

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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NOVEMBER 1906

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

BEFORE SOCIALISM

BEFORE the Socialist revolution there must be a social revolution. There must be an operation for the removal of the human instinct of self-preservation, for which we shall have no more use than we now have for the caudal appendix. The English habit of self-assertion must also be eradicated! The change will go far deeper than our economics. It will be ethical, psychological, and, apparently, physical, or, at least, constitutional. These are some of the things—and, obviously, not the least important—which are not dreamt of in the philosophy of the average ebullient Socialist. But Mr. Keir Hardie has made them plain. It is the good use of the I.L.P. leader that where other Socialists are vaguely diffuse he defines and determines, is precise and pointed. Replying to the now notorious intervention of the Master of Elibank illustrating the old political saw that Junior Whips rush in where Front Bench Ministers fear to tread, Mr. Keir Hardie has taken pity upon the confused controversialists and once and for all supplied the authoritative definition of that hitherto elusive term "Socialism":

Socialism represents the principles taught by Christ, the reign of love and fraternity; Liberalism represents fierce, unscrupulous strife and competition, the aggrandisement of the strong, the robbery of the weak. Between these there can be no truce. The struggle is between God and Mammon, and Liberalism has ever been a devotee of Mammon.

Socialism, therefore, is of the supernatural. Liberalism, and

the other "isms," which deal with the material world of politics, could scarcely hope to come creditably out of such an exigent comparison. But they have always held modest views of what is possible to political effort. It has been left for Socialism to assert a supernatural origin and to claim spiritual efficacy. Yet "the reign of love and fraternity," whilst a beautiful ideal, will be regarded, even by the Socialist rank and file, as a somewhat visionary substitution for that redistribution of goods which has hitherto had a prominent place in the Socialist programme. Expropriation of capital seems to have been postponed, if not entirely abandoned. Certainly, "love and fraternity" cometh not by legislation, coercive or prohibitive. The most abandoned capitalist must now succumb to peaceful persuasion. This bids fair to be a tedious process for both persuader and (eventually) persuaded, but idealistic Socialist principles permit of no more drastic method of conviction. To inaugurate "the reign of love and fraternity" by legislative *force majeure* would, of course, be an immoral, nay, a criminal, absurdity, possible only to the children of Mammon, the sons of political unrighteousness. But a passing thought for the period of time which must elapse before mere man can attain to the perfect love of human brotherhood which will alone cast out capital and all its evils would have spared one anxious and conscientious politician much painful cogitation. He might, indeed, once more, and for the third time, have found occasion to change his view of the Socialist in practical politics. In that event, however, the gaiety of nations must have sensibly suffered.

Next to Mr. Walter Long's ingenuous essays in the bad art of indiscreet political letter-writing, the appearance of the Master of Elibank as a new crusader has most enlivened that recuperative dulness of the summer recess which proved so acceptable after six months of unwontedly strenuous Parliamentary life. Very early in his political career the Scotch Liberal Whip betrayed a Quixotic strain in his disposition, for which, it would seem, the cares of office have formed somewhat

too drastic a means of correction, since he has swung from the extreme of independent irresponsibility to a portentous conception of the measure of Ministerial anxiety which is suffered in Parliamentary silence by a supernumerary Whip. The new crusade, one fears, is stillborn, and the new crusader scornfully treated alike by friends and foes. Tilting at Socialism has not appealed to the Ministerial majority as a seasonable sport, and, any way, the Master of Elibank would not have been their "first string" had they sought to be championed in such a contest. As plain Mr. Murray—the Master has himself reminded us—he went out of his way to back Mr. Robert Smillie in one of the earlier of his five attempts at wrecking Liberal electoral chances, and, in the fitness of things, the Comptroller of the Household was one of the last representatives in the House of Commons who would have been called upon to elucidate the moral of the Cockermonth three-cornered contest by which a Government seat was sacrificed. Like the Junior Liberal Whip (Mr. J. M. Fuller), who gave the first indication of an aggravated sense of the minatory duties and disciplinary powers of his post, the Master of Elibank appears to have fallen a prey to that exaggerated notion of official prerogative and responsibility which is a venial fault in the young and inexperienced, who, for no very obvious reason, are suddenly called out of obscurity into "a little brief authority." They have a shrewd saying in Yorkshire about the man who "cannot carry corn." That prudence which finds expression in modest, unobtrusive, safe speech is indubitably the better part of valour in a subordinate member of the Government.

Whilst we may solace the Master of Elibank with the reflection that the policy of a Government is, after all, a matter for the collective wisdom of the Cabinet rather than the unassisted mental effort of an individual Whip, and assure him that neither the Liberal nor any other party is desirous of adding to the onerous duties of his office the difficult and invidious task of anticipating its future and providing against its next historical crisis, it may be conceded to him that

Socialism is very much in the air. Moreover, the unequalled and wonderful fluency of Socialist speakers ensures that it will remain there throughout our little day. If it did not lie with the Scotch Liberal Whip to "improve" the Cockermonth incident, and the psychological moment had not arrived for the declaration "Socialism—that is the enemy!" or the preaching of a new crusade, there can be no question that he stumbled upon a subject of the first interest. How soon it will descend to the mundane region of practical politics is a matter of considerable uncertainty, depending upon many more considerations than can even be hinted at here.

Like ordinary mortals, a Ministerial Whip is insensibly affected by his environment, and there is little that is surprising in the circumstance that hon. gentlemen, still acutely alive to the difficulty of obtaining a seat and keeping it, should have confided to the Master of Elibank that three-cornered contests were not at all to their liking and should be deprecated in the common interest. And who shall blame the Scottish members if, remembering that they were addressing, in the person of their Whip, a politician with a past, they pointedly moralised on the folly of backing Socialist "wreckers" and painted red the lurid possibilities, personal, party, and Parliamentary, of another Lanarkshire imprudence? Quite a number of excellent people who, by preference—and doubtless with some justification in successful application to more remunerative interests—do their political thinking by deputy, have Socialism very much upon their nerves just now. The Countess of Warwick, addressing the Social Democratic Federation at Liverpool, said "the enormous success of the Labour Party at the General Election" had "thrown people of her own class into a panic." Lady Warwick pays her "comrades" a pretty compliment in that highest form of flattery, the imitation of their tendency to exaggeration. But there would really be no feeling for justice in nature if the normally indifferent were not penalised to this slight extent for their refusal to observe for themselves what is really happening

in the world of politics. Because the country has decreed that Imperial politics shall be socialised, and that we shall secure the continuity of Empire by preventing dry-rot—or something worse—at the centre, is no reason why anybody save a crusted feudalist should go in mortal terror of the political future. The Master of Elibank has shown himself a seismometer of Socialism more sensitive to its slightest and remotest manifestations than that delicately poised instrument of Professor Milne's in the Isle of Wight, which inevitably records an earthquake shock five thousand miles away. And I have found a fearful conviction of the imminence of a Socialist *régime* in most unexpected quarters of late. Between the extremes of the Master of Elibank and Mr. Keir Hardie, both of whom appear to have convinced themselves (in the words of the latter) that "Socialism, too, is bound to grow," there are a number of intelligent, unexceptionable citizens who feel that they must make hay while the sun of constitutional government shines, since the darkness of days in which the individual will wither and the community become all-absorbing are at hand. And the wonderful unanimity of purpose with which all these otherwise divided units are, despite their differing degrees of trepidation, applying themselves to the legitimate business of improving their private fortunes, suggests that they at least will be well fortified even against the effects of expropriation. In so far as the fear of Socialism is the beginning of worldly wisdom in some, and in others a spur to their already well-defined intention of "getting on in the world," the scare of an economic revolution is not an unmixed evil. It is, therefore, possible at this stage to discuss the question with a certain amount of philosophical detachment, since our withers are not yet wrung by the outcries of a bourgeoisie in imminent danger of spoliation or—to be impartial, shall we say?—equalisation.

A way we English have of first ignoring, or contemptuously treating, a public movement or political organisation while it is quietly taking root in our country, and then, on some

generally unexpected assertion of the rooted strength it has gained during our period of neglect, grossly exaggerating its significance and anticipating its effects with wild imaginings, is responsible for the present trepidation. The Master of Elibank notwithstanding, I think it can be shown that Cockermouth was more of a sign and a portent to the Socialist section of the Labour party than to any other. The revelation that, in a largely industrial constituency, they could poll barely one-seventh of the recorded votes, when they confidently predicted that they were 2000 strong in Workington (one of the industrial towns of the division) alone, and must at least run the elected candidate close, was a painful surprise for the I.L.P., though full of instruction for the electioneerer. Inflated ideas of Labour contribution to Liberal successes in January were corrected, and a saner and juster sense of the elements of the Radical triumph at the General Election diffused among all the parties.

Elsewhere (in *The New Age*) I have discussed the results of the General Election as affecting this particular issue in detail, in reply to Mr. J. R. Macdonald's curiously imaginative estimate (*Independent Review*, March 1906) of the electoral achievements of the Labour Representation Committee. I showed, what any one with sufficient patience and experience in dealing with election figures can discover for himself with the assistance of the Poll-Book, that the L.R.C. successes were mainly, though not entirely, due to a tacit working arrangement with the Liberal party, as was demonstrated with exceptional clearness in the experience of Leicester (where Mr. Macdonald himself was concerned) and Norwich at by and general elections; whilst avowed Socialists were, with two or three exceptions, which served to prove the rule, ignored in the real fighting that followed the Dissolution. Not a single "straight" Socialist—standing as such—was elected. And this in a unique democratic uprising, when the wage-earners availed themselves of the franchise as they had never done before. Now that the question has been

narrowed down to Socialism pure and simple, it may conduce to the steadying of the nerves of the prophetic Master of Elibank if these highly instructive totals are clearly set out :

Total of votes cast at the General Election . . .	5,952,274
Total recorded for "straight" Socialists . . .	26,744

I make no subtraction here, for the obvious reason that it would inevitably be misleading. There were Socialist societies, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and elsewhere, which advised their members to abstain from voting because no "straight" Socialist was running as a candidate. In their eyes—and now in Mr. Keir Hardie's—the L.R.C. nominees, in accepting Liberal support, had enleaguéd themselves with "the devotees of Mammon." Then, again, there were conspicuous Socialists, like Mr. Pete Curran at Jarrow, who desired it to be understood that they were in the field for Parliamentary honours as Labour candidates and not as Socialists. By inference they admitted that the emphasis which their opponents laid upon their Socialism was injurious to their candidature, a tacit acknowledgment of the unpopularity of revolutionary views even in wholly industrial constituencies. Well-known Socialists like Mr. Philip Snowden, at Blackburn, and Mr. F. W. Jowett, in Bradford West, stood as L.R.C. candidates, and, in the eyes of the stricter sect of Socialist brethren, thereby fatally compromised the cause. We shall see, later, how far this fear has been justified. At the Trade Union Congress, in Liverpool, the President (Mr. D. C. Cummings) quoted, from some curiously inaccurate "guide" not particularly specified, the following comparative return of the General Election polls :

Liberal votes	2,417,979
Combined Labour votes	473,987
Social Democratic votes	41,820
Unionist votes	2,200,898

Apart from the singular fact that (omitting Ireland) there are over 300,000 votes missing from this return, both the Liberal

and Unionist totals being arbitrarily reduced, these definitions, plainly enough, are of the "fancy franchise" order. They are not on any commonly accepted lines, and have been selected for the purpose of supporting some exceptional deduction from the elections rather than for the expression of the actual electoral facts. Take, for instance, the line, "Social Democratic votes." It is wholly meaningless save for the initiated, since not a single candidate stood at the General Election professedly as the nominee of the Social Democratic Federation, or in the sole capacity of a member of that particular organisation, and an advocate of its views in especial. In fact, "Social Democrats," as such, had no electoral existence last January. And the calculator who, in certain instances, determined the difference between Labour and Liberal support of L.R.C. and Liberal Labour candidates is to be envied his powers of second sight, since to him alone were the secrets of the ballot-boxes revealed! Obviously these totals were mere guess-work, and render a "re-count" absolutely necessary before the President of the Trade Union Congress can reinforce his argument. But, even on their showing, and reading "Socialist" for "Social Democratic" votes, the proportion is, roughly, 130 non-Socialists to one Socialist; and, after all, there need be little diffidence in accepting the Trade Union Congress criterion.

In contact with the actualities of Parliament Mr. Keir Hardie and his immediate Socialist *entourage* have learnt to respect the wisdom and foresight of the "straight" Socialists. From the standpoint of direct Labour representation it may have been a master-stroke of genius which secured the adoption of the system of the Trade Union levy for the payment of Members and the defraying of their election expenses. According to Mr. James Sexton (at the Trade Union Congress), the possession of the means of Parliamentary representation has, in Trade Union opinion, made the L.R.C. the prey of the political adventurer. "Where the carcase is there the eagles are gathered together," he seemed to say. But the

“straight” Socialists anticipated, and now deplore, a result which they regard as still more fatal to their own particular purpose. How honestly incapable the Independent Labour Party, or any other Socialist section, is of carrying on the expensive business of electioneering upon anything approaching a national scale stood confessed in the Cocker-mouth contest, when the *Labour Leader* explicitly stated that the leanness of the public subscription meant the severe limitation of by-election candidatures. But the “straight” Socialists anticipated that where the Trade Unions paid the piper they would also call the tune, and wisdom has been justified of her children. The policy of the L.R.C. in the House of Commons has, very properly—if an outsider may say so—been the Trade Union policy in its integrity. And not only is this so, but those who have been asked to pay for direct Labour representation are bent upon seeing that they get the exact article for which they are paying. It is, in a word, for particularist Trade Union ends, and not for grandiose schemes of State Socialism, that the Parliamentary power of the Labour vote has been chiefly utilised. This is precisely the course of events which the “straight” Socialists foresaw when they refused to support a programme which “the devotees of Mammon” found reasonable and feasible, and, needless to add, it is not according to Collectivist expectations and wishes.

The first Session of the most democratic House of Commons on record has passed, and Mr. Keir Hardie has not moved the trite Socialist resolution for the nationalisation of all the means of production which is to create the new Socialist earth that will be but the portal to a new Collectivist heaven. It is instructive to reflect that there is an excellent reason for the unwonted restraint which the Labour leader has put upon himself, for no one doubts that if his personal inclinations had alone to be consulted he would have balloted for this and half a dozen other equally extreme motions. Mr. Keir Hardie is lacking neither in courage nor intrepidity. But at Westminster he has to put off the irresponsibility of

the old Adam and put on the statesmanship of a responsible party leader. He has to learn, from the mouths of outspoken delegates at the Trade Union Congress, that "the Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party"; and his frank colleague, Mr. Shackleton, has to differentiate between the agitator and the legislator with the curtly honest declaration that "no Member could be got to ballot for a day in the House to discuss a minimum wage of 30s. Why, your own Trade Union rate is only 24s." he said, "and how can you ask us to go to Parliament and demand 30s.?" Honest Trade Union argument, but how subversive of Socialism and its State-regulated wage inconsiderate of all economic principles and conditions! And, which is much to the point, it fairly indicates the trend of Parliamentary events. As the Session progressed it became increasingly evident that for Socialism the loudly trumpeted triumph of the General Election was much more apparent than real. Labour representatives set themselves about the possibly humdrum, but assuredly practical, business of securing State sanction, not for revolutionary economic theories, but for Trade Union principles affecting organisation, protection of funds, hours of labour, wages, compensation, trade disputes. To the neglect of all fantastic Utopias, they have vigilantly lobbied and voted and spoken for the betterment of the existing conditions of the wage-earning classes.

Mr. Keir Hardie scarcely hides the disappointment with which he regards that surrender of the Labour Party in the House to the conditions of practical statesmanship which is so galling to some of his immediate following. We could hardly expect him to publicly endorse that highly significant expression, "The Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party;" but, after his own fashion, he allows it to be seen that events are not shaping as he could wish them, or moving perceptibly, if at all, in the direction of his aims and ambitions. This is not the declaration of Triumphant Socialism, though a valiant attempt is made to maintain the illusion:

The moral of it all is, that all sections of the Labour party must be vigilant, active, and militant. Never was the movement in general, and the I.L.P. in particular, in better fettle. For the moment it has on its Seven League boots, and is making giant strides forward. It is well that it should be so, since in the near days that are to be all its strength will be needed to hold its own against its foes, *the most bitter of whom will be the craven-hearted weaklings of its own household.*—Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., on "The Master of Elibank's Confession," *Labour Leader*, August 31, 1906.

It will not be unjust to Mr. Keir Hardie to interpret the latter dark saying as an attack upon the Trade Unionists, who, asserting the national instinct of self-preservation, prosecute the interests of their own Unions, and the immediate political necessities of Labour, to the neglect of any scheme of State Socialism. But the general who is going into the fight with the conviction that his "bitterest foes" are in his own ranks, and that they merit the description of "craven weaklings," is not to be argued with, but commiserated on his most unhappy lot. Thus the elation of Socialists over the General Election visibly evaporates. This was bound to happen, because the excitement of the moment and the novelty of the experience led them to set a value upon their electoral achievements which was wholly inflated.

Only for the uninitiated can it be news that the most formidable barriers against Socialism are these self-same Trade Unions. All and sundry might become alive to the true inwardness of things through the constant iteration by your "straight" Socialist of his stereotyped formula that the Unions have had their day and served their purpose, and that the expropriation of Capital offers the one hope of justice to the producer. But the intelligent wage-earner is not prepared to sacrifice the substance of increased wages, larger purchasing powers, reduced working hours, and better living conditions, for the shadow of an imaginary Socialist state of plenty. Hence Mr. Keir Hardie's irritable anathematizing of "craven weaklings." The House of Commons, in bringing movements as well as men to their bearings, has a short way with illusions very common in the body politic.

It is, for instance, generally taken for granted that "Labour" describes a political entity with identical interests and aims. Yet nothing is clearer than the frequently divided purpose and occasional rivalry of the Unions. The competitive principle refuses even to be exorcised by the magic wand of Socialism. There are almost as many sects among the Socialists as there were among the Pharisees, and each is convinced that it offers to the faithful the only true gospel of Collectivism. Nowhere are the appeals for unity more clamant than at the Trade Union Congress; and nowhere, it must be admitted, is there a greater necessity for that liberty in non-essentials and charity in all things which should accompany such unity in essentials. To take a classic case, what has been more evident for years than that the interests of Durham and Northumberland coal-miners have not been identical, in such a material matter as the hours of labour, with those of other colliery districts? For half a century the northernmost counties have maintained wholly separate organisations and exercised the right of private judgment and of Trade Union autonomy. It is not without significance that the I.L.P. and other Socialist bodies have hitherto regarded Northumberland and Durham as the least responsive of all industrial districts, slow in the appreciation of their propaganda and apathetic in the reception of their principles. They held a month's campaign immediately prior to the General Election for the express purpose of disintegrating the Labour forces behind Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Charles Fenwick. Mr. Keir Hardie wound up the campaign in person and the nature of his reception was such as to forbid any Socialist candidature in these parts. The sequel was equally significant. Both Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick had record majorities, the right hon. Member for Morpeth polling three to one, whilst the Member for the Wansbeck Division had the enormous majority of 7176.

An economic fact of some importance in this connection is the presence in the mining districts of Northumberland of numerous co-operative societies enjoying a large measure of

financial prosperity. It is not a far-fetched piece of imagination which gives a close connection between the profit-sharing of the co-operative traders and the non-success of Socialist propaganda. This, moreover, is quite in accordance with the anticipations of the political economist. The readiness of the pitman to endorse the mere sentiment of Socialism would be subject to a severe test when, at the quarter's end, he came to discuss with his "wummun foak" the expropriation of the bonus which has come to be regarded as the peculiar perquisite of the better half, who, in a number of cases, is the actual member of the Co-operative Society. The critic on the hearth is one more formidable opponent with whom Socialism has not yet reckoned. Nor has it taken account of the mere animal instinct of self-preservation, let alone the natural disposition of thrifty Englishmen, and Scotchmen, toward "getting on" in the world. The human Marxian abstraction which your Socialist predicates will be content to run in leading-strings, as the automaton citizen of an automatic Socialist State.

In the simplicity of heart which is induced by much attentive hearing of Socialist professions and diligent reading of the literature of popular Socialism, one does indeed feel disposed to ask of the men of faith, who lack nothing in hope, though they may be a trifle lacking in charity, how far Socialism has reckoned with poor human nature. As the much-belauded experiment of the elimination of private capital is to be tried upon humanity, and not upon the Selenites of Mr. H. G. Wells's "First Men in the Moon," or Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race," the ordinary mind might have considered the capacity and state of preparedness of the community for the great undertaking which Socialists seek to impose upon it. It may have been observed that this very elementary consideration was stated by M. Clemenceau, in the highly instructive discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies, with striking force and lucidity, and it is equally interesting to note that M. Jaurès, in his reply, judiciously

refrained from touching upon it. And why? Surely the first point to be disposed of in this controversy is the state of readiness of the average man for this great economic enterprise in which he is to participate and by which he is to be profited or victimised. Obviously, M. Clemenceau raised the natural premise—the first thing which must come first—when he urged:

It is clear that arbitrarily to modify the social organisation without troubling to find out whether the man is in a condition to adapt himself to it can only lead to disorder. Thus even those who set out to re-make first the social organisation are brought back to the reform of the individual.

And again:

Man as he now exists is not the man you need to live in your society.

To be consistent, the Socialist must contend that the social reformation of the individual is to be secured by his direct transference from the slum to the well-ordered household, since this is on all fours with what he proposes by way of the salvation of the State. Ethical perfection will not even suffice for Mr. Keir Hardie in "the reign of love and fraternity," nor mere civic incorruptibility in the community. Every citizen must certainly be another Aristides the Just. But he must also be Christ-like.

What is the complaint of our citizenship to-day? That the most capable men of affairs are fighting shy of their civic responsibilities and declining to serve on either of the several municipal bodies. If there are scandals in our public administration, they largely arise from the apathy of the community and the absence of anything approaching adequate popular observation and criticism. The price of liberty, now as always, is eternal vigilance, and if we are in the bonds of officialism to-day it is because voluntaryism, the cheerful discharge of patriotic duties by the ordinary citizen, is going out of fashion, and the service of the community no longer commands its best administrative intellect. And the Socialist, wholly mistaking the patriotic need of the hour, demands not less but more of

this bureaucratic government. Instead of chastising this supineness of citizens with whips and scorpions, he light-heartedly contemplates the infinite extension of municipal management and the complete absorption of trade and business enterprise by the State. There is one, and only one, infallible criterion of the limitation which must be placed upon both municipal and State administration, namely, the efficiency and morality of each public body. You cannot place too generous an interpretation upon the term "public interests" where the community commands the loyal service of its ablest and noblest citizens. But neither can the restriction of municipalisation be too severe where incapacity and corruption characterise the Council or the Board.

The Socialist may accuse us of stupidly ignoring the fact that all the private skill and capacity now applied to the direction of personal and company concerns will be released, to go to the aid of the Corporation and the State. By so much as he depends upon this illusory prospect does he postpone "the reign of love and liberty." We are still at the initial stage of the birth and the education of this ideal citizen for the idealistic city, and M. Clemenceau remains unanswered. Once more we are faced with the obvious weakness of the Socialist position, that a beginning has been made at the wrong end. They are considering the placing of the pinnacle upon the temple of their Utopia when they have not given a serious thought to such a commonplace preliminary as the getting out of the foundations or the erection of the main structure. The Government and the statesman who would socialise our politics and make the greatest good of the greatest number the constant consideration and the eternal objective of Parliament, will deal with first things first and liberate the individual from all restrictive conditions which still hamper his economic progress and that working out of his own salvation in which he attains to manhood and to worthy citizenship. You do not make men, as the churches make saints, by relieving them from all temptation; and happiness will be not had for the mere asking even

in "the reign of love and fraternity." According to Ernest Renan: "Our century has created a material stock of tools which have been more and more improved; but it has not taken into consideration that, for handling such tools, a certain degree of morality, conscience, and abnegation is necessary.' Instead of appealing to the cupidity of mankind by holding out expectations of a common share in a redistribution of wealth, why not correct the faults and encourage the virtues of the proletariat, to the end that they may exercise aright the privileges and the responsibilities of that full citizenship into which they have now entered?

The counsel of perfection has been eloquently offered by Professor Henry Jones. It is ideal enough to satisfy Mr. Keir Hardie; yet it is sufficiently practical to commend itself to the sober judgment of Labour in the House of Commons:

We have been teaching rights; henceforth we have by precept and practice to teach duties; and of all these duties most of all the duty of sanctifying our daily sphere of ordinary labour. We have been teaching charity; but charity must become justice yet—not in the way of partitioning goods, but of rightly appraising services. To both master and man the social reformer must teach that every industry in the land is meant to be a school of virtue.

Here is a social gospel of sanity and hope. And those of little faith in the ability of conservative England to resist Socialism in a flood may at least take heart from the fact that such counsels of moderation, good sense, and high morality had general acceptance even in the last remarkable plebiscite of a thoroughly roused people, and have since plainly influenced the Parliamentary policy of Labour.

HUGH W. STRONG.

