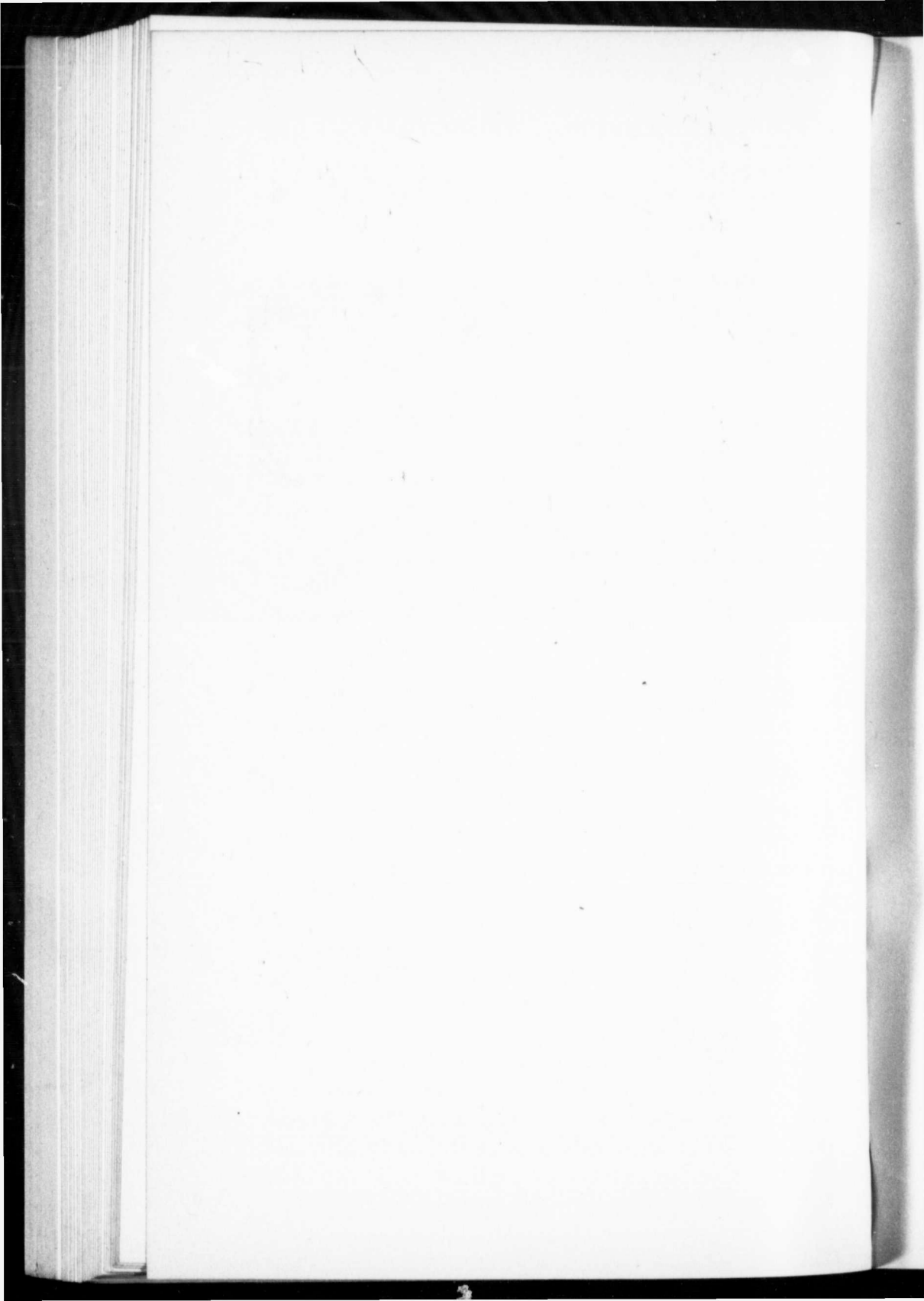
<sup>1</sup> Though Cavalcaselle has ingeniously supported that view: from the fact that the roundels in the frame are covered with coins, the coat-of-arms of the guild of the money-changers, he concludes that it is the picture which we know to have been ordered of Orcagna by the consuls of that guild.





*Phot. Alinari*

FIG. 4.—St. Matthew, by Orcagna (?) *Gallery of Sta. Maria Nuova, Florence*



scenes to the monumental figure of St. Matthew which give the composition its peculiar impressiveness and gravity, are characteristic of Orcagna's essentially architectural conception of design. In the small scenes representing events in the life of the Saint, the same solemnity and reserve predominate over dramatic and pictorial interests. We get from them a vague impression of beings acting with superhuman dignity rather than any clear idea such as Giotto would have given either of the events or the personalities themselves.

In his feeling for line, Orcagna shows himself original and peculiar. He has neither the broad, sweeping curves of the true Giottesque nor the undulating elegance of the Siennese. So far as possible, he defines his forms by rigidly rectilinear contours; in the drapery especially, planning the folds as a system of almost geometrical shapes, a treatment that intensifies the impression of logical precision that his work arouses. Orcagna's influence was then on the whole a restraining and a negative one; it tended to keep the Florentine school in the lines of academic perfection, to prevent it from sharing in the new freedom of feeling, the new interest in nature, which manifested itself elsewhere in Italy, during the second half of the fourteenth century.

In the Camposanto at Pisa we get much closer to the life and thought of the later Trecento than we can possibly do in Florence itself. There in the series of the Triumph of Death by a great unknown follower of the Lorenzetti, we find, in spite of the awfulness of the ostensible subject, a quite new appreciation of sensuous charm for its own sake, an expression of unfeigned pleasure in the extravagant splendour, and the luxurious dalliance of the aristocratic idlers whom the artist is supposed to exhibit merely as a warning. We find, too, an interest in the detailed forms of natural objects, of birds, dogs and horses, which marks the growth of a new feeling for naturalism. A similar sentiment is also seen in the painting of an inferior worker in the Camposanto, Pietro Puccio d'Orvieto, whose work reveals, in spite of its crudity, a new

curiosity of observation. The trees are of distinguishable species, the characteristics of their foliage are admirably given, and the animals and birds are, so far from being mere accessories, much more closely studied than the figures. But though such a new attitude to contemporary life and to nature as these frescoes exhibit found its completest expression in literature in Florence at Boccaccio's hands, strangely enough it is not discernible in Florentine painting. Tradition was still strong enough there to confine art to the heroic and religious conceptions which Giotto had established.

The next considerable Florentine master who belongs to the end of the century, Agnolo Gaddi, was the son and pupil of Taddeo. In his work, though he inherits some of his father's characteristics, particularly the portentous noses of his figures, Siennese influence declares itself more decidedly than heretofore. In the gracious tenderness of his women's faces, in the involutions of his thin draperies, as well as in his indifference to structural form, he shows how much even in the direct line of orthodox Giottesque tradition Siennese notions had gained ground by the end of the century.

His work illustrates, too, the increase of that tendency which we noticed already in Giotto to neglect the possibilities of actual spacial disposition in the interests of a more direct exposition of the poetical idea. This is particularly noticeable in the frescoes representing the story of the Cross in Sta. Croce. The one here reproduced (Fig. 5) includes three separate scenes in a single composition. To the left Chosroes, who has carried off the cross from Jerusalem, is being worshipped as a god, in the centre Heraclius receives a vision assuring him of victory, while to the right he defeats Chosroes. Anything like the actual possibilities of spacial relationship of the parts is here frankly discarded. The relation of the figures upon the surface of the picture is determined, not by their relation in a possible space, but by their position in the sequence of the story. They stand as visible symbols of the words which the picture illustrates, and



FIG. 5.—The Story of the Cross, by Agnolo Gaddi. *Sta. Croce, Florence*

*Phot. Alinari*



we are expected to read the fresco from left to right like an inscription. Nor does this apply merely to the relation of the separate scenes: the minute river and bridge in the foreground, the palm-tree on the bank, which is shorter than the legs of the horse behind it, show how much less attention was by this time paid to the laws of perspective and the general contexture of appearances than in Giotto's works, or even in those of his immediate followers. Painting was clearly going back again from the symbolism of appearances to the direct symbolism of concepts. Each object is in fact treated as a separate hieroglyphic which stands for a word or a phrase in the story. By the juxtaposition of these hieroglyphics the story is unfolded.

Such a method of design is indeed admirably suited to a narrative style where the intention is to impress the imagination by the sequence of events, and of this style Agnolo Gaddi was a great master. He designs his hieroglyphics with great skill and an admirable economy. There is here no profound insight into human nature such as Giotto displayed. Everything is presented with the bold and obvious traits of a narrative of adventure. The figures pressing through the colonnade of the temple and peering up at Chosroes enshrined in forlorn and impious majesty, the startled gesture of Heraclius as he raises himself in his tent, and, above all, the impetuous onslaught of the Christian army and the collapse of the Persians, quite adequately symbolised by two half figures of horsemen, are all chosen so as to give us with the utmost economy the essential movement of the narrative. Few painters have possessed the command of such a terse and rapid narrative style as this. In the succeeding century certainly, the artist's interests were diverted in other directions, and in this particular subject we have the opportunity for an instructive comparison of the aims of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century artists in this respect. It would be absurd to deny that Piero della Francesca was a much greater artist than Agnolo Gaddi, but in his treatment of the same legend at Arezzo we

see that from the point of view of the presentment of the myth itself Piero cannot compete with Agnolo. As a story Piero della Francesca's version has none of the fascination of this; we feel no interest in the heroic and pious Heraclius; we do not hate the malignant and blasphemous Chosroes as we should; the succession of events has in Piero's work no obvious importance; nor is his choice of scenes governed by their importance in the story.<sup>1</sup>

Piero della Francesca's selection is indeed dictated, not by the desire to elucidate the legend, but by the desire to express his feelings about the natural appearances which it can be made the excuse for introducing. Take, for example, the vision of Heraclius (at Arezzo it is probably of Constantine). In both cases the given datum from which the artist proceeded was an emperor seeing a vision prophetic of victory. In Piero della Francesco's case this suggested an actual (even if a supernatural) appearance, and he follows this out for its own sake, dwelling on the silhouette of the tent against the night sky, the sudden light cast on the sleeping form, the clearly defined shadows of the tent hangings and the soldiers' helmets. But Agnolo Gaddi passes directly from the words to their visible presentment; he "short circuits" appearances. All that interested Piero was unnecessary to the recital of the story, it would have delayed and diverted the attention from the sequence of events, and Agnolo leaves it entirely on one side. A certain reference to the appearances was necessary to give the situation, but he selects only those which are essential to that; the movement

<sup>1</sup> We find, indeed, that he omits the significant last act, where Heraclius, returning with the cross in triumph to Jerusalem, finds the gate of the town miraculously walled against him, and an angel who tells him that he must carry the cross, not as a conquering emperor, but as a humble penitent. He returns again, barefooted, and in his shirt, to find that the masonry yields him admittance as miraculously as it had before denied it. By grouping these two scenes together in one composition, Agnolo makes one of his most telling dramatic contrasts, and gives to the whole sequence a majestic and satisfying close, for again, with an eye to the narrative idea, he introduces into another part of the same composition the decapitation of Chosroes.



of the king raised from sleep (in Piero's version there is nothing to show that the emperor saw the vision at all), his alacrity and the intentness of his gaze, and the swooping curves of the angel's flight. Both these conceptions of art have their dangers, the study of appearances has given rise at times to a meaningless imitation of the insignificant, while the direct symbolism of mental concepts tempts the artist to a slovenly indifference to beauty. If the telling of the story becomes the sole object of the painter it matters not how clumsy and superficial his forms are, so long as the spectator can recognise their position in the sequence. The figures become hieroglyphics, and the difference between beautifully formed and ugly characters is of no importance, provided both are legible.<sup>1</sup>

But in Agnolo Gaddi's own work we have not to deplore any such failings. True, it has none of Giotto's grasp of structural form, none of Orcagna's logical perfection. Quite apart from the want of verisimilitude in his composition, the individual forms are far less real than Giotto's. Even the beautifully drawn horse in the defeat of Choroës gives us no sensation of mass; it is expressive only by the flat pattern of its flowing contours: Agnolo's drapery is often disposed with quite arbitrary and unstructural elegance; he slurs the articulations of his figures, and his lines are summary and expressive only by their general direction, not by any subtle variations of quality throughout their length. Nor has he, though influenced by the Siennese conception, really attained to any such intense beauty of a pure patterned design as we found in Simone Martini. But, though not supreme in any one quality of design,

<sup>1</sup> That this danger did in fact beset Florentine art at the end of the Trecento, we may judge from such works as the frescoes of Spinello Aretino at S. Miniato, where the legends are narrated with a grotesque insistence on the extravagant and miraculous, without any sense of beautiful form or harmonious tonality. The crude black outlines, the coarse high lights, have an almost barbaric appearance, and such work suggests that popular art at all events had sunk to a level at least as low as that from which Giotto had raised it a hundred years before.

he remains an artist of very distinct charm and eminently typical of the later phase of the Giottesque tradition. It is by the large decorative effect of his compositions, his figures silhouetted in pale tones against a sky (the extreme darkness of which is yet another sign of the increased indifference to naturalism of the general effect), and by the delicate beauty of his colour schemes, in which pale pinks, mauves, and greens are relieved on a general tone of reddish grey, that he impresses us most.

We may trace the Giottesque tradition yet further on in the works of Agnolo's younger contemporaries, Andrea di Firenze and Antonio Veneziano, in the Camposanto at Pisa. In Andrea di Firenze's work no new motive is discernible, but critics have endeavoured to find in the frescoes by Antonio Veneziano the first signs of the transition to fifteenth-century art. They show, it is true, an increased sense of possible space construction as compared with the works of Antonio's immediate predecessors. But even in this particular he scarcely can be said to have advanced beyond the point which Giotto had reached long before.

In fact, it is almost impossible to trace the development of fourteenth- into fifteenth-century art with any precision. In the stream of culture there are periods of stagnation, marshy lowlands, in which it is impossible to trace strong currents or to find any decided trend in the water's flow. If we fix our attention at one point we may find a perceptible movement, but by looking elsewhere we may perceive a movement in a contrary sense which will check our generalisations. To take an example from modern times, it will be comparatively easy to describe the impetuous gush of pre-Raphaelitism or the more leisurely flow of the Impressionist movement; but who could make an intelligible chart of the conflicting currents of a representative exhibition of the present year, the flux of sluggish streams of influence whose initial impetus is already spent?