THE INTELLECTUAL CON- DITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

III

THE analysis of Ruskin's volume ("Unto This Last") given in the preceding article will have been enough to show some of the reasons, at all events, which have made that volume a favourite with the Labour Members in the present Parliament. The author, it is true, disclaims with reiterated emphasis any sympathy with the doctrines which go by the name of Socialism. He throughout assumes, and in many places asserts, that the capitalist is as essential to any advanced civilisation as is the labourer; but he insists that the labourer hitherto has been treated with profound injustice, and on principles which must be ultimately ruinous to all civilisation whatsoever; and he gives his authority to demands on behalf of the labouring classes, which were not generally made till years after this volume was written. Prominent amongst these is his demand for a "living wage"—that is to say, a payment regulated, not by the price at which a man will work to escape starvation, but by the cost of the commodities and conveniences which, under existing conditions are essential to a healthy, a moral, and a self-respecting human life. Again, whilst continually asserting that wealth, no less than labour, has its legitimate rights and its far-reaching social functions, he urges with still greater emphasis that wealth has also its duties; and that its powers, though it ought to be powerful, are at present greater than

they ought to be. He will not, he says, disguise the fact that, in order to do justice to the poor, and to place modern society on a just and a stable basis, the rich must surrender some portion of their present riches, and content themselves with a smaller influence than that which they at present exercise.

The spirit of these utterances, apart from their studied moderation, is precisely the spirit that appeals to the Labour Members of to-day. But far more important than any of his specific contentions, as influencing and representing their aims and their mode of thought, is Ruskin's attack on the science of political economy generally—a science which he denounces as no science at all—a pseudo-science which has been formulated in the interest of the rich alone, and whose so-called laws he professes to exhibit as rank delusions.

In the present article I shall examine his methods of reasoning, taken in connection with the spirit by which they are animated. And in thus approaching the intellectual condition of the spokesmen of the contemporary Labour party through the works of a writer whom they admire, rather than beginning with any utterances of their own, I shall free myself from the chance of being suspected of any unfair dealing. For Ruskin is a writer whose genius is beyond dispute. Equally beyond dispute are the nobility and integrity of his aims; and whilst many of those who have attacked the privileges of wealth may seem to have been actuated by envy of what they have been unable to gain, in Ruskin's case, at all events, no such motive was possible. He was brought up in luxury, and inherited a large fortune. Whatever attacks he may have made on wealth, under certain of its aspects, he was wholly disinterested; and his motives were those of sincere conviction.

IV

Described in general terms, the great and typical fault which Ruskin exhibits in his attack on political economy, is this. Conscious that the ordinary economists neglected certain

truths closely associated with their subject ; conscious also that, both morally and politically, these truths were of the highest importance ; and, burning with a desire to assert them, he regarded the end which he had in view as so sacred that any argument advanced with the purpose of furthering it must be sound. The result of such a procedure in his case, as it often has been in that of others, was to make him accept his zeal as a substitute for accurate preparation, and assail the errors and inconsistencies of the thinkers whom he sought to combat, with yet greater errors and greater inconsistencies of his own.

The primary and most general accusation which he brings against ordinary political economy will afford us a preliminary and comprehensive illustration of this. The accusation in question, as I showed in the preceding article, is that political economists, deal, not with human beings as they are, but merely with an artificial abstraction. They deal with what technically they call "the economic man"—that is to say, a man who acts only in his own interest, and who identifies his own interest with commercial or pecuniary gain. But in actual life, says Ruskin, no such man exists. Human beings have selfish desires, no doubt, and a selfish desire for pecuniary gain is one of them. But this desire never acts in isolation. Though not destroyed, it is constantly modified by others, as the behaviour of one chemical substance is modified by combination with a second ; and this fact, he says, "falsifies every one of the results" reached by the calculations of the economist, and renders his whole science, as applied to practical life, "nugatory."

Now that there is much in the general accusation thus brought by Ruskin, I am the last person to deny. I have myself, in a book called "Social Equality," urged that Political Economy, as at present expounded, renders itself open to every kind of attack, by having neglected to connect itself with an examination of human nature at large. It is at present, I said, a "science with its roots in the air." Its moral and logical basis is a science which is still missing ; and this I described as "the science of human character." I explained my meaning

with great minuteness and precision. I never said that the conclusions of political economy, so far as they went, were false. I said only that they were left at present to rest upon rough assumptions which, in spite of the truth contained in them, were unanalysed, imperfect, and undefended. But Ruskin sees no need for the qualifications of discriminating criticism. Because the science, as at present expounded, is in certain respects imperfect, nothing will content him but to vociferate that it is no science at all, that from beginning to end all its calculations are "false," and its so-called laws "nugatory." He thus converts what might have been a most searching and useful criticism into a random vilification so exaggerated that, as it stands, it is nonsense.

If we wish for a proof that such is literally the case, it is given to us by Ruskin himself; for, though he opens his book with the assertion that the method of political economy is illusory, its conclusions false, and its laws nugatory, we find him again and again in this very book itself restating many of these conclusions and laws as indubitable, and appealing with unquestioning confidence to the precise method which he condemns.

I will give two signal illustrations of this, each bearing on a vital part of his argument. One of these is the question of what determines the rate of wages; the other is the question of what determines the price of commodities.

With regard to the first of these questions, as we saw in the preceding article, he sets out with saying that the rate of wages *ought* to be, and *can* be, determined, by the labourer's needs, "irrespectively of the demand for his labour." "Perhaps one of the most curious facts," he adds, "in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages." This utterance is quite in harmony with his engagement to exhibit the entire doctrines of the common economist as nugatory; but a little farther on we are surprised by coming on the following passage:

It is true that in all these cases (of determining the rate of wages), and in every conceivable case, there must be ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or the number of candidates for the office. If we thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea.

This is precisely the doctrine of the despised "common" economist; and Ruskin, in thus endorsing it, completely contradicts and stultifies the challenging assertion with which he starts. He admits that the laws of the economist are so far from being wholly nugatory, that one of the most typical of them is, in an ultimate sense, true.

Let us now see how he deals with the question of the price of commodities. He begins, as usual, with an attack on writers such as Mill and Ricardo, who are for him the "common" economy personified, and, having elaborately ridiculed Mill in a fashion to which I shall refer hereafter, he turns to Ricardo, of whom he falls foul also. The exchangeable value of commodities, price being the common denominator, is, said Ricardo, "not measured by utility, though utility is absolutely essential to it." "Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo?" exclaims Ruskin; and he proceeds to make merry over a variety of grotesque meanings which he finds it possible to read into that writer's somewhat slovenly phraseology. The puerile character of this criticism is revealed by Ruskin himself, who ends by admitting that Ricardo meant probably none of this nonsense, but was awkwardly trying to say something which was very near the truth—"namely that, when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labour required for production." This doctrine, says Ruskin, only requires to be qualified by taking it in connection with the fact that demand, if prices varies, is *not* "ultimately constant"; "for," he proceeds, "as price rises, customers fall away."

Now, I am not here in any way concerned to inquire whether Ruskin's criticisms of the doctrines of the "common" economists with regard to the foregoing particular questions is

just. All that I am concerned to point out is, first, that he admits these doctrines to have elements of indisputable truth in them ; and secondly, and more especially, that the doctrines which he brings forward to modify them, are arrived at by a method absolutely identical with that which is employed by these economists themselves. He no less than they deduces certain general conclusions as to how men act with regard to certain definite matters from the ordinary economic assumption that men's conduct, in these connections, is as a rule motivated by self-interest, and that the kind of self-interest here especially in question is centred in considerations of pecuniary gain or loss. His assertion that no one would pay a physician a guinea if other physicians, as good, were willing to take ten-and-sixpence ; and that demand is bound to decline as the price of an article rises, are assertions which would have no meaning or foundation whatsoever, unless their foundation is the fact that, with regard to many economic matters at all events, the behaviour of actual human nature is the behaviour of the "economic man." Such being the case, then, the science of the "common" economists is, on his own unintentional admission, not, as he declares it to be, a science essentially false and nugatory, based on a fantastic abstraction, and ending in insane conclusions ; but a science whose method is sound so far as it goes, and which, within certain limits, gives us a correct account of the laws of human conduct and the results of it.

Ruskin's real desire, though he had not the patience to analyse it, was to preach an impassioned sermon on the moral uses to be made of those laws of human action which the economists had correctly elucidated. What he did was to declare that these laws had no existence at all, although in the very act of doing so he was himself compelled to appeal to them.

The character of his procedure may be farther illustrated thus. Having mercilessly attacked Mill's statement that to be wealthy is to have commodities possessing exchangeable value he declares that the only true definition of wealth is "Life"—meaning that wealth is not real wealth unless it consists of

commodities conducing to a life that is noble. Thus a base and degrading picture, however skilfully painted, would according to him, not be wealth but the negation of wealth. The picture would be wealth only if it were ennobling as well as skilful. Hence, says Ruskin, apart from moral considerations, political economy is meaningless. The truth which he is seeking to emphasise, though often neglected, is indisputable. He forgets, however, that to both pictures certain things are essential with which morality has nothing at all to do, such as the preparation of the painter's pigments, and the laws of perspective. These remain the same whether the painter be a saint or a satyr. With political economy the case is precisely similar. It bears the same relation to the facts of wealth and industry that perspective bears to painting; and a large portion of its doctrines (for we will content ourselves with this qualified statement) represent laws to which human nature conforms, no matter whether it conforms to them in a spirit which is morally good or bad.

Here is the truth which Ruskin from first to last misses. So blind and impatient does his ethical ardour make him, that he not only formally repudiates what political economy teaches, but he does not even give himself time to understand correctly what it professes to teach. Political economy he defines, and he says that its exponents define it, as "the science of getting rich." By this he means that it claims to be a body of instructions which will enable the ruthless and the covetous to acquire great private fortunes. Now even if what he means were true, he expresses it with an inaccuracy which in an opponent he would have been the first person to denounce. Political economy, in this case, would not be a science at all. It would be an art founded on a science. As a matter of fact, however, political economy, except in the most accidental ways, has never claimed to be an art. As expounded by the very writers whom Ruskin specially attacks, it claims to be a science only, which is a very different thing, though Ruskin did not pause to realise in what the difference

consists. Were political economy an art, it would instruct individuals as to what they ought to do. Being a science, it is essentially an exposition of what men at large do—of what we find them doing with a general and calculable uniformity; and also of the results of what they do, which are equally uniform and calculable. And although it is connected just as closely with morality as astronomy is with the art of navigation, it is no more the business of economic science, as such, to inculcate one kind of morality rather than another kind, than it is the business of the Astronomer Royal or the compilers of the Nautical Almanac to regulate the course of international trade, or preach sermons to navigators on the comparative morality of sea-ports.

So much, then, for the general looseness of thought by which Ruskin's attack on economic science is vitiated. We will now turn to the more important of his detailed contentions. We shall find that these are vitiated in exactly the same way.

V

The most important of these detailed contentions which I propose to examine are as follows: those which refer specifically to labour; those which refer specifically to capital; and those which refer specifically to the process of "getting rich" (in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase), to which Ruskin makes constant reference. But I will begin with saying a few words about another, which, though second to the above in its intrinsic importance, is highly instructive as an illustration, not of his methods only, but of the methods of many distinguished moralists who resemble him.

In order to show that wages are actually capable of being regulated without reference to fluctuations in the abundance of labour and the demand for it, he appeals to the case of the army, where the system for which he pleads is in operation before our eyes. In the soldier, he says, we have a perfect

type of the labourer, except for the fact that his work is unrivalled in its pains and dangers; and it is obvious that what is practicable in the camp is equally practicable in the factory, or amongst the ploughed fields. "My principles of political economy are all involved," he says, "in a single phrase—'soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword.'" Now this argument, which has often been used by others, invariably proceeds, as in Ruskin's case, from men who attack the science of the "common" economists on the ground that their science deals with part of human nature only, and ignores those passions and instincts, which Ruskin calls the "affections," and which go to make up the nature of the composite and concrete man. It is, however, a curious fact that these persons are themselves foremost in repeating and exaggerating the procedure which they condemn in others. The "economic man," though not corresponding to the actual man in his integrity, corresponds to the actual man in certain defined relations; but the so-called actual man, with which Ruskin and his friends replace him, is a phantom made up of a number of sentimental qualities, which vary as the argument requires, and the nature and the scope of which are not submitted by them to any kind of methodical examination. Had Ruskin and his friends acted up to their professed principles, and considered human nature as a whole with something like approximate accuracy, they would have seen that the work of the soldier, though resembling other labour in some ways, in one way profoundly differs from it. As a consequence of the ages of struggle to which our species owes its existence, the business of fighting attracts and excites fighters in a peculiar way in which industrial labour does not. If to cultivate the earth with a plough became as dangerous as to fight a battle, the "soldiers of the ploughshare" would be an extinct race tomorrow. The labour of the fighter, instead of being a type of all other labour, is for the above reason a most curious and marked exception to it; and thus the analogy "in which," as Ruskin says, "all the principles of his political economy are

involved," is valueless. The looseness of thought which is thus, on his own admission, fundamental with him, exhibits itself again in the following slightly different form. "The best work," says Ruskin, "never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all." If he means by "the best work" the work of exalted genius, this may be true enough; but when applied, as he applies it, to industrial work generally, it is altogether inapposite. He fails to realise that what here mainly concerns him is not such work as is the *highest*, but the bulk of such work as is *necessary*; and the fact that an author who publishes an abstruse treatise on mathematics does not do so in the hopes of making a fortune by the sale of it, does nothing to show that the men who set up the type for him, and who make the paper on which his book is printed, are less dependent on the money-motive than ordinary thought assumes them to be. It is these latter kinds of activity, not the former, that represent the work of the labouring classes generally.

Let us now proceed to Ruskin's treatment of Labour. In one of the many scoldings which he administers to the "common economists," he tells them that "this business of Political Economy is no light one; and we must allow no loose terms in it." Let us see how he behaves, in the matter of "loose terms," himself. Though as far as possible from being a disciple of Karl Marx, he introduces his discussion of social justice by asserting, as Marx does, that labour alone is the producer of all wealth and profit. Hence, he says, if any man in our employment labours an hour for us, justice requires that we labour an hour for him in return. "Perhaps, indeed," he adds, "ultimately it may appear desirable, or at least gracious," that we should labour for him rather longer, repaying his hour with an hour and five minutes. Now Ruskin, throughout this volume, when he thus speaks of "us" or "we"—and he specially mentions this fact in the passage here referred to—is speaking from the point of view of the capitalistic or employing class, whose right to exist he admits, and

whose functions he declares to be necessary. The question therefore which here arises is this: How, since the wealth of the capitalist (if legitimate, as Ruskin admits it to be) must necessarily have its origin in the capitalist's own labour, is any single capitalist in a position to pay more than one man to work for him? If a factory hand gives twelve hours of work daily to a manufacturer, the manufacturer, it would seem, must, according to Ruskin's formula, give in equity twelve hours work to the factory-hand. In this case he has no more hours which he can offer to any second employee. Still less is he in a position to follow the Ruskinian counsel of "graciousness," and give two men, or even one, thirteen hours for twelve.

Ruskin nowhere formally faces the problem which he here suggests. Indirectly, however, he was quite aware of its existence; and obliquely and parenthetically he indicates two solutions of it. One of these takes the form of a defence of interest; the other of a recognition that labour is of different grades, according to the greater or less degree of "skill" embodied in it.

His defence of interest, to which, oddly enough, he devotes but a few sentences, is remarkable, despite its brevity. "Labour, rightly directed, is fruitful," he says, "just as seed is." It results in a product which itself results in a farther product. If therefore A lends B the product of one day's labour for a year, B, at the end of the year, in order to make the bargain fair, must not give A only the product of another day's labour in return for it. He must add to this a portion of the products which the borrowed product, being "fruitful," has produced meanwhile. This argument, crudely as Ruskin states it, shows that he recognised one important fact which profoundly modifies the import of the formula with which he starts. He here admits that, though all wealth may be due to labour in a sense, there is much wealth which is due to it only at second-hand. Thus, if the ploughing of a hundred acres entails on a man at starting two months of

labour, one month going to the using of the plough, and the other month to the making of it, the ploughing of a second hundred acres will cost one month's labour only; for the plough, the product of his first month's labour, persists; and during the third month does half of his work for him. As Ruskin puts it, it is to that extent "fruitful." It is just as fruitful if the maker lends it to another man: and the borrower will owe the lender a certain portion of its fruits. Thus the indirect products or equivalents of labour accumulate in the hands of individuals, so that one man is able to remunerate many men for the products of their direct labour.

Next, as to skill. The simplicity of his primary formula is, Ruskin admits, very much complicated by the extent to which the skill embodied in various kinds of labour varies. But the general nature of the situation may, he says, be expressed thus. Under the term "skill" he includes the "united force" of those intellectual and emotional faculties which "accelerate" the faculties essential to average labour of any kind. "The latter are paid for as pain," he says, "the former as power." "The workman is merely indemnified" for the one—namely, his average labour; but the other—namely, this skill by which labour is exceptionally accelerated—"both produces a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increases its actual quantity." Hence one hour of skilled work may be justly worth any number of hours of unskilled.

Closely connected with, and throwing light on his treatment of labour, is his treatment of capital. In his formal discussion of capital, indeed, he merely restates the facts by reference to which he justifies interest. The best type of all capital is, he says, a good plough. In other words, he conceives of capital simply as an implement, or a multitude of implements, by means of which labour is assisted, and rendered more productive. So far as it goes, this account of capital is correct. Its error lies in its incompleteness; and with this I shall deal presently. But first let us consider his

conception of the process of "getting rich," when regarded by him under its general, and not under its special aspects.

I observe [he says] that business men rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute . . . whereas they are a power acting only through inequalities, or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you . . . and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor.

Now in all his arguments—let me say this once again—as to labour, interest, and capital, and even in his seemingly perverse paradox as to riches, there is an element of truth; but in each case this truth is rendered futile or mischievously misleading, by being imperfectly thought out, imperfectly expressed, and being either confused with, or divorced from, other truths which are essential to it.

This is shown at once by certain marked characteristics of his language. He uses the same term to designate different things—things which at times he himself recognises as antithetical; and the imperfection of his technical vocabulary reflects the character of his thought. The most striking example of this is his use of the term "labour." Though disclaiming any desire to attack capital, as such, the main object of his book is to emphasise the moral claims of those who, in contrast to the capitalists, are called the labouring classes. In his opening pages he says that the cardinal fact with which he starts, is that the "servant," the "workman," the "operative," or the man "employed," gives his "labour" to the "master," the "manufacturer," or the "employing" man; and the main question, he proceeds, to which his volume will be devoted, is the question of how the "labour" given by the former is to be remunerated "justly" by the latter. It is thus obvious that when he uses the word "labour," what he primarily has in view is the activity of the ordinary workman, whose means of livelihood come to him in the form of wages.

At the same time, however, he realises that this kind of activity is not the only kind which is essential to the life even of the workman himself. He therefore enriches his original thesis with a number of additions and qualifications. The statesman, the physician, the "mere thinker," the employer, he says, all of them play parts as essential to social civilisation as that which is played by the ploughman, the bricklayer, or the factory-hand. But he allows himself no language in which to express the difference between these classes clearly. He applies to the activities of all of them the common name of "labour." The statesman, the physician, the artist, the religious teacher, the "thinker" whose inventions and discoveries revolutionise the work of millions, and the employers who direct that work,—these, no less than the dustman, are all in his language labourers.

Thus, having started with emphasising a very intelligible contrast, the imperfection of his language compels him to speak of it subsequently as an identity. The just claims which labour has upon capital—a sufficiently clear conception—presently loses its outlines, and becomes the claims of labour on itself. To attempt to elucidate the relations between two things, admitted at the outset to be different, whilst applying to them the same name, and including them under the same category, is like attempting to perform a surgical operation in boxing gloves.

Partially aware of the difficulty in which he has thus involved himself, the manner in which he attempts to get out of it, does but accentuate its character. Having called all forms of economic activity "labour," he tries to explain the differences which he sees to exist between them, by representing them as associated with so many grades of skill. But skill, even in the extended sense which he himself gives to it, fails to answer his purpose. By introducing it, he throws no light whatever on the main difference which he is dimly seeking to identify. By the term "skill," he says :

I mean the united force of experience, intellect, and passion, in their operation on manual labour, from the simple patience which will enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another . . . up to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

Mill, he goes on, "has followed the true clue when he writes, 'No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought.'" "In order to complete his statement," says Ruskin, "he should have added 'and of mere feeling also.'" It will be thus seen that, according to Ruskin's conception of the matter, skill is something which, at the bottom of the scale, enables one man to lay a thousand bricks whilst another man lays five hundred; and which, at the top of the scale, enables a Cellini to make a vase which is priceless, whilst a common craftsman will make a vulgar monstrosity. In each case—in the first as well as the last—it is, as Ruskin expressly says, "incommunicable." And such a scale of skill no doubt exists, and explains the different positions held by a sign-painter and a Michael Angelo; but what it does not explain is the difference with which Ruskin is mainly concerned—namely, the difference between the position of an employer and that of the thousand men employed by him. According to Ruskin, a man who begins as a skilful bricklayer may be perfectly justified in rising to be a great contractor. But he does not rise because he is able with his own hands to run up four walls of a cottage whilst another can run up only two. The faculty which enables him to rise does not belong to that class of faculties at all, which constitute the essence of what Ruskin means by "skill," and which are, as Ruskin rightly says "incommunicable," in the sense that "they operate only on the manual labour" of the possessor of them. It is a faculty which operates simultaneously on the labour of countless others. I shall deal with this question at large in my next article, and shall show more precisely what Ruskin's error is, and the profound confusion which it introduces alike into his thought and his expression of it.

It will then be seen that this same error of hopelessly incomplete analysis, and correspondingly defective language, though it does not falsify his conception of capital, so far as that conception goes, virtually falsifies it because it leads him to accept a part for the whole. Capital, considered under one of its aspects, is no doubt, as he says, an implement of which a plough may be taken as a type. But the functions of it typified by a plough is one of its functions only, and only a derivative and secondary one. Its primary and most important function escapes Ruskin altogether.

And now for his conception of riches, or the process or art of "getting rich." By fits and starts he here gets glimpses of the truth; but the moment he has seen it, his eyes wander away from it, and he loses himself in vague fallacies, which are fatal to his own meaning as he himself defines it. Riches, he says, rightly acquired and used, are essential to civilisation. They are legitimate, beneficent, life-giving. This he constantly maintains. He means it to be one-half of his gospel. But in his anxiety to attack what he looks on as contemporary abuses both in the art of getting riches and in the use of them, he still more constantly speaks of, and (as we have seen) he formally defines, them, in a manner which represents them as essentially unjust and evil. How can riches, in any case, be "legitimate, beneficent, life-giving," if "the art of getting rich is necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor"?

I shall refer hereafter to this definition again. We will, however, submit it to a brief examination now. His definition may mean that the art by which the employers of labour enrich themselves is the art of securing a part of the just wages of the labourer. But even if a certain portion of the riches of some employers have been due to an art of this kind, it is perfectly evident that it is not the kind of art to which the growth of modern fortunes, taken as a whole, is due. For one of the arguments most frequently urged on employers by workmen who, having secured an advance of wages yesterday, are anxious to supplement it by a

farther advance to-day, is the assertion that, though the workmen were enriched by the first advance, the riches of the employers have continued to increase also. If modern fortunes arose from an increasing impoverishment of the wage-earners, the wage-earners by this time would have no wages at all; or rather their wages would be some incalculable minus quantity. Ruskin, if the matter had been put thus plainly before him, would have probably repudiated this interpretation of his doctrine; but his own chosen illustration of it makes it yet more obviously absurd, and saves it from being a falsehood by turning it into a perverse quibble. If A wants a guinea and has got it, he will not work for B in order to get it. This simple truth Ruskin distorts into the assertion that, if A has not got it, and to get it will work for B, A "necessarily" would have had it without any work at all, if certain machinations of B's had not artfully hindered him. Ruskin might just as well have said that, because no scholars would pay fees to a master if they knew already everything which the master could teach them, the art of teaching is the art of keeping your neighbours ignorant.

Such, then, is the character of Ruskin's methods as an economist—the methods of one who informs economists generally that he is going to give them "more logic than they will like," and that their science is one in which no "loose terms" can be tolerated.

To the above examples of his more important criticisms, I will add one, equally characteristic, of the manner in which, as he imagines, he triumphs over his opponents in detail. Though employing himself throughout a large portion of his argument, the technical definition of value as "value in exchange," he attempts to hold up Mill as an object of ferocious ridicule, because Mill does the same thing. "So that," he exclaims, "if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either!" And he actually thinks that he has reduced Mill's whole meaning to an absurdity. The true meaning of economic value is this—that,

if I have a carpet which I do not want, and you have any number of clothes which I do want, the value of my carpet is to me as many clothes as you will give me in exchange for it. Similarly, if we think of two ships wanting to exchange rudders, the supposition means nothing, unless we start with the assumption that they want to do so for some reason—the reason, namely, that each finds its present rudder useless or unsuitable to itself; but if the rudder of each ship were equally useless to the other, it would not be an absurdity but a platitude to say that the rudders had no value at all in use or exchange either. Thus does Ruskin mistake what is merely an unsuccessful pun on two meanings of a word for an illuminating economic criticism. He thinks he has brought his enemy down with a rifle, when he has merely exploded a cracker under his own nose.

If these methods of argument were peculiar to Ruskin it would not be worth our while to dwell upon them; but they are not. Taken in connection with the moral and political truths on whose behalf he employs them, they are typical of the methods of other men, no less eminent than himself—one of whom, for example, is Count Tolstoy. More particularly are they the methods of the Labour members in the present Parliament. Responding, as they no doubt do, to the truths which Ruskin utters, his latest admirers reproduce only too faithfully the confused methods of thought and argument on which he attempts to found, and with which he so unfortunately associates, them; and in doing so, they push them to conclusions which their teacher would have vehemently repudiated. How far their ways of thinking lead them to misapprehend facts, I shall show in the following article. Meanwhile if any of the Labour party should read these observations he will see that I place him in very honourable and illustrious company.

W. H. MALLOCK.

A RIDICULOUS GOD—II

III

NOW the conception of the *Grand Etre*, as set forth last month in this Review, and the service due to it, which at first sight seems rather grand and magnificent, has a curiously close analogy with the ordinary conception of life of the ordinary man who is called "practical." He, too, is in hot pursuit of metaphysical abstractions, led by the nose by words and phrases; by heaven knows what "select, responsible and ridiculous" phantoms of his bustling, fussing world. Does he so much as attempt to rule his actions by the really important issues of life? Does he select for pursuit those things that enlarge his powers, his appreciation, his sense of beauty, of joy; which give him true satisfaction, health of body and peace of mind? Does he not steer his course by the nearest glaring electric light that sears his vision and points nowhere, leaving sun and stars to offer their safe and tranquil guidance over the perilous seas, unregarded?

He throws away as fast as it arrives the only part of life that is truly his, in his haste to glorify and endow that which he can never possess.

"Who supposes that the future arrives?" asks Benjamin Swift; "the future recedes."

And if *this* "present" determines the other "presents" when they come, yet it is the man rendering himself daily more incapable of possessing hereafter that of which he is now despoiling

himself. He refuses the offer of the Now for the sake of a hundred "fictitious entities" of metaphysical fabrication, an offer that may some day seem to him like the gift thrown away of the freedom of the City of Bliss. For with the long repetition of actions, mental and physical, he has formed invincible limitations; and then of what avail his successes? For the world that he inhabits is the world that he sees and knows, and the thickness of the walls that shut him into his little prison-yard of dull habits is the measureless dimension of all the remaining universe.

And all this has its parallel in the eternal postponement of the claims of the living, feeling man and woman to those of the Race—of the Present to the Future. The Religion of Humanity is the religion of the "practical" man, writ large.

And so for ever this tragic shadow-hunt goes on, the fleeing shadows taking a hundred forms: glory, social honour, the family-name, success, and even duty in certain of its more mechanical and superstitious aspects, for this kind of duty leads to disaster for him who follows it and for those for whom it is performed as surely as any other departure from the line of sanity. Each has his vision of the Protean phantom, which sometimes assumes the most respectable of liveries. And, in these cases, the victim signs away his soul in secret compact with the Devil, and has an extremely dull time of it into the bargain! Truly pathetic is the fate of the Hunters of Shadows. For there are few among them who are not weary to death of the game; few who have not at moments a clear knowledge of its nature. Perhaps some fine picture or poem, some note of joy or lament in music, flashes a sudden recognition of the splendours foregone; and for a second, the long-closed doors of the spirit are opened to reveal, deep down, far away, the dying poet in it weeping and weeping—like a child in the dark.

IV

The Religion of Humanity, it must be remembered, is not offered as a *pis aller*; as the only theory that can be made to fit the obstinate facts. It is offered, on the contrary, as guide and inspiration to the human castaway in the whirlpool of life.

And it is in *that* character that it reveals its emptiness and poverty. Not that the spirit faints at the demand for unrewarded heroism. Such heroism is a tale of every day. It is something quite other that takes the heart out of a man or woman who is exhorted to find inspiration in this lay-figure of a faith. Perhaps they cannot put it into words, but they know that such a religion is to the human heart the very abomination of desolation.

The more orthodox sort of agnostic sees in all this the deplorable result of ages of theological training. Those who shrink from the bleak and hopeless creed are regarded as poor and feeble natures, unable to play a courageous part without the bait of a tinsel heaven or the terror of a melodramatic hell. It seems curious that from this poor worm, the individual, the loftiest heroism is demanded as an everyday matter of course, uninspired by any final hope for himself or for his fellows. Hope? But what hope does the servant of Humanity need but that of spending his paltry self in its service? What can be finer than to work for a day that he will never see?

"A day that no man will ever see," the admonished might reply.

But in any case, the demand for fine actions is not sufficient in itself to form the foundation for a reasonable philosophy of life. There is a sect in Russia whose actions are exceedingly "fine," if absolute self-immolation can make them so, for they bury themselves up to the neck in the earth and remain there steadfastly for weeks, believing that that way fineness lies. Possibly it does; who shall say that their deeds, though eccentric, are not as heroic and single-minded as those

of any Calendar Saint or good Agnostic? But their philosophy does not prove its rank and value by that. There is, indeed, scarcely a formulated belief that does not demand and may not prompt to heroic actions; for, after all, the despised individual has an astonishing power of heroism when occasion calls; but a creed has to commend itself by something other than its attribute of straining that power to the very uttermost. Our old friend the Juggernaut can do *that* successfully enough.

It is true that there are highly intelligent and nobly-endowed men and women who would hotly deny these statements, who would insist that they found the doctrine entirely sufficient to support a reasonable optimism and a rational form of "eternal hope." But to these, almost invariably, it has come as a welcome deliverer from the old theological prison. They are among the courageous band who took part in the storming of the Bastille of the human spirit. There is an exhilaration and noble enthusiasm which still lingers round the achievements of that magnificent Revolution, and those who are its heroes have won many followers through the might of their personal influence and the instinct of hero-worship that they cannot but arouse. But the dust of battle is beginning to clear away, and the spoils now have to be looked at in the cool and calm of the day after. Not that the spoils are few and paltry. A great stronghold of intellectual tyranny has been taken by assault. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of that victory. Without it we should still be turning, turning, like a squirrel in its cage, and not one inch of progress could we hope to make. But the real fruits of that great emancipation are not yet ours; only the seed is sown, and meanwhile the earth looks bare and wintry, and gives only a few signs here and there of coming spring.

The majority are no longer able to believe, as in the early days of the rationalistic movement, that to abolish God, and King, and Priest and faith in a life to come is to enter upon a spiritual Golden Age. The gain made is chiefly negative.

One cannot, in the long run, find a faith to live and die by merely in the act of ardently *not* believing something, however unworthy of belief the something may be. One does not grow into a profound philosopher on the strength of thinking lightly of Jehovah. A day comes when this seems insufficient, and that day is beginning to dawn for many a freethinker hitherto happy in his negations.

Perhaps a few solid negations, fortified with a robust faith in the *Grand Etre*, has served well enough while life goes smoothly, while the affections are more or less satisfied and the tragedy that hangs over them is but a muttered menace; but with sorrow and lonelier days comes an inner melancholy that can scarcely evade the final secret passage into despair. In one whom life has thus touched to the quick, what has the Religion of the Aggregate to offer?

In thousands and thousands of years, perhaps, at the cost of infinite toil and suffering, conditions are to be better and the human type improved and developed. In that case the man and the woman will have new needs and longings as well as new capacities and perfections, and will be infinitely more sensitive, quicker to respond in every direction; therefore the tragedy of the affections, the agony of sympathy, will grow well-nigh unbearable. And though the power of joy would be also greater, its opportunity could scarcely grow in proportion; for what permanent foundation for joy would there be in a world of highly wrought, highly sensitive beings, who, with infinite capacity for love and pity, must watch the suffering of those they hold dear (and whom would they *not* hold dear?), knowing that for these there would be a few years of mixed pain and pleasure, at best something that they called happiness (after it was over), and then defeat and eternal parting as the end of the passionate human story?

The doctrine cheats and mocks the spirit of man in its profoundest sentiments, confounds his reason, bids him at once reign and abdicate, rule over and set going all the manifold activities of the world, give himself to unremitting efforts for

the sake of his kind, and yet count himself and each of these as mere ephemeral units of no account, although their sum total is of such surpassing value that the hope of adding one iota to its happiness is to brighten and inspire all the toiling years of his life! Alas for such high hopes! Sum-totals are *not* happy, and they cannot be made so, though we die in the attempt.

Look at the matter as we may, we are confronted with absurdity, baffled in the effort to find a way out of the labyrinth of self-stultifying conceptions. Even the simplest of the precepts has its pitfalls.

"Live for others," said a high-minded teacher of the faith to his pupil.

"And what are the others to live for?" inquired the pupil.

V

Live for others.

This maxim must here be considered in relation to the system of thought under review, and in this relationship it becomes almost foolish, losing all the profound meaning and truth that it really possesses. The "living for others" of the orthodox Comtist (in so far as he is really true to his doctrine) is living for *one* other: the Great Being. He must be ready to immolate himself and all "others" who seem to him to endanger the honour and glory of that Idol.

The philosopher of the opposite school (and few there are of them as yet) is concerned with the thinking, feeling individual man and woman; frankly including himself as one of the units, a brother soul who in order to give must also receive, and must not, dare not, despoil himself till he has no riches to bestow, till he must go begging his bread, a mendicant instead of a builder and creator of the life of the world.

But it is profoundly true that "living for others" in this broad and universal and yet individualistic sense is the one and sole mode of "living" in any satisfactory sense at all. No one can be happy in real selfishness, in shutting himself into him-

self, so to speak, for there does exist this great interdependence of living beings which means, in the last resort, that the sufferings of even the "least and worst" of the great kinship set up echoes in the nerves of each and all, and will not let them rest in dull and stupid self-seeking. The great joys are joys of spiritual relationships, and these relationships are of necessity painful in proportion to the selfishness of the nature. Wherever there is a taint of self *there* arises the pang—as, for instance, in the miseries of jealousy and the "claims of affection," as they are naïvely called. But to cast off the burden of self does not mean to become a worshipper of the human aggregate. To move forth from the little local prison into the great life is not to offer Paschal Lambs on the altar of the Race, though it may be to make many a sacrifice and to find a joy in so doing. "He that loseth his life shall find it." Yes, and yes—but *not* in the bosom of the *Grand Etre!*

Vi

And now, as the result of this examination, we find that we come into point-blank, four-square opposition to the Religion of Humanity, and to all the tendencies of thought that it fosters, for if the perfecting of the great Aggregate be not the object of the life of the world, then Evolution would seem to be a means to an exactly opposite end: viz., the perfection of the individual. In any case, it could be so directed by the conscious efforts of mankind.

Thus happiness, development of consciousness rather than incessant immolation, becomes the meaning of all life, if meaning there be, and as happiness has been found to be knit inextricably with the social affections, with love which produces a wise and noble form of altruism (as distinguished from a mere slovenly self-neglect and sentimental self-abnegation for abnegation's sake) we find ourselves arrived at the conclusion that the stars in their courses are fighting for the growth of spiritual beauty—all beauty doubtless, and a generous, con-

tagious kind of happiness. Again, in the light of this doctrine, we are led to regard the man or woman (or indeed any being with power to suffer and enjoy) as the object of all the solicitude and reverence and tenderness and hope, of all the love of which the human heart, in its most seeing and passionate moments, is capable.

To sacrifice the least of these to the Race would be like the act of a madman who should trample upon his wife and children in the interests of the family, or who should strangle his mother and father out of regard for his parents.

But this leads us to further consequences. For once begin to treat the individual as an end in himself, irrespective of all other things in heaven and earth, and straightway all other things in heaven and earth troop together in beneficent conspiracy to befriend him. Thoughts have a changed polarity, for now each single soul is sacred; the energies take new directions in obedience to the more pitiful thoughts; laws must purge themselves of barbarity, customs lose all conceivable excuse for cruelty, since no longer may the one be made to suffer for the many, the weak for the strong, nor, be it noted, the strong for the weak. No longer will it seem right and natural to inflict suffering for "righteousness' sake," be the victim humble and helpless as he may. The immemorial plea of the "general good" to justify the infliction of particular harm would be as obsolete as it is preposterous. "Good" would no longer be hideously bought by cruelty and harshness, it would be honestly *earned*; as indeed it must, for it can be won in no other way. Society would then recognise in each of her members her own child and handiwork, and even the humblest, meanest, "wickedest," most offending of beings would be regarded as possessing rights as inalienable in their degree as those of the most powerful and praiseworthy, and the whole community would rise as one man to protect them. And in the protecting of rights because they *were* rights, irrespective of the value of the possessor, the State protects itself and the very source of its well-being and progress.

There are nations, sometimes well-ordered, and at any rate *much* ordered, whose institutions have destroyed all initiative and all freedom for the sake of what was deemed the general good ; and we see them stagnating for hundreds and hundreds of years, grinding round and round in the same little circle, repeating for ever their stupid vices and their stupider virtues, after the popular fashion of a hive of bees, those dull, ridiculous and most over-rated insects !

VII

And so we escape from the tragic absurdity of a scheme in which conscious units are incessantly blotted out, while an unconscious aggregate remains to enjoy the harvest of sacrifice ; a clear contradiction in terms. But we are still confronted with the difficulty of conceiving a human existence that would justify an optimistic faith, if death were held to be the end of all the fever and struggle.

But that need not trouble us more seriously in this case than if the *Grand Etre* were still at the centre of things. For if life ends with the grave, at least (on the individualistic theory) *something* has been gained, some beautiful desirable experience has been wrung from the jealous Gods who would fain cheat us of even this small salvage from the wreck. Whereas if the race must first be saved, the great Darkness closes in upon a lot on which the full glow of the Sun of Life has never shone. Thus all would be thrown into the abyss, and none be the better for it.

But our hypothesis, which raises the astonished individual from the gutter to the throne, suggests further possibilities.

The experiences of men transcend in certain directions the experiences of other animals, though all inhabit the same world. This greater experience depends upon the more extended relationships which he holds with the universe of things, and the same is true of civilised man as compared with primitive man, or intellectual man as compared with half-witted or even

average man. Again, there are finer disparities of intuition and apprehension of subtler things, extending one dare not say how far into the domain of the (normally) unknown. What indeed is genius but an unusually extensive relationship with the spiritual universe? All this seems to point to the possibility of what may be called "another life," or rather of coming into touch with another portion of the sum-total of life, the "self" passing under a new set of conditions, not really into another world except in the sense in which a man undergoing some great change of consciousness and outlook may be said to enter another world.

If belief in such survival, or any survival of the change we call death be difficult, belief in the complete annihilation of a personality is scarcely easier. For if that living personality, that soul, does not survive the body, it seems to follow that the body is its parent, and that view forces us to hold that the brain is a mechanical instrument, which is able to grind forth thought and imagination and "will" and passion and love and pity and joy and unspeakable sorrow, as a sausage-machine produces sausages; and that even the keen overpowering sense of personal identity and all the deeper certainties of genius and intuition are products of the same mechanical process, and have no correspondence with any ultimate facts of the universe. But it is to confound the reason to ask it to attribute itself to a mechanism which thus becomes the object of its own perception: brain-products (*i.e.*, reason) contemplating by means of these very brain-products themselves the mechanism which gave them birth! One seems to enter a vicious circle as in the old unresolvable logical dilemma regarding Solon and the Cretans, who were liars according to Solon who was himself a Cretan. Attempt to conceive the "soul" or any non-physical attribute as the product of physical mechanism, and one finds oneself entangled in a network of contradictory and unthinkable consequences. True, this may possibly be no disproof of the theory, but if so human reason is confounded and finds itself utterly unable to accept that

which shatters the fundamental laws of its being. Under such a system one fares scarcely better than if one adhered to some of the older and more picturesque schemes of belief, taking the famous definition of faith for one's guide: Faith is believing that which we know not to be true.

The alternative that remains is that the "soul" is not a brain-product but a brain-associate under certain conditions, the association breaking up when these change, the body ceasing to act in the absence of its inspiring companion. This at least is not more straining to the belief than the idea of a physical instrument giving birth to something wholly unrelated in nature to itself. Figs and thistles themselves have at least a relationship, but thought and the movements of "grey matter" have absolutely none except in regard to time. They occur simultaneously. So do occasionally rain and sunshine.

In no mechanism that we know does the machine give birth to the force that works it: the force is always the first on the field: to be utilised, harnessed, stored, organised, but never to be created by the mechanism from the beginning. Is the brain the sole exception?

And so we are gradually led to a parting of the ways, and have to choose between alternative conclusions: either the reality of things has no relation or correspondence whatever with human intelligence, and the ultimate facts are not only beyond our comprehension but contradictory to our reason—those attributes we call spiritual being mere by-products of matter which has contracted an odd habit of producing that which can turn round and contemplate consciously its unconscious parent—either that is true, or the universe *has* some sort of correspondence with the faculties of the beings it creates, and therefore there is something that answers and is in relationship with the idea of justice and pity and love and all that the human spirit conceives and aspires to. In that case it is hardly possible to imagine that man, or any sentient creature whatever, has been hurled into existence at haphazard to spend a

few hunted years for no purpose in any way related to himself and his fellows.

The folly and injustice of such a scheme could never be redeemed by any ulterior object, however vast and magnificent, judging of course by the only instruments of judgment available, the human mind and heart. For no ulterior object could annihilate or cause *not to have been* the cruelty and the injustice that was once suffered.

Whichever of these alternatives we may accept—or if we can find a means to evade accepting either—the ideal for the civilised State must be to accord to every individual, to every sentient being, be he great or small, deserving or undeserving, first of all security from wrong and cruelty, and then the utmost opportunity of happiness which his nature allows him to embrace and society can help him to possess.

Far indeed are we from the fulfilment and even the adoption of that ideal, and infinite must be the difficulties of following it, for we have to deal with beings who are the fruit of a community still hypnotised by the primitive ideas of sacrifice and punishment. But not for ever can men cling to the notion that violence and bloodshed and retaliation will lead to safety and peace. The days are many, but they are numbered of the old self-perpetuating barbarism of the Vendetta between teacher and pupil, between criminal and State. In face of all the cruelty and horror of the world, a voice is calling for an end of warfare and stupid retaliation, whispering in the very cannon's mouth of a final possible brotherhood and peace.

Thus the dethronement of the *Divus Ridiculus*,¹ the Ridiculous God of the twentieth century, leads to a gospel of mercy and sympathy which the doctrine of Evolution with its condemnation of the "unfit" has been busy teaching misinterpreting man to forget. For some it may also point to the belief of individual survival after death, a doctrine which

¹ In the Roman Campagna not far from the Appian Way stands the ruined and magnificent temple of the Divus Ridiculus.

may be regarded (at worst) as perhaps the least difficult among difficult creeds; at best—

Well, at best, we have the wonderful, unanimous testimony of "seers" of all ages, men and women of high endowment and illumination, and their message to each travailing soul is of eternal hope. What if the great longing that has haunted mankind for all time—not for the miserable material heaven of gold and silver and of foolish angels, but for some Heaven of the spirit and the imagination—what if this longing be prophetic and justified by ultimate realities? What if bliss absolute and perfect be at the back and the end of all things, depending on man himself to evoke and create? What if the smothered passion of the heart which burns in every thinking, feeling human creature, and breaks forth into flame in all real art and literature, were the inner knowledge of this truth, the straining forth towards the hearth-fires of a beloved and longed-for home?

MONA CAIRD.

ON RIDING TO HOUNDS

NOT very long ago an American who had never been in Europe asked me to explain to him "how your fox-hunting in England is conducted—anyway." I did so. I went into details and described to him to the best of my ability exactly what takes place from the time hounds are unkennelled until they run into their fox. He listened attentively, and seemed to be greatly interested. When I had finished he turned to me with a bland look :

"And when you get up to the fox," he said, "you shoot him, I guess?"

I asked him to guess again.

The grotesqueness of that American's idea may strike some of us as being peculiar ; yet there are many thousands of our own countrymen whose notions about fox-hunters, and of what actually constitutes fox-hunting, are in reality almost as hazy. Hunting-men, as a body, are unfortunately inclined to laugh at, or at any rate speak with only thinly-veiled contempt of, the individual who happens not to know anything about their favourite sport—though I confess I could never quite see why, seeing that comparatively only a very small section of the general community has ever had an opportunity even of being present at a meet of hounds. As a natural result the ignoramus—I do not use the word in any sense of disparagement—refrains, lest he should be made fun of, from broaching the subject of hunting when in conversation with those among his

acquaintance whom he knows to be hunting-men and who could therefore enlighten him upon various points that from time to time may have puzzled him, the consequence being that any false impressions that he has acquired remain deeply set. Many persons who will read this article believe, for instance, that every hunted fox meets his death at last by being what in hunting phraseology is termed "mobbed," that is to say hemmed in on every side and killed by the hounds without his being given a chance of escape—one thing above many others that most masters of fox-hounds endeavour to guard against; while only recently a very charming woman, whose antipathy to sport is well-known, wanted me to tell her "why the fox couldn't be killed before being eaten"! Small wonder, then, that sport and sportsmen come to be in disrepute among many otherwise right-minded humanitarians when ideas so preposterous are allowed to gain credence. Indeed, incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are plenty of persons who still honestly believe that fox-hunting causes suffering to the hounds, and very great suffering to the horses, the former being, so they imagine, driven to run themselves almost to death, and the latter spurred and flogged unmercifully. And it is for the enlightenment of those who know little or nothing of fox-hunting that this article is written.

The question was asked recently in a daily newspaper, Wherein does the pleasure of fox-hunting actually lie? That is an inquiry not to be answered off-hand, for the simple reason that the pleasures of the chase appeal to different sets of people in several different ways. The set, for instance, that loves to watch hounds at work, that takes delight in observing every twist and turn of the pack in its effort to discover scent, as often as not is quite content to ride all day without jumping a fence; while plenty of these enthusiastic hound-men, as they are commonly called, would in all probability enjoy the sport almost as much if they were on foot instead of being mounted, provided they were equally well

able to note the movements of the pack. In direct opposition is the set, nowadays probably the biggest set of all, that takes comparatively little interest in hounds, but is satisfied if it gets a good gallop and plenty of jumping. These men come out simply and solely to ride, and but few pretend to come out for any other purpose. Whether they would not be just as happy if instead of running a fox they ran a "drag," that is, an artificial trail, is a moot point. But even to the different members of this particular set, often referred to as the riding division, the pleasure of fox-hunting appeals again in different ways. Some are influenced by the spirit of friendly rivalry that will lead A to try to get a better place in the run than B, and to keep it from start to finish. Others derive just as much pleasure from riding their own line without caring in the least what anybody else is doing. A third group makes it a rule to ride for "points," that is, to places the fox is in their opinion likely to make for. A fourth lot is quite content to gallop along the roads and lanes with the same object in view, namely, to meet at different points the body of the field that is riding across country. Each and all of these minor groups that go to make up the riding division enjoy the sport thoroughly, though not quite in the same way; and, in addition, there is the set that rides to hounds to a great extent for the sake of health and exercise. And that riding to hounds is, for the man or woman accustomed to horse exercise, among the healthiest of all forms of out-door sport, none can gainsay.

Fox-hunting [said a distinguished physician only recently] is the one sport that "stimulates," provided, of course, that the individual is already a horseman. . . . Game-shooting, more especially cover-shooting, and to some extent walking up partridges, takes a man what is called "out of himself;" that is it takes his attention off matters that may be disturbing his thoughts, and consequently it is beneficial. In like manner game-shooting is beneficial to the man whose brain has been working for a long spell at high pressure, inasmuch as it gives the brain fair time in which to recuperate. Fly-fishing is similarly beneficial, though in a lesser degree, while among pastimes golf is the one to be the most recommended for men of middle-age or advanced in years.

. . . There is but one form of sport, however, that in addition to resting the mind by distracting the attention at the same time stimulates the system better than any tonic or treatment could stimulate it, and that, as I have said, is fox-hunting—for the individual accustomed to riding, or even able to ride only fairly well.

Considering impartially this question of what actually constitutes the pleasure of fox-hunting, and looking at the question so far as possible from the standpoint of a man who has never ridden to hounds yet would like to understand what to him must at first sight appear to be an almost incomprehensible kind of fascination, I become at once convinced of one thing, namely, that the actual destruction of life is to fully nineteen men out of every twenty who ride to hounds by far the least attractive part of the sport. I would, indeed, go further, and, at the risk of being taken to task, say that many of our most enthusiastic fox-hunters, men who are fearless riders and who "go" straight to hounds whenever it is possible to do so, secretly feel gratified when a fox that has shown good sport escapes instead of being killed. Naturally the master is keen to "blood" his hounds, especially early in the season, and as naturally the farmers who have refrained from destroying foxes that may have worked havoc among the poultry they forgot to shut up at night are delighted when they hear that yet another of their enemies has been killed. But to the majority of the hunt it is in most instances a matter of indifference whether the fox is killed or not, provided he shows sport; in other words, gives them a run. Anthony Trollope declared that a man on horseback felt "twice a man." He might have added that a man well-mounted, and who has been so fortunate as to get well away at the tail of a good pack of hounds in full cry and heading for a line of open country, feels not merely "twice a man," but as if suddenly obsessed by some peculiarly invigorating and rejuvenating elixir. The mantle of mental depression that may have hung about him from the time he awoke in the morning seems upon such an occasion to drop off him and

then and there be completely forgotten, and this in itself, I think, constitutes one at least of the great witcheries of the sport.