Thus, at the end of the fourteenth century, if we fix our attention on Antonio Veneziano, and assume that his pupil

Starnina, whose works are all lost, carried his conceptions still farther along the same lines, we may imagine a current of influence tending to take up again the problem of the construction in the picture of a possible three-dimensional space where Giotto left it, and to add to linear perspective a feeling for atmospheric tone. But if we take a wider survey of Italian art at the period, we shall, I think, be compelled to suppose that the opposite tendency, the tendency to disregard the naturalism of the whole effect, was the more prevalent. That Antonio Veneziano's art took the direction which ultimately prevailed need not imply that at the time it predominated. That wider survey of Italian art at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century will afford us, I believe, evidence of the existence of a style really distinct from the Giottesque, a style which scarcely arrived at its full development, swept away, as it was, by the stronger current of the new movement of the fifteenth century, with its partial return to classic ideals. To distinguish it from the Giottesque we may call it the late Gothic style, indicating thereby that it is the last phase, in Italy at least, of the purely mediæval imagination.<sup>1</sup> The word Gothic will also suggest what is undoubtedly true of the style in many of its manifestations, its close affinity with the contemporary art of Northern Europe, with the schools of France and the Rhine. The distinctness of this style is most clearly appreciated in North Italy, where the suddenness of its emergence suggests forcibly the impact of foreign influence. The sudden transition from the massive rectilinear forms of such an essentially Giottesque master as Altichiero da Zevio to the flowing involution of line and the unstructural elegance of his pupil, Pisanello's work, brings into the clearest relief the essential novelty of this manner. If we call to mind some of the representative works of this period, for example, Pisanello's Annunciation in St. Fermo at Verona or the Madonna

<sup>1</sup> Mediæval conceptions persisted long enough north of the Alps to admit of the formation of yet another Gothic style of design, in which sharp angularity of forms replaced the elegant sinuosity of the style we are considering.

and Child in our own St. George and St. Anthony, almost any of Gentile da Fabriano's Madonnas, for example those at Pisa or Berlin, the Annunciation attributed to Jacopo Bellini in St. Alessandro at Brescia, the Madonna in a rose garden by Stefano da Zevio at Verona we shall find in all these certain common characteristics of style which distinguish them from the works of the Trecento generally. We find the Giottesque simplicity of line tending, on the whole, to render the mass of solid objects, replaced by an extreme, almost flamboyant system of curves, intricately interwoven into long meandering undulations, the tendency to complication being only held in check by the marked emphasis of the main rhythm. A favourite treatment of standing figures is that seen in the St. Catherine of Gentile da Fabriano's altarpiece at Berlin (Fig. 6), in which the draperies gathered up into a knot on one hip are carried in a series of long diagonal curves to a sweeping train on the opposite side of the figure. It will be seen that we have taken examples from North Italian and Umbrian art, and many more might have been added from the early Venetian school; but though the style is more easily isolated, and its emergence more clearly discerned in North Italy, its influence is, I believe, to be traced in Florentine art of the beginning of the Quattrocento. It is unmistakable in Ghiberti's sculpture, in the earlier works of Masolino da Panicale, and in the works of some of the unnamed painters who decorated the Chostro Verde of Sta. Maria Novella.

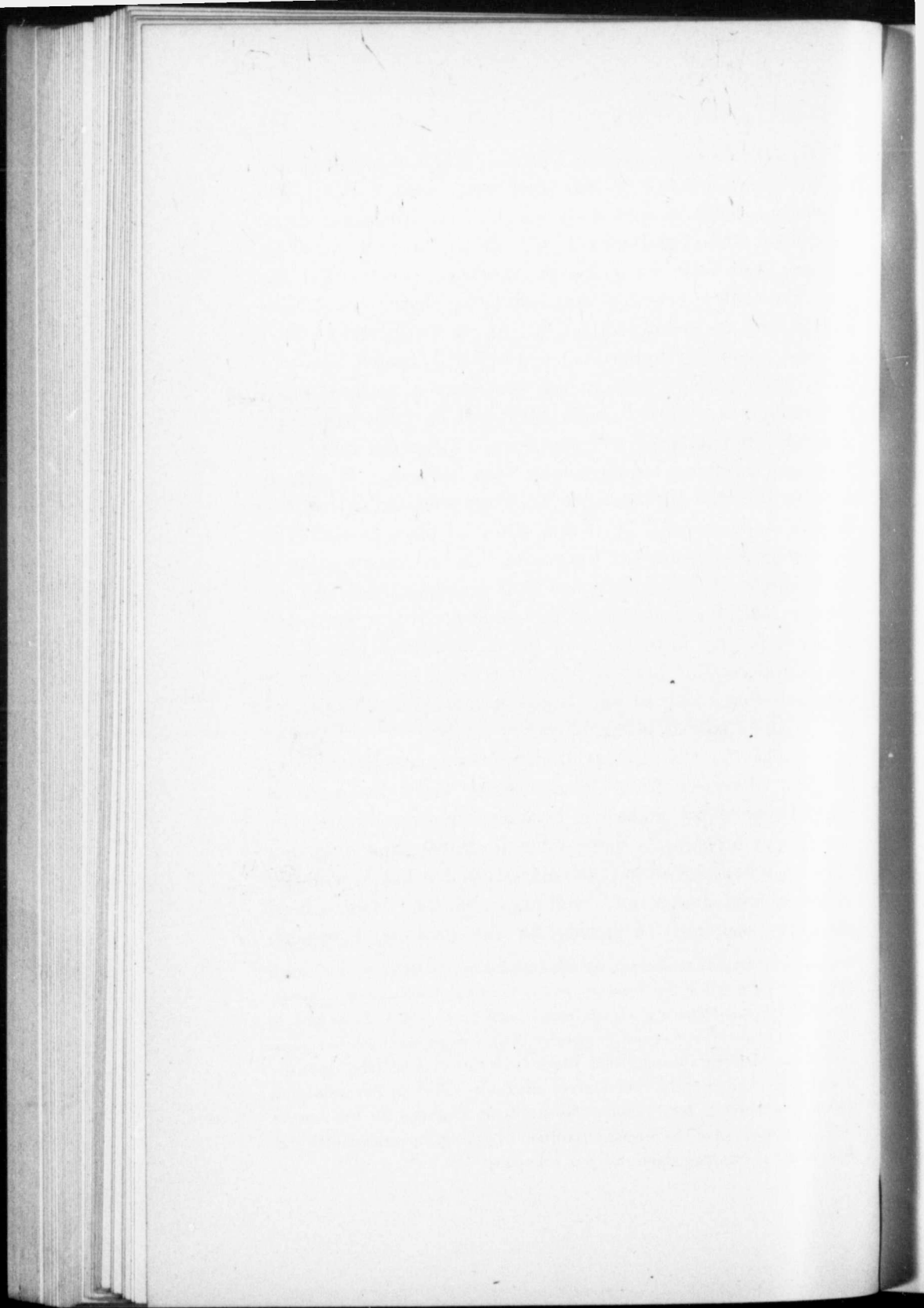
But the most remarkable exponent of this style in Florence was Lorenzo Monaco, a painter whose importance in the development of Florentine art has scarcely been fully appreciated.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In taking Lorenzo Monaco as representative of this style, we are met by a difficulty, for Lorenzo Monaco, if not actually a Siennese by birth, had at least received a strong impression from the Siennese tradition, and it will not have escaped notice that the characteristics already ascertained for the late Gothic style are very similar to those which we have found to predominate in Siennese art. But, I think, it will be admitted both that there is a definite distinction between the earlier Siennese style, the style of Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti, and what I have called the late Gothic style, and also that



*Phot. Haufstaengl*

FIG. 6.—Madonna, Saints and Donor, by Gentile da Fabriano. *Berlin*



However he acquired it, Lorenzo Monaco's works show us the characteristics of this style with striking purity and intensity. Even in such early works as the Adoration in the Raczynski Gallery at Berlin (Fig. 7) we see the essentials of his manner. He weaves together the flowing curves which define the separate figures, with a long undulating rhythm which leads in a gradual crescendo to the figure of the Virgin and Child at one end, where the rhythm is closed by being brought back in a spiral upon itself. It is a rare performance to have fitted human figures, even with such liberty as he takes with their structure, into so sweet and persuasive a melody of line. The tune is, if anything, too "catching," too insistent. We see at a glance that the rhythm once set, every minutest fold of the drapery is determined by it and takes its place inevitably in the swinging movement of the whole. In his Annunciation in the Church of Sta. Trinitá we find Lorenzo influenced by Simone Martini's rendering of the subject. It is a translation of Simone's idea into the more florid, decorative line of the later Gothic style. Lorenzo Monaco was not by any means so consummate a master of pure linear decoration as Simone; his pattern does not so instantly convey a mood; it is followed more frankly for the pleasure of its intricate meanderings. In his great altarpiece from Cerreto in the Uffizi the intricate interweaving of the arabesque becomes almost confusing, but there is a rare charm in these ætherial, unstructural draperies. The design becomes a kind of visible music; it has "the linkèd sweetness long drawn out," and, above all, the "wanton heed and giddy cunning" of melody, for few painters show such

it would be impossible to account for the outburst of the latter style in North Italy towards the end of the Trecento, purely as an effect of Siennese influence. Moreover, Lorenzo Monaco was a miniaturist, and we should, I think, look to the work of miniaturists, so easily imported from foreign countries, to explain some of the Northern characteristics which mark this style in Italy, especially in such masters as Pisanello and Stefano da Zevio. But whether we adduce such a hypothesis or not, Lorenzo Monaco's art indicates at the least a further development of the Siennese tradition in a direction parallel with that taken by art at this time almost all over Europe.

marvellous technical dexterity as Lorenzo Monaco; and the unerring certainty with which he washes on the high lights of his convolved draperies without hatching or retouching, following their sinuous folds and keeping in every detail the same rhythm, is perfectly described by "giddy cunning." Lorenzo Monaco had indeed approached to the Japanese conception, which regards drawing as a kind of applied calligraphy. The imagination is carried along, not by the realisation of form, but by the harmonious flow of the designer's gesture.

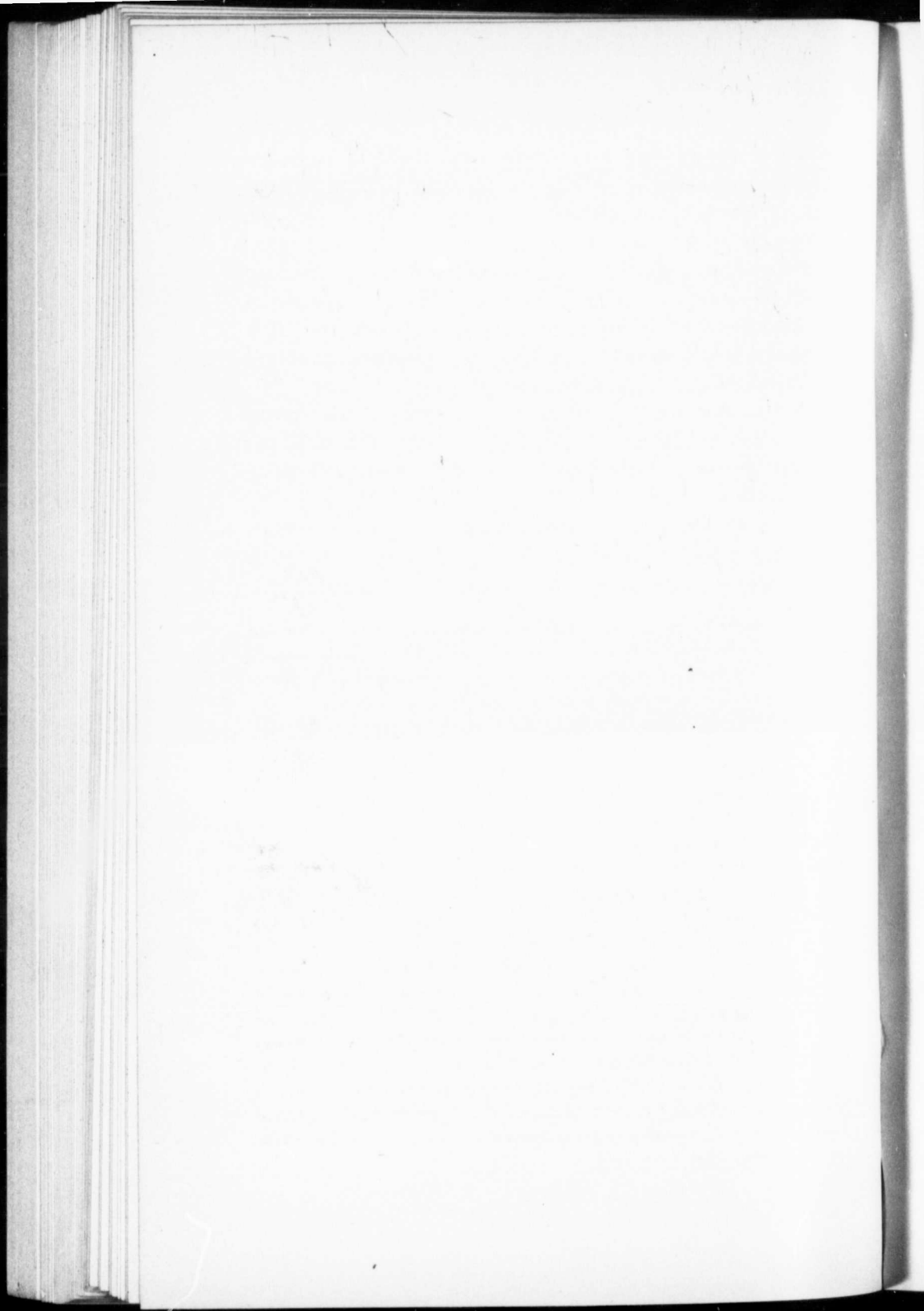
One other instance will serve to show how far the late Gothic designers carried their disregard of the relation of objects in space. In Pisanello's St. Hubert of the National Gallery we have an analogous and perhaps more striking instance, because Pisanello was at the same time an enthusiastic student of the details of natural form, but in the drawing by Lorenzo Monaco at Berlin (Fig. 8) we have a remarkable proof of how far since Giotto's day art had gone in this direction. It is, too, a striking instance of how far such an unnaturalistic treatment could be made to intensify the poetical sentiment of a story. It shows that Lorenzo, when the subject allowed of it, had an intensely personal and romantic feeling for landscape.

Nor can we doubt before such a design as this that art did lose a very powerful means of impressing the imagination when it gave up direct symbolism of the idea in favour of symbolism of actual appearances. We may admit that it gained more than it lost, but it is well to recognise also the loss. Certainly, when once the artist is tied by the conditions of actual life he can no longer place an inlet of the sea and a fortified town in the foreground between the legs of a horse. No small part of the romantic charm of the story of the Magi lies in the fact that they have journeyed from remote and unknown lands; and here, by a happy use of the freedom which his indifference to actual appearances allowed him, Lorenzo Monaco has suggested their long and weary journey, the





FIG. 8 —The Journey of the Magi. Water-colour drawing by Lorenzo Monaco. *Berlin* (specially photographed for this article)



mountain ranges they have surmounted, the fortified towns they have passed, the seas they have crossed. Nor, were he tied to the exigencies of actual structure, could he give with quite such fantastic vehemence the expression of their gratified longing as they recognise once more, at the end of a mountain defile, the star they had lost from view. It is surely one of the most passionately conceived renderings of a subject which fewer artists have treated than, from the imaginative richness of the subject, we might have expected.<sup>1</sup>

It was due most of all to the exertions of the group of sculptors and artists that derived its inspiration from the supreme genius of *Bonnelleschi* that art was brought back to the direction set by Græco-Roman art and continued by *Giotto*, from which it was so widely and so rapidly diverging; was brought back from an art of wilful calligraphic design to the complete rendering of structure and the construction of a

<sup>1</sup> Two other Florentine artists may be adduced as exemplifying the late Gothic style: *Parri Spinelli*, whose figures are noted for their extraordinary elongation and their swaying movements, is one; the other is an unknown painter, who executed two predella pieces in the *Uffizi*, of which one is reproduced here (Fig. 9). These interesting works have always gone by the name of *Jacopo del Casentino*, to whom *Cavalcaselle* ascribes them. *Jacopo del Casentino* was, however, a purely *Giottesque* artist, a pupil of *Taddeo Gaddi*, and old enough in the year 1350 to be one of the original members of the Guild of *St. Luke*, founded in that year. It is, therefore, inconceivable that he should have painted these pictures; the architecture of the prison door would alone suffice to show that they belong to a much later date. *Schmorsow* has attempted to associate them with the name of *Antonio Viti*, but there is scarcely any reliable evidence by which we can form an opinion of that master's work. The important point is that they are by an artist of the early *Quattrocento*, who shows in the main the characteristics of the style here discussed, but who shows already in some of the heads that increased individualism of type which marks the new *Quattrocento* manner. He affords, in fact, more than any other artist we know, a link between the style of the *Trecento* and that of *Masaccio*. I have found several works in other galleries that unmistakably belong to the same artist; two in the *Fitzwilliam Museum* at *Cambridge*, where they are attributed likewise to *Jacopo del Casentino*, and one in the *Louvre*, representing *Heraclius entering Jerusalem with the Cross*. This picture was unnumbered when I saw it.