“But are not the days of fox-hunting numbered?” Questions to this effect are asked almost as regularly as the hunting season comes round, and the replies are usually of a contradictory nature. The breezy optimist dismisses the inquiry without a thought and with the one word, “ridiculous.” The pessimist draws a long face and expresses the opinion that within a very few years fox-hunting in this country will be a sport of the past, that at best it will be confined to wild and moorland districts. Personally I am inclined to think that many years will elapse before fox-hunting as a national sport becomes extinct in Great Britain. At the present time the only thing in the least calculated to give it a death-blow is the practice of wiring fences, and this, certainly, sometimes makes one pause and consider. It is true that on the occasion of the annual meeting of the secretaries of the various hunts, which is held at Tattersall's, the consensus of opinion was to the effect that, viewing hunting countries collectively, less wire is put up to-day than a few seasons ago. To be told this is of course satisfactory, and emphatically the men who uttered the statement spoke in all good faith; yet when hunting-men from so many parts of England, and to some extent Ireland, are heard in London clubs complaining in ever-increasing numbers of what they speak of as “the deplorable spread of wire” in the countries in which they hunt, and when one sees for one's self fence after fence marked with danger signals where it seems but yesterday that wire was tabooed, the conclusion arrived at by the hunt secretaries is difficult to reconcile.

The problem that at once naturally presents itself is, What steps can be taken to check the spread of wire? In the first place, then, it should be borne in mind that the landowner, and not the tenant-farmer, is directly to blame for wired fences. A clause in the farmer's lease stating that wire shall not be put up without special permission from the landlord—a clause that

not one farmer in ten will object to--does away with the evil then and there. That the farmer, more especially when not a hunting-man, should use wire in place of wood when repairing his fences, and strengthen many of his hedges by running wire through them, is but natural when he knows that he is quite at liberty to do so, and that wire fencing is probably the least expensive of any. On the other hand the average English farmer—and I speak with knowledge of farmers in many different counties—is as right-thinking a man as any one need wish to meet, and while resenting the dictatorial tone too often adopted by hunting-men of a particular class whenever they have occasion to address him, he is not merely willing, but eager to further the interests of the chase, provided the members of the hunt treat him with ordinary courtesy and consideration. More than once I have heard a farmer shouted at by some aggressive individual for not getting out of the way, when the farmer in question was on his own land, and had a perfect right to summon the horseman for trespass. Indeed, it has always seemed to me, though possibly I may be quixotic, that if only a great body of our hunting-men could be led to exercise more tact, could be induced to stand a little less on their dignity, and could be made to see that a cheery word to a farmer, or for that matter even to a farm-hand, is generally preferable to a scowl or a stony stare, complaints about the damage done by the hunt would be less frequent and less bitter. As a popular master of hounds said to me lately, not in the least in a boastful spirit,

There is hardly a wired fence on any farm where I have been able to call on the farmer myself; yet I have never in my life bribed a farmer to take his wire down, and I believe that, taken as a body, the farmers in most parts of Great Britain and Ireland will do anything in reason to oblige one if they are dealt with in the right way. Set to work bullyragging them, however, and ordering them to do this, that and the other thing when they know as well as you that they are not bound to obey you, and you may whistle for all the satisfaction you will ever get out of any of them.

Of course it is as easy to say that the hunt does no damage

as to say that the unemployed won't work. Yet one has only to walk over a farm that a hundred or so horsemen have just galloped across on a wet day, to realise the fallacy of the former statement. There is no doubt, however, but that certain farmers are wont to exaggerate considerably when complaining to a master of hounds of the damage done by the hunt, in the same way that some cottagers and others send in false returns of poultry killed or alleged to have been killed by foxes. Many masters meet these difficulties half-way and endeavour to balance matters by paying only a proportion of the sums claimed, but for an obvious reason this plan cannot be recommended. The only way to get at the truth in such cases is for (preferably) the master himself, or the hunt secretary, or some tactful member of the hunt, to look into the matter personally and discover what amount of damage really has been done, and then pay compensation accordingly. In some countries six or eight members of the hunt regularly volunteer to make these inquiries, with the result that the amount of time any single one of them has to devote to the business is never great, while the friction between the farmers, the cottage population, and the hunt, is reduced to a minimum. Indeed, to my own knowledge, hunting is far more generally popular in four countries where this "personal inquiry" plan is carried out systematically than it is in any of the other hunting-countries I have stayed in from time to time.

The idea that hunting benefits the farmer by creating a conveniently-situated market in which he can dispose of fodder, &c., is now to all intents and purposes exploded. It is true that in days gone by the great majority of hunting-men used to buy their hay, straw, and oats from farmers on the spot, partly because they found it more convenient to do so, also partly because they wished to do the farmer a good turn; but in this twentieth century, when sentiment is practically a thing of the past, and fodder can be bought in London and other big cities and delivered in country places sometimes for less than some farmers charge for it, the majority of hunting-men who

do not own land in the counties in which they hunt buy almost everything "outside." And without a doubt it is principally the "outsider" who of late years has done so much to bring fox-hunting into disrepute. Nearly always it is the "outsider," the man who has no personal connection with, or interest in, the country, who breaks down fences, rides recklessly over seeds, and leaves gates open or unfastened which, when hounds are not running, he ought to shut and fasten after him, and who incidentally spoils sport by over-riding hounds, heading the fox, and so on. It is chiefly through this man's lack of forethought, too, that the rest of the field often has to suffer by incurring in some instances the odium of landlords as well as tenants. Another modern feature likely to prove detrimental to the prosperity of fox-hunting in the future is the steadily, and in some countries very rapidly, increasing popularity of the "big shoot," which necessitates the rearing of pheasants on a very big scale. That pheasants and foxes can be preserved in the same covers and at the same time has been proved many times over, but what is equally certain is that if pheasants are once seriously disturbed, as they would be if hounds ran through their covers before the first big shoot of the season, a proportion of the birds will in all probability never be found again in those woods, no matter how carefully they may have been reared and fed. Thus it comes about that year by year, as more and more men preserve, more and more covers are closed to hounds almost until Christmas, and sometimes until after Christmas. The feeling of hostility that for this reason was at one time common between hunting-men and shooting-men is now less marked than formerly, possibly because, according to statistics, more men now shoot as well as hunt than in days gone by. At the same time, what with the wiring of fences, the increase in game-preserving, the complaints, just and otherwise, of tenant-farmers, and to some extent of landlords, to say nothing of the growing popularity of motoring that now leads a proportion of our landed proprietors to winter abroad who formerly hunted and thus to

a great extent helped to keep up the *prestige* of the sport, the future of fox-hunting is less brilliant than one could wish it to be. Yet, in spite of all that is urged to the contrary by men who have axes to grind, there is no valid reason for supposing that the "dead-set" which a section of the opponents of sport are striving to organise against hunting and other "blood" sports, as they are called, will prove successful, unless some unforeseen incident should occur that might be likely to help their cause.

BASIL TOZER.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

CLARENDON HOUSE AND DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

THREE years or less from its building, Clarendon House was a monument of fallen greatness. Within twenty years it was gone for ever. Devonshire House, built a year later, has been for two hundred years the home of one of the very few most prosperous families in England, and shelters still perhaps the most distinguished head of that family. For eighteen years they stood side by side. I do not know that there is any moral in particular to be drawn from the circumstance, unless that it is safer to go slowly, but the contrast must needs arrest the eye of a moralist.

The building of Clarendon House in itself seemed to show a man whose head was turned by high position. In 1664 Hyde was at the summit of his power, Lord Chancellor of England, and still overawing his Sovereign. His daughter was wife to the Heir-Apparent. But Charles was already wearying of this tutelage, and anxious to escape from it, and two great shadows were on their way, the arrival of an unhappy war and the non-arrival of a child to the Queen, which were to darken the Chancellor's head in the eyes of the people. "He has married his daughter to the Duke of York and looks to be grandfather of Kings, curse him," said the people.

However, in 1664 Charles granted him a large tract of land,

eastwards to Swallow Street, which now is, and uncertainly but generously westwards, and later the City of London gave him (practically) a lease of the Conduit Mead, covered now by New Bond Street, Brook Street, and so forth. He chose the spot at the top of St. James's Street, fronting St. James's Palace, which to the envious this upstart palace might seem to rival, and began building with the stones intended to repair old St. Paul's—in itself a tactless proceeding. The admiring Pepys and the complimentary Evelyn recorded the erection in diaries and letters. Evelyn wrote to Lord Cornbury, Clarendon's son, a most eloquent panegyric on it, and pronounced it "the first palace in England, deserving all I have said of it and a better encomiast," and ended with the pious wish that when Clarendon "shall have passed to that upper building not made with hands," his posterity ("as you, my Lord") might inherit the palace—and the rest of his greatness. Alas for the builder so soon to be ruined, and his posterity to be impoverished!

In 1667 the deluge began. The Dutch sailed up to Gravesend and the mob broke the windows of Clarendon House. They called it Holland House, suggesting bribes from the Dutch; Dunkirk House, with the idea that Clarendon was bribed to sell Dunkirk; and Tangier Hall, because they had no use for Tangier, which he had acquired for England. A most unpopular edifice. "They have cut down the trees before his house," writes Pepys, "and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen: Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'"

This last accusation, as Mr. Wheatley says, was unjust, because Clarendon could not help it, had even opposed the marriage with Catharine of Braganza. But the mob was not alone in giving him the blame of the unlucky non-result. The Court did so too, and Rochester, challenged by the King to find a rhyme to Lisbon, fired off:

Here's health to Kate
Our Sovereign's mate
Of the Royal House of Lisbon :
But the devil take Hyde
And the Bishop beside
Who made her bone of his bone,—

an impromptu, let us hope, for then the rhyme is brilliant.

Two months later Sir William Morrice was sent to the fine new house to demand the Great Seal from its owner.

So he sat in his great house, with its wings and its turret in the middle, and its low wall running along Piccadilly and its fine gates, sat there and wondered how long he might sit there still. The workmen were not yet out of the place altogether, and I daresay Clarendon guessed with what gibes they were building for him. Evelyn visited him in December, and found him "in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gowt wheel-chayre, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spoke very disconsolately." The picture is pathetic enough, for if Clarendon fell short of being a great man, he was at least a zealous and strenuous man; he had shared his master's exile and had seen the cause of his master triumph, only himself to fall. He was impeached for high treason and wrote humbly to Charles, "I do upon my knees beg your pardon for any over-bold or saucy expressions I have used to you . . . a natural disease in old servants who have received too much countenance." For a sensualist Charles was not hard-hearted, but Clarendon had gone too far and too long against his comfort, and he let his old servant's enemies have their way.

Clarendon fled to Calais, to die in exile seven years later, and pious versifiers took care to dwell on the affair of those unlucky stones. "God," wrote one,

God will revenge, too, for the stones he took
From aged Paul's to make a nest for Rooks.

The house was leased by his sons, Cornbury and Lawrence Hyde, who was a favourite and companion of Charles, to the

Duke of Ormond. There, again, is a figure sorrowful in a way, though not disastrous. At the Court of Charles II., Ormond was out of date. He was a great noble, too great—unless, indeed, he had overtly combated the Government—to be sent the way of Clarendon, a new man, and Charles himself never failed in respect to this old and potent servant of his father; it is recorded that Buckingham once asked him whether the Duke of Ormond had lost his favour or he the Duke's since it was the King who was embarrassed when they met. But this was a parvenu Court. His ancient nobility fatigued the King and he set about him new people, male and female, who could amuse him. The Duke of Ormond must have chafed at the upstarts and foreigners who were more powerful than he, and must have known that there was something ironical in their deference to him, that his stateliness and older fashion were ridiculed behind his back. It was fated that no happy man should be master in Clarendon House.

It was while he lived there that a most extraordinary outrage was done on him, and that perhaps the most extraordinary scene that ever happened in Piccadilly took place; it was finished there if it was begun in St. James's Street, and so comes scrupulously into my pages.

In the year 1670, less than two centuries and a half ago, this powerful noble, driving up St. James's Street towards his house fronting it, in his coach, with six footmen attending him, was set upon by ruffians, seized and hurried along Piccadilly towards Tyburn, where they proposed to hang him.

I am tempted to digress into the history of Colonel Blood, that most melodramatic villain with the most convenient name, a history which no romancer would have dared to invent. It would colour my quiet pages to relate how he stole the Crown from the Tower and very nearly got off with it, and other surprising feats. But it is not in the bond, and the reader may go to no more recondite a source than Scott's notes to his "Peveril of the Peak," and the adventure I may tell is startling enough.

The Duke of Ormond had been dining in the City, in attendance on the Prince of Orange, then in England, and was returning home; it was a dark night. He always took six footmen abroad with him, but did not allow their weight on his coach, having spikes on it to prevent their clambering up; they went on either side of the street. Blood's ruffians contrived to stop the footmen, while Blood and his son dragged the Duke from the coach.

And now, if Blood had been content with simple murder, he might have done it. But the Duke was his old enemy; he had attributed to Ormond the Act of Settlement in England of 1663 which had inconvenienced Lieutenant Blood, as he was then, and by a plot had nearly captured Dublin Castle, and Ormond, the Lord-Lieutenant of the time, within it—like a proper villain of melodrama, Blood never *quite* succeeded in his fell purposes. So now his artist villainy prompted a finer revenge than mere stabbing. He would hang the Duke at Tyburn. They forced him on horseback and buckled him to one of the ruffians, and then Blood rode off, saying he would tie a rope to the gallows. The coachman, meanwhile, drove on to Clarendon House and gave the alarm, telling the porter "that the Duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Piccadilly."

Blood's swagger undid him. For the Duke, though sixty, which was old age in those days, was still a man of his hands and struggled valiantly, so that the ruffian in front of him made but slow progress. They had got a good way past Devonshire House, however, on the road between the fields towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke cleverly got his foot under the ruffian's and fell with him into the mud. By now the neighbourhood was alarmed and rescue was arriving and the ruffian made off, so that Blood, coming impatiently back from Tyburn to meet his victim, found his followers in flight. The Duke, exhausted, had to be carried home to Clarendon House, and lay ill there for some days. I fear Piccadilly is no pleasant haunting-place for his ghost.

No happy person ever possessed Clarendon House. It was sold, after Clarendon's death, to the young Duke of Albemarle—the second, Monk's son—and he was a spendthrift and a drunkard. (Clarges Street, by the way, is called after his uncle, Sir Thomas.) He went out to Jamaica to seek a sunken Spanish galleon, found his galleon, but lived not to enjoy the gold. His widow was the madwoman, whose illusion, that she should marry the Grand Turk, made the fortune of the first Duke of Montagu, but her history belongs not to Piccadilly.

The Duke of Albemarle sold Clarendon House, which he had called Albemarle House, to a "little syndicate"—as we now affectionately call such bodies—which gave £35,000 for the house and the ground about it. The syndicate seems to have known its business, since Evelyn tells us that it recovered this money by the sale of the old materials alone. Its leading spirit was Sir Thomas Bond, of Peckham.

So the ill-fated house was pulled down and four new streets—Dover, Albemarle, Bond, and Stafford—were built on its site—the name of one of the earliest of those speculators who are the pride of our country immortalised among them. It was being pulled down when Evelyn drove by with Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor's son, and tactfully, as he tells us, turned his head the other way. Evelyn, too, moralises very beautifully over the demolition. "See," says he, and so say I, "the vicissitudes of earthly things!"

Turn we to a happier theme. Devonshire House was at first Berkeley House, built in 1665 for Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, who has left both these names to the two streets westwards. With him I need not linger, nor do more than mention the fact that Queen Anne lived here in 1695.

The Cavendishes began their long possession in 1697 with William, the first Duke of Devonshire.

There seems ever to have been a sort of dignified reticence

about this family, which greatly impresses me as a man but rather baffles me as a scribbler.

The roaring generations flit and fade,

and there is ever a Devonshire filling his eminent position, calm, retiring, imperturbable, and never an amusing thing to tell of any one of them. The first Duke, to be sure, is said by Horace Walpole to have been "a patriot among the men, a Corydon among the ladies," and a lady complimented him in a poem as one

Whose soft commanding looks our breasts assailed,

but these dashing qualities resulted in no history we can chuckle over now. He did indeed cause a public scandal, but it was in a curiously lugubrious manner. Being a very religious man—as Major Pendennis said of his friend who played piquet all day except on Sundays—the Duke insisted on putting up a monument in a church to the memory of his mistress, Miss Anne Campion, the singer. The public was indignant, and Pope's ready lash fell on the Duke, who was dead by then, and probably would not have paid much attention had he been alive.

The third Duke had the pleasure of rebuilding the house, which was destroyed by fire in 1733, after a design by William Kent. Many severe criticisms have been passed on it, and ironical compliments on the wall, which till lately hid it. Mr. Max Beerbohm once wrote an eloquent essay protesting against the insertion of the gates in the wall, but his reason, I think, was that the unbroken brick conveyed an agreeable air of mystery. For my part, the ugliness of Devonshire House, if it is ugly, does not displease me. Plainness and severity of design suit the climate, the atmosphere, the tone and temperament generally, of London. If architecture, as Goethe said, is as frozen music, then that of London should be solemn marches and simple airs, not roulardes and fandangoes. Devonshire House is well enough.

And so, I do not doubt, were the third Duke and the fourth, but there is nothing to say of them.

But the fifth Duke has a lustre about him time cannot dim, for he married Lady Georgiana Spencer.

I wonder no one as yet has written a "Book of Duchesses." The very title would make it popular, and it might really be full of the most excellent differences. To my mind the most interesting figure in it would not be Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Force of character, strength of will, and single-hearted selfishness of purpose exalt the great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, beyond all other duchesses. I sometimes fancy that she, with her harsh common sense and her overbearing ways, created that popular tradition of a duchess which humourists and comedies have fixed in the public mind. But most fascinating of duchesses to imagine—far more so than any of those jolly, but a little coarse, wantons who were made duchesses by Charles II.—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire beyond question was.

Lineally descended from the great duchess I have named, she is said to have been like her, but assuredly must have had a kindness and softness in her face which the other lacked. Faultlessly beautiful she was not, though that "her hair was not without a tinge of red," as Sir Nathaniel Wraxall remarked, would not now prevent our thinking her so. But with her freshness and grace, her sensitive, intelligent features, we can picture the outward setting as fit enough for the soul that led and sweetened and held the hearts of that great aristocratic society.

And what a society it was! Many writers, this one among the least of them, have tried to express it, but none has quite succeeded. A society coherent, small, as it were a large family, of unquestioned authority and power, and therefore free from the nervous assertiveness which marks aristocracies apparent but unreal; punctilious in a way, but to our conception free-spoken to the last degree; sure of itself and therefore not superfcially exclusive, as, indeed, the best of English society

has seldom been ; cultivated sometimes, and always wishing to be thought so, which is at least a better mood than the pride of ignorance so common in England now ; amorous, adventurous, free-living, and with the humour ever running to eccentricity which, till lately, was always characteristic of our people, "high or low"—can any one deny the charm of such a society ? It had the vices, I know, which have characterised leisure and abundance in every age. It gambled persistently and not infrequently broke its marriage vows. Indeed, one may regret that certain preachers of our day were not alive then for a proper field for their abilities. The "Smart Set" they castigate now is a trivial bogey. Our society is an incoherent mass split up into coteries, and possibly of one coterie or another it may be said with truth that it practises the vices named as a regular habit. But not—and this is the important point—a coterie with power and prestige. Our society is specialised, and the people with political influence are hard-working, innocently recreating folk ; what the unimportant "smart" people do may matter to themselves, but is not the national concern the preachers would have it. The evils of our community are not to be found in such matters—they are evils beside which these are trumpery.

In this eighteenth century it was otherwise. It was the men ruling the country, or, at least, having its ear who were the gamblers and libertines. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Sandwich were important politicians : Charles Fox was the most reckless prodigal of his age. Even matched with our own delinquents, not with our statesmen, these sinners were dreadful. Two years ago there was a great scandal in London because a young man lost £10,000 at a club, playing *écarté*. But when Fox and FitzPatrick held their faro bank at Brooks's—the now so impressively respectable Brooks's—such losses were daily or nightly events.

Ah well, I am a Socialist, and am far from setting up this old English society as an ideal state of things. Yet it was not

in itself more harmful than many a ring of respectable plutocrats now, and that it had an agreeable tone—an ironical, tolerant, life-loving tone—all its letters show, not only those of intellectual connoisseurs of life like Horace Walpole, but those of all the casual sporting men and women who wrote to George Selwyn.

It was, of course, the Whig branch of it, over which her Grace of Devonshire presided, a more charming hostess, one imagines, than a little later Whig society found in the imperious Lady Holland. One of her closest intimates was Charles Fox himself, and that alliance must have been pleasant indeed to watch—Charles with his heavy frame and his big-featured, swarthy face, lit up with that indescribably gay twinkle of fun and good temper his best portrait shows us, and she, blonde and arch and eager—what would not we give to listen to them?

She came of a clever and spirited family. Her sister was the Lady Diana who was divorced by the second Lord Bolingbroke, the "Bully" of the Selwyn letters, and married Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson's strangely chosen companion—the Lady Diana who was so clever at drawing Cupids. She was loved at home and there is a touching anecdote told by Wraxall of her other sister, Lady Bessborough's grief for her death. So we picture her, gay, clever, a little spoiled perhaps, marrying at seventeen the fifth Duke of Devonshire. "She is a lovely girl," wrote Horace Walpole, "natural and full of grace; he, the first match in England."

And what was he besides? Calm—that is the note struck in the accounts of him beyond all others. "A nobleman," Wraxall describes him, "whose constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, though not animated or graceful; his manners always calm and unruffled. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind." This apathy, it would seem, did not yield to the charms of conversation in Devonshire House; the Duke, to rouse himself, had

to repair to Brooks's and play at whist or faro. It is agreeable to know, however, that he "possessed a highly improved understanding," and was regarded as an infallible referee at Brooks's when there was any dispute about passages in Roman poets or historians. (What place in our day combines gambling with discussions on the Roman poets?) He possessed also "the hereditary probity characteristic of the family of Cavendish," which perhaps was made a little easier by the more than comfortable circumstances also characteristic of that family. George the Fourth passed a severe judgment on him in his famous criticism of the way which people had come forward to be invested with the garter, stating that "the Duke of Devonshire advanced up to the Sovereign with his phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown." We may as well take the more complimentary view and believe that he was simply calm. But even so it seems a figure of somewhat excessive calmness, and it is almost a relief to learn that beneath all this apathy he was not "insensible to the seduction of female charms."

It might be supposed that a woman so active and emotional as his Duchess would not be happily joined to a man normally so unruffled and roused only by cards and female charms, which, unfortunately, it seems were not necessarily those of his wife, and we might look for quarrels. Happily, however, these contrasting temperaments not infrequently agree well enough, and it is not on record that the Duke's calm was unpleasantly ruffled by his wife. That she was wild and inclined to be dissipated is true. There is a letter from Lady Sarah Bunbury in which the writer laments the Duchess's preposterous hours, but there is no hint in it of the mistake into which Lady Sarah herself alas! was soon to fall. She played cards, of course, like all her world, but the play does not seem to have been serious enough to keep the Duke at home, or perhaps he preferred masculine methods at the card-table. Also, if we may believe the writer of a "Second Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire," a pamphlet

which the curious will find in the British Museum, she sometimes made undesirable acquaintances. It must have been agreeable to have such kind and intimate things printed and published about one as this: "I am disposed to think, nay, I have very substantial reasons for thinking, that your Grace places an unreserved confidence in persons whom the Duke of Devonshire does not approve and from whom Lady Spencer has in vain endeavoured to separate you." But I think we need gather only that even this Duchess of Devonshire did not please everybody. While the curious, by the way, are in the British Museum they might ask also for a poem of the period called "The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow," and admire the appalling insipidity from which the print of no age is free.

I trust the censor quoted above did not allude to Dr. Johnson. "I have seen the Duchess of Devonshire," writes Wraxall again, "then in the first bloom of youth, hanging on the sentences that fell from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair." Is there any man of letters on whose sentences duchesses hang now? If there be, I doubt he is not so sound as Dr. Johnson. Let us remember, when we think of this lady and her friends, that their homage to genius was not a mere fashion; that they read and understood and thought; it is a quality which we may surely set against much else that they did unwisely. As the English aristocracy has been gradually commercialised, its sport has been continued with enthusiasm, but its culture has sadly fallen away. As for vices, they were never very difficult to learn. It is a pleasant side to this duchess, who had "far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet," than Fanny Burney had expected in so dashing a great lady.

Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire is chiefly remembered now as the prototype of lady canvassers, for her exertions in behalf of Charles Fox in the Westminster election of 1784. When "the Piccadilly Beauty" had done her work,

The butchers and the bakers,
The grocers, undertakers,
The milliners and toymen,
All vote for Carlo Khan.

She entered, the Cornwallis Correspondence tells us, "some of the most blackguard houses in the Long Acre," and, as we all know—but I am not afraid of being hackneyed—bought Steel the butcher's vote with a kiss. She had then one of the finest compliments ever paid a woman, when an Irish mechanic exclaimed: "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" Which, madam, would you like best, that, or the famous compliment which Steel—not the butcher but Dick Steele—paid another woman? Would you rather a pipe could be lit at your eyes or that to know you were a liberal education? I wonder.

Four years earlier, in the Gordon Riots, she had to flee from Devonshire House to Lord Clement's in Berkeley Square, where she slept in the drawing-room on a sofa or small tent bed.

She died in 1806, and Charles Fox said they had lost the kindest heart in England. There is nothing, I think, to be added about the calm Duke, except that he married again, the Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, about whose portrait by Gainsborough there was a fuss some years ago. She let Byron his house in Piccadilly and I regret to say had some difficulty in getting the rent paid.

So Clarendon House, with nothing to its memory but the story of a fall, is gone, and Devonshire House, the scene of a thousand great festivals, the home of important Dukes in un-failing line, stands still, lordly and prosperous. Yet I doubt if any ghost but one comes from its gates and haunts Piccadilly with an interest for us so arresting as that of the beaten old statesman, whom we may picture in some solitary night, sitting somewhere in Albemarle Street, where his garden was, in his "gowt wheel-chair," looking disconsolately.

Which of those calm, unruffled dukes appeals to us now?

They had character, for the most part, to stand well with their contemporaries, and sense not to fling away the gifts which by accident of birth were theirs. A worthy and impressive line, it cannot fascinate our imagination. One gracious and fair ghost comes out of Devonshire House and rewards our homage with a smile. I am sure if she goes his way and sees poor Clarendon in his wheel-chair she says something kind to him.

G. S. STREET.

THE BEAUTY AND USES OF OUR NATIONAL ART SONGS

MORE, perhaps, than at any other period in our social history we now have promoters of opera, symphony concerts, musical festivals, choral societies, and what not, all busily employed both in London and the provinces, chiefly with the advancement of foreign music. Whilst these promoters are inconsequently aided and abetted in their efforts by the Press in general, there is, on the other hand, a small, but apparently steadily growing, tendency on the part of an intelligent section of the British public to be interested in native music. There is, moreover, an educational movement on foot, whose leaders strongly advocate the necessity of teaching British music, and British music only, in our schools. It may be remarked at the outset that the spirit of our national music has always been vocal. We have never evolved a musical instrument of any importance; we have contributed no essential element to the best forms of modern instrumental music. But already at a very early date English musicians realised highly characteristic forms of song, distinct from those of other nations, These may be conveniently summed up under the generic heading of our national art songs, a term which can include, first, a fine vocal literature of songs—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, many of them of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century origin, and—especially amongst the Keltic varieties—long

since enrolled amongst the world's best vocal classics ; and, second, an equally fine literature of rounds, catches, and glees, as well as the beautiful but more rigid and complex style of the madrigal. The term national art song should even, one thinks, be extended without hesitation to our nursery rhymes, there being no lack of art in the evolution of these last-named naïve and racy little tunes. As to the glee,

it is a form of composition quite distinct from the German part-song, and of infinitely higher interest ; and of so truly national a character that it has never in one single instance been produced in any other country than our own, or set to other than English words.¹

The Anglo-Saxon derivation of the word glee would seem to point to a slow but uninterrupted structural development of this exquisite form of English part-song, reaching a culmination in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As it is, musical form can be illustrated no more aptly by a Haydn symphony or a Beethoven sonata than by the delightful glees of Stevens and Webb. If this kind of music be now comparatively little practised, its neglect is due not so much to a constant advance in musical composition, but rather to the fact of there being at present few Englishmen possessed of the combined musical and vocal ability requisite in good unaccompanied part-singing. Whether our wealth of beautiful vocal compositions, as we now know them, may or may not have sprung originally from indigenous folk-music, *i.e.*, music unconsciously evolved by an untutored people, is difficult to decide with any degree of accuracy. And as one instance amongst many of the curious confusion obtaining as to what shall be defined as our national music, one may quote the inclusion of Haydn's canzonetta, " My Mother bids me bind my hair," in a collection of " English Minstrelsie," made by the folk-song expert, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The presence of folk-music, circulating with any degree of vitality in a country, suggests something besides an inherent musical strain in its originators, since it usually also indicates a comparatively low standard of national development. Herein lies

¹ Grove's " Dictionary of Music." Old Edition.

a curious paradox. It was doubtless owing to our especially early national development that a Shakespeare was possible in the sixteenth century. One or two of the songs with which he so freely interspersed his plays—Ophelia's song, "How should I your true love know," for example—might well have been linked with the unsophisticated vernacular of folk-music; but the greater number of the Shakespearean lyrics are of a refinement and logical sequence, indicating a corresponding stage in musical development quite beyond the primitive utterances of uncultivated folk-song. In Russia, on the other hand, scarcely more than a hundred years ago, there was still a peasantry, probably very much on a par with what the English "folk" may have been in the thirteenth century, when music first took root with us as a written art. This peasantry was discovered to be steeped in an atmosphere of untranscribed song, dance and legend, an atmosphere which has not yet wholly evaporated. In the more isolated parts of Scotland again, in Ireland, and in Wales, there may still be traced a quantity of traditional airs stamped with the ancient impress of the Keltic people. With regard to the emanations of strictly English folk-music, it may be observed that already in the reign of Elizabeth we find that tactful and capable legislator prohibiting the minstrels who frequented wassailings, harvest homes, sheep-shearings, and similar popular festivals. Elizabeth was assuredly obsessed by no violently puritanical prejudices. She inherited decided musical tastes from her father, and constantly encouraged the art amongst the cultivated circles who gathered at her Court. Hence the prohibition of minstrels and singers amongst the people naturally leads one to suppose that their favourite tunes and dances were not esteemed as being of very elevating and inspiring influence. This digression, it should be added, is not intended as a slur upon any useful work achieved by stray believers in the innate musical gifts of the English masses. One wishes, on the contrary, only to emphasise the fact, that whereas to some of us the bulk of the English people have never been conspicuously musical, this is

all the more reason for a strenuous attempt at a wide cultivation amongst them upon fundamentally musical and melodious principles of the most humanising, the most spiritually emotional, of all the arts. A token of the apparent desire for a revival of British vocal music is the ever increasing number of new editions of our national songs. We may mention for instance: "Rounds, Catches and Canons" (ed. J. Powell Metcalfe); "British Nursery Rhymes" (ed. Moffat and Kidson); "A Book of British Songs for Home and School" (ed. Cecil Sharp); "The Cambrian Minstrelsie" (6 vols., ed. Joseph Parry); "The Minstrelsies of England, Ireland, and Scotland" (ed. Moffat); "Songs of the British Isles" (ed. W. H. Hadow); "Irish Folk Songs" (ed. A. P. Graves and C. Wood); "The National Song Book" (ed. C. V. Stanford); and the interesting publications of the recently founded Oriana Madrigal Society (ed. C. Kennedy Scott). The names of many more publications of a like nature might be given. To a thoughtful onlooker, however, it will appear well nigh useless to multiply editions of our songs, no matter how able and erudite the editor, or how informing his historical notes, unless the ears of those for whom the songs are intended be attuned to sing them aright. A contributor to the *Times* recently inferred that a sure way to make song hated instead of loved is to teach it in our schools.¹

Such an inference at once pre-supposes wholly inefficient, unintelligent instructors. Music has this much in common with language, that in order to reach any degree and nicety of perfection in giving utterance to either one or the other, the main qualification must be a quick sensitive ear. Some children come into the world with this quickened hearing. They are born with an instinctive sense of pitch, an innate sympathy and craving for purity of tone. To the generality of English people such children are quite abnormal. Equally abnormal though is the child who is completely tone deaf, incapable, that is, of melodious oral training, provided it be

¹ *Times* Literary Supplement, September 7, 1906.

taken in hand before the ear has become irretrievably vitiated by bad tone in music or corrupt accent in language. Much harm can undoubtedly happen in these respects before its fifth year, the age when our compulsory education begins; still, granted care and capacity on the part of the teacher, the damage need not be irrevocable. That music appeals to the emotions primarily through the hearing, and that without purity and sweetness of tone it ceases to be music, are facts lately dawning upon certain of our educationists. Thus in its Blue Book of suggestions (1905) the Board of Education very rightly observes that: "It is of the utmost importance that little children should be trained to sing sweetly." But to attain this result it should also be observed that all children—and this particularly at the starting-point of their instruction—should only listen to the very purest singing and artistic interpretation, albeit nothing more difficult than a nursery rhyme be chosen for the lesson. Indeed, the simpler the medium, the more direct its appeal to the nascent emotional sensibility of the child, the better. In "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"; in "Little Bo Peep"; in "Dame, get up and bake your pies"—to give no other examples, there are charming possibilities of artistic rendering equal to a very high standard of art perfection.¹

Initiatory lessons in singing need not last for more than ten minutes at a time, preferably repeated at frequent intervals. After a certain period of gradual listening, most children will take an intense pleasure in hearing pure singing of the kind which one would wish to have presented to them always. They will no longer require to be "made" to sing. Their first efforts may be tentative; yet they are fairly certain to catch

¹ In the Blue Book suggestions just alluded to, is further noticed a difficulty in obtaining songs for very small children that are not commonplace. Here is a fine field of inspiration for our composers. The writing of good and suitable songs which shall attract and educate an infant population would not necessarily be an occupation beneath the dignity of the most gifted musician.

a true echo of the instructor's performance ; and this exactly in proportion to its excellence or otherwise.

Now it is perhaps not too hazardous an assertion to remark that at least 70 per cent. of our musical instructors are themselves wholly incapable of sweet, well-phrased singing; although in other respects they may be capable enough musicians. The trainer of the ear to sweet and melodious tones may possibly be no expert upon any musical instrument, nor equipped with any remarkable volume of voice power. But the material at his or her disposal will be turned to the best account, the singers having studied the process of natural and correct breathing. It cannot be too frequently reiterated that they must be able to sing *in tune* without the deceptive prop of a pianoforte accompaniment, and must be ready to detect and correct the slightest deviation of tone in the singing of others.¹ Added to these qualifications should be a capability of fluently singing at sight and accurately transposing any simple melody, as well as taking a part in vocal chamber music. Here perhaps we have a fair criterion of the aims of English musical culture in the eras of Elizabeth and of Milton, epochs when music was practised and enjoyed by the leading men of the nation, including statesmen, philosophers and poets. Nor, with a staff of perfectly equipped teachers, is there any reason why modern English children of even our low average of musical ability should not be able to do all this at the age of fourteen, when our compulsory education ends, given half an hour's daily tuition throughout their nine years of schooling. Infinitely less costly and pretentious than the course of mechanical training meted out annually to the hundreds of persevering students who leave our music schools, the proud possessors of useless certificates and medals, could be the acquirement of an efficient ear trainer's knowledge. It

¹ Pianos should preferably be omitted as mediums of elementary musical instruction. But if used, the utmost care should be taken that they are well conditioned, and always kept perfectly tuned. Nothing vitiates the ear more than continual association with a badly-tuned instrument.

would also mean a firm musical basis for any further training from vocal and instrumental experts in the higher branches of the art. Without this basis the tortures of the pianoforte labours, carried on with surprising and often lamentable industry in the schoolrooms of the leisured classes, are lacking in every musical element. If the expediency and national utility of teaching music at all to an unmusical people be questioned, one may reply that music, apart from its own intrinsic qualities, has many direct and valuable points of contact with the chief requisites of a good general education. It can serve—and in a singularly attractive manner—to foster memory, precision, rhythm, and a keen sense of beauty. It affords first-rate opportunities of stimulating the imagination. It may be profitably employed as the sympathetic handmaiden of poetry, and this most closely and naturally for English children by means of our national art songs, many of the poems of which are gems from our finest literature. Both in singing and speaking, clear, intelligent diction, with due light and shade of emphasis, have grown so rare that when met with they come almost as a surprise. Yet we have no lack of admirable material for inculcating both. Incidentally, too, a good round, such as the seventeenth-century "Great Tom is Cast," or "Turn again, Whittington," or a ballad, such as "The Bay of Biscay," or "Here's a Health unto his Majesty," may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography. Granted that the attainment of a true and sensitive ear might be the first aim of all our musical training, then the anomaly of hideous hooting and shouting, common to the dispersal of an *al fresco* audience, after the "musical education of the masses" by a County Council band, let us say, would soon be unimaginable. The standard of these municipal concerts would also have to be considerably raised; and many discordant and vulgar varieties of noise which are accepted only too often as music in our churches, concert-rooms, and theatres might cease to be. And with well-trained, sensitive ears, the innumerable young ladies who

now crowd our concert platforms, presumably with a view to a musical career, might learn to appreciate their native idiom at its true worth. English is not an easy language for vocal treatment. But it should at least be easier for native singers than a foreign tongue, of which they evidently have no more than a "singing" knowledge, a very unsafe quantity. Apart also from their verbal idiom, our national songs have, as already remarked, a musical idiom of their own, which, whilst it can appeal directly to all human beings, should naturally be nearest to ourselves, the psychology of nations differing as widely as does the temperament of individuals. Our own songs, therefore, should come far more within the intellectual and emotional grasp of the majority of our singers than the German lyrics from which our more ambitious vocalists mainly draw their programmes, often, it must be confessed, to the grave amusement of any German listener chancing to be present. Whilst one would not neglect the advancement of our rural class, it would yet seem of more vital importance, with the present distribution of our population, to cultivate the hearing and quicken a finer emotional perception, especially amongst our town-dwellers. Increased facilities of cheap and rapid transit are likely at no distant date to solve the "back to the land" problem. Even now, here and there, sparsely populated rural districts show signs of becoming suburbs to our towns. Thus it is evidently the townfolk who in future will strike the moral, intellectual, and also the musical, keynote for our village life. In spite of the prevailing plethora of concerts in London, it has been computed, and probably with tolerable accuracy, that out of some four and a half millions of metropolitan inhabitants not more than 10,000 are regular concert- and opera-goers. Whether the abstention is the outcome of good or bad taste on the part of the public is an open question. But in any case, the cultivation of English musical taste upon simple but genuinely artistic lines would not fail, one believes, to give an immense impetus to modern English composition. Each generation of

intelligent, thoughtful training would inevitably beget ever higher ideals for listeners, performers, and composers alike. With a singularly unpropitious soil England has, nevertheless, during the last twenty years or so produced a small group of composers worthy to revive and carry on her best musical traditions. The signal drawback to the progress of these gifted men is that with our existent musical conditions, they have little or no incentive to achieve their best. At a recent experimental performance of opera for children given at Camden, it was calculated that only 1 per cent. of the 1400 children present had ever heard an opera. An admission of this nature could not be brought home to any modern country where music is valued as a great educational factor. The choice, moreover, of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" for the occasion could but lead a reflective onlooker to consider how few operas there are really suitable for children and adolescent audiences. No English work ready to the purpose can be recalled, and hardly more than a dozen from foreign schools.¹

Here, as in an accredited want of songs for infants, is a fertile field for the young British composer. If music could once be seriously recognised and reckoned with as a national element in our life, then opera for children would open up a new vista of inspired vitality and healthy artistic enterprise for more than one section of our community. "If the future progress of England is to depend more and more upon education—that is to say, on the cultivation of our inherited qualities—and if progress, according to the teaching of modern science, can only be a process of evolution from the inherited onwards and upwards, it is essential that this education should be English in its outward form and inward spirit, in its aims and

¹ Such as Tchaikovski's delightful ballet operas; Isouard's beautiful old score of "Cinderella"; Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche"; Nessler's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; Reinecke's fairy opera "Good and Bad Luck"; Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth"; Weber's operas; Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; Kienzl's "Evangelimann"; and perhaps "Der Fliegende Holländer."

in its methods; in short, that it must, at each stage, be a resultant of forces acting within the English nation, and having as their source the English mind and conscience."¹ From round and catch, from ballad and glee, to a new school of the English lyric stage, could well prove a natural and national evolution, the outcome of which need not fear continental scrutiny and criticism.

A. E. KEETON.

¹ "Educational Reform." Fabian Ware, 1900.

“SPORTING TERMS IN COMMON SPEECH”

MERRY ENGLAND—game-loving England—has imported into the language of everyday life a number of phrases and expressions, which have become so common that their origin is forgotten, and which are often misunderstood and travestied because of this very forgetfulness.

It has occurred to me to collect some of these expressions and to dwell a little upon the changes which they have gone through as they have passed from mouth to mouth. Probably those who read this paper will be able to recollect many more. The number is indeed surprising; and equally surprising in many cases is the distance that in its long journey through the generations the phrase has travelled from its original application, and the strange connections in which it is now found.

I will begin with outdoor games; and foremost among these are those which are played with a ball flying through the air.

First in antiquity and dignity combined is the game played with the ball and the palm of the hand—the “*jeu de la paume*,”—a game in which as time goes on the bat or the racket takes the place of the hand as a propeller—fives, bat fives, rackets, tennis, lawn tennis.

“*Serve him out*” is now a completely vulgar phrase, learned we may suppose by servants from their masters who played tennis, and scarcely understood till lawn tennis made tennis a

popular game, and we learnt that a rival might be beaten on the service only and the game won without his having had a chance.

“Put him out” came from the game as played in the other way, as we knew it at fives or rackets. In lawn tennis and I suppose also in tennis proper, the set is the unit, each player has the service for a game; but in fives or racquets the game is the unit and the player must be “in” and serve before he can score. This survives in lawn tennis in the rule that “deuce” must be followed by “vantage” to win the game.

Imagine one who has his chance and before he can score he is “put out.” Some might derive this phrase from cricket, but I incline to the older game.

To whichever source you attribute it, to the same you will trace the phrase “he has had his innings.”

“Love” we know is l'œuf, the round O like an egg chalked up by the marker—the schoolboy's “out with a duck's egg.” Is “all for love” all for nothing?

“Deuce” is de unx, one ounce off the total, one off game, I suspect that originally he who was in the position to score had to announce that he had only one more to make as a warning to his adversary, as in rackets it was when I was a boy a *sine quâ non* to say “Game ball” when serving what might be the last time, or as “check” at chess. It is not to be confounded with the Deuce at backgammon which is only some foreign word for two.

But did either Deuce become a substitute for the Devil and so an escape valve for the temper in lieu of profane swearing, as some say “Darn it” or “Dash it,” or the American woman in the New England stories say “Lard sakes” for “Lord's sake”? I have heard it so suggested.

Professor Skeat it is true in his Dictionary says that it is but a vulgarised Norman oath “Deus” God.

But the Deuce is the opposite. It is almost now a synonym with the Devil, and many think it is as profane to say “Deuce take it” as to use some stronger language.

Yet another possible phrase taken from this group of games is “Palm it off.” Does this mean “Return the unpleasant ball,” to drop which is to lose? or, is the association with some tricks of jugglery?

Then there are the games of ball with clubs or sticks. I am not aware that the barbarous language of golf has yet written itself into English current speech; but the time will come.

Meanwhile, let us think of the game played in the Mall, and the “palle magli,” balls and mallets, from whence we not only get the street of venerable clubs, and of the War Office, that place of order (!); but the “pell-mell,” which spells confusion.

Enthusiasts for cricket will perhaps claim one or two of the phrases which I have attributed to other games: but at any rate they can have “scored off,” the proper accusative to which verb is “his bowling,” though now the phrase is used in all sorts of metaphorical senses.

“Stumped.” “I stumped him with that question.” “He was utterly stumped.” The additional words show how far the primitive meaning has been forgotten.

“Scratched” can be used in connection with a match that is off, or of a competitor in any athletic contest.

The name is “scratched out of the list.”

“Coming up to the scratch” is quite a different expression, probably derived from duelling. It is used by Sir Walter Scott in “St. Ronan’s Well.”

Now the phrase is applied to any young man who gives up anything which he had proposed to himself, from an examination to a dinner-party.

From the ball that flies I come to the ball or bowl that rolls. First in bowls.

We know the “Bias” French *biais*, which prevents the bowl from running straight on. How natural to use the metaphor to describe the deflection of justice. It should have gone straight on, but has been overweighted and has turned to the right hand or the left.

A century to a century and a half ago the Court of King's Bench in its supervision of inferior Courts and Magistrates was frequently setting aside judgments on the ground of some bias exhibited by the Bench. Now the lesson has been so well learnt that occasions are few. The law books, however, not only speak of the substantive "bias" but make a verb "to be biased." I read also of "an *unconscious* bias." In later and subtler times it is sometimes recognised that a Magistrate after all is a man, and may or must have a natural leaning in a case where, say, religion or morality or local patriotism speak loudly. Hence complaint is not now made unless the verb be qualified, "he was unduly biased."

"He who plays at bowls must look out for rubs." Hence, "Ay, there's the rub"—there the shoe pinches. In a sermon lately I heard this phrase closely followed by another taken also from a game, "A man is soon bowled over."

Bowls is a constructive game. But nine pins, kittle pins (as they were called in Charles I.'s time) or Skittles, is a destructive game, and the pieces are "bowled over."

Life is not "all beer and skittles," not an invariable round of commonplace and somewhat earthy enjoyment.

There are yet other games of throwing. From Quoits I get:

"To lie over," when the quoit just bites the ground in front of the previously winning one and leans back over it in a sort of half triumphant manner.

No doubt in Whist and Bridge the phrase occurs in a potential rather than an actual sense of victory, where the next player has the higher cards in a suit. But these more artificial expressions may well have been borrowed from quoits.

To "chip in" may possibly come from curling. When a curling-stone glances off another it is said "to chip," and when the glance brings the stone to rest in the winning side, it is said to "chip and lie." Hence, if the way to the circle is closely barred and the only way of entrance is by chipping, the

unwelcome new-comer may be said “to chip in.” But a more probable derivation would assign this expression to the game of poker. Counters in America and Canada are universally known as “chips.” Before playing his hand a poker-player is required to subscribe so many counters to the pool, otherwise to “chip in.” The expression in ordinary usage is a commonplace on the other side of the Atlantic, meaning to “take a hand in,” and has no implication of cutting things close, which the curling derivation would seem to suggest.

“Cut in” is used in somewhat the same sense; but I would rather derive this phrase from cards.

I turn now to Indoor games. Chess has the palm of antiquity and dignity.

“Check” is said to be “Shak,” a variation of “Shah,” “Your king,” “mind your king”—the kind of courteous warning that an adversary should give. “Check-mate,” the King is mat (Arabic) dead. My authority for these statements is Professor Skeat.

How far we have gone from the original meaning when we use such metaphorical phrases as “The force of the stream,” “the force of the invading army, was checked,” “the hounds came to a check,” “I checked his rashness,” or “checked him for his folly.”

More strange still to say “His adversary checkmated him,” as if “to checkmate” were a verb.

From check we get “the chequer board,” “the exchequer,” and a “chequered (checkered) career.”

“Brings up his last piece”—calls out his reserves—a friend gives me a quotation from Theocritus, describing some parallel game then in vogue.

καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινεῖ λίθον¹

“A good move.” The institution of a convalescent hospital or of a *crèche* was a “good move”—far away from the original idea.

¹ “Theocritus,” 6, 17.

From cards we get "show your hand," "jouons cartes sur table," "he followed suit," "discard" a policy, to behave "like a dummy," "I scored a point," then "I—(it) turned up trumps—obvious enough, except that the "it" in the last phrase shows that the original meaning is slipping away.

But "I bested him," a favourite phrase in certain circles, is, I am sure, used without an idea of its origin. It is not ungrammatical for "I got the better of him." It has nothing to do with "best."

In the game of the first half of the eighteenth century, the game played in the Rape of the Lock, the game to which we owe the prominence of the ace of spades in every pack, a prominence which singles it out for paying stamp duty, Ombre, with its varieties—tredille and quadrille—there is on each deal one player, called "the man," the (h) ombre, who undertakes to win. One of three events may follow: he may win and get the stake, one of the other players may beat him and get the equivalent of the stakes from him, or one of the other players may equal him, and then the stakes go to the pool.

In this last case the ombre receives a "puesta," in old English the "beaste"; or he is "bested" or "beasted."¹

Richard Seymour, in his work ("The Court Gamester," 1722), has chapters on "the beaste." He speaks of a man "as beasted," "to beaste the ombre." In his book any kind of forfeit for any mistake in the game comes to be called a "beasting." If Lord Aldenham were to consent to publish his interesting and scholarly book on ombre (at present only privately printed), the laws of the puesta would become generally known.

"He went up a peg"—should not this be "his peg went up"—in the course of marking at cribbage?

A friend suggests that "It's not good enough," comes from some American game of cards, probably like "to go one better" is from poker, and its use as a metaphor is obvious and simple enough.

¹ It is called "basting" in Mrs. Gaskell's "Crawford," chap vii.

"To lie over" has been mentioned under the head of quoits.

"To cut in" required no explanation when every one played whist. Too many persons willing to play, all cut and those who cut the lowest cards "cut in" and play. At the end of the rubber the process is renewed, and a bystander may "cut in" and oust one of the previous players.

The Dowager Lady Toucan first cut in
With old Doctor Buzzard and Admiral Penguin.¹

Dice gives us the phrase "Within an ace of." Within an ace of victory or of defeat.

But how shall we express such "all butness" in a game where two dice are used, as in backgammon?

In the trial of one of the victims of the alleged Popish plot, the barrister, Richard Langbourne, the villainous Titus Oates alleged that Langbourne gave him private interviews with all precautions against Mrs. Langbourne's knowing, because she was "Ames Ace turned from the Devil."²

That is, as the new English dictionary explains, only two aces removed from, all but.

Other instances of the expression are given, though the phrase is rare, and as a term in the game has gone out of use. A friend remembers his grandparents playing backgammon and saying "Ames ace" when the two aces turned up. Ames is, of course, the Latin *ambo* as altered in one of the Romance languages—but which? Ace sounds French—"as"; but "ames," if French, is obsolete. From what country do we get the game, and from what language are the other numbers taken, "deuce" (which I have mentioned already) "tre quater cinq" (which I saw lately printed in a book as *sinq*), and "size"? Many of them seem most like Portuguese.