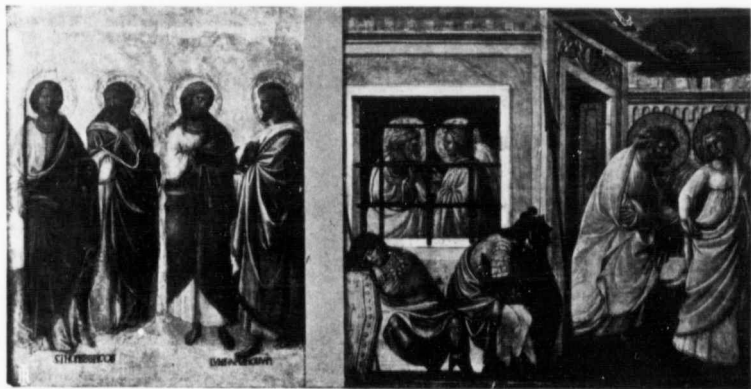
three-dimensional space ; and however much we may admire the purity and uncompromising æsthetic sincerity of the art of China and Japan ; however much we may at the present moment smart under the infliction of a senseless and unselect imitation of nature, we need scarcely regret that European art did not finally conform to the conceptions of the late Gothic designers. It is well to reflect that that alternative direction could never have led to a Leonardo da Vinci or a Michelangelo as we know them.

ROGER E. FRY.



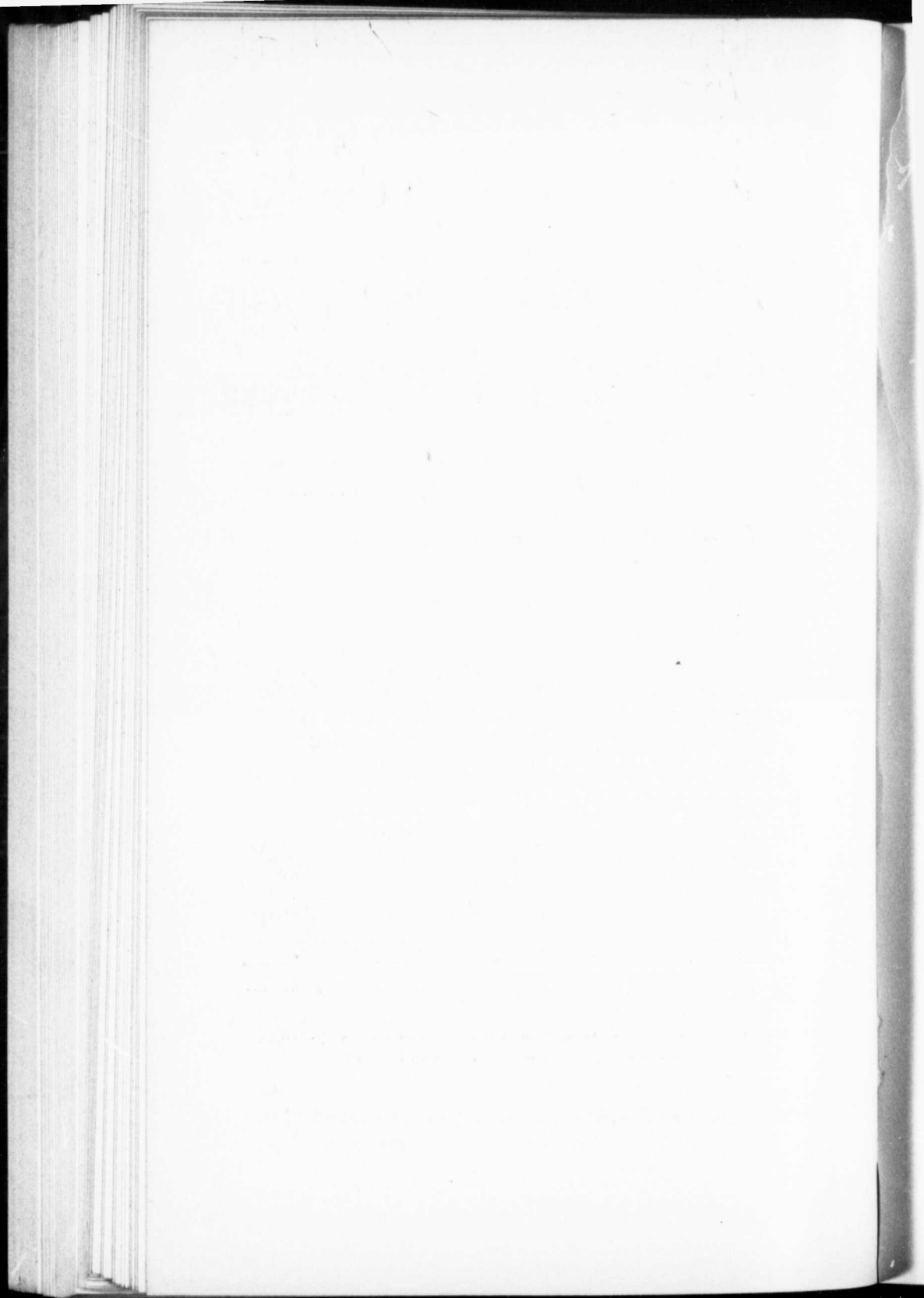
*Phot. Hanfstaengl*

FIG. 7.—Adoration of Magi, by Lorenzo Monaco. *Raczynski Gallery, Berlin*



*Phot. Alinari*

FIG. 9.—Four Saints (? Apostles), and St. Peter released from prison. Ascribed to Jacopo del Casentino. *Uffizi, Florence*



## THE ROMANCE OF A SONG- BOOK

**M**ID-OCTOBER in the year of our Lord 1388 had been wild and rainy over the South of France, but afterwards the weather changed suddenly, bridges were mended, roads became once more hard enough for packwork. On a bright morning near the end of the month two travellers on horseback left the town of Morlens, followed by a small train of servants, who kept respectfully at some little distance in the rear. Of the leaders one was a knight about the age of fifty-five years; by his figure and bearing a valiant and an expert man-of-arms, by his face a man of the world, genial, weighty, and sure of himself. His companion, some five years younger, half friend, half follower, would ride no nearer than his shoulder till a word or question brought him quickly abreast for a mile or two: a courtier, it might be seen, who knew and had always known his place and time.

The party travelled fast, for this was their final stage. They dined at Montgeberel, and rode through the afternoon without stopping except once, at Ercie, for a drink. The sun was setting as they came clattering into Orthès and parted company, with some little ceremony on the one hand and blunt good humour on the other. Sir Espaing du Lyon alighted at his own lodging, and shortly afterwards betook himself to the Castle, where he found his lord, Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix, in his gallery, and delivered to him a welcome message. That

done, he disappeared into oblivion, from which this journey alone of all his deeds and duties has called back for one bright hour his name and personality.

His companion, Messire Jean Froissart, in England called Sir John, had put up at the sign of the "Moon," a house kept by a squire of the Count's; there he awaited the summons upon which he confidently reckoned, for the Count was the lord of all the world that most desired to speak with strangers, to hear tidings; and Sir Espaing would by this have told him that the stranger of to-day was no chance comer, and brought no ordinary gossip of the marches.

It was not long before the summons came, and was obeyed with diligence, for though the Count's royalty was but small game to one bred near the majesty of England, yet none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than he did; there were seen in his hall, chamber and court, knights and squires of honour going up and down and talking of arms and of love; all manner of tidings of every realm and country might there be heard; and he was himself large and courteous in gifts, and suffered that none should depart from him without some token from the coffers which stood ready in his chamber. He was, in short, reputed an ideal patron for a poor but diligent historian and rhymist. Froissart hoped for a prolonged visit at free quarters, and had come prepared to make himself agreeable.

He was received in the gallery by the Count, who was in good humour, having dined but a little before, according to the superb custom by which he almost turned night into day and day into night: rising at noon and beginning the evening with a supper at midnight. Froissart, who never forgot that he had seen in his time many knights, kings, princes, and others of the sort, was immediately of opinion that he had never seen any like him of personage, nor of so fair form, nor so well made; his visage fair, sanguine, and smiling; his eyes grey and kind. The Count, moreover, at once fulfilled all his hopes, made him good cheer, and retained him as of his house: a grandly indefinite invitation which included stabling and keep



for his horse, and eventually ran to twelve weeks' entertainment, to say nothing of a Christmas dinner, shared with four bishops, five abbots, and a host of knights and viscounts. This was the right kind of master: "In everything," wrote Froissart afterwards, "he was so perfect that he cannot be praised too much."

Looked at from the other end of five centuries, he seems to us something less angelic: choleric certainly, and cruel; hated by his wife; the murderer of his only son. But he was a patron of the arts, he had pleasure in harmony of instruments (he could do it right well himself), he would have songs sung before him, and he admired not only poetry but those who wrote it; a liberality rare at all times. Froissart was right in going to his presentation with a book of verses in his hand.

In the service even of the great there must be give as well as take; and after some days of sight-seeing, making acquaintance, and nosing out of scandalous and superstitious tales, the new courtier entered upon the duties of his position. Every night at midnight, wet, windy, or fine, November, December, or January, he must rouse himself to leave the "Moon" and plod up to the castle. A painful business he found it, but almost repaid by the luxury of the change from mud and cold outside to splendour and stir within. The Count loved light; his great hall blazed with fire and torches; the poet compared it to a terrestrial paradise. There for the remainder of the three months he read aloud to his patron every night after supper: and while he read there was none durst speak any word, because the Count wished the reading to be well understood, and he took therein great solace. Only himself, when it came to any matter of question, would speak to the reader, and that he did most courteously, not in Gascon, but in good and fair French. It may be that the strict silence was more pleasing to the poet than to the knights and squires who made up his audience; but they, too, were of the South, and in all likelihood fond enough of stories and of songs; in any case, they could but honour the man to whom they heard the great Count himself

say, when the reading ended, " 'Tis a fair calling, fair master, to make such things as that." Then he would rise for bed, and, after drinking a nightcap, call to the poet and order a cup to be poured for him too, of his own wine from the gold flagon. After that a formal good-night to all, and away he went with the torches, while Froissart stumbled down again to his chamber at the "Moon," warmer now, and well enough content. For the present, at any rate, he was in the world he loved, and was spending his time in revel and in peace. And this, as well as the eighty florins of Arragon, fine metal and good weight, that he received from the magnificent Gaston Phoebus as a parting gift, he owed to the book which he had brought with him.

## II

We will follow this book further, for when Froissart rode with it from Orthès a long and romantic history lay before it, and in the twenty generations of men that it has outlasted it has been the possession of very few, the regret of many, and at last the treasure trove of one.

It was called *Méliador*, being the history of a knight so named, and was made at the request of Wenceslas of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg and Brabant; and in it were incorporated all the chansons, ballades, rondeaux, and virelais, to the number of seventy-nine, which the gentle Duke made in his time. So much has been known and remembered from the first; and since that amorous, gracious, and chivalrous Prince Wenceslas (may his soul be in Paradise) died in 1383, the book in its present form is, at least, no later than that year; Froissart's share is some fifteen years earlier.<sup>1</sup>

In January 1389, it travelled safely (with the florins) from Orthès to Avignon, and no doubt further. In 1393 Duke Louis of Orleans, being with Charles VI. at Abbeville, bought from Froissart for twenty francs of gold a copy of another

<sup>1</sup> I accept the view of M. Longnon in his *Méliador* (Paris: Firmin Didot, 1895-9), vol. i. *Introd. part ii.*, and vol. iii. pp. 363-9.

book, *Le Dit Royal*; probably at the same time or soon after he also bought *Méliador*; at any rate it figured in the inventory of his son Duke Charles in 1417 as *Le Livre de Melliador, couvert de veloux vert, à deux fermoers samblanz d'argent dorés, esmaillés aux armes de Monseigneur*.

In the same duke's inventory for 1436 it is again described. In 1440 it was still in the library; but thereafter it is gone; for three hundred and fifty years it wandered no man knows where or why.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century it reappeared, but was unrecognised; small wonder, for it was shorn of all its outward splendour; green velvet, silver gilt clasps, and enamelled arms were gone, and the royal volume shivered in the Bibliothèque Nationale without even a title or a fly-leaf to protect its naked first folio. The librarian handed it to the binder, who dressed it in decent calf, like a book of the lower middle class, and stamped it with the arms of the Corsican adventurer. For title he gave it the words *Roman du Roy Artus*, but this being obviously absurd, it was catalogued under the names of two of the principal characters, as *Roman de Camel et d'Hermondine*, and, spell-bound by this fatal sentence, lay in concealment for another ninety years.

Deliverance was, of course, to come at last, or there would have been no fairy tale to tell; but it was to be accomplished only by the age-long wanderings and cruel sufferings of the elder half-brother, the *Méliador* of 1365. This was Froissart's own work, the first version, without the songs of Wenceslas. How and when it was launched upon the world we have no means of knowing; but in the first half of the seventeenth century it was old and no longer honoured. Somewhere in Burgundy—perhaps at Semur—it fell into the power of a binder, a dealer in what was then a black art, for by it one book was commonly sacrificed to prolong and beautify the lives of others. This wicked magician tore his noble victim in pieces, but in so doing unwittingly aided the meeting he seemed to hinder. With four of the great vellum

leaves he bound a couple of common registers, the records for the years 1628-9 and 1643-9, of the manorial court of Cloux, a seigneurie in the parish of Genay. With this *noblesse de robe* the elder *Méliador* had to be content for some two hundred years. At the time of the Revolution these registers were in the Hotel de Coigny, where they were seized among the papers of the Duc de Coigny, and on the thirteenth day of Messidor in the year II. they were deposited among the national archives, to wait with the patience of the immortals for another hundred years. In 1891 they were discovered and published; and now the counter spell was in the hands that were to bring the younger *Méliador* back to the world which had believed him lost for ever. For these four fragmentary leaves, still for the most part legible, contained not only the title *Méliador*, but the two names of Camel and Hermondine, under which the book's identity lay buried in the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale as completely as Merlin under his thorn-tree in Broceliande. By this clue, in October 1893, M. Auguste Longnon at last discovered the song-book of Duke Wenceslas, and the younger *Méliador* was united after more than five hundred years to all that remained of his elder brother. By 1899 both were published in Paris by the *Société des Anciens Textes Français*, and so passed finally from the mortal perils of manuscript into the Valhalla of the Printed Books Department.

### III

And now that we have the book at last, what is it after all? The main poem, as we have seen, is by Froissart himself: it is a rhyming romance of the Arthurian cycle, and the first lines might be the original of our own "When Arthur first in Court began."

En ce temps que li rois Artus

Regnoit au point de sa jonece,

Et qu'il commençoit à tenir

Grans festes, et à retenir  
Chevaliers pour emplir ses sales. . . .