"Backgammon"—sometimes called "the tables," French *tric trac*, is said to be as old as the tenth century. From it also come the phrases to "make a point," to "hit the blot,"

¹ From "The Peacock at Home," 27th edition, 1815, now out of print

² "State Trials," vol. vii. p. 436.

possibly to "make a hit,"¹ a "hit" being a game. While if I win before my adversary has taken off any of his men, I win a "gammon," equal to two "hits," or with the English way of turning a noun into a verb, I "gammon him," make him look foolish. Hence "to gammon" means to hoax.

Sporting phrases proper are probably taken in great numbers into our ordinary speech.

I can think at this moment of "stoop to." In hawking the falcon stooped upon or to her game, and a well-trained bird only stooped to noble game. Hence, only partially understanding the expression, we now say, "I would not stoop to this," and "She stoops to conquer."

Yacht-racing gives us the expression, "take the wind out of her sails," when the cunning yachtsman passes close to windward of his adversary.

Possibly also it is the grudge of the defeated competitor that has given the flavour of a bad meaning to "sailing near the wind." It should be a term of the highest praise, implying pure skill of eye and hand. "On the wrong tack" requires no explanation.

Horse-racing has given us the verb "to jockey," used, unfortunately, always in a bad sense.

However the victory is brought about, the horse which wins by a length can be said to "show a clean pair of heels"; and the metaphor can be applied to all sorts of competitions, physical and intellectual.

A friend suggests that contrariwise when the contest is so close that it is difficult to say which horse has won, it may be said to be a case of "neck or nothing." But that well-known phrase comes from the Courts of Justice, and specially from the days when most crimes were capital, and there was no alternative between a verdict carrying a sentence of death and one which set the prisoner free. For its use in later days students are referred to Hicks' "Reminiscences," and the tale of the Cornish Jury.

¹ This phrase is more probably taken from Fencing. See later on.

Fencing, the peculiar athletic sport of gentlemen, gives many phrases to our language:

"A hit—a palpable hit."

"To parry a question," or "fence with it."

"A home thrust."

"A counter."

"To be off one's guard." This is one of those phrases that became so common that the original meaning is forgotten, and modifications are made as if the original had not been metaphorical. This I showed in the case of "stumped."

As a man is on guard to protect his body, so, metaphorically, he may be on guard during a conversation to protect his mind, not to disclose or expose his thoughts, and if he does by some remark express his mind, he unguards himself. This remark should be called "an unguarding remark," but we forget the origin of the expression, and call it "an unguarded" one.

Rowing is responsible for the phrase, "put your back into it," which would have represented the height of scientific teaching when I was young. I suppose the modern coach would say "use your legs." Anyhow, the phrase is expressive enough, and the origin has probably not yet been forgotten.

Lastly, pugilism. As men and boys who peruse the Saturday football edition may never play the game, so at school we used to peruse with eager interest the prize-fights described in *Bell's Life in London*, the great sporting weekly paper of that day. Then we used to read of the backer who gave the champion his knee and sponged his wounds, till at last one of the two had to give in, and then his backer owned defeat by "chucking up the sponge."

"To chuck up the sponge," or "to chuck it up," are phrases used by many who never guessed their origin.

Oddly enough, in the slang that I hear now, a person is said to have "jacked it up." Is it that men have heard of "chucking it up" with such entire want of knowledge of what

it means that they have supposed the phrase to relate to a feat in engineering ?

It is a pity when the origin of phrases is obscured. The obscurity of origin creates an obscurity of meaning, and they lose much of their sharpness and freshness.

I believe that there are many more phrases which can be elucidated in a similar manner, and I hope that my list will be suggestive.

WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE.

THE WAYSIDE IN SWEDEN

MUCH ridicule and contempt has been cast upon those audacious people who, after a short visit to a country, venture to write not only upon the sights they have seen, but upon the customs and history and character of the people. Not content with this, they form opinions and express them too upon subjects which those who have lived in the country for years would not venture upon. In defence of such audacious people I will relate two experiences of mine in Sweden which will show that, however slight our qualifications for the task may be, at least they are as good or better than those of the ancient residents in question.

Provided with a letter of introduction, I called upon a gentleman in Stockholm who was a Swede and head of a large shipping firm. He having been kind enough to inquire what he could do for me, I asked to be put in the way of seeing the interesting sights. He replied that he had no idea that any such existed in Stockholm, and on my suggesting such things as the *Codex Aureus*, the relics of the Stone Age, and the site of the famous or infamous Blood Bath, he said he had never heard of such things, and had not a notion where they were to be found. This brought to my mind that when I was an undergraduate at Oxford I did not know where the Bodleian was until a visitor from London took me to see it.

My other experience was equally surprising. I went to the opera in Stockholm, and was given a programme, of course in Swedish. Besides the cast it contained the plot of *La*

Traviata, which I found it rather difficult to make out. However, a gentleman with some ladies took his seat in front of me and began to talk to his companions in English. I wrote on my programme that I was an indifferent Swedish scholar, and should be so gratified if he would write me the outline of the plot. He kindly came and sat by me, and told me that although he was Consul for — in Stockholm he knew very little of the language, but would help me to make it out. Of our combined efforts I will say no more than that, little as I knew of Swedish, I certainly knew more than he did, though he told me that he had been more years in the country than I had been weeks.

It would seem, therefore, that the ability to tell about a country can hardly be measured by the length of time a man has been in it.

I walked across Sweden between April 28 and May 20 of this year. I landed at Gothenburg, but did not take the direct route to Stockholm, but turned northward that I might include Upsala in my way. The distance was as nearly as possible 500 miles, and as I walked every day, except on Sundays, and besides only took one day off to see the sights in old Upsala, it will be found my average daily tramp was thirty-one miles. This is a very high average, and is a testimony to the kindness of the climate, to the shade by the roadside, and to the fact that the food and drink just suited the walker. My habit was to start about eight in the morning, and I was quite content if I reached my hotel about seven in the evening, giving me eleven hours in the open air, which enabled me to do my tale of miles as well as to look at such objects of special interest as I came across. What I want to bring out in the following pages, is how far such a walk enabled me to become acquainted with the history of the country and with the prevailing manners and customs. Also, how far I was able to pick up the language, and how far such a walk would open and improve the mind of any who would seek to follow in my steps, either in Sweden, or in any other country.

The famous admiral who surprised his superiors by his readiness to go to the other side of the world at a quarter of an hour's notice, has his equal in the ordinary pedestrian, who practically has no preparation to make at all. The older his clothes the better. A pair of worn but well-fitting boots, and the few necessaries he can transfer from his dressing-table to his knapsack, make him ready to start. As my pockets were large enough to carry a book, I filled them with a Swedish grammar and a cyclist's map. My knapsack and contents weighed ten pounds and a half, and thus equipped I stepped ashore at Gothenburg.

With three exceptions I have passed the frontiers of every European country, but never did I feel so like going into the wilderness as when I entered Sweden. First there was the question of language. Thackeray tells us that the founder of the Königsmark family was a Swede, and was sent as an ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. He had prepared a speech to be read to the king when he presented his credentials, but when the critical moment arrived he found he had forgotten his speech, and so far from being disconcerted he repeated a portion of the Swedish catechism, relying upon the likelihood that none present would know Swedish. It is probable that an ambassador to-day might perpetrate a similar fraud with equal impunity. If that be so, where knowledge of foreign languages is part of the business, how little likelihood is there that I, a country parson, should possess the accomplishment. So I was anxious on that score.

A glance at my map showed me what a great country Sweden was, how thinly populated, and how few and far between the towns were. I saw my first day's walk would mean forty miles before I reached a town, although I kept near the coast, where towns are most plentiful. What if I failed to reach a place of sufficient size to have a bed to let, and I should have to ask hospitality at the nearest farmhouse! The experience of a friend of mine in such circumstances was not

encouraging. He was benighted and found his way to a farmhouse, where he was warmly welcomed and promised a bed. When bedtime came he discovered there were no bedrooms, and nothing we should call a bed. Round the walls of the one room were built a number of small cupboards resembling an oven, and into one of these my friend had to creep, clothes and all.

To these anxieties was added another at the office where I changed some money. Acting on my experience in other countries, I supposed English sovereigns would pass everywhere, and all I should want would be a supply of small change. The clerk, noticing my walking attire, asked me if I was going far, and on telling him my destination, he told me I had better take a larger supply of Swedish money, as in out-of-the-way places the people might not know the value of an English sovereign. I followed his advice, but his words had their effect on me, for a place where English gold was not known must be outside civilisation.

There are positions in life which the more one looks at the less one likes, so as this was one of them, I did that which I have ever tried to do with the difficulties of life, that is, I face them and they disappear.

There are so many guide-books and histories of every country, and so accessible are they to every reader who wants them, that there is no need for me to add to their number. I set myself to the task of jotting down what befell me as I walked by the wayside, how the manners of the people whom I met impressed me, how much of the language I was able to acquire, and what were the most interesting sights which met my eye.

To begin with the wayside itself, I never trod viler roads than those of Sweden, and I have sampled those of most European countries. This was strange, for the roads in other parts of Scandinavia, Norway, and Denmark, leave nothing to be desired. Perhaps one reason is that Sweden possesses such excellent water-ways that there is little use for the ordinary

roads except between village and village, and for the haulage of timber from the forest to the canal. I learnt, also, that the good roads of Denmark date from the days of Christian II. (1513-23), which was just the time when Sweden regained its independence, and so missed the beneficent decrees about road-making issued by that king. When approaching the capital I found some attempts at road-mending, but as the material used was rough granite, I merely exchanged King Stork for King Log. In the first part of my journey the road was simply a sandy track through primeval forests, and it was only possible to walk on the edge, the rest being as soft as incessant rains could make it. If the roads were bad, it was not likely the milestones would be good. I made out that originally each stone bore the royal cypher, the date it was put up, and the distance from the next important town, but the figure I wanted was invariably obliterated, and the only thing I could make out was the year 1707, when the stone was erected. As next year will complete two hundred years' service, it may be suggested it is time to have new ones. What I failed to make out from the stones I learnt from the courtesy of the passers-by, when I was fortunate enough to meet one. However, long practice has given me such a good idea of the lie of the country, and of the position of the place I am making for that I rarely need to ask my way, and practically all across Sweden I never took a wrong turn. The chief towns I passed through were Mariestad, Orebro, Westeras, Upsala, and so to Stockholm.

1. John Stuart Mill says few people learn anything from history except those who bring a great deal to it. I won't say that I should have learnt the history of Sweden simply by walking across it, but having learnt the outline, I filled in a great deal by simply keeping my eyes open. The modern history of Sweden might be said to begin with that Blood Bath of Stockholm, to which allusion already has been made, when in 1520, the last Danish king who reigned over the Swedes, Christian II., had ninety Swedish nobles executed in

the market-place. Among them was the father of Gustavus Vasa, who, as soon as he reached man's estate, set about obtaining the independence of his country. No one could notice the statues of Sweden without seeing he was the nation's hero. The absence of any place recalling a famous battle reminds one of Sweden's position outside the battle-ground of Europe, and if we inquire of the fields where the Swedes made themselves a name as soldiers, they must be sought in Germany and Russia. To the stranger in Sweden there seems no outward signs of any religion except the Lutheran, which is the Established Church of the country, and when Gustavus Vasa adopted the reformed religion, the people with one consent agreed that what was good enough for their King was good enough for them, and they never had a martyr to correspond to our Ridley and Latimer, or even to our Wycliff. For centuries the rule which is said to have accounted for the prosperity of Venice, that no ecclesiastic was ever allowed to interfere in State affairs, held good in Sweden, and nowhere will the traveller notice more respect paid to the clergy. The intensely Protestant character of the services are such as one would expect when it is remembered the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, came to the help of the Lutheran princes of Germany and turned the scale in their favour. It would not be natural to expect that Sweden could have interfered much in the affairs of Europe, and only the genius of Charles XII., displayed in the very nick of time, could have made the mark it did. For the rest, the friendship of Count Fersen for Marie Antoinette, and the choice of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, to fill the vacant position of heir to the childless Charles XIII., have alone brought the name of Sweden into the page of European politics. As I crossed Sweden, the burying-place of Count Fersen was pointed out to me, and as he was torn to pieces by the mob on the death of the last heir of the monarchy, the whole of the circumstances under which a way to the throne was made for the French marshal was brought before me.

The loyalty of the Swedes to their king, alien though the dynasty is, was apparent in every conversation I had; and his strict adhesion to constitutional rule was never displayed by any monarch more plainly than in the recent affair which led to the severance of Norway from Sweden.

The king's sons bear the titles of dukes, and here and there are residences which you are told belongs to a count, but the title is an empty one, except as denoting high birth, and I heard the phrase that a count who cannot count (money) counts for nothing. All hereditary posts of honour have disappeared, except among the royal family.

With ordinary intelligence one is able to see how many traces of the old religious belief of Sweden are still to be found among us. Outside Upsala are shown the burial mounds of Wodin, Thor, and Freya, from whom we derive the names of three of the days of our week. One learns there also the reason of the aversion from horseflesh now felt by most of us, for in early days, when an apostate forsook Christianity and sacrificed again to Odin, he signalled it by partaking of horseflesh which was looked upon as a solemn sacrament in the worship of that god. Most people will have heard that the dreaded Viking ships displayed the sign of the raven, but in an old temple of the Asar, or lesser gods, still standing at Upsala, one learns that the raven was the special bird of Odin, and whispered into his ear all the occurrences on earth.

2. It may require some previous knowledge to put together such outlines of the nation's history as present themselves, but only the open eye is necessary to see the manners and customs of to-day, and the open ear to hear and master the intricacies of the language. Almost the first thing which will strike a stranger is the general level of the people and the utter absence of the wealthy classes. Everybody seems intent upon their business, and there is no sign of a class with sufficient leisure even to read. I won't say there is no literary class, but I cannot imagine it is a large one for in the windows of such

few booksellers' shops as I saw, the stock consisted chiefly of translations from Thackeray, Guy Thorne, and W. W. Jacobs, and the serial story running through the newspaper I bought was one by Alexander Dumas, aîné. If there is no leisured class at one end of the social scale, there are no "loafers" at the other, for I saw no one in rags, and was never begged of.

Wordsworth's child, who paid twopence to learn manners, was the exception in England, but is the rule in Sweden. I never saw such a well-behaved people. Of course, the best test of politeness is where you are least likely to find it, that is, among boys. Among well-bred people it is taken for granted. On a country road I noticed all boys took off their caps as they passed me, a perfect stranger, and even when I have walked near a school during the play-hour, when boys are generally inclined to be frolicsome, yet they lined the walls and took off their caps as I passed. The Swedish poet Tegner has some touching lines as to how his countrymen never forgot their manners in their misery. When they sent forth their youth to fight for the hare-brained schemes of Charles XII, they set the sails of their windmills going (they had no grist to grind), and so waved farewell to the departing warriors. In the refreshment rooms of hotels and railway stations, where every one helps himself, it might be supposed that greedy habits would prevail, and all the best things be consumed by the first comers, but the supply is so abundant and the company so well behaved that I never observed a breach of good manners in this respect. Never did I see a notice answering to our "Trespassers beware" or "No road this way." Perhaps they are not necessary among a people who are too sensible to do wilful damage, and too independent to intrude where they are not wanted.

A walker across a country will have no great opportunity of observing family life, but he will be in the best position for observing all methods for the entertaining of strangers. The fact that one of their favourite kings bears the title of Magnus Barn-lock, from the edict he issued allowing peasants to lock

their barns against great travellers until they paid for what they took, suggests that trouble in this direction is of long standing. The vast size of Sweden, and the small population, would not make an inn in every village remunerative. Yet in a climate so severe some provision must be made for the traveller, and so the office of keeping the guest-house is taken up in turn by the villagers, like that of guardian or overseer of the poor among ourselves. The holder of the office may give it up at the end of the year, and therefore will not be anxious to turn his house into a regular inn, so entertains his chance guests as best he can. Of course, every fair-sized town has its hotel, but every village must have its guest-house, and the difference between the two will be evident if I describe a visit to the latter. The sign-post at certain cross-roads bore the direction of a village *Gastgifveregard*. As the day was very hot, and I had walked thirty miles, the reader will appreciate how keen was my eye for any sign of a place where I might wash and eat and pass the night. Yet I explored the little village of thirty houses in vain for what I wanted. At last I made known my dilemma to two men who were passing, who pointed me out a private house, which they told me was the one I was in search of. I knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, found myself in a large room full of girls who were busy dress-making. In the best Swedish I could muster I addressed a question to no one in particular as to whether I could have a room there for the night. "Yes," said one of them, "come in." A girl left the room and fetched an elderly woman, who bade me welcome, and took me up to a bedroom. I asked if I could have afternoon tea at once, and supper later on. "Yes, I could," and in due time I was drinking tea on the verandah. While so engaged I was joined by a cyclist, who having had beer and bread and cheese went on his way. Soon another traveller appeared, bag in hand, who wanted a bed for the night. I was pleased to see this as I like company, and also like to see the house I am staying in well patronised, as it shows it bears a good name. At eight o'clock I went to the

dining-room, and found all the girls at supper, but the elderly woman said that if I would wait a little the girls would soon have done, and in due course, I and two other guests sat down. Next morning I left after breakfast, paying a shilling for my bed, and a shilling each for supper and breakfast. Now the point I wish to make is this: here was a house offering rest and refreshment and all that a traveller could want, and yet there was nothing to show the stranger where to get it. I daresay I passed through many a village in a starving condition where there was food in plenty to be had if only I had known it.

In Sweden it would seem that a paternal government has provided meat and drink and everything else a traveller wants, and the only thing lacking is the information where to obtain them.

One result of this inability to find a place of entertainment was, that although I walked on an average thirty-one miles a day, yet more often than not I had nothing but a quart of milk between breakfast and supper, for which I negotiated at the door of some farmhouse. The charge was only a halfpenny, and for this they would have given me as much bread as I liked, only I could not get my teeth into it. The doctors tell us that milk contains all the ingredients necessary for building up the system, and I can testify that in all my walks I never felt less weary than in Sweden.

An Englishman can put up with anything as long as a place is clean, and in Sweden cleanliness is carried to a fine art. Its practice begins at the beginning, for whereas in our infant schools, musical drill is the accompaniment to the dumb-bell exercise of the children, in Sweden the children are ranged round the room in baths, and when the music strikes up they begin to rub and scrub one another to its strains. Bathing in the lakes seemed almost universal, and it would be strange if a people so lavish with soap and water for their bodies were sparing in their houses. But they are not, and I rarely saw a dirty cloth or cup and saucer.

Though the cheapness and cleanliness of a country go

for a great deal, they are not everything, for if there be nothing to charm and interest, a visit would be dear at any price. So I put down that in the course of my walk from Gothenburg to Stockholm I saw waterfalls as fine as any in Europe. I saw the largest lake in Europe, and for the most of my time I was in a limitless forest. It is true that places of historical interest are rare, and I passed no famous battle-fields, and no relics of saints, and looked upon no pictures worth mentioning. However there was plenty to charm one, for the song-birds of the country are unsurpassed. The month of May, during which I was in Sweden, ranks second in the year for the sweetness of the birds' notes, and if there be a connection (as Longfellow's poem asserts) between human and feathered songsters, the furore excited by the Swedish nightingale in the days of my youth is easily accounted for.

Having referred to the sounds I heard, I next chronicle my disappointment at not seeing the sight I longed for, that is the sight of the women and the girls in their native costume. I saw a few native costumes in Norway, occasionally in church, more often in the hotels, but neither in hotel nor church did I see any such in Sweden, though I walked miles on a Sunday to attend a country service, as more likely to supply the sight of one.

By taking pains my ear got accustomed to the sound of Swedish words, and I could generally make out the subject of the conversation going on around me. I could make out the subject of the sermon, and better still the notices of sales and public meetings which the pastor gave out at the end of the service. I also made out the only news telegraphed from London, the price of oil, and the state of the funds.

In the course of my journey I confided to a Swedish gentleman that I had a wife and children at home, and should wish to take them back some little memento of the country. What was Sweden specially noted for ?

My companion thought a moment or two and then replied "Explosives."

In turn I nearly exploded with laughter at the bare idea of taking a bomb or two in my knap-sack as a present for my babes, and then begged him to tell me of something more feasible.

But no, he could think of nothing but timber, lucifer matches and paper pulp. There is some excellent machinery made in the country, and Sweden has almost a monopoly of the telephone manufacture, and their stoves are simply unsurpassed. Yet none of these things suggest those little courtesies of life which characterise other nations, and which tend by interchange of civilities to keep alive good feeling.

Meat and drink are most important considerations, especially to pedestrian or cyclist or any one who takes much exercise. After my first day's walk, it was nearly eight at night before I entered my hotel, and after the necessary preliminaries I was searching for the dining-room.

It must ever strike an Englishman as strange when first he enters a Swedish matsal. For instead of finding the guests seated and expectant, he sees them all walking about with food in their fingers to which they have helped themselves. The two principal Swedish meals always begin with smorgas, that is, the diner takes a slice of bread and helps himself from the dishes of dainty snacks which stand on the table in the centre of the room. He will have his choice of caviare, anchovies, sardines, salt beef, reindeer, tongue and such like cold morsels, and he will take a nip from the urn of spirits which stands in the centre of the table, and the price of which is included in the dinner. Generally a man will sample three or four of the dishes, after which he will sit down to table, and the business of the meal begins. Swedish cookery leaves nothing to be desired so far as they have anything to cook, but an Englishman will miss his vegetables and his fruit. If we except Stockholm, where everything can be had for money, the traveller will not find any vegetables in May beyond potatoes, and only on the rarest occasions will he even get a piece of rhubarb. I asked why jam was not more frequently

seen, and was told the high duty on sugar, which amounted to twopence a pound, made the preserving of such fruit as grew in Sweden unremunerative. Beer was the general drink at dinner as milk was at breakfast.

The first Sunday I was in Sweden was a pouring wet day. I noticed that in most places the church was some way out of the village, and at Trollhattan it was about half a mile away. I got there in good time, which was fortunate, for subsequently it was crowded, even to the extent of having fainting ladies, for whom, as I sat near the door, I got some water. All the seats were free, the sexes were divided, but, wonder of wonders, the men's side was so crowded out that they overflowed and filled any vacant seats among the women. There was no collection.

3. As to the general impressions of a country, I am of opinion that no one is in so good a position to form them as a walker. Take the question of population for instance. Such a day's walk as I had between Westeras and Sala would make a greater impression and give a more correct one than if I had committed to memory the population of every town and village I passed. I walked twenty-seven miles that day without seeing so much as a hamlet. I saw one man resting by the roadside and four sellers of milk passed me in their carts, and beside them there was not a soul. A shower of rain drove me into an inn for shelter, and I found the guest-room full of washing. The landlady told me she had not had a caller for days, and so determined on a big wash before callers became more frequent. I asked for soda-water, and she kept me waiting ten minutes while she went to look, for it was so long since she had been asked for such a thing.

The King of Sweden returned to Stockholm one day when I was there. As one is so accustomed to hear of precautions for royal safety, I was pleased to take note where they are not necessary. As the royal train approached it slowed down, and the King coming to the carriage window waved his greetings to his people. I had expected the traffic to be stopped and

the way to be cleared, but not even for the entrance of their King must the business of the people be suspended for a minute. Not a tram-car ceased running, and I noticed some carts full of building rubbish blocked the royal way. Every Tuesday the King receives any one who likes to call and see him. The interview is quite private, and the visitor may have some favour to ask, or some grievance to bring forward, or he may simply wish to make the royal acquaintance. Such a state of things could only exist in a country like Sweden, for in Russia the revolutionaries would come with bombs in their pockets, and in England the rush of snobs to get near a king would be such that a royal life would not be long enough to receive them all.

Few are better circumstanced than the pedestrian for appreciating the effect of habit on the life of a people. The Swedes work hard, for the main products of their country suggest that nothing but hard work will make anything out of them. However, the working powers of a nation more often depend on personal habits than anything else. When I went to Portugal the captain of my steamer told me the habit of cigarette smoking made it impossible to get a good day's work out of a native, for he rolled his own cigarette (out of your time, of course), and it wanted so much adjusting, lighting and re-lighting as took at least twenty minutes out of every hour. In Sweden the working classes take snuff, a habit which I know will lend itself to any amount of interruption, if you let it, but which can be kept under proper control. Then the limit placed on the number of houses where intoxicants are sold, a limit carried (as we have seen) to the verge of inconvenience to travellers, also cuts off those opportunities for idleness and gossip so fatal to excellent and sustained work.

The people in Sweden are so healthy that the number of doctors is strictly limited. I believe a similar rule applies to dentists. Both doctors and dentists periodically examine the children in the schools, and nip in the bud every incipient

disease of the body and of the teeth. To the care bestowed on the latter I attribute the ability of even their elderly people to eat the hard rye bread, which I tried in vain to masticate.

Such are some of the main features which lie on the surface of the life of a country, and my endeavour has been to show that the man who walks is in the best position to see them.