The story is a simple one; the end is certain from the beginning, and might have been quickly reached, but that in the telling a whole enchanted forest of episodes and underplots has sprung up round it, through which the reader wanders by devious and confusingly similar paths, until at last he sees open country and half a dozen wedding processions at about the thirty thousandth line. Hermondine, only daughter of the King of Scotland, to escape the wooing of a knight named Camel of Camois, vows to wed the suitor who shall bear himself most bravely in a career of five years' chivalry. She is at last won, as she hoped to be won, by Méliador, *le Chevalier au Soleil d'Or*, the son of Patris, Duke of Cornuaille, after he has defeated and slain a host of enemies, and Camel among them.

But no one ever read, or ever will read, this poem for the plot: it is not a story, it is a dream; and being, as dreams are, unreal but plausible, incoherent and strange but never unexpected, it is interesting to the dreamer, but very futile and tedious to hear when once day has brought back the life of thought and action. It must have its own place and time or it is nothing: the reader must sit, as they sat after supper at Orthès, idle and satisfied, by a winter fireside; there he may watch, in the uncertain blaze and shadow, the conventional challenges and unimpassioned loves of these phantom knights and damsels in their subfusc world, as they seem to move now and then upon the arras of the mind, but always without advancing or changing so much as a gesture. Saigremor and Seville, Phenonée and Agamanor, Méliador, Camel, Hermondine, Florée the daughter of Los, Tangis le Norois and the lady of Valerne—they are for ever riding up and down a country full of enormous castles, with woolly hounds chasing woolly deer across the middle distance; a land where Stirling and Bristol are as real as Logres and Camaalot: where you pass direct from Northumberland to South Wales by land,

or by sea from the Isle of Man to Aberdeen ; where Tarbonne is a city of Cornwall on the Severn, and Chepstow Castle is founded—and named Montrose—by Julius Cæsar. Into this dream we may enter if we will, as Gaston Phœbus did, but only upon the same conditions : that is, we must ourselves provide the firelight, the silence, and the wine.

There remain the songs, the rondeaux and ballades of Wenceslas : and of them there is more to be said. M. Longnon and an English critic have proclaimed them wanting in merit : a rather irrelevant opinion, for songs may be more sincere in proportion as they are less masterly : also, these are of the fourteenth century, and the work of one whose life was full of strong emotions, and characteristic of an age supposed to be now as dead as Nineveh. I have looked in vain for the story of this life in English : the outline of it would run, perhaps, after this fashion.

John, Duke of Brabant, third of the name, was a great lord with a small but rich lordship : he was a grandson of Edward I. of England, and his wife a granddaughter of Philip the Bold of France. But when his three sons had died in youth, he grew weary of courts, took the habit of the order of St. Bernard, and died the same year, being the year 1355 of our salvation. To two of his daughters, the Countesses of Flanders and of Gueldres, he left more money than he could well give ; to the eldest, Jeanne, the Duchy of Brabant. In that same year Jeanne was married to young Wenceslas of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg, brother of the Emperor Charles IV., and her own second cousin : for he was son to the blind hero, John, King of Bohemia, who died in the last charge at Cressy.

Their strong and lasting affection, their hospitality and love of the arts, were the happy elements in what was in all other ways a troubled life. In the twenty-eight years of his reign Wenceslas had very few of peace : he fought in turn with his brother-in-law of Flanders, with Peter Couterel, the demagogue of Louvain, with Edward of Gueldres, who had imprisoned

and robbed his own brother Renaud, with the brigands called Linfars, who spread their nets between Meuse and Rhine, with that treacherous ally the Duke of Juliers, who encouraged the Linfars in secret and then backed Edward of Gueldres openly, and lastly, once more with the burgers of Louvain, who made head against feudalism with ferocious and unscrupulous courage.<sup>1</sup> But between his marches, battles, sieges, flights, and restorations, he showed always an unbroken and liberal gaiety: by common consent he gave the best dinners and tournaments in the Low Countries, and it is significant that the sixteen years during which his munificence supported Froissart were devoted by the latter to poetry, apparently at his request.

In 1383, when he was only forty-six, the end came upon him suddenly. "The Duke being returned to Brussels, after that he had some while taken pleasure in games, in jousting, in hunting, and in playing at fives, wherein they say he had great mastery, and in devising pastimes, he journeyed to Luxembourg, where in short space he died. He is buried in the monastery of Oryval, the which had been by him aforetime builded and endowed with yearly revenues."<sup>2</sup> They brought the news to the Duchess Jeanne at Brussels; "and as she had greatly loved him in his life, so also long time she wept him after his death: and if she had not perceived that the country had need of her and of her dealing, her mourning had longer endured, seeing that the wound was deep."

In the life of this little-known prince the memorable points for us are his championship of the oppressed Countess of Gueldres, his endless wars, his chivalrous love of his wife, and his frequent separation from her, particularly after the battle of Bastweiler in 1371, when he remained ten months in captivity. The effect upon his poetry is, I think, recognisable. The songs in *Méliador* vary in merit; some are thinner than

<sup>1</sup> See Froissart, *Chronicles*, and Altmeyer, *Précis de l'histoire du Brabant* (Bruxelles, 1847).

<sup>2</sup> Adrian Barlande, *Chroniques des Ducs de Brabant*, 1599. Ed. J. B. Vrints, 1612.

others, some more cramped by the highly technical rules of their age, but they are singularly, almost monotonously, uniform in tone. There are no albas or dirges among them; they are songs of separation, of patient longing, of faithful hope. I have chosen for translation the three which follow, not because they are especially representative, but because they offer more chance than others of keeping fairly near to the original. It must be remembered that there are many among them longer and more elaborate, and that they belong to a time when songs were written to be sung.

## RONDEL.

Though I wander far-off ways  
Dearest, never doubt thou me :

Mine is not the love that strays,  
Though I wander far-off ways :

Faithfully for all my days  
I have vowed myself to thee ;  
Though I wander far-off ways  
Dearest, never doubt thou me.

The second is an example of a slightly different form, one of the variations from the original type, of which several were used by Wenceslas, but not, so far as I know, continued by his successors.

## RONDEL.

Long ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have,  
Nothing in the world I keep :

All that in return I crave  
Is that thou accept the slave  
Long ago to thee I gave—  
Body, soul, and all I have :

Had I more to share or save  
I would give as give the brave,  
Stooping not to part the heap ;  
Long ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have,  
Nothing in the world I keep.



The third follows an older and simpler form of the well-known ballade type: this, too, is, I believe, rare; in our own language I have found no example of it. The theme is, perhaps, the most conventional in the whole book.

BALADE.

I cannot tell, of twain beneath this bond,  
Which one in grief the other went beyond,  
Narcissus, who, to end the pain he bore,  
Died of the love that could not help him more,  
Or I, that pine because I cannot see  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest pond  
Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,  
“Belovèd, comfort on my longing pour.”  
So for awhile he soothed his passion sore:  
So cannot I, for all too far is she—  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love's true colours donned  
I in his service will not now despond,  
For in extremes Love yet can all restore;  
So till her beauty walks the world no more,  
All day remembered in my hope shall be  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

These are not verse of high pretensions; if any one thinks it worth while to decry them by a comparison with the work of Charles of Orleans, of Villon, of our own Swinburnes, Langs, and Dobsons, I have no quarrel with him; but he is looking at them from a different point of view. The thoughts and customs of our forefathers, however antiquated or unpractical they may seem, were at any rate the thoughts and customs of living men, without whose life we had not been; and any thing which can help us to look, and still more to enter, into that life, even in a dream, is for me a talisman and a treasure when it can be found. I have tried to show how these old songs, however thin, may be said to have about them the charm of things recovered beyond hope, the magic

of a ghostly secret, the faint music of the drowned bells of Caer-Is: for they belong to a past that has sunk below very deep waters. Whether they are something more than relics of an early civilisation, whether with these a knight of the Middle Age unlocked his heart, it is perhaps impossible to say; it would be pleasant to fancy that they do retain, not only the fashion of the time, but some outline or impression of a personal temperament, formed in what is to us a half alien but never quite forgotten order of the world.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## GRAY AND DANTE

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Squilla di lontano  
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.

(The distant bell  
That seems to mourn the dying of the day.)

THE parallel is fairly obvious, and suggests at once that Gray borrowed his thrice-famous opening from the commencement of the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Such resemblances, it is true, by no means always prove borrowing, or at any rate conscious borrowing. Often they are due to unconscious cerebration, as often to mere coincidence. In the case quoted, however, there is evidence that Gray himself admitted the debt. He even avowed that it was originally fuller. "He had first written," he said, "the knell of dying day," but "changed 'dying' into 'parting' to avoid the *conchetto*."

Gray is, of course, generally considered a highly imitative poet. It is certain that he was a very learned poet. He congratulated himself, indeed, as we are told, on not possessing a good verbal memory, for even without this, he said, he had imitated too much, and had he possessed it, all he wrote would have been imitations, from his having read so much.

The poetic power and importance of Gray have recently been impugned, in much the same way, and on much the same grounds, that the poetic power and importance of Horace have

also recently been impugned. He may well be content to be disparaged in such company.

Ego apis Matinæ  
 More modoque,  
 Grata carpentis thyma per laborem  
 Plurimum circa nemus uvidique  
 Tiburis ripas operosa parvus  
 Carmina fingo.

So wrote Horace of himself. But what Horace called the modest industry of the "Matine bee," the world called *curiosa felicitas*, "felicity reduced to a science." And of this *curiosa felicitas* Gray has a large share. Nay, of this special combination of learning with poetic genius he is, perhaps, although there are other good examples, the most complete example in English letters, in which, moreover, he is surely a very singular and fascinating figure.

For what is Gray? A don, a "futile don," as the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, himself that infallible being, a non-resident junior fellow, might have called him; a "futile don" in days when the life of a resident don at Oxford or Cambridge was one of real academic seclusion and sequestration; a "futile don" and yet a first-rate poet; shy, fastidious, academic, yet fired with genuine if suppressed passion, and filled with world-wide sympathies; a cross between, shall we say, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Lord Tennyson; a don who, from his college rooms, indited the most popular poem in the language, which Wolfe, if the tale be true, repeated as he rowed down the St. Lawrence, on the eve of his victory and his death, saying he would rather have written it than take Quebec; a poet, too, who achieved the first rank with so few lines, yet a poet again whose little represented so much, whose tiny posy, "a handful but all roses," was the outcome of an acquisition and culture truly immense.

If Milton, after making his Italian journey, had returned to Cambridge, had never married or become Latin Secretary, but had immured himself, with his books and his mulberry-tree, in

the delightful courts and gardens of Christ's College, we might have seen, a century and more earlier than Gray's time, the same phenomenon. As it is, Callimachus writing "They told me Heraclitus" in the Museum of Alexandria, is perhaps a parallel from Greek literature, but in English letters Gray is unique. So many explanations have been given of the paradox which he presents, that it is worth while to consider once more how he came to be what he was, to do what he did, and, what is not less remarkable, to do, or at any rate to write, no more than he did.

Gray's temperament no doubt made him a don. He did not like Cambridge, or rather with many of her sons, he liked her best in vacation, when the University was down. He said hard things of her both as an undergraduate and in middle age. Yet he returned there after seeing something of the world, he lingered there, and finally made his life or, at any rate, his home there, and it is doubtful if he would have been either happier or more productive elsewhere.

Had he married Madam Speed with her thirty thousand pounds, her "house in town, plate, jewels, china, and old japan infinite," he might have been shaken out of himself, but it would have been a dangerous experiment. Addison was not perhaps very happy with his Countess. And being a don confirmed and set the bent of Gray's temperament. But it is character, not circumstance, that is destiny, and it was his temperament that was really responsible for his manner of life. His genius, his instinct, were rather for acquisition than creation. He knew it himself. As to creation, his answer to Wharton, when asked by him to write an epitaph, is sufficient evidence :

I by no means pretend to inspiration [he replied], but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on oneself, and which I have not felt this long time. You, that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

As to acquisition, his own language is no less significant. "When I expressed my astonishment that he had read so

much," says Norton Nicholls, he replied, "Why should you be surprised, for I do nothing else?" He had essentially the temperament of the scholar. Like Mark Pattison, he could not, or would not, write on any topic until he had read all that had been written upon it.

The fact that he was a good classical scholar, that he wrote Latin verses, some of which have even made an enduring mark, is well known. The true character and amount of his classical studies is not so fully recognised. Gray was not merely a scholar in the ordinary sense in which many well-educated men of letters, and not a few men of action, have been scholars; he was a genuine and deep student, an original researcher. Temple and Potter, scholars of his own day, described him as the most learned man in Europe or of the age, "equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly," and the opinions of Temple and Potter in the eighteenth century have been endorsed in the last by Fynes-Clinton and the late Master of Trinity, Dr. W. H. Thompson.

"Gray projected," says the learned author of the *Fasti Hellenici*, "a literary chronology. Had this work been completed by a writer of Gray's taste, learning and accuracy, it would have undoubtedly superseded the necessity of any other undertaking of the same kind." Gibbon, indeed, lamented that the poet was sometimes lost in the scholar and man of science. After quoting from the fragmentary piece on "Education and Government," he proceeds to ask, "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"

But the answer is that Gray was by nature as much of a student, nay, perhaps, though he never achieved a History, even as much of an historian, as Gibbon himself, and that it was part of his genius to compile. Like Gibbon, he would seem to have read, and even observed, pen in hand. Whether he was at home or abroad, he was always jotting, noting, extracting,

recording. When he made the Grand Tour he kept elaborate notes of travel, often probably to the annoyance of his more volatile companion, Horace Walpole, who writes significantly to West, "Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues."

He studied the fine arts in the same methodical, diligent way in which he travelled, or in which he perused the classics. He was a great lover of music, and early acquired a taste for the Italian schools of that art as well as of painting. His acquaintance with painting is shown in his letter of criticism to Walpole in reference to the latter's "Lives of the Painters." Pergolesi, Leo and Scarlatti were among his favourite composers. Galuppi, whom many admirers of Browning suppose him to have discovered, was well known to Gray. Walpole even thought that Gray had first introduced Pergolesi into England. This cannot be established, but what is certain is, that when in Italy he collected, transcribing many pieces with his own hand, nine volumes of Italian music, which are still in existence, a monument alike to his predilections and his indefatigable industry. Dr. H. E. Krehbiel, in whose possession they now are, gives a very full and precise account of them in his interesting little book on "Music and Manners in the Classical Period." Gray was also at the pains to add the names of the chief singers by whom he had heard these pieces performed. The whole collection thus forms now a most valuable record of forgotten music and musicians. He kept a journal in France, a journal in Italy. He wrote an essay on Architecture. Above all, he was interested in Natural History of every kind. About the same time as White of Selborne, he kept a naturalist's calendar of the same sort as that kept by White. He drew up a list of the "Fishes that live in the Mediterranean about whose names we know nothing from the Greeks or Romans." He wrote an exceedingly clever account, in Latin hexameters, of the "Generick Characters of the Orders of Insects," beginning thus with the Coleoptera,

*Alas lorica tectas Coleoptera jactant.*

He annotated Gerard's "Herbal" and Ray's "Select Remains"; Linnæus' *Systema Naturæ* he not only annotated, but illustrated with careful pen-and-ink drawings of birds and insects, producing a volume which deservedly is or was one of the chief treasures of Mr. Ruskin's library. But, indeed, he annotated many, if not most, of his books. It is a thousand pities that his library was dispersed, after being kept together for some seventy years. The items, a few out of many, that have been recovered from dispersal, afford a most striking testimony to the width of his interests, the depth of his knowledge. The catalogue of it, printed in 1851, when it was sold, makes our mouths water. He annotated Euripides and "The Digest," Boccaccio and Milton, Clarendon and Bishop Burnet, Roger Lord Orrery, Dugdale's "Baronage," and various volumes of memoirs and travels. On Aristophanes, and on Plato, he left a body of systematic notes.