A. N. COOPER.

THE NEW GOLD AND THE NEW ERA

DURING the Golden Age of the "seventies," at a time when here and there a professor of the dismal science might be found, who connected the rapid advance of all prices with the great mass of the new gold then coming from California and Australia, Mr. John Bright was asked by a friend whether he understood the Currency Question. "No," replied Mr. Bright, "I do not, but I am credibly informed there are people who do!" A very few years have passed and again we stand, as it were, on the shore of a new time. After an ebb tide of prosperity, a recession of prices unequalled in history, and convulsions in the foreign exchanges which marked the last quarter of the nineteenth century as a veritable economic crisis, the world is again abruptly ascending to an entirely new price level. It is quite safe to forecast that within the next few years all the professors will be busily discussing the Depreciation of Gold, and with this in prospect, and considering, too, the great educational importance of the new price development, it is worth while to draw attention thus early to the revolutionary conditions which to-day surround the world's currency.

It is hardly too much to say that within the wide domain where Economics and Politics overlap, the relation between money and prices transcends all others in importance. Money is the creation of law; if the legislatures of the nations now trading with one another decided to deprive gold of its legal tender prerogative gold would be comparatively worthless, and gold mines would shut down. So that in deciding what is,

and what is not Money, the State really invades and, to some extent controls, the whole domain of prices. This is an enormous and overshadowing responsibility, and I prefer to suppose that, in replying as he did to his friend, Mr. Bright disclosed not his ignorance but an unexpected sense of humour.

In the annual report of the Director of the United States Mint for 1905 there is a very valuable table¹ of the world's supplies of gold and silver since the discovery of America.

It will be observed that for three and a half centuries, before the discoveries of gold in California, the burden of supplying the monetary volume required by the increasing trade and population of the world was almost entirely supported by the silver miner; and were it worth while to undertake a comprehensive survey of the price levels during those three centuries by a careful comparison of the work done by Tooke and Newmarch and Thorold Rogers, the influence of the increase or the diminution of the supplies from the silver mines in raising or depressing prices would be at once evident. There are two historic instances of the disturbance created in the world's price levels by the discovery of new mines; the discovery of the great silver mines of Potosi in Bolivia about 1560; the discovery of gold in California in 1849, closely followed by that of the Australian placers in 1851. Jacobs, the historian of the precious metals, estimates that the monetary stock of all Europe in 1540 was but thirty-five millions sterling, but from the period of the discovery of the Potosi mines the annual subscription to the world's legal tender money increased five-fold, and by the close of the century the currencies had become inflated to an aggregate of over a hundred and forty millions. The result was a truly prodigious fall in the value of money. In a period of less than fifty years, between 1580 and 1625, wages in England rose from half a crown per week to 12s., and the price of an acre of average agricultural land from £5 to £25;

¹ *Vide* next page.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[From 1493 to 1885 is from a table of averages for certain periods, compiled by Dr. Adolph Soetbeer; for the years 1886 to 1904 the production is the annual estimate of the Bureau of the Mint.]

Period.	GOLD.				SILVER.				Percentage of production.			
	Average annual for period.		Total for period.		Annual average for period.		Total for period.		By weight.		By value.	
	Fine Ounces.	Value.	Fine Ounces.	Value.	Fine Ounces.	Coining Value.	Fine Ounces.	Coining Value.	Gold.	Silver.	Gold.	Silver.
1493-1520	186,470	\$3,855,000	5,221,160	\$107,931,000	1,511,050	\$1,954,000	42,309,400	\$54,703,000	11	89	66.4	33.6
1521-1544	230,194	4,759,000	5,524,656	114,205,000	2,899,920	3,740,000	69,598,320	89,986,000	7.4	92.6	55.9	44.1
1545-1560	273,596	5,656,000	4,377,544	90,492,000	10,017,940	12,952,000	160,287,040	207,240,000	2.7	97.3	30.4	69.6
1561-1580	219,906	4,546,000	4,398,120	90,917,000	9,628,925	12,450,000	192,578,500	248,990,000	2.2	97.8	26.7	73.3
1601-1620	237,267	4,905,000	4,745,340	98,095,000	13,467,635	17,413,000	269,352,700	348,254,000	1.7	98.3	22	78
1621-1640	273,918	5,662,000	5,478,860	113,248,000	13,596,235	17,579,000	271,924,700	351,579,000	2	98	21.4	78.6
1641-1660	266,845	5,516,000	5,836,900	110,324,000	12,654,240	16,361,000	253,084,800	327,221,000	2.1	97.9	25.2	74.8
1661-1680	281,955	5,828,000	5,639,110	116,571,000	11,776,545	15,226,000	235,530,900	304,525,000	2.3	97.7	27.7	72.3
1681-1700	297,709	6,154,000	5,954,180	123,084,000	10,834,550	14,008,000	216,691,000	280,166,000	2.7	97.3	30.5	69.5
1701-1720	346,095	7,154,000	6,921,895	143,088,000	10,992,085	14,212,000	219,841,700	284,240,000	3.1	96.9	33.5	66.5
1721-1740	412,163	8,520,000	8,243,260	170,403,000	11,432,540	14,871,000	228,650,800	295,625,000	3.5	96.5	36.6	63.4
1741-1760	613,422	12,681,000	12,268,440	253,611,000	13,863,080	17,924,000	277,261,600	358,480,000	4.2	95.8	41.4	58.6
1761-1780	791,211	16,356,000	15,824,230	327,116,000	17,140,612	22,162,000	342,812,235	443,232,000	4.4	95.6	42.5	57.6
1781-1800	665,666	13,761,000	13,313,315	275,211,000	20,985,591	27,133,000	419,711,820	542,658,000	3.1	96.9	33.7	66.3
1801-1810	571,948	11,823,000	11,438,970	236,464,000	28,261,779	36,540,000	565,235,580	730,810,000	2	98	24.4	75.6
1811-1820	571,563	11,815,000	5,715,627	118,152,000	28,746,922	37,168,000	287,469,225	371,677,000	1.9	98.1	24.1	75.9
1821-1830	367,957	7,606,000	3,679,568	76,065,000	17,385,755	22,479,000	173,857,555	224,786,000	2.1	97.9	25.3	74.7
1831-1840	457,044	9,448,000	4,570,444	91,479,000	14,807,004	19,144,000	148,070,940	191,444,000	3	97	33	67
1841-1850	652,291	13,484,000	6,522,913	131,841,000	19,175,867	24,793,000	191,758,675	247,930,000	3.3	96.7	35.2	64.8
1851-1855	1,760,502	36,393,000	17,605,918	363,928,000	25,090,342	32,440,000	250,903,422	324,400,000	6.6	93.4	52.9	47.1
1856-1860	6,410,324	132,513,000	32,051,621	662,566,000	28,488,597	36,824,000	142,442,986	184,169,000	18.4	81.6	78.3	21.7
1861-1865	6,486,262	134,083,000	32,431,312	670,415,000	29,095,428	37,618,000	145,477,142	188,092,000	18.2	81.8	78.1	21.9
1866-1870	3,949,582	122,989,000	29,747,913	614,944,000	35,401,972	45,772,000	177,099,862	228,861,000	14.4	85.6	72.9	27.1
1871-1875	6,270,086	129,614,000	31,350,430	648,071,000	43,091,583	55,663,000	215,257,914	278,313,000	12.7	87.3	70	30
1876-1880	5,591,014	115,577,000	27,955,068	577,883,000	63,317,014	81,864,000	316,585,069	409,322,000	8.1	91.9	58.5	41.5
1881-1885	5,543,110	114,586,000	27,715,550	572,921,000	78,775,602	101,851,000	393,878,099	509,256,000	6.6	93.4	53	47
1886-1890	4,794,755	99,116,000	23,973,773	495,582,000	92,003,944	118,955,000	460,019,722	594,773,000	5	95	45.5	54.5
1891-1895	5,461,282	112,895,000	27,306,411	564,474,000	108,911,431	140,815,000	544,557,155	704,074,000	4.8	95.2	44.5	55.5
1896-1900	7,882,565	162,947,000	39,412,823	814,736,000	157,581,331	203,742,000	787,906,656	1,018,708,000	4.8	95.2	44.1	55.6
1901	12,446,939	257,301,100	62,234,698	1,286,505,400	165,693,304	214,229,700	828,466,522	1,071,148,400	7	93	54.6	45.4
1902	12,625,527	260,992,900	12,625,527	260,992,900	173,011,283	223,691,300	173,011,283	223,691,300	6.8	93.2	52.7	47.3
1903	14,354,680	296,737,600	14,354,680	296,737,600	162,763,483	210,441,900	162,763,483	210,441,900	8.1	91.9	58.9	41.1
1904	15,768,387	325,961,500	15,768,387	325,961,500	167,937,894	217,131,800	167,937,894	217,131,800	8.6	91.4	60	40
1904	16,780,913	316,892,200	16,780,913	346,892,200	168,390,238	217,716,700	168,390,238	217,716,700	9.1	90.9	61.5	38.5
Total			546,488,156	11,296,914,600			9,500,633,947	12,283,648,100	5.4	94.6	47.9	52.1

the price of a quarter of wheat rose from 8s. to 30s., and other prices in proportion. Adam Smith says in "Wealth of Nations" of silver, which was the legal tender money of England at that time:

From 1570 to 1640 silver sunk in its real value, or would exchange for a smaller quantity of labour than before; and corn rose, and instead of being commonly sold for about two ounces of silver, or ten shillings of our money, came to be sold for six or eight ounces of silver, or about thirty to forty shillings. The discovery of the abundant mines of America seems to have been the sole cause of this diminution in the value of silver in proportion to that of corn. It is accounted for accordingly in the same manner by everybody, and there never has been any dispute either about the fact or about the cause of it.

Tooke says of this great fall in the value of money: ¹

We have the fullest warranty for concluding that any partial inconvenience that might ensue from the effect of the American supplies of the 16th Century in raising prices was compensated and repaid a hundredfold by the activity, expansion, and vigour which they impressed for more than one generation upon every enterprise and every art which dignifies human life or increases human happiness.

It will be observed by reference to the preceding table that between 1810 and 1849 the yield, both of the gold and the silver mines, had lagged greatly behind the requirements of trade and of an increasing population, with the result that the fall of prices during the second quarter of the nineteenth century was on an even more catastrophic scale than during the fourth quarter. It would be quite impossible to exaggerate the sufferings of the world, as Professor Francis A. Walker said, when representing the United States at the Paris Monetary Conference of 1878: "Suffocation, strangulation, are words hardly too strong to express the agony of the industrial body when embraced in the fatal coils of a contracting money-supply." Then came the discoveries of the new gold. Writing in 1865 of the remarkable rise of prices, Professor Stanley Jevons said:

Thus, while industry, trade, and property were rapidly advancing in Great Britain, America, and most other parts of the world, there was no corre-

¹ "History of Prices," vol. vi., App. 11, XXV. p. 409.

1800 16,780,213
 1804 3,16,892,200
 Total 11,296,914,000
 546,488,100
 16,780,213
 3,16,892,200
 11,296,914,000
 546,488,100
 12,283,618,100
 9,500,633,947
 94.6 | 47.9 | 22.4

sponding advance in the production of the precious metals. Prices, both in gold and silver, continually receded. Now if, while the introduction of free trade, railways, telegraphs, and innumerable other improvements accelerated the extension of trade, and the consequent demand for the precious metals after 1849, no new discoveries of gold and silver had been made, what must have ensued? Prices must have continued in the downward course they had pursued for thirty or forty years before. But they did not continue in this course—on the contrary, they turned upwards in a sudden and decided manner, as shown in the body of this tract.

Of the rise of prices subsequent to 1849 he said :

If we compare prices now (March 1865) with what they were at their lowest in 1849, we find there has been a rise of 21 per cent. If we take the average of 1845-50 as our standard of comparison, the rise is 11 per cent. The real permanent rise due to the gold discoveries is doubtless something between these, or probably nearer the higher limit, 21 per cent. The gold discoveries have caused this rise of price. They have also neutralised the fall of prices which might have been expected from the continuous progress of invention and production, but of which the amount is necessarily unknown.

Writing four years later in the *Economist* Jevons sums up :

I cannot help, then, reasserting with the utmost confidence that a real rise of prices, to the extent of 18 per cent., as measured by fifty chief commodities, has been established since the year 1849. This is an undoubted depreciation of gold, because it represents a real diminution in the general purchasing-power of gold. Nor can we well avoid attributing it to the effect of the gold discoveries. Indeed, as Professor Cairnes has so distinctly pointed out, the effect of those discoveries is probably much greater than we can prove, because the course of prices was in previous years decidedly downwards, so that the new gold has both prevented a further fall and occasioned a rise in its stead.

In his "Investigations in Currency and Finance," p. 101, he concludes :

The country may be said to be calmly looking on while every contract, including that of the National Debt, is being violated against the intention of the contracting parties.

And clearly Jevons was right; the metallic inflation of the world's currencies was indeed violating every contract, including that of the National Debt. The National Debt is a sum owed by the nation to its creditors; it represents a proportion

of our whole assets. Those assets are valued approximately at twelve thousand millions sterling, so that the nation's creditors own some 6 per cent. If the nominal value of the assets were to double (and the advance, as I shall presently show, has been more than 25 per cent. in the past ten years) then the share belonging to the creditor would be 3 per cent. only in place of 6 per cent. It is the same with the payment of the interest on the Debt: each taxpayer pays his share by the sacrifice of some proportion of his products or of his yearly labour; the farmer, for example, by the sale of bullocks or wool or wheat, and if prices in ten years have advanced one quarter his tax is reduced in an equal proportion. And the same holds good as to the incidence of agricultural rents, at least in those cases where (as in Ireland) the farmer and his family supply the labour for the farm and take their subsistence from its produce, selling the balance that remains. The rise of prices since 1896 allows a farmer to pay £5 of rent with no greater sacrifice than that with which he formerly paid £4. Again, just in proportion as the price of agricultural produce has advanced, the real price of land must also have advanced. The purchaser of a farm ten years since for £1000, who left half the purchase-money on mortgage at 4 per cent., to-day has a property saleable for £1250, so that the mortgagee to-day, instead of owning one-half is the owner of two-fifths, and to the mortgagor, owing to the "unearned increment" of an advancing price, has been presented the whole interest on his mortgage for over fourteen years. In the case of debtor communities, such as our Australian Colonies, the relief occasioned by the advance of prices must already have been enormous. A great further rise of prices, which seems to me inevitably at hand, promises a future of industrial progress for the antipodean continent such as she has never known.¹

¹ Of the then Appreciation of Gold, Sir Robert Giffen, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for December 1888, looks for "troubulous times both for some of our Australian Colonies and for a country like the Argentine Republic,

I have encountered recently very similar conditions in the case of agricultural communities in the United States and Canada. In prairie States, such as Iowa, Dakota and Ontario, farmers who, in 1896, appeared to be broken down by the burden of their mortgages are to-day prosperous and free; with a combination of full harvests and advancing prices has come a veritable transformation.

Now what was the position as between the world's debtor and creditor interests disclosed by the great rise of prices caused by the California gold? Clearly a very natural alarm on the part of the creditor. He was being repaid principal and interest in a rapidly depreciating currency, as indeed is the case to-day with the interest payments on consols and other "gilt-edged securities"; if other countries were to discover other river beds surcharged with gold it might well seem to the creditor that his loans would presently possess no greater value than French assignats! Thus a class of immense intelligence, bankers, financiers and coupon cutters—all that class which has either the time to attend to law-making or the inclination to control legislatures and the press, inevitably looked for the means by which they could combat this immense class peril, and they found it in the demonetisation of silver. Bearing in mind that prices for hundreds of years were silver prices, and not gold prices, that the British Pound was a pound of silver, that the price level had been created by the silver money of Bolivia, Peru and Mexico, let us glance at the world's currency legislation which was to confront and to offset that great rise of prices which culminated in 1870.

1871. Silver standard in Germany replaced by gold. Germany demonetises and melts up her silver.

1873. Silver demonetised in the United States. Suspension of free coinage in France, Belgium, and Holland. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway change from a Silver to a Gold standard and currency.

1875. Suspension of silver coinage by Italy and the Colonies of Holland.

even if the appreciation does not grow more serious. That the pile of deb has to be paid principal and interest in appreciating money is a most serious consideration."

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I need not complete the long calendar of silver proscription and currency contraction; the work was done with a thoroughness and a dexterity that deserve respect; the only hope for the world's mortgagor interests was in the political awakening in the United States to the crisis of silver, and this hope was finally and for ever extinguished in the furious campaign of 1896. Gold the contractionist advocates used to declare was the only metal suited to be a standard, because it never fluctuated in supply. So recently as 1883 the gold product of the world's mines was only 4,614,588 ounces, while for 1905 it was 18,211,419 ounces.

Let us now see what the course of prices has been during the last forty years. The leading authority to-day is probably Mr. Augustus Sauerbeck, whose "index numbers" of prices are published during the first week of each month in the City column of the *Times*. On the death of Professor Soetbeer Mr. Sauerbeck succeeded to this work, which should be to every Finance Minister what the chart and the compass are to the mariner. Mr. Sauerbeck obtains his index number by taking the wholesale prices of the forty-five leading commodities, watching their variations for each month and striking the average of their rise and fall. Mr. Sauerbeck takes 100 as his index number for the period 1867-1877, and marks the periodic variations from that time.

1867-1877 . 100	For 1896 . 61	For 1905 . 72
1879-1887 . 79	1901 . 70	1906
1886-1895 . 68	1902 . 69	Jan. . 75.2
1890-1899 . 66	1903 . 69	May . 77
1896-1905 . 63	1904 . 70	

So that already prices have nearly climbed back to the level of 1879-1887, and their tendency is steadily upwards. The rapidity of the rise is emphasised by the fact that while prices for the period 1867-1877 were 51.5 per cent. higher than for the period 1890-1899, they were 29.9 per cent. only higher than for the month of May this year. In other words, the same amount of mixed products, which in the period from 1867-1877

would have purchased one hundred sovereigns, and in the period 1890-1899 sixty-six sovereigns, and in the year 1896 only sixty-one sovereigns, will to-day purchase nearly seventy-seven sovereigns—a rise of over 25 per cent. in only ten years. Jevons wrote in 1869, “I cannot help, then, re-asserting with the utmost confidence that a real rise of prices to the extent of 18 per cent., as measured by fifty chief commodities, has been established since the year 1849”; and to discover an equally abrupt rise in so short a period Jevons would have needed to revert to the reign of James the First; but here, and in half the time, we have had a rise much more considerable than that of which Jevons wrote, and the cause of the rise—the depreciation of gold because of its increasing abundance—makes it evident that a much more revolutionary upward movement is to be looked for in the next fifteen years. In his annual report the Director of the United States Mint publishes an estimate from Professor Franklin Carpenter. The Professor sums up

(1) The rate of gold production has doubled in ten years, and probably will again double in ten years.

(2) Gold has declined in value, *i.e.*, in purchasing-power, and will continue to decline.

(3) Notwithstanding this, we are in the midst of unexampled prosperity by reason of this very increase in gold production.

Professor Carpenter thinks that “an addition of fifteen thousand million dollars (£3,000,000,000) during the next twenty years need not surprise us.” So lately as 1869 Jevons reckoned that the gold currency of the entire world was less than eight hundred millions sterling; to-day it is not in excess of twelve hundred millions.¹ The estimate of Mr. Goschen in 1889 gave England £73,000,000, which sum is just one year’s production of the mines to-day; so that when I describe our present currency conditions as altogether without precedent the words are none too strong.

Lest in dealing with a matter of such extreme importance

¹ Report of Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 273.

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any doubt may attach to the index numbers of Mr. Sauerbeck, I append three other compilations: (1) Those of the United States Bureau of Labour derived from the wholesale prices of 260 commodities; (2) the Bradstreets index number for 100 chief articles of consumption; and (3) Messrs. Dun's tables, which are especially intended to mark the increase or diminution of the cost of living. Unlike Mr. Sauerbeck's, these various index numbers only date back to 1890.

	Bureau of Labour.	Bradstreets.	Dun's.
1890 . . .	112.9	112.0	105.0
1891 . . .	111.7	111.0	114.0
1892 . . .	106.1	108.0	104.0
1893 . . .	105.6	105.0	109.0
1894 . . .	96.1	93.9	100.0
1895 . . .	93.6	91.6	94.0
1896 . . .	90.4	85.9	90.0
1897 . . .	89.7	89.6	89.0
1898 . . .	93.4	96.5	92.4
1899 . . .	101.7	105.0	100.0
1900 . . .	110.5	113.0	109.0
1901 . . .	108.5	108.0	111.0
1902 . . .	112.9	109.0	117.0
1903 . . .	113.6	114.0	115.0
1904 . . .	113.0	115.0	116.0
1905 . . .	—	119.6	116.6

Finally, the Washington Bureau of Commerce has this table of prices:

COURSE OF WHOLESALE PRICES, 1895-1905.

Commodities.	1895.	1905.
Farm products	93.3	124.2
Food, etc.	94.6	108.7
Cloths and clothing	92.7	112.0
Fuel and lighting	98.1	128.8
Metals and implements	92.0	122.5
Lumber and building materials	94.1	127.8
Drugs and chemicals	87.9	109.1
House furnishing goods	96.5	109.1
Miscellaneous	94.5	112.8
All commodities	93.6	115.9

It will be observed that the advance of prices in the United States in the last ten years has been somewhat greater than in England, and during the period America has increased her gold in currency from \$8.49 per capita to \$16.31¹.

The Gold Question is complex and formidable. The yield of the mines doubled between 1886 and 1896, and again doubled between 1896 and 1906, and this notwithstanding a temporary cessation of the African yield. Will it again, as Professor Carpenter supposes, double between 1906 and 1916, and yet again between 1916 and 1926? Should this phenomenal inflation be actually in waiting for the world the revolution in prices would be comparable to that which occurred during the first quarter of the seventeenth century. In this event it would be safe to estimate that wages will have advanced 150 per cent. before 1926, and the price of land in the British Isles will have doubled. Professor Carpenter anticipates an immense increase of gold yield because of the new hydraulic dredges—a form of gold-mining as yet only in its infancy, and he gives the cost of production of gold with these “amphibians” as follows :

Placer yielding 5 cents per cubic yard (that is the hunting for less than two pennyworth of gold in a ton of gravel) produces gold at \$16.53 per ounce.

Placer yielding 10 cents per cubic yard produces gold at \$8.30 per ounce.

Placer yielding 20 cents per cubic yard produces gold at \$4.13 per ounce.

Placer yielding 40 cents per cubic yard produces gold at \$2.06 per ounce.

Large areas of rich gravel suitable for these dredges have recently been discovered in Northern British Columbia. It seems probable that there are great gravel districts in Brazil, Siberia, Alaska, and Australia which are of a grade too low to “wash” as hitherto by hand, but which will make good returns to these monster dredges. The dredges already working in California, and of which Mr. John Hays Hammond is perhaps the creator, have each a daily capacity of four thousand tons, and with three shifts of two skilled navigators do the work of fifteen hundred Chinamen. But these calcula-

¹ Report of Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), 1905.

tions of increasing gold production, which in themselves portend a great and even a disastrous inflation of prices, lose sight of one all-important consideration, namely, at what point will the rapidly increasing fall in the value of gold shut down the gold-mines. During the last quarter of the last century the great appreciation of gold made the search for and the winning of that metal very fashionable. The fall of all prices, including labour and machinery side by side with chemical and mechanical developments, made it possible year by year to recover gold from ores of a lower and a lower grade. But now the conditions are being violently reversed; machinery and mining timber, chemicals, labour, the cost of constructing roads and railways to the mines—all these factors in the cost of gold production are likely to advance rapidly; at what point will this advance be such as to annihilate profits and close the mines? Take, for example, the great Homestake mine in Dakota; this mine has produced sixteen millions sterling and paid four millions in dividends, so that an increase of only 25 per cent. in mining costs, in other words an equivalent fall in the value of gold, would deprive its operation of all profit. Is it not possible that the *malaise* in South Africa may be connected with that depreciation of gold which we now recognise as in its very initial stages? It is probable, too, that the abandonment of many South African mines, the working of which is attributed to the Phoenicians, may have been caused by just such a sudden advance of all prices as that under present diagnosis. It is at least conceivable that the low-grade ore bodies of the Rand, deserted in this century because of the depreciation of gold, may be re-exploited a thousand years hence when the world's prices have again been submitted to some vast process of shrinkage—in an era that is, of a new appreciation of gold.