But what is not less remarkable than Gray's learning is his culture. He had, as has been said by his graceful and sympathetic biographer, Mr. Edmund Gosse, all the modern tastes. He knew and loved the Elizabethan writers and even the earlier English literature of Lydgate and Gower and Chaucer. He appreciated Gothic architecture. He loved mountainous scenery. He was fascinated by the Alps, though their terrors when he crossed them were very various and very real. He discovered the English Lakes before Wordsworth, and the Scotch Highlands before Scott. He played the spinet, he collected blue china, he had flower-boxes in his college windows at Cambridge, and when he was in London went every day to Covent Garden for a nosegay. He was a connoisseur in wall-papers, stained glass, and high-art furniture, and in these matters it may be noted that his taste was more fastidious than that of Strawberry Hill, where he accused Walpole of having "degenerated into finery."

He loved the classical, but he loved the romantic too. He translated Norse and Welsh poetry before York Powell had collected the one or Matthew Arnold written on the other.



Among Gray's modern tastes was the taste for Dante. Dante was, of course, well known to England and England's poets long before. Three hundred and seventy years earlier Chaucer visited Italy, and probably met Petrarch and very possibly heard Boccaccio lecture, while his various allusions to Dante, and his reproduction of the story of Erl Hugelyn of Pise are well known.

Milton in his day also made the Italian tour, and knew Italian well—better than some of his critics, such as the late Rector of Lincoln, who have had the temerity to find fault with his knowledge. Milton copies Dante, he translates him, he avows that he took him for his model. "Above all I preferred," he says, "the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of those to whom they devote their verse."

In what was till yesterday our own century, from first to last, our poets, with hardly an exception, have been students and lovers of Dante.

Keats in 1817, then a young man of twenty-two, wrote of him:

He is less to be commended than loved, and they who truly feel his charm will need no argument for their passionate fondness. With them he has attained the highest favour of an author, exemption from those canons to which the little herd must bow; Dante whether he has been glorified by the Germans or derided by the French, it matters little.

Shelley writes more precisely but not less fervently. Byron, who told Murray that he thought his "Prophecy of Dante" was the best thing he had ever done if not unintelligible, and who published a very careful translation of the Paolo and Francesca episode, felt, and acknowledged that he felt, the power and compulsion of the great Florentine. It was, it would seem, from the motto prefixed by him to "The Corsair" that Tennyson as a boy of twelve first learned that "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Of Tennyson himself, or the other poets nearer our own time, Browning and Matthew Arnold, Longfellow and Lowell,

Rossetti and Swinburne, there is no need to speak. They share, and indeed have done much alike to illustrate and to stimulate, that "great love and long study" of Dante which has been among the most characteristic symptoms of the process of thought and letters in England and, we may add, in America, in our own century and day.

But if such was the taste of Chaucer and of Milton, if such was the taste of the nineteenth century, such was not the taste of the eighteenth. And this is just one of the points which makes Gray so interesting. It is true that to study Italian was fashionable enough in England in the last century. The little Eton set at Cambridge, who, with West at Oxford, formed the "Quadruple Alliance," the set to which Gray belonged, the picture of which has been so delightfully recovered for us by Mr. Tovey, began the study of their own motion as young men, with Signor Hieronimo Piazza, the University teacher.

I learn Italian like any dragon [he writes to West, in one of the first letters preserved], and in two months am got through the 16th book of Tasso, whom I hold in great admiration; I want you to learn too, that I may know your opinion of him; nothing can be easier than that language to any one who knows Latin and French already, and there are few so copious and expressive.

And again in one of his early letters he alludes to having translated (like all beginners) the *Pastor Fido*.

But to learn Italian is not always, certainly was not then, necessarily to love Dante. Walpole, for instance, began Italian with Gray, with Gray he travelled to Italy, and studied Italian art. In two places in his letters he makes allusion to the author of the "Divine Comedy"; in the first, he says that, asking Mr. Hayley's pardon, he does not admire Dante; in the second, he tells Mr. William Mason that "Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a methodist parson in Bedlam." This may seem astonishing by itself, but it is worth noting that in the same vein Walpole poured equal contempt on Gray's modern taste for Norse. "Who can care," he said, "through what horrors a Runic savage

arrived at all the joys and glories they conceive—the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's Hall?" In point of fact, Walpole's language is strong, but the sentiment is only too characteristic of that wonderful eighteenth century through which poor Gray wandered in life-long exile. It is only fair to Walpole, however, to say that he also made a serious and sensible observation about Dante, and one which bore fruit. "Dante," he said, "is a difficult author. I wish we had a complete translation in prose with the original on the opposite page." The remark had some influence in setting Cary on his admirable rendering.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Johnson, the English oracle of the century, held probably much the same views. Few things of the kind are more interesting than to contrast the attitude of Dr. Johnson towards Ossian and Macpherson with that of Gray.<sup>2</sup> Johnson's is the more amusing and even heroic, but Gray's is undoubtedly the more scholarly and sympathetic, and the more in accord with modern views.

Johnson hardly mentions Dante except, oddly enough, to compare the opening of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with that of the "Divine Comedy." Yet Johnson knew Italian, and speaks with appreciation of Petrarch and Ariosto. Still more strange, Boswell quotes two lines from the "Divine Comedy," but avows that he does not know the author of the quotation.

Gibbon in the same way, who knew Italy and Italian well, never mentions Dante at all, but seems to have regarded Petrarch as the founder of the Italian language and literature.

Gray knew and loved Petrarch too. His copy of Petrarch was marked, after his methodical academic manner, with signs indicating the comparative merit of the various pieces.

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for these quotations from Walpole to Mrs. Paget Toynbee.

<sup>2</sup> The pious diligence of Dr. Neil, Librarian of Pembroke, has recovered for his College Library, *inter alia*, Gray's copy of Macpherson's "Ossian."

Boccaccio, we have seen, he had studied minutely. He was also well acquainted with Tasso and Ariosto. Indeed, there is little doubt that Norton Nicholls was right in saying that Gray knew the whole range of Italian literature, both prose and verse. And it has been seen that to know, with Gray, was to know exactly and exhaustively.

What is pretty certain then is that his acquaintance with Dante was of the same minute and profound kind as his acquaintance with Aristophanes or Plato. The evidence for this, it is true, is somewhat scattered and scanty, but, taken with what we know of Gray, it seems sufficient.

The statement about the debt to Dante with which this paper begins is drawn from what is, perhaps, the most graphic and best account of Gray preserved, namely, the "Reminiscences" of the Rev. Norton Nicholls. This gentleman, a Suffolk rector, wealthy and of artistic tastes, the owner of a "villa" at Blundeston, near Lowestoft, who died in 1809, at the age of sixty-eight, was in particular deeply versed in Italian. Among the curiosities of literature is an Italian *Canzone*, prefixed by Mr. Mathias, one of the chief biographers of Gray, to a collection of lyrics from the most illustrious Italian poets, and dedicated, "Al erudito e nell' amena letteratura versatissimo Norton Nicholls." In this singular piece Gray figures several times. He is called

Quel Grande che canto le tombe e i Bardi.

and later figures somewhat grotesquely as one of the well-known "swans of the Lord of Delos, who are seen disporting, and whose cries are heard, along the learned stream."

Mr. Norton Nicholls went up from Eton to Cambridge in 1760. Apparently he had already learnt Italian at Eton. His first acquaintance with Gray, he tells us, was one afternoon, drinking tea, at the rooms of a Mr. Lobb, a Fellow of Peterhouse. Was afternoon tea, too, one of Gray's modern tastes? Collins, poor lad, used, we know, to give afternoon tea-parties in his undergraduate's rooms at Magdalen.

The conversation, Mr. Nicholls goes on to say, turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, "The sun to me is dark and silent as the moon."<sup>1</sup> Nicholls does not say, indeed, quoted by Gray, but it is probable that this was so, for Gray seems to have affected the quotation, and makes it, as will be seen later, in his *Journal in the Lakes*.

Nicholls, a humble freshman, ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante's "Mi ripingeva la dov' il sol tace." Gray turned quickly round to him and said, "Sir, do you read Dante?" "I have endeavoured to understand him," was the reply. Gray was much pleased, addressed the chief of his discourse to him for the rest of the evening, and invited him to Pembroke Hall. Nicholls afterwards told a friend of the awe he felt, at the time, of the poet, and the lightning of his eye, that "*folgorante sguardo*, as the Tuscans term it," but "Mr. Gray's courtesy and encouraging affability," he said, "soon dispersed every uneasy sensation and gave him confidence."

This "snapshot," if we may call it so, gives a glimpse, for which we cannot be too grateful, of the poet in the environment of the Cambridge of his day, and of his personality and interests. Was Gray's surprise rather that young Norton Nicholls knew Italian at all, or that he read Dante? Perhaps we are not justified in saying the latter. After they became friends, it seems clear, though it is not stated, from several quotations and allusions which are scattered up and down the "Reminiscences" that they read Dante together. "Gray," Norton Nicholls proceeds, "had a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, and of the poets of Italy of the first class, to whom he looked up as his great progenitors, and to Dante as the father of all; to whose genius, if I remember right, he thought it an advantage to have been produced in a rude age of strong and uncontrolled passions, when the Muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism."

This reminiscence by Norton Nicholls is, to speak strictly,

<sup>1</sup> *Samson Agonistes*, v. 85.

almost the only piece of external evidence we have of Gray's study of Dante. The rest is all, or almost all, internal.

It is characteristic of Gray that he only once in his life asked for any preferment; that when he asked for it, he half hoped and half expected to be refused, and, as a matter of fact, was refused. What he solicited, yet shrank from, is also significant of the "futile don." It was a Professorship, that of Modern History and Modern Languages. This post became vacant in the year 1782, and Gray made some little interest to obtain it. Five years earlier he had declined the office of Poet Laureate offered him on the death of Colley Cibber. That he did so seems a pity. Gray evidently did not really despise the office, though he made fun of it. He wished somebody might be found to revive its credit, but he shrank from trying himself. His prevailing reason seems to have been his donnish temperament, his constitutional, chilly, hesitancy. Had Gray accepted the post, Scott might apparently afterwards have done the same. The tradition of Spenser and Ben Jonson and Dryden would have been revived, that of Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson would have been anticipated, the series would have become, by so much, at any rate, the more continuously illustrious. That Gray was well suited for it is shown by his Installation Ode, one of the best examples in the language of an official "Pindaric" written for a set occasion, but he declined it. He would have been even better suited to be Professor of Poetry; but Cambridge had not, like Oxford, such a Professorship.

The Chair of History, to which he now aspired, was given to a Mr. Brockett, a friend of Gray's pet aversion, Lord Sandwich. Fortunately, if it is permissible to say so, the Professorship was, three years later, again vacant. Mr. Brockett, who had been dining with his noble patron, fell from his horse on the way back to Cambridge and broke his neck. Augustus, Duke of Grafton, that often and over-much maligned potentate, for whose quiet merits the pen of an accomplished Vice-Chancellor and Burgess of Oxford has at last procured a tardy

recognition, had the good sense at once to select Gray, and the tact to write—no easy matter—a letter which secured his acceptance, and Gray became Professor.

Being Professor in those days unfortunately did not involve lecturing, and though Gray drew out an admirable sketch of an inaugural lecture, he never inaugurated. One duty, however, attached to the office of Regius Professor of History, which Gray discharged, as it happened, with a very interesting sequel—the duty of providing teachers such as those under whom he had himself studied, in French and Italian. The Italian teacher whom Gray introduced was one Agostino Isola, afterwards editor of Tasso. Under Isola's tuition Gray himself took the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the Italian poets. The same teacher some years later taught Italian to Wordsworth, while his granddaughter, Emma Isola, became the adopted daughter of Charles and Mary Lamb, and later, the wife of Tennyson's friend, fellow-traveller, and publisher, the friend, too, of other poets beside Tennyson, and himself an author, Edward Moxon.

We said it was a pity that Cambridge had no Professorship of Poetry. Not that Gray would have been more likely to lecture from the Poetic than from the Historic Chair, but that he would have filled it specially well, and it might have induced him to write, if not to deliver, what he projected, and what he could have executed better than any one else. His letters show him to have been as good a critic of poetry as he was poet. He projected a history of English poetry. He dropped the scheme as he dropped so many, but he handed on a sketch of his intentions to his friend the Oxford Professor, Dr. Thomas Warton. The idea, he told Warton, was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper by Pope.

The sketch, which is still extant, is naturally a dry and dull syllabus, but has its interest in the light it throws upon the extent of Gray's reading and the scope of his conception. After an "Introduction": "On the poetry of the Gallic or Celtic nations as far back as it can be traced; on that of the

Goths; on the origin of rhyme," &c., the First Part was to have been: "On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrviertes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnets, ballades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French, and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others."

Had Gray carried out the design, of which this is the outline, we should have known more accurately the extent of his acquaintance with Dante. But he did not do so. All that remains of it are some scattered essays or collections of notes, on English metre, on the Pseudo-Rhythmus, and on Rhyme, &c. These notes are again annotated, and the annotations contain several references to Dante. Scattered and haphazard as these are, they are sufficient to show an acquaintance with Dante's works of no common kind. Thus they show Gray to have been familiar not only with the "Divine Comedy" but with the *Canzoni*, and, what is still more remarkable, with Dante's prose work, the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. This last Gray quotes at least six times. He understands and discusses its literary and philological allusions; Arnould Daniel, Guido of Arezzo, Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, are all familiar names to him. He discusses the *provenance* and history of the decasyllabic metre, "our blank verse," and of the Terza Rima; and the form and use of the Sonnet, the Sestine, and the Canzone. He notes the employment of a mixture of languages, as appearing not only in Dante's *Canzoni*, from which he quotes in illustration, but also in the *Divina Commedia* itself. To illustrate the omission of final syllables in the older poets, he cites *Purgatorio* XIV. 66.

Nello stato prima(io) non si rinselva.

A good deal of this lore is avowedly derived from Crescimbeni. Some, too, no doubt, was drawn from the old Italian



commentators; for it is pretty clear that in studying the Italian, as in studying the ancient classics, Gray read everything that could possibly help him to understand or illustrate his author.

We said just now that his library, had it been preserved, would doubtless have furnished abundant evidence of this; some evidence is afforded even by such record of it as remains. Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue of 1851, alluded to above, is fortunately unusually descriptive. It contains an account of two items which in this regard are of much significance—Gray's copy of Dante and his copy of Milton. The former appears as follows:

Dante (Alighieri) Opere con l' esposizioni di C. Landino e di A. Vellutello, etc., Hogskin, gilt leaves; fol. Venet. 1578, with an extract from *De Bure* relative to this edition and an elaborate note on the word "Comedia," "The Mysteries," etc., with passages from Weever's "Funeral Monuments" and *Crescimbeni della Volgar Poesia*: all in Gray's autograph.

The copy of Milton is described as "interleaved, annotated and illustrated with abundance of passages from various authors, ancient and modern, wherein a similitude of thought or expression to that of Milton has been considered observable by Gray." Among the quotations it is noted are some, as there could hardly fail to be, from Dante.

Where these copies are at present is, perhaps, not known, but doubtless they are in existence, and, if inspected with this view, would afford yet further information than that suggested by this bare description, of Gray's knowledge of Dante.

In the meanwhile, an interesting and eloquent testimony to the fact and value of Gray's remarks is to be found in the use made of them by one of the earliest, and still the best, translator of Dante, the scholarly and poetic Cary.

To return, however, from Gray the student and philologist to Gray the poet, the same sale catalogue quoted above contains a notice of a manuscript translation by Gray of *Inferno* xxxiii. 1-75, the Ugolino episode. A note in the catalogue suggests that it was probably written very early, and when Gray was

commencing the study of Italian. It also exists in a MS. now in the possession of the Earl of Crewe. It was among the new matter which the industry of Mr. Gosse recovered and printed, and may be consulted in his edition. Mr. Gosse, a little kind, perhaps, to his discovery, speaks of it as dating in all probability from Gray's best poetic years and possessing extraordinary merit. The ground on which he so dates it is the spelling. It may be doubted, however, whether this evidence is very conclusive. The merit, considering that it is the work of Gray, can hardly be rated so high, and, all things considered, it appears more probable that the note in the sale catalogue is right, and that the piece is a youthful exercise belonging to the period when Gray, as appears from his letters, was much occupied with translations, when he translated Statius for the delectation of his friend West, and when, as we know, he translated for his teacher the *Pastor Fido*. A translation of Tasso,<sup>1</sup> also printed by Mr. Gosse, probably belongs to the same period, for, as we may remember, he speaks of Tasso to West in the letter quoted earlier in this paper.<sup>2</sup>

It should be remembered, too, that the story of Ugolino is one which has fastened on the imagination of the world. It is probably, with the exception of that of Paolo and Francesca, the best-known picture in the many-chambered gallery of Dante. In Italy especially, where the study of Dante has been, as a rule, more popular, not to say superficial, than in England and with fashionable teachers of Italian, it has always been specially popular, and it is the more likely for that reason that it was suggested to Gray by Signor Piazza than that it was selected by his own taste.

At the same time it must be admitted, in favour of Mr. Gosse's view, that, if selected by Gray's own taste, it would be an excellent illustration of the remarks made by him and

<sup>1</sup> Gerus. Lib. Cant. xiv. St. 32.

<sup>2</sup> I am glad to find in Mr. Tovey's new and careful edition of "Gray's Letters," for which all lovers of Gray will be grateful, that this view has the confirmation of his favour.

quoted earlier about the "rude age of strong and uncontrolled passion, when the Muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism."

The point, after all, is not one of much moment; what is far more interesting is to note that Dante would seem to have been an author much in Gray's mind and often on his lips.

One of the most characteristic and striking of Gray's remains is his *Journal in the Lakes*. It has often been noticed how he anticipates Wordsworth in his love of this lovely region; how, for instance, he made the observation the use of which is one of Wordsworth's most admired touches, of the noise caused by the streams at night, "the sound of streams inaudible by day."

It has perhaps not been noted that his *Journal*, short as it is, contains two quotations from Dante. One indeed is only that already referred to, derived from Dante through Milton: "The moon was dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave." The other is more important. The whole passage in which it occurs is significant and merits reproduction *in extenso*. It is a description of Gowder Crag. "The place reminds one," says Gray, speaking of it with admiration, "of those passes in the Alps where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel and hastened on in silence";

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!

The quotation is now quite hackneyed; was it so in Gray's day? Perhaps it is impossible to tell. In Italy very likely it was. But certainly the whole passage, with this line occurring in the context and manner in which it is here found, is a striking utterance for the year of grace 1769 in England.

To love the lakes, even tremblingly to admire, as we know Gray admired, the Alps, to compare the one with the other, to be reminded by both of Dante, all this says much for the shy

self-suppressing scholar, the "futile don," who in the small hours of the classic period was a romanticist before the dawn. Wordsworth in his well-known preface pours special scorn upon Gray's "Elegy" on West. But Gray was a far better critic than Wordsworth. His account of the nature of poetic diction is far more just and scholarly than that of Wordsworth. And if always learned and often artificial, yet he did not, as the direct large sympathy of Burns at once detected, want for genuine passion. Burns admired Gray not for diction but for passion, professing, strangely enough, that he himself is unable

To pour with Gray the moving flow  
Warm on the heart.

It is this fusing passion that is the true secret of the success of the "Elegy." It seldom flamed up or burnt bright in Gray's poems. But he was a very real poet and knew what real poetry was. He knew his own limitations and those of his age. He knew that what poets most need, as one of our own living poets has said, is inspiration. He knew and wrote that his was not a time of great poets :

But not to one in this benighted age  
Is that diviner inspiration given,  
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,  
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

But he knew and loved the great poets as few have loved and still fewer have known them. And among the greatest in his estimation, the first in his regard, must pretty clearly be reckoned the author of the "Divine Comedy."

T. H. WARREN.

# TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

## CHAPTER XX

### THE TRISTRAM WAY—A SPECIMEN

**H**ARRY TRISTRAM had led Lady Evenswood to believe that he would inform himself of his cousin's state of mind, or even open direct communication with her. He had done nothing to redeem this implied promise, although the remembrance of it had not passed out of his mind. But he was disinclined to fulfil it. In the first place, he was much occupied with the pursuits and interests of his new life; secondly, he saw no way to approach her in which he would not seem a disagreeable reminder; he might even be taken for a beggar or at least regarded as a reproachful suppliant. The splendour, the dramatic effect of his surrender, and of the scene which led up to it, would be endangered and probably spoilt by a resumption of intercourse between them. His disappearance had been magnificent—no other conclusion could explain the satisfaction with which he looked back on the episode. There was no material yet for a reappearance equally striking. When he thought about her—which was not very often just now—it was not to say that he would never meet her again; he liked her too well, and she was too deeply

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bound up with the associations of his life for that ; but it was to decide to postpone the meeting, and to dream perhaps of some progress or turn of events which should present him with his opportunity, and invest their renewed acquaintance with an atmosphere as unusual and as stimulating as that in which their first days together had been spent. Thus thinking of her only as she affected him, he remained at heart insensible to the aspect of the case which Lady Evenswood had commended to his notice. Cecily's possible unhappiness did not come home to him. After all, she had everything and he nothing—and even he was not insupportably unhappy. His idea, perhaps, was that Blent and a high position would console most folk for somebody else's bad luck ; men in bad luck themselves will easily take such a view as that ; their intimacy makes a second-hand acquaintance with sorrow seem a trifling trouble.

Yet he had known his mother well. And he had made his surrender. Well, only a very observant man can tell what his own moods may be ; it is too much to ask anybody to prophesy another's ; and the last thing a man appreciates are the family peculiarities—unless he happens not to share them.

Southend was working quietly ; aided by Jenkinson Neeld, he had prepared an elaborate statement and fired it in at Mr. Disney's door, himself retreating as hastily as the urchin who has thrown a cracker. Lady Evenswood was trying to induce her eminent cousin to come to tea. The Imp, in response to that official missive which had made such an impression on her, was compiling her reminiscences of Heidelberg and Addie Tristram. Everybody was at work, and it was vaguely understood that Mr. Disney was considering the matter, at least that he had not consigned all the documents to the wastepaper basket and the writers to perdition—which was a great point gained with Mr. Disney. “No hurry, give me time”—“don't push it”—“wait”—“do nothing”—the “*status quo*”—all these various phrases expressed Lord Southend's earnest and reiterated advice to the conspirators. A barony had, in his judgment, begun to be a thing which might be

mentioned without a smile. And the viscounty—Well, said Lady Evenswood, if Robert were once convinced, the want of precedents would not stop him; precedents must, after all, be made, and why should not Robert make them?

This then, the moment when all the wise and experienced people were agreed that nothing could, should, or ought to be done, was the chance for a Tristram. Addie would have seized it without an instant's hesitation; Cecily, her blood unavoidably diluted with a strain of Gainsborough, took two whole days to make the plunge—two days and a struggle, neither of which would have happened had she been Addie. But she did at last reach the conclusion that immediate action was necessary, that she was the person to act, that she could endure no more delay, that she must herself go to Harry and do the one terrible thing which alone suited, met, and could save the situation. It was very horrible to her. Here was its last and irresistible fascination, Mina supplied Harry's address—ostensibly for the purpose of a letter; nothing else was necessary but a hansom cab.

In his quiet room in Duke Street Harry was working out some details of the proposed buildings at Blinkhampton. Iver was to come to town next day, and Harry thought that the more entirely ready they seemed to go on, the more eager Iver would be to stop them; so he was at it with his elevations, plans, and estimates. It was just six o'clock, and a couple of quiet hours stretched before him. Nothing was in his mind except Blinkhampton; he had forgotten himself and his past fortunes, Blent and the rest of it; he had even forgotten the peculiarities of his own family. He heard with most genuine vexation that a lady must see him on urgent business; but he had not experience enough to embolden him to send word that he was out.

Such a message would probably have availed nothing. Cecily was already at the door; she was in the room before he had done giving directions that she should be admitted. Again the likeness which had already worked on him so power-

fully struck him with unlesened force; for its sake he sprang forward to greet her and met her outstretched hands with his. There was no appearance of embarrassment about her, rather a great gladness and a triumph in her own courage in coming. She seemed quite sure that she had done the right thing.

"You didn't come to me, so I came to you," she explained, as though the explanation were quite sufficient.

She brought everything back to him very strongly—and in a moment banished Blinkhampton.

"Does anybody know you've come?"

"No," she smiled. "That was a part of the fun. Mina didn't know I was going out. You see everybody's been doing something except me and——"

"Everybody doing something? Doing what?"

"Oh, never mind now. Nothing of any real use."

"There's nothing to do," said Harry with a smile and a shrug.

She was a little disappointed to find him looking so well, so cheerful, so busy. But the new impression was not strong enough to upset the preconceptions with which she had come. "I've come to tell you I can't bear it," she said. "Oh, why did you ever do it, Harry?"

"On my honour I don't know," he admitted after a moment's thought. "Won't you sit down?" He watched her seat herself, actually hoping for the famous attitude. But she was too excited for it. She sat upright, her hands clasped on her knees. Her air was one of gravity, of tremulous importance. She realised what she was going to do; if she had failed to understand its very unusual character she would probably never have done it at all.

"I can't bear this state of things," she began. "I can't endure it any longer."

"Oh, I can; I'm all right. I hope you haven't been worrying."

"Worrying! I've robbed you, robbed you of everything. Oh, I know you did it yourself! That makes it worse. How did I come to make you do it?"



"I don't know," he said again. "Well, you seemed so in your place at Blent. Somehow you made me feel an interloper. And——" He paused a moment. "Yes, I'm glad," he ended.

"No, no; you mustn't be glad," she cried quickly. "Because it's unendurable, unendurable!"

"To you? It's not to me. I thought it might be. It isn't."

"Yes, to me, to me! Oh, end it for me, Harry, end it for me!"

She was imploring, she was the suppliant. The reversal of parts, strange in itself, hardly seemed strange to Harry Tristram. And it made him quite his old self again. He felt that he had something to give. But her next words shattered that delusion.

"You must take it back. Let me give it back to you," she prayed.

He was silent a full minute before he answered slowly and coldly.

"From anybody else I should treat that as an insult; with you I'm willing to think it merely ignorance. In either case the absurdity's the same." He turned away from her with a look of distaste, almost of disgust. "How in the world could you do it?" he added by way of climax.

"I could do it. In one way I could." She rose as he turned back to her. "I want you to have Blent. You're the proper master of Blent. Do you think I want to have it, by accident?"

"You have it by law, not by accident," he answered curtly. He was growing angry. "Why do you come here and unsettle me?" he demanded. "I wasn't thinking of it. And then you come here!"

She was apologetic no longer. She faced him boldly.

"You ought to think of it," she insisted. "And, yes, I've come here because it was right for me to come, because I couldn't respect myself unless I came. I want you to take back Blent."

"What infernal nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You know it's impossible."

"No," she said; she was calm, but her breath came quick. "There's one way in which it's possible."

In an instant he understood her; there was no need of more words. She knew herself to be understood as she looked at him; and for a while she looked steadily. But his gaze too was long, and it became very searching, so that presently, in spite of her efforts, she felt herself flushing red, and her eyes fell. The room had become uncomfortably quiet too. At last he spoke.

"I suppose you remember what I told you about Janie Iver," he said, "and that's how you came to think I might do this. You must see that that was different. I gave as much as I got there. She was rich, I was——" He smiled sourly. "I was Tristram of Blent. You are Tristram of Blent, I am——" He shrugged his shoulders.

He made no reference to the personal side of the case. She was not hurt, she was enormously relieved.

"I'm not inclined to be a pensioner on my wife," he said.

She opened her lips to speak; she was within an ace of telling him that, if this and that went well, he would have so assured and recognised a position that none could throw stones at him. Her words died away in face of the peremptory finality of his words and the bitter anger on his face. She sat silent and forlorn, wondering what had become of her resolve and her inspiration.

"In my place you would feel as I do," he said a moment later. His tone was milder. "You can't deny it," he insisted. "Look me in the face and deny it if you can. I know you too well."

For some minutes longer she sat still. Then she got up with a desolate air. Everything seemed over; the great offer, with its great scene, had come to very little. Anti-climax, foe to emotion! She remembered how the scene in the Long Gallery had gone. So much better, so much better! But

Harry dominated her—and he had stopped the scene. Without attempting to bid him any farewell she moved towards the door slowly and drearily.

She was arrested by his voice—a new voice, very good-natured, rather chaffing.

“Are you doing anything particular to-night?” he asked.

She turned round; he was smiling at her in an open but friendly amusement.

“No,” she murmured. “I’m going back home, I suppose.”

“To Blent?” he asked quickly.

“No; to our house. Mina’s there, and then——” Her face was puzzled; she left her sentence unfinished.

“Well, I’ve got nothing to do. Let’s have dinner and go somewhere together?”

Their eyes met. Gradually Cecily’s lightened into a sparkle as her lips bent and her white teeth showed a little. She was almost laughing outright as she answered readily, without so much as a show of hesitation or a hint of surprise, “Yes.”

Nothing else can be so ample as a monosyllable is sometimes. If it had been Harry’s object to escape from a tragic or sensational situation he had achieved it triumphantly. The question was no longer who should have Blent, but where they should have dinner. Nothing in his manner showed that he had risked and succeeded in a hazardous experiment; he had brought her down to the level of common sense—that is, to his own view of things; incidentally he had secured what he hoped would prove a very pleasant evening. Finally he meant to have one more word with her on the matter of her visit before they parted. His plan was very clear in his head. By the end of the evening she would have forgotten the exalted mood which had led her into absurdity; she would listen to a few wise and weighty words—such as he would have at command. Then the ludicrous episode would be over and done with for ever; to its likeness, superficially at least rather strong, to that other scene in which he had been chief actor his mind did not advert.

A very pleasant evening it proved; so that it prolonged itself, naturally as it were and without express arrangement, beyond dinner and the play, and embraced in its many hours a little supper and a long drive in a cab to those distant regions where Cecily's house was situated. There was no more talk of Blent; there was some of Harry's new life, its features and its plans; there was a good deal about nothing in particular; and there was not much of any sort as they drove along in the cab at one o'clock in the morning.

But Harry's purpose was not forgotten. He bade the cabman wait and followed Cecily into the house. He looked round it with lively interest and curiosity.

"So this is where you came from!" he exclaimed with a compassionate smile. "You do want something to make up for this!"