There is one point of great interest on which the price movement of the next few years will throw a much needed light, I refer to the effect of the abandonment of the bimetallic system in 1873. Until 1873 Great Britain though nominally

gold mono-metallic was in effect just as bimetallic as France. That is to say, did a London merchant or a Lyons merchant trading with India or Chili draw a hundred tons of silver in payment of his trade balance, the French mint was open to coin this silver, and thus effect its exchange into gold money equally for the London or the Lyons merchant at an exchange ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of silver or an ounce of gold. But the fly-wheel of the exchange mechanism stopped with the closing of the French mint; the universal money-changer had ceased business so that it was no longer possible to draw gold in exchange for unlimited amounts of silver bullion. The consequent catastrophe in prices, the fact that prices were more than 50 per cent. higher for 1867-1877 than for the decade 1890-1900, has now merely an academic interest; equally the mortgagor world, ruined by that appreciation, and the mortgagees and fundlords who grew rich by appreciation, have long since accepted the position; the very echoes of 1896 have died away with the re-birth of rising prices. Still, the very rapidity of the price recovery to-day does indeed invite to furious thought. Would prices be rallying after this frantic fashion were the European currencies to day bimetallic? Is not the rise of prices much more rapid because the increased monetary supply has come upon a currency shrunk to a much smaller volume by the elimination of silver? When the mass of the new gold from California and Australia came pouring into Europe it did indeed raise prices, but the rise, as Jevons pointed out, some 18 per cent. in twenty years, was a modest rise by the side of the rise of 25 per cent. in the past ten years. The comparative conditions then and now seem to show that Wolowski was right when he said, in 1868, that "silver was the parachute that broke the fall of gold." What Wolowski saw was this: that some three hundred millions of new gold from the river beds had reached Europe and was exercising its natural effect in raising prices. But the currencies of Asia being silver, the new gold had of itself no power to inflate prices in Asia. So that the advance of prices in Europe

magnetised the exports of Asia to Europe, thereby securing to Asia abnormally favourable balances of trade, thus inflating the exchanges and draining away the legal tender silver of Europe to the mints and the hoards of the Far East. In this way the beautifully simple bimetallic mechanism established in France, by the "law of the 11th Germinal" broke the fall of gold for all Europe because, just as the new gold raised prices in Europe, there followed an automatic reduction of the European currencies represented by the wholesale melting up and exporting of Europe's legal tender silver to Asia, of which export of silver Professor Cairnes said: "it rendered possible the remarkable expansion of Oriental trade which forms the most striking commercial fact of the age that followed." But to-day there is no "parachute" because there is no legal tender silver (except the enormously overvalued silver of the Latin Union, Spain and Russia) which is available to liquidate Asia's growing trade balances. Still, if European prices, and prices in gold standard America, are as we know rising, Asiatic exports to Europe and America must be stimulated, and how, in what shape, does India now liquidate her increasing balance of trade? As prices are now rising, and will probably rise more rapidly still during the years at hand, the reply to this question becomes of the greatest importance. Should Asia's silver prices remain stationary, or decline, while Europe's gold prices, on the other hand, advance rapidly, the competition of "the yellow man using the white money, with the white man using the yellow money," would involve a great race peril; the alteration in price levels in Orient and Occident, would give the Orientals a great advantage in industrial competition. The Indian mints were closed to silver in 1893, and it is never easy to penetrate the veil which shrouds Calcutta officialdom from the irreverent Western gaze, but the figures of rupee coinage contributed by Mr. R. F. Patterson, the U.S. Consul-General at Calcutta, are extremely significant.¹ After a cessation of all coinage for the

¹ Report to Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 179.

five years subsequent to 1893, for the last five years the purchase of silver by the Government, and its coinage into rupees, has been as follows : fifteen rupees being valued at a pound sterling.

1900	£11,509,915
1901	£3,423,182
1902	£7,592,990
1903	£11,020,769
1904	£7,580,291

These enormous coinages, far in excess of what they were with open mints before 1893, make it clear that the rise of prices going on in the West is again attracting increased exports by the myriad peopled East; the trade balance is being drawn largely in silver bullion,¹ which bullion the Government purchases directly or indirectly from the native exporters, and, having minted it, sells its rupees back to the natives, charging them a huge seignorage. Here, indeed, is a currency condition of the most immoral kind, and of a kind that must necessarily act directly in "restraint of trade." The difference between the nominal value of the rupee and its bullion value (say three pence) has exactly the same effect upon India's export trades as an *ad valorem* export tariff of 22 per cent. Were an export tariff of 22 per cent. collected, it would bring in far more revenue than this seignorage and would not be in the smallest degree more restrictive of trade. The Government is coining a thirteen-penny rupee and calling it sixteen pence; the exchanges, it is true, remains steady at sixteen pence, but I ask with some confidence, in view of conditions of gold-supply so radically different from the conditions of 1893, whether, with open mints and free coinage in India, the exchange value of the rupee would not almost certainly rise to sixteen pence? With gold prices rising rapidly here, the

¹ Report to Secretary of Treasury (U.S.), p. 180 :

	Net Import of Gold Coin and Bullion into India.
1902	5,843,044
1903	6,621,107
1904	6,470,591

exports from India, if unchecked and unhampered by fictitious exchange rates, a closed mint, and a managed currency, would swell so enormously that Mr. John Morley might probably get even more than sixteen pence at his weekly sales of rupees. Of Mr. Morley, it may be said that he knows everything mundane excepting only the problems of exchange; still this question is so immensely important, not merely to India but to the trades of Africa and China, that it invites the consideration of a Select Commission.

Within the limits of this review, it is not possible to follow further the problem of the depreciation of gold. With its emergence and with a wider perspective it will be recognised before long as the leading economic problem of the century. And what an era of humbug and of humbugs is at hand! Very soon we shall see municipal extravagance emerge as scientific finance; the Steel Trust as "conservative"; the Irish Land Act as showing the thrift generated by proprietary conditions. Here the rising tide of prosperity will be ascribed to Protection, there to Free Trade; and while the achievements of second-class statesmen will fill grateful pages in our history, they will be really the product only of the miners' pick and shovel.

There is a passage in Alison's "History of Europe," often quoted, but the full significance of which imprints itself for the first time on this generation of readers; Alison writes:

The two greatest events that have occurred in the history of mankind have been directly brought about by a successive contraction and expansion of the circulating medium of society. The fall of the Roman Empire so long ascribed in ignorance to slavery, heathenism, and moral corruption was in reality brought about by a decline in the silver and gold mines of Spain and Greece. . . . And as if Providence had intended to reveal in the clearest manner the influence of this mighty agent on human affairs, the resurrection of mankind from the ruin which those causes had produced was owing to a directly opposite set of agencies being put in operation. Columbus led the way in the career of renovation; when he spread his sails across the Atlantic he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. . . . The annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe was tripled; before a century had expired the prices of every species of produce were quadrupled. The weight

of debt and taxes insensibly wore off under the influence of that prodigious increase; in the renovation of industry the relations of society were changed, the weight of feudalism cast off, the rights of man established. Among the many concurring causes which conspired to bring about this mighty consummation the most important, though hitherto the least observed, was the discovery of Mexico and Peru. . . . If the circulating medium of the globe had remained stationary or declining, as it was from 1815 to 1849, from the effect of South American revolution and English legislation, the necessary result must have been that it would have become altogether inadequate to the wants of man; and not only would industry have been everywhere cramped, but the price of produce would have universally and constantly fallen. Money would have every day become more valuable—all other articles measured in money less so; debt and taxes would have been constantly increasing in weight and oppression. The fate which crushed Rome in ancient, and has all but crushed Great Britain in modern, times would have been that of the whole family of mankind. All these evils have been entirely obviated and the opposite set of blessings introduced by the opening of the great reserve treasure chambers of Nature in California and Australia! . . . Before half a century has elapsed the prices of every article will be tripled, enterprise proportionally encouraged, industry vivified, debts and taxes lessened.

MORETON FREWEN.

SHOULD THE INDIAN MINTS BE RE-OPENED TO FREE COINAGE?

L'ENVOI.

The Silver Question in India is so esoteric that I have thought it better to eliminate it from the question of the depreciation of gold, and to present it to those few readers who are interested in its complexities in the form of a memorandum and a letter to Mr. John Morley.

M. F.

MEMORANDUM

In the Western world there is to-day an extraordinary rise of prices, an undoubted depreciation of gold. Sauerbeck's index numbers, those of the Department of Labour at Washington, Dun's and Bradstreets, all show a rise of from 25 to

30 per cent. in the past ten years. The production of the world's gold-mines doubled between 1886 and 1896, and again between 1896 and 1906. Professor Franklin Carpenter, in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury (U.S.) thinks that "we need not be surprised by an addition of three thousand millions sterling of gold during the next twenty years." It is safe to say that one-half of this addition would double all prices and wages.

India is the "sink" of the precious metals. It was her absorption of specie after the Californian gold discoveries in 1849 that saved Europe from inflation. Of this absorption Jevons wrote :

Asia is the great reservoir and sink of the precious metals. It has saved us from a commercial revolution and taken off our hands many millions of bullion which would be worse than useless here. From the earliest historical ages it has stood in a similar relation to Europe. In the Middle Ages it relieved Europe of the excess of Spanish-American treasure, just as it now relieves us of the excess of Australian treasure.

During the twenty-five years "after California" (1850-1875) India took over 264 millions of specie, one-third gold two-thirds silver, the world's product of gold and silver from the mines being 800 millions. The great rise of gold prices since 1896 should have expanded the exports of India enormously. Recall what her balance of trade was from 1850-1875 with half her present population, with few railways, with little irrigation, and the estimate is not excessive, that with open mints and unrated exchange India should be taking now, as she then took, one-third of the combined product of the world's mines—say one-third of a hundred millions sterling annually. The creditor interests here, now threatened with inflation, are greatly concerned to secure the free coinage "sink" in India, and perhaps a monetary agreement between, say, France and the United States as to silver coinage at a ratio to be decided. Wolowski wrote in the 'sixties, "Silver," meaning the extruded legal tender silver currency of Europe, "was the parachute that broke the fall of gold."

What would happen did India open her mints? Might not the expansion of her exports be so great and the consequent demand for bills and council drafts be on such a scale that the bullion price of silver would rise to the present rating (16*d.*) or even higher?

In the West we have no idea what is the present policy of the Government of India. The mints were closed in 1893, and during the following five years there not only were no additions, but the currency was reduced by the melting-up of over nineteen millions of rupees. Apparently this experiment was unsatisfactory, for in 1900 there were minted over *seventeen crores of rupees* (Rs. 171,479,318). Unless inevitable the present position—a currency managed by officials—is very undesirable, not only economically but morally. Even admitting that it was necessary to close the mints in 1893, when gold was appreciating and the silver situation at Washington menaced the Bourses of the world, is it necessary now, when gold is depreciating, when we know the worst, when probably the United States and France, urged on by the creditor interests of Europe and America, would assist to fix exchange by open mints?

BREDE PLACE, SUSSEX,
Oct. 16, 1906.

DEAR MR. MORLEY,

Referring to my memorandum and to your letter of October 4, permit me to add a further note on Indian Currency.

(1) In 1878 the Government of India proposed to close the mints. Parliament appointed a Commission—Sir Louis Malet, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Sir T. Seacombe, Lords Farrer and Welby, Sir Robert Giffen and Mr. Arthur Balfour. The Commissioners were adverse in an unanimous report.

(2) In 1893 another Commission advised the closure. This was done and enormous numbers of rupees were melted

up to contract the currency, and it contracted ; in February 1898 loans were made in Bombay on the security of gold bars at 2 per cent. per month. To maintain the artificial exchange rate, the Government of India docked its weekly rupee sales and borrowed gold in large amounts. Mr. Yule, Chairman of the Bank of Calcutta, said at the Annual Meeting of his bank (July 26, 1897) :

The extra half per cent. interest on the new three crore loan is not the only bill that India has to pay for the huge blunder of 1893. Enforced scarcity of money is the only hope on which the skeleton of the famine-stricken and famine-begetting gold standard depends. To become wealthy the Government of India is diligently endeavouring to render itself as well as the trading community destitute. . . . The evidence given before the Commission appointed to inquire in 1892 was very largely in favour of leaving India to the mercy of cheap silver. The Commission, however, gave way to the continued wailing of the Indian Currency Association, backed by the Viceroy's Council and the Civil Service. But India is not in a state of prosperity now ; the position is distinctly critical. . . . I think that the evils which the fanatical worship of the gold standard has brought upon us, and is likely to accentuate if persisted in, are after four years experience established beyond controversy, and to leave matters as they are means for the Government of India the prospect of heavy unpopular burdens, and for the country as a whole a fatal and stunting arrestation of development.

The *Manchester Guardian* said in a "leader" :

The closing of the mints was resolved on in direct opposition to the advice of the practical commercial and financial witnesses examined before Lord Herschell's Committee, in deference to the theories of the permanent official class. The Committee itself only recommended the step on the ground that as the Home Authorities had refused to accept the Indian Government's bimetallic proposal they could not reject the alternative scheme of that Government.

The *Times*, in a special article, said :

The policy is neither more nor less than to appropriate two-thirds of the Famine Insurance Fund which has been solemnly declared essential as a safeguard against widespread distress in India.

It is important also to recall that the mints were closed in 1893 because it was understood at Simla that the Sherman

Purchase Act was about to be repealed at Washington, as indeed it was. The closing was a precautionary measure intended to tide financial India over a sudden break in exchange. It was never supposed that the Indian currency was for all time to be manipulated by officials, now melting up and contracting it, now, as in 1900, passing unprecedented masses of silver through the mints and inflating it.

(3) I have pointed out on the authority of Mr. Forbes Mitchell that the headman of a famine-stricken villiage sold 2000 rupees weight of silver in Allahabad for 600 rupees during the famine of 1896. Mr. Mitchell expostulated with the shroff, who however said of his purchase, "I can neither sell it nor eat it." Mr. Handasyde Dick, of Glasgow, showed that the famine in certain districts was not a food famine so much as a money famine ; that the price of rice was not very abnormal, but the people had no money ; it had been melted up.

(4) Next we have the Commission of 1899 to decide whether the gold standard should be adopted. I do not give the names of these gentlemen, nor if I did would it, I think, assist your judgment ? The Commission was of such calibre that a protest signed by the most influential firms in London was forwarded to Lord George Hamilton. Lord George in replying said :

The principle of its formation was not as you appear to suppose to secure representatives of all the various interests affected by the Government of India's proposals ; what I attempted was to find a small number of competent persons who were not likely to be hindered either by commercial interests or by previous public utterances of their own from forming an unbiassed opinion.

The Commission furnished the required Report. On September 8, 1899, the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, said of the adoption of the gold standard advocated in the Report :

We do not tie our hands by taking this step, for while the adoption of a gold standard renders us independent of the caprice of hostility of foreign countries for the time being, it will not prevent us at any date in the future

from embarking upon a discussion with Foreign Powers as to an international agreement, but will, on the contrary, enable us to enter the field upon equal terms.

(5) Such is the position to-day. Let me repeat two lines from the short memorandum which I forwarded you recently, "what would happen did India open her mints? Might not the expansion of her exports be so great and the consequent demand for silver, bills, and Council drafts be on such a scale that the bullion price of silver would rise to the present rating (16*d.*) or even higher?" It is clear that a currency system which for ever prevents India's real famine reserve fund, namely, her hoards and her bangles from being effective at a time of famine, is not a system altogether admirable if it is also unnecessary! Were the mints re-opened now the stimulus to India's exports would be enormous, and the stimulus to the exports and the development of East Africa, now on a rupee basis, would not be less, but I think more.

(6) Is India's trade suffering? I admit, of course, that India is prospering, but is her trade at all what it should be in view of the great rise of prices in gold-standard countries? The reply to this is in a small compass. When gold prices in Europe rose after the California gold discoveries, and rose less considerably and less rapidly than in the decade past, India's exports, magnetised by those higher prices, expanded prodigiously. To liquidate her balance of trade, she drew between 1859 and 1867 over a hundred millions of specie, and such was the expansion of her currency that her silver prices rose fully as fast as our gold prices. Are rupee prices now rising as our gold prices rise? If not then India's balance of trade is being interfered with by the shut mints. Since 1896, in Europe and America, gold prices have risen fully 30 per cent. Do the index numbers in India show any such depreciation for the rupee? I do not know, for I have not seen any Indian index numbers for now ten years, but I suggest with some confidence that Indian prices fell very seriously between 1896 and 1900, and that they are to-day no higher

than when the mints closed in 1893. The evidence as to this can no doubt be obtained from Calcutta. Again, if India's rupee prices are not rising to the full equivalent of the rise in sovereign prices, must there not be going on a great expansion of China's exports, and where these exports compete with India's exports, then at India's expense? Because China is getting the full benefit of the advance of our gold prices, her mints being open and her exchanges not rated nor tampered with.

(7) A "gold standard without a gold currency" then is open to the considerable objections I have briefly outlined. Until India is permitted to receive payment for what she sells in the bullion of her currency at melting-pot prices, India has suspended specie payments and her money is dishonest.

(8) Gold is now depreciating so rapidly that the Western world is concerned to secure an open mint in Europe for silver in conjunction with free coinage in India, and this not to raise prices, but to carry specie rapidly in Asia and thus protect Europe from currency inflation. Any of the old coinage rates—16 to 1 or $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1—would now find no one interested to support them. 24 to 1, at which rating the World's price of silver bullion would be the present rating for the rupee (16*d.*) would be a compromise probably acceptable to France and the United States. After an agreement, these two countries might decide to melt and sell their present over-valued legal tender silver currencies. With gold prices now rapidly rising, that mass of silver would pour itself through a thousand trade channels into Asia and vitalise the world's commerce, as was the case after California.

(9) The time, then, is opportune for that international discussion which was contemplated by the Viceroy and the Government of India in 1899. In this discussion India may wish for a lower rating for silver—perhaps 1 to 26, so as to stimulate her export trades. France and the United States on the other hand perhaps may pronounce for 1 to 22, because

such a rate would protect all the competing Western industries which employ white workers. At some point, then, between 22 and 26 the question may be decided, and the uncounted silver hoards of the Indian natives may again form their famine reserve fund.

(10) I should perhaps mention in conclusion that since 1896 I have given no consideration to the Silver Question, and that I return to it with much reluctance. But an American friend, Mr. Bryan, here staying with me recently in Sussex, criticised somewhat severely England's administration of India, a criticism I replied to warmly, because it seems to me the very brightest chapter in a splendid history. Mr. Bryan then said, "Please write me for the *Commoner* a short paper on the adoption of the gold standard by the Government of India." I find it difficult to do this without either suppressions or disagreeable admissions. Nor is there any finality to what the late Lord Farrer described as "this interesting experiment," an experiment in dietary rather than in finance, whenever in the next thousand years a period of famine recurs. Just as in 1896, so also in 2896 Mr. Forbes Mitchell's villager at a time of infinite stress is likely to realise Rs. 600 for 2000 tolas of silver bullion.

Believe me, with much respect,

Yours very faithfully,

MORETON FREWEN.

The Rt. Honble. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.
H.M.'s Secretary of State,
India Office, S.W.

THE NUN BEFORE THE CHRIST-CHILD

NOT that pale Christ upon the cross
 Comforts my loss,
With Mother Mary—left alone—
 Though crown and throne
Behind the lightning-riven cloud
 Await their King,
And swift, strong angels crowd
 Immortal palms to bring.
Her Christ is dead and waits the tomb
 In rock of garden hewn,
Grave garments for the gathering gloom,
 With faint death-spices strewn ;
For memory, through years forlorn,
She beareth forth the crown of thorn.

Nay, mine for ecstasy of prayer
 The Christ-Child fair,
The blessed babe, flesh-warm, flesh glad,
 For woman-arms to hold ;
Just such as smile on mothers sad,
 And kiss faint hearts to bold,
Warm-lipped against the throbbing breast,
 Which quickens into thrill,
With palpitating form close-pressed,
 To hold, to hush at will,

With moist, soft hair to stir
 At mother's singing breath,
 And milk-wet lips—for her
 In sleep to touch by stealth ;
 Her own, one with her bosom's beat
 From clinging curls to dimpled feet.

O ! Mary's child to my cold breast
 In rapture pressed,
 In empty arms held now
 As once in Mary's own,
 Kissed warm on lips, on cheek, on brow.
 My virgin life makes moan
 In lonely prayer to Thee ;
 Unquickened womb of mine
 Homeless of child to be,
 Comfort with life of Thine !
 Bosom by babe unblessed,
 And breasts where no lips draw ;
 Life barren—be confessed
 Nature's great Mother law.

O Christ—not penitent, not nun,
 This sister at Thy feet,
 But woman with woman's joy unknown,
 Vowed virgin—incomplete.
 Hands given no babe to hold,
 Rattle the rosary beads,
 And unkissed lips grow cold
 With chill of chants and creeds—
 O Mary's babe—O Virgin's child
 Born of the Undeiled,
 Have mercy on this veiled head,
 This shrouded life—this woman dead !

L. STUDDIFORD McCHESEY.

ON THE LINE

IN *Benita* (Cassell, 6s.) Mr. Rider Haggard returns to his happy hunting-ground on the veldt, and introduces us to a heroine who appears to be an exceptional young lady, inasmuch as she possesses the psychical faculty of seeing the invisible. This mystical possession brings her into the power of an ambitious, unscrupulous German-Jew, a hypnotist, named Jacob Meyer, who proposes to use her occult gifts as the means of finding treasure buried in an ancient African fortress and guarded by a decadent superstitious tribe of natives. The adventures she passes through are sufficient to turn an ordinary girl grey; but *Benita* braves the dangers of ghosts, of greedy men, of warlike savages, with courage and success. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Rider Haggard is in his best vein of mystery and adventure, and in this, his latest novel, brings back to us the old delights which thrilled us when we trembled before "She" and went treasure-hunting to "King Solomon's Mines."

Pan is dead, but Puck yet speaketh, "a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person, with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that runs right across his freckled face." The fairies, disgusted because they were reckoned among the images, went out of England with the Reformation—all except Robin Goodfellow, who is the same as Puck, who pricked up his pointy ears and spoke with quite a new voice, when a centurion of the Thirtieth happened to mention that he had built a little altar to the Sylvan Pan, by the pine forest beyond the brook, in memory of his first bear. At least so says Mr. Rudyard Kipling (*Puck of Pook's*

Hill. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 6s.) and, so saying, teaches two lucky children in a series of ten attractive lessons, that by the sword came gold, and by gold came power, and out of power came liberty and the law.

Also that through it all human nature remains very much the same everywhere, even as the little mill which still clacks where she has ground her corn since Domesday Book, or the smithy which still stands on the self-same spot where Weland forged the sword for Hugh a thousand years ago or more. While the sword was yet new the Knights of the Joyous Venture set sail to Africa in quest of gold, carrying with them a Chinaman, who had with him a brown box, wherein was suspended a thin piece of iron that always pointed to the South. And they fought with gorillas, and were doubtless branded as liars for telling the tale afterwards, even as was Paul du Chailu in the memory of men yet living.

The rabble of soldiery, who guarded the Great Wall, sang their music-hall songs which ran for six months or a year, as other absent-minded beggars did some half a dozen years ago, and do now. The centurions went out hunting in the Pict country, with a Pict *shikari*; and the Painted People knew just when Maximus crossed over to Gaul, and what troops and emigrants he had taken with him, fifteen days before the information reached the Wall, just as the news of great events is discussed in the bazaars to-day, ahead of the telegraph wires. Even then the Jews discussed in secret conclave what wars should be waged, and for how long; and boys were left with thirty men-at-arms under them, among a people whose language they could not speak, to hold the land they had taken from them.

After all, these little touchings of things common are more convincing than the dry details of historical primers, and children remember the story of King Alfred and the cakes (some of them can even tell you at which side of the fire he was sitting) when the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht have become a vague blur in a befogged memory. The verses in this volume

are not likely to add much to the author's reputation, the best, perhaps, being those at the beginning of the book, entitled "Puck's Song," with its two concluding stanzas :

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn ;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of gramarye,
Where you and I will fare.

Mr. Elkington arrived in New Zealand (*Adrift in New Zealand*, by E. Way Elkington, F.R.G.S. John Murray, 10s. 6d.) with threepence in his pocket—the traditional qualification for building up a fortune. Indeed, so impressed is he with the importance of this preliminary that he confesses to making a practice of it, adding that the only time his experience was unpleasant occurred when he spent his last sixpence in bananas at Honolulu, and landed penniless at San Francisco. Here the possession of sixty dollars is a necessary condition for admission to the U.S.A., and things looked awkward until he remembered that at the Golden Gate the blindest bluffs hold good, and managed to get through by making the emigration officer lose his temper.

But the men who suffer from the love of the open road rarely make fortunes; still more rarely do they keep them; and Mr. Elkington began by failing to milk cows; engaged himself as a farm-hand; threw up his job for the sake of a lawn-tennis party; tried an insurance agency, that last refuge of the Englishman in the Colonies; was editor of a Church paper for some months; became a billsticker for the advance agent of a concert company; went on the tramp as a "swagman" for five weeks; worked as cattleman on a station, with an occasional turn at sheep-shearing; took pupils in elocution and stage-craft, a capacity in which he seems to have been rather successful, although he was profoundly ignorant

of the profession ; touched the *nadir* of New Zealand life as a gumdigger, when the wander-thirst attacked him again, and he packed his swag and left for Auckland, which he found in the throes of a six months' boom ; and then he returned home, apparently as penniless as ever.

Through it all he appears to have preserved a cheerful irresponsibility which infects his writing, a slap-dash, go-ahead style that is scornful of over-elaboration or too strict adherence to accuracy. He liked the country, and succeeds in making his readers like it too. He admired the Maoris, as do most people who know them ; indeed, he says, with engaging candour, that he would "far sooner marry a dozen Maori women than one domestic servant." The hot springs of Rotorua detained him for ten days of quite unjustifiable idleness, and when he tells us that the bathers in water at a temperature of 212° "looked like bits of underdone beef"—well, we should imagine they probably would.

The glory of the pink and white terraces vanished twenty years ago in the great Tarawera eruption, but the geysers yet remain, unequalled save, perhaps, in the Yellowstone basin. The terraces, however, are re-forming, although they will probably take a century or so before they regain anything of their former beauty.

The country is a paradise for tramps, ten out of a dozen of whom would be greatly insulted if you offered them work, and the cost of providing sleeping accommodation and food for "swagmen" is put down by many station-holders at £100 per annum, a statement of whose