She laughed as she took off her hat and sank into a chair. "Yes, this is—home," she said.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" he demanded.

"You know I have."

"Are you feeling friendly to me?"

Now came the attitude; she threw herself into it and smiled.

"That's what I wanted," he went on. "Now I can say what I have to say."

She sat still, waiting to hear him. There was now no sign of uneasiness about her. She smiled luxuriously, and her eyes were resting on his face with evident pleasure. They were together again as they had been in the Long Gallery; the same contentment possessed her. The inner feeling had its outward effect. There came on him the same admiration, the same sense that she commanded his loyalty. When she had come to his rooms that afternoon he had found it easy to rebuke and to rule her. His intent for the evening had been the same; he had sought to bring her to a more friendly mind, chiefly that she might accept with greater readiness the chastening of cool common sense, and a rebuke from the

decent pride which her proposal had outraged. Harry was amazed to find himself suddenly at a loss, looking at the girl, hardly knowing how to speak to her.

"Well?" she said. Where now was the tremulous excitement? She was magnificently at her ease and commanded him to speak, if he had anything to say. If not, let him hold his peace.

But he was proud and obstinate too. They came to a conflict there in the little room—the forgotten cab waiting outside, the forgotten Mina beginning to stir in her bed as voices dimly reached her ears and she awoke to the question—where was Cecily?

"If we're to be friends," Harry began, "I must hear no more of what you said this afternoon. You asked me to be a pensioner, you proposed yourself to be——" He did not finish. The word was not handy, or he wished to spare her.

She showed no signs of receiving mercy.

"Very well," she said, smiling. "If you knew everything, you wouldn't talk like that. I suppose you've no idea what it cost me?"

"What it cost you?"

She broke into a scornful laugh. "You know what it really meant. Still, you've only a scolding for me! How funny that you see one half and not the other! But you've given me a very pleasant evening, Cousin Harry."

"You must leave my life alone," he insisted brusquely.

"Oh yes, for the future. I've nothing left to offer, have I? I have been—refused!" She seemed to exult in the abandonment of her candour.

He looked at her angrily, almost dangerously. For a passing moment she had a sensation of that physical fear from which no moral courage can wholly redeem the weak in body. But she showed none of it; her pose was unchanged; only the hand on which her head rested shook a little. And she began to laugh. "You look as though you were going to hit me," she said.

"Oh, you do talk nonsense!" he groaned. But she was too much for him; he laughed too. She had spoken with such a grand security. "If you tell me to walk out of the door I shall go."

"Well, in five minutes. It's very late."

"Oh, we weren't bred in Bayswater," he reminded her.

"I was—in Chelsea."

"So you say. I think in heaven—no, Olympus—really."

"Have you said what you wanted to say, Cousin Harry?"

"I suppose you hadn't the least idea what you were doing?"

"I was as cool as you were when you gave me Blent."

"You're cool enough now, anyhow," he admitted, in admiration of her parry.

"Quite, thanks." The hand behind her head trembled sorely. His eyes were on her, and a confusion threatened to overwhelm the composure of which she boasted.

"I gave you Blent because it was yours."

"What I offered you is mine."

"By God, no. Never yours to give till you've lost it!"

With an effort she kept her pose. His words hummed through her head.

"Did you say that to Janie Iver?" she mustered coolness to ask him mockingly.

He thrust away the taunt with a motion of his hand; one of Gainsborough's gimcracks fell smashed on the floor. Cecily laughed, glad of the excuse to seem at her ease.

"Hang the thing! If you'd loved me, you'd have been ashamed to do it."

"I was ashamed without loving you, Cousin Harry."

"Oh, do drop 'Cousin Harry!'"

"Well, I proposed to. But you wouldn't." Her only refuge now was in quips and verbal victories. They served her well, for Harry, less master of himself than usual, was hindered and tripped up by them. "Still, if we ever meet again, I'll say 'Harry' if you like."

"Of course we shall meet again." She surprised that out of him.

"It'll be so awkward for me now," she laughed lightly. But her mirth broke off suddenly as he came closer and stood over her.

"I could hate you for coming to me with that offer," he said.

Almost hating herself now, yet sorely wounded that he should think of hating her, she answered him in a fury.

"Well then, shouldn't I hate you for giving me Blent? That was worse. You could refuse, I couldn't. I have it, I have to keep it." In her excitement she rose and faced him. "And because of you I can't be happy!" she cried resentfully.

"I see! I ought to have drowned myself, instead of merely going away? Oh, I know I owe the world at large apologies for my existence, and you in particular, of course. Unfortunately, though, I intend to go on existing; I even intend to live a life of my own—not the life of a hanger-on—if you'll kindly allow me."

"Would any other man in the world talk like this after—?"

"Any man who had the sense to see what you'd done. I'm bound to be a nuisance to you anyhow. I should be least of a nuisance as your husband! That was it. Oh, I'm past astonishment at you."

His words sounded savage, but it was not their fierceness that banished her mirth. It was the new light they threw on that impulse of hers. She could only fall back on her old recrimination.

"When you gave me Blent——"

"Hold your tongue about Blent," he commanded imperiously. "If it were mine again, and I came to you and said, 'You're on my conscience, you fret me, you worry me. Marry me, and I shall be more comfortable!' What then?"

"Why, it would be just like you to do it!" she cried in malicious triumph.

"The sort of thing runs in the family, then." She started

at the plainness of his sneer. "Oh, yes, that was it. Well, what would your answer be? Shall I tell you? You'd ask the first man who came by to kick me out of the room. And you'd be right."

The truth of his words pierced her. She flushed red, but she was resolved to admit nothing. Before him, at any rate, she would cling to her case, to the view of her own action to which she stood committed. He at least should never know that now at last he had made her bitterly and horribly ashamed, with a shame not for what she had proposed to do herself, but for what she had dared to ask him to do. She saw the thing now as he saw it. Had his manner softened, had he made any appeal, had he not lashed her with the bitterest words he could find, she would have been in tears at his feet. But now she faced him so boldly that he took her flush to mean anger. He turned away from her and picked up his hat from the chair on which he had thrown it.

"Well, that's all, isn't it?" he asked.

Before she had time to answer, there was a cry from the doorway, full of astonishment, consternation, and (it must be added) outraged propriety. For it was past two o'clock, and Mina Zabriska, for all her freakishness, had been bred on strict lines of decorum. "Cecily!" she cried. "And you!" she added a moment later. They turned and saw her standing there in her dressing-gown, holding a candle. The sudden turn of events, the introduction of this new figure, the intrusion that seemed so absurd, overcame Cecily. She sank back in her chair, and laid her head on her hands on the table, laughing hysterically. Harry's frown grew heavier.

"Oh, you're there?" he said to Mina. "You're in it too, I suppose? I've always had the misfortune to interest you, haven't I? You wanted to turn me out first. Now you're trying to put me in again, are you? Oh, you women, can't you leave a man alone?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. And what are you doing here? Do you know it's half-past two?"



"It would be all the same to me if it was half-past twenty-two," said Harry contemptuously.

"You've been with her all the time?"

"Oh, lord, yes. Are you the chaperon?" He laughed, as he unceremoniously clapped his hat on his head. "We've had an evening out, my cousin and I, and I saw her home. And now I'm going home. Nothing wrong, I hope, Madame Zabriska?"

Cecily raised her head; she was laughing still, with tears in her eyes.

Mina looked at her. Considerations of propriety fell into the background.

"But what's it all about?" she cried.

"I'll leave Cecily to tell you." He was quiet now, but with a vicious quietness. "I've been explaining that I have a preference for being left alone. Perhaps it may not be superfluous to mention the fact to you too, Madame Zabriska. My cab's waiting. Good-night." He looked a moment at Cecily, and his eyes seemed to dwell a little longer than he had meant. In a tone rather softer and more gentle he repeated, "Good-night."

Cecily sprang to her feet. "I shall remember!" she cried. "I shall remember! If ever—if ever the time comes, I shall remember!" Her voice was full of bitterness, her manner proudly defiant.

Harry hesitated a moment, then smiled grimly. "I shouldn't be able to complain of that," he said, as he turned and went out to his cab.

Cecily threw herself into her chair again. The bewildered Imp stood staring at her.

"I didn't know where you were," Mina complained.

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Fancy being here with him at this time of night!"

Cecily gave no signs of hearing this superficial criticism on her conduct.

"You must tell me what it's all about," Mina insisted.

Cecily raised her eyes with a weary air, as though she spoke of a distasteful subject unwillingly and to no good purpose.

"I went to tell him he could get Blent back by marrying me."

"Cecily!" Many emotions were packed into the cry. "What did he say?"

Cecily seemed to consider for a moment, then she answered slowly:

"Well, he very nearly beat me—and I rather wish he had," she said.

The net result of the day had distinctly not been to further certain schemes. All that had been achieved—and both of them had contributed to it—was an admirable example of the Tristram way.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE PERSISTENCE OF BLENT

HARRY TRISTRAM awoke next morning with visions in his head—no unusual thing with young men, yet strange and almost unknown to him. They had not been wont to come at Blent, nor had his affair with Janie Iver created them. Possibly a constant, although unconscious, reference of all attractions to the standard, or the tradition, of Addie Tristram's had hitherto kept him free; or perhaps it was merely that there were no striking attractions in the valley of the Blent. Anyhow the visions were here now, a series of them covering all the hours of the evening before, and embodying for him the manifold changes of feeling which had marked the time. He saw himself as well as Cecily, and the approval of his eyes was still for himself, their irritation for her. But he could not dismiss her from the pictures; he realised this with a new annoyance. He lay later than his custom was, looking at her, recalling what she had said as he found the need of words to write beneath each mental apparition. Under the irritation, and

greater than it, was the same sort of satisfaction that his activities had given him—a feeling of more life and broader; this thing, though rising out of the old life, fitted in well with the new. Above all, that sentence of hers rang in his head, its extravagance perhaps gaining pre-eminence for it: “If ever the time comes, I shall remember!” The time did not seem likely to come—so far as he could interpret the vague and rather threadbare phrase—but her resolution stirred his interest, and ended by exacting his applause. He was glad that she had resisted, and had not allowed herself to be trampled on. Though the threat was very empty, its utterance showed a high spirit, such a spirit as he still wished to preside over Blent. It was just what his mother might have said, with an equal intensity of determination and an equal absence of definite purpose. But then the whole proceedings had been just what he could imagine his mother bringing about. Consequently he was rather blind to the extraordinary character of the step Cecily had taken; so far he was of the same clay as his cousin. He was, however, none the less outraged by it, and none the less sure that he had met it in the right way. Yet he did not consider that there was any quarrel between them, and he meant to see more of her; he was accustomed to “scenes” occurring and leaving no permanent estrangement or bitterness; the storms blew over the sand, but they did not in the end make much difference in the sand.

There was work to be done—the first grave critical bit of work he had ever had to do, the first real measuring of himself against an opponent of proved ability. So he would think no more about the girl. This resolve did not work. She, or rather her apparition, seemed to insist that she had something to do with the work, was concerned in it, or at least meant to look on at it. Harry found that he had small objection, or even a sort of welcome for her presence. Side by side with the man’s pleasure in doing the thing, there was still some of the boy’s delight in showing he could do it. What had passed yesterday, particularly that idea of doing things for him which

he had detected and raged at, made it additionally pleasant that he should be seen to be capable of doing things for himself. All this was vague, but it was in his mind as he walked to Sloyd's offices.

Grave and critical! Sloyd's nervous excitement and uneasy deference towards Iver were the only indications of any such thing. Duplay was there in the background, cool and easy. Iver himself was inclined to gossip with Harry and to chaff him on the fresh departure he had made, rather than to settle down to a discussion of Blinkhampton. That was after all a small matter—so his manner seemed to assert; he had been in town anyhow, so he dropped in; Duplay had made a point of it in his scrupulous modesty as to his own experience. Harry found that he could resist the impression he was meant to receive only by saying to himself as he faced his old friend and present antagonist: "But you're here—you're here—you're here!" Iver could neither gossip nor argue that fact away.

"Well now," said Iver, with a glance at his watch, "we must really get to business. You don't want to live in Blinkhampton, you gentlemen, I suppose? You want to leave a little better for your visit, eh? Quite so. That's the proper thing with the seaside. But you can't expect to find fortunes growing on the beach. Surely Major Duplay mistook your figures?"

"Unless he mentioned fifty thousand, he did," said Harry firmly.

"H'm, I did you injustice, Major—with some excuse, though. Surely, Mr. Sloyd——?" He turned away from Harry as he spoke.

"I beg pardon," interrupted Harry. "Am I to talk to Major Duplay?"

Iver looked at him curiously. "Well, I'd rather talk to you, Harry," he said. "And I'll tell you plainly what I think. Mr. Sloyd's a young business man—so are you."

"I'm a baby," Harry agreed.

"And blackmailing big people isn't a good way to start."

He watched Harry, but he did not forget to watch Sloyd too. "Of course I use the word in a figurative sense. The estate's not worth half that money to you; we happen to want it—Oh, I'm always open!—So——" He gave a shrug.

"Sorry to introduce new and immoral methods into business, Mr. Iver. It must be painful to you after all these years." Harry laughed good-humouredly. "I shall corrupt the Major too," he added.

"We'll give you five thousand for your bargain—twenty-five in all."

"I suggested to Major Duplay that being ahead of you was so rare an achievement that it ought to be properly recognised."

Duplay whispered to Iver. Sloyd whispered to Harry. Iver listened attentively, Harry with evident impatience. "Let it go for thirty, don't make an enemy of him," had been Sloyd's secret counsel.

"My dear Harry, the simple fact is that the business won't stand more than a certain amount. If we put money into Blinkhampton, it's because we want it to come out again. Now the crop will be limited"—he paused. "I'll make you an absolutely final offer—thirty."

"My price is fifty," said Harry immovably.

"Out of the question."

"All right." Harry lit a cigarette with an air of having finished the business.

"It simply cannot be done on the figures," Iver declared with genuine vexation. "We've worked it out, Harry, and it can't be done. If I showed our calculations to Mr. Sloyd, who is, I'm sure, willing to be reasonable——"

"Yes, Mr. Iver, I am. I am, I hope, always desirous of—er—meeting gentlemen half-way; and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to do business with you, Mr. Iver."

"Unfortunately you seem to have—a partner," Iver observed. "No, I've told you the most we can give." He

leant back in his chair. This time it was he who had finished business.

“And I’ve told you the least we can take.”

“It’s hopeless. Fifty! Oh, we should be out of pocket. It’s really unreasonable.” He was looking at Sloyd. “It’s treating me as an enemy—and I shall have no alternative but to accept the situation. Blinkhampton is not essential to me; and your hotel and so on won’t flourish much if I leave my tumble-down cottages and pigsties just behind them. Will you put these papers together, Duplay?”

The Major obeyed leisurely. Sloyd was licking his lips and looking acutely unhappy.

“You’re absolutely resolved, Harry?”

“Absolutely, Mr. Iver.”

“Well I give it up. It’s bad for me, and it’s worse for you. In all my experience I never was so treated. You won’t even discuss! If you’d said thirty-five, well, I’d have listened. If you’d even said forty, I’d have——”

“I say, Done for forty!” said Harry quietly. “I’d a sort of idea all the time that that might be your limit. I expect the thing really wouldn’t stand fifty, you know. Oh, that’s just my notion.”

Iver’s face was a study. He was surprised, he was annoyed, but he was also somewhat amused. Harry’s acting had been good. That obstinate, uncompromising, immutable fifty!—Iver had really believed in it. And forty had been his limit—his extreme limit. He just saw his way to square his accounts satisfactorily if he were driven to pay that as the penalty of one of his rare mistakes. He glanced at Sloyd; radiant joy and relief illumined that young man’s face, as he gave his moustache an upward twirl. Duplay was smiling—yes, smiling. At last Iver smiled too. Harry was grave—not solemn—but merely not smiling, because he did not perceive anything to smile at. No doubt he was gratified by the success of his tactics, and pleased that his formidable opponent had been deceived by them. But he thought nothing of what

impressed Iver most. The tactics had been, no doubt, well conceived and carried out, but they were ordinary enough in their nature; Iver himself, and dozens of men he had met, could have executed them as well. What struck him was that Harry knew how far he could go, that he stopped on the verge, but not beyond the boundary where a deal was possible. Mere guesswork could not account for that, nor had he commanded the sources of information which would have made the conclusion a matter of ordinary intelligent calculation. No, he had intuitions; he must have an eye. Now, eyes were rare; and when they were found they were to be used. Iver was much surprised at finding one in Harry. Yet it must be in Harry; Iver was certain that Sloyd had known nothing of the plan of campaign or of the decisive figure on which his associate had pitched.

"I'll give you forty," he said at last. "For the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel—forty."

"It's a bargain," said Harry, and Iver, with a sigh (for forty was the extreme figure), pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"We've got a good many plans, sir," suggested Sloyd, very anxious to establish pleasant relations. "I'm sure we should be very glad if you found them of any service."

"You're very good, Mr. Sloyd, but——"

"You may as well have a look at them," interrupted Harry. "There are one or two good ideas. You'll explain them, won't you, Sloyd?"

Sloyd had already placed one in Iver's hand, who glanced at it, took another, compared them, and after a minute's pause held both out to the Major.

"Well, Duplay, suppose you look at them and hear anything that Mr. Sloyd is good enough to say, and report to me? You're at leisure?"

"Certainly," said Duplay. He was in good humour, better perhaps than if his chief had proved more signally successful. Harry turned to him, smiling.

"I saw Madame Zabriska last night, at Lady Tristram's house. She's forsaken you, Major?"

"Mina's very busy about something," smiled the Major.

"Yes, she generally is," said Harry, frowning a little. "If she tells you anything about me——"

"I'm not to believe it?"

"You may believe it, but not the way she puts it," laughed Harry.

"Now there's an end of business! Walk down to the Imperium with me, Harry, and have a bit of lunch. You've earned it, eh? How do you like the feeling of making money?"

"Well, I think it might grow on a man. What's your experience?"

"Sometimes better than this morning, or I should hardly have been your neighbour at Fairholme."

The two walked off together, leaving Duplay and Sloyd very amicable. Iver was thoughtful.

"You did that well," he said as they turned the corner into Berkeley Square.

"I suppose I learnt to bluff a bit when I was at Blent."

"That was all right, but—well, how did you put your finger on the figure?"

"I don't know. It looked like being about that, you know."

"It was very exactly that," admitted Iver.

"Rather a surprise to find our friend the Major going into business with you."

"He'll be useful, I think, and—well, I'm short of help." He was eyeing Harry now, but he said no more about the morning's transaction till they reached the club.

"Perhaps we shall find Neeld here," he remarked, as they went in.

They did find Neeld, and also Lord Southend, the latter gentleman in a state of disturbance about his curry. It was not what any man would seriously call a curry; it was no more than a fortuitous concurrence of mutton and rice.



It's an extraordinary thing," he observed to Iver, "that whenever Wilmot Edge is away, the curries in this club go to the devil—to the devil. And he's always going off somewhere, confound him!"

"He can't be expected to stay at home just to look after your curry," Iver suggested.

"I suppose he's in South America, or South Africa, or South somewhere or other out of reach. Waiter!" The embarrassed servant came. "When is Colonel Edge expected back?"

"In a few weeks, I believe, my lord."

"Who's Chairman of the Committee while he's away?"

"Mr. Gore-Marston, my lord."

"There—what can you expect?" He pushed away his plate. "Bring me some cold beef," he commanded, and the waiter brought it with an air that said "Ichabod" for the Imperium. "As soon as ever Edge comes back, I shall draw his attention to the curry."

Everybody else had rather lost their interest in the subject. Neeld and Harry were in conversation. Iver sat down by Southend, and, while lunch was preparing, endeavoured to distract his mind by giving him a history of the morning. Southend, too, was concerned in Blinkhampton. Gradually the curry was forgotten as he listened to the story of Harry's victory.

"Sort of young fellow who might be useful?" he suggested presently.

"That's what I was thinking. He's quite ready to work too, I fancy."

Southend regarded his friend. He was thinking if this and that happened—and they were things now within the bounds of possibility—Iver might live to be sorry that Harry was not to be his son-in-law. Hastily and in ignorance he included Janie in the scope of this supposed regret. But at this moment the guilty and incompetent Mr. Gore-Marston had the misfortune to come in. Southend, all his grievance revived,

fell on him tooth and nail. His defence was feeble; he admitted that he knew next to nothing of curries, and—yes, the cook did get careless when Wilmot Edge's vigilant eye was removed.

“He'll be home soon,” Gore-Marston pleaded. “I've had a letter from him; he's just got back to civilisation after being out in the wilderness, shooting, for six weeks. He'll be here in a month now, I think.”

“We shall have to salary him to stay,” growled Southend.

Harry was amused at this little episode and listened smiling. Possessing a knowledge of curries seemed an odd way to acquire importance for a fellow creature, a strange reason for a man's return being desired. He knew who Wilmot Edge was, and it was funny to hear of him again in connection with curries. And curries seemed the only reason why anybody should be interested in Colonel Edge's return. Not till they met again in the smoking-room were the curries finally forgotten.

In later days Harry came to look back on that afternoon as the beginning of many new things for him. Iver and Southend talked; old Mr. Neeld sat by, listening with the interest of a man who feels he has missed something in life and would fain learn, even though he is too old to turn the knowledge to account. Harry found himself listening too, but in a different way.

They were not talking idly; they talked for him. That much he soon discerned. And they were not offering to help him. His vigilant pride, still sore from the blow that Cecily had dealt it, was on the look-out for that. But the triumph of the morning, no less than the manner of the men, reassured him. It is in its way an exciting moment for a young man when he first receives proof that his seniors, the men of actual achievement and admitted ability, think that there is something in him, that he can be of service to them, that it is in his power, if it be in his will, to emerge from the ruck and take a leading place. Harry was glad for

himself; he would have been touched had he spared time to observe how delighted old Neeld was on his account. They made him no gift; they asked work from him, and Iver, true to his traditions and ingrained ideas, asked money as a guarantee for the work. "You give me back what I'm going to pay you," he said, "and since you've taken such an interest in Blinkhampton, turn to and see what you can make of it. It looked as if there was a notion or two worth considering in those plans of yours."

Southend agreed to every suggestion with an emphatic nod. But there was something more in his mind. With every evidence of capability that Harry showed, even with every increase in the chances of his attaining position and wealth for himself, the prospect of success in the other scheme—the scheme still secret—grew brighter. The thought of that queer little woman Madame Zabriska, Harry's champion, came into his mind. He would have something to tell her, if ever they met again at Lady Evenswood's. He would have something to tell Lady Evenswood herself too. He quite forgot his curry—and Colonel Wilmot Edge, who derived his importance from it.

Nothing was settled; there were only suggestions for Harry to think over. But he was left quite clear that everything depended on himself alone, that he had only to will and to work, and a career of prosperous activity was before him. The day had more than fulfilled its promise; what had seemed its great triumph appeared now to be valuable only as an introduction and a prelude to something larger and more real. Already he was looking back with some surprise on the extreme gravity which he had attached to his little Blinkhampton speculation. He grew very readily where he was given room to grow; and all the while there was the impulse to show himself—and others too—that he did not depend on Blent or on having Blent. Blent or no Blent, he was a man who could make himself felt. He was on his trial still of course; but he did not doubt of the verdict. When a thing

depended for success or failure on Harry alone, Harry had never been in the habit of doubting the result. The Major had noticed that trait in days which seemed now quite long ago; the Major had not liked it, but in the affairs of life it probably had some value.

Except for one thing he seemed to be well settled into his new existence. People had stopped staring at him. They had almost ceased to talk of him. He was rapidly becoming a by-gone story. Even to himself it seemed months since he had been Tristram of Blent; he had no idea that any plans were afoot concerning him which found their basis and justification in his having filled that position. Except for one thing he was quit of it all. But that remained, and in such strength as to colour all the new existence. The business of the day had not driven out the visions of the morning. Real things should drive out fancies; it is serious, perhaps deplorable, when the real things seem to derive at least half their importance from the relation that they bear to the fancies. Perhaps the proper conclusion would be that in such a case the fancies too have their share of reality.

"Neeld and I go down to Fairholme to-morrow, Harry," said Iver as they parted. "No chance of seeing you down there, I suppose?"

Neeld thought the question rather brutal; Iver's feelings were not perhaps of the finest. But Harry was apparently unconscious of anything that grated.

"Really I don't suppose I shall ever go there again," he answered with a laugh. "Off with the old love, you know, Mr. Neeld!"

"Oh, don't say that," protested Southend.

There was a hint of some meaning in his speech which made Harry turn to him with quick attention.

"Blent's a mere memory to me," he declared.

The three elder men were silent, but they seemed to receive what he said with scepticism.

"Well, that's the only way, isn't it?" he asked.

"Just at present, I suppose," Southend said to him in a low voice, as he shook hands.

These few words, with the subdued hint they carried, reinforced the strength of the visions. Harry was rather full of his own will and proud of his own powers just now—perhaps with some little excuse. But he began, thanks to the bearing of these men and to the obstinate thoughts of his own mind, to feel still dimly that it was a difficult thing to forget and to get rid of the whole of a life, to make an entirely fresh start, to be quite a different man. Unsuspected chains revealed themselves with each new motion towards liberty. Absolute detachment had been his ideal. He awoke with a start to the fact that he was still, in the main, living with and moving among people who smacked strong of Blent, who had known him as Tristram of Blent, whose lives had crossed his because he was Addie Tristram's son. That was true of even his new acquaintance Lady Evenswood—truer still of Neeld, of Southend, aye, of Sloyd and the Major—most true of his cousin Cecily. This interdependence of its periods is what welds life into a whole; even able and wilful young men have, for good and evil, to reckon with it. Otherwise morality would be in a bad case, and even logic rather at sea. The disadvantage is that the difficulties in the way of heroic or dramatic conduct are materially increased.

Yes, he was not to escape, not to forget. That day one scene more awaited him which rose out of Blent and belonged to Blent. The Imp made an appointment by telegram, and the Imp came. Harry could no longer regard his bachelor-chambers as any barrier against the incursions of excited young women. Anything that concerned the Tristrams seemed naturally anti-pathetic to conventions. He surrendered and let Mina in; that he wanted to see her—her for want of a better—was not recognised by him. She was in a great temper, and he was soon inclined to regret his accessibility. Still he endured; for it was an absolutely final interview, she said. She had just come to tell him what she thought of him

—and there was an end of it. Then she was going back to Merrion and she hoped Cecily was coming with her. He—Harry—would not be there anyhow!

“Certainly not,” he agreed. “But what’s the matter, Madame Zabriska? You don’t complain that I didn’t accept—that I couldn’t fall in with my cousin’s peculiar ideas?”

“Oh, you can’t get out of it like that! You know that isn’t the point.”

“What in the world is then?” cried Harry. “There’s nothing else the matter, is there?”

Mina could hardly sit still for rage; she was on pins.

“Nothing else?” She gathered herself together for the attack. “What did you take her to dinner and to the theatre for? What did you bring her home for?”

“I wanted to be friendly. I wanted to soften what I had to say.”

“To soften it! Not you! Shall I tell you what you wanted, Mr. Tristram? Sometimes men seem to know so little about themselves!”

“If you’ll philosophise on the subject of men—about which you know a lot, of course—I’ll listen with pleasure.”

“It’s the horrible selfishness of the thing. Why didn’t you send her away directly? Oh no; you kept her, you made yourself pleasant, you made her think you liked her——”

“What?”

“You never thought of anything but yourself all the way through. You were lecturing her? Oh, no! You were posing and posturing. Being very fine and very heroic! And then at the end you turned round and—and as good as struck her in the face. Oh, I hope she’ll never speak to you again!”

“Did she send you to say this?”

“Of course not.”

“Yes, of course not! You’re right there. If it had happened to be in any way your business——”

“Ah!” cried the Imp triumphantly. “You’ve no answer, so you turn round and abuse me! But I don’t care. I meant to tell you what I thought of you, and I’ve done it.”

"A post-card would have done it as well," Harry suggested.

"But you've gone too far; oh yes, you have. If you ever change your mind——"

"What about? Oh, don't talk nonsense, Madame Zabriska."

"It's not nonsense. You behaved even worse than I think if you're not at least half in love with her."

Harry threw a quick glance at her.

"That would be very unlucky for me," he suggested.

"Very—now," said the Imp, with every appearance of delight.

"London will be dull without you, Madame Zabriska."

"I'm not going to take any more trouble about you, anyhow.

He rose and walked over to her.

"In the end," he said more seriously, "what's your complaint against me?"

"You've made Cecily terribly unhappy."

"I couldn't help it. She—she did an impossible thing."

"After which you made her spend the evening with you! Even a Tristram must have had a reason for that."

"I've told you. I felt friendly and I wanted her to be friendly. And I like her. The whole thing's a ludicrous trifle." He paused a moment and added: "I'm sorry if she's distressed."

"You've made everything impossible—that's all."

"I don't understand. It so happens that to-day all sorts of things have begun to seem possible to me. Perhaps you've seen your uncle?"

"Yes, I have—and—and it would have been splendid if you hadn't treated her as you did."

"You hint at something I know nothing about." He was growing angry again. "I really believe I could manage my own affairs." He returned to his pet grievance.

"You don't understand? Well, you will soon." She grew cooler as her mischievous pleasure in puzzling him overcame her wrath. "You'll know what you've done soon."

"Shall I? How shall I find it out?"

"You'll be sorry when—when a certain thing happens."

He threw himself into a chair with a peevish laugh.

"I confess your riddles rather bore me. Is there any answer to this one?"

"Yes, very soon. I've been to see Lady Evenswood."

"She knows the answer, does she?"

"Perhaps." Her animation suddenly left her. "But I suppose it's all no use now," she said dolefully.

They sat silent for a minute or two, Harry seeming to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"What did you mean by saying I oughtn't to have taken her to dinner and so on?" he asked, as Mina rose to go.

She shook her head. "I've nothing more to say," she declared.

"And you say I'm half in love with her?"

"Yes, I do," she snapped viciously as she turned towards the door. But she looked back at him before she went out.

"As far as that goes," he said slowly, "I'm not sure you're wrong, Madame Zabriska. But I could never marry her."

The Imp launched a prophecy, confidently, triumphantly, maliciously.

"Before very long she'll be the one to say that, and you've got yourself to thank for it too! Good-bye!"

She was gone. Harry sat down and slowly filled and lit his pipe. It was probably all nonsense; but again he recollected Cecily's words: "If ever the time comes, I shall remember!"

Whatever might be the state of his feelings towards her, or of hers towards him, a satisfactory outcome seemed impossible. And somehow this notion had the effect of spoiling the success of the day for Harry Tristram; so that amongst the Imp's whirling words there was perhaps a grain or two of wisdom. At least his talk with her did not make Harry's visions less constant or less intense.

*(To be continued.)*



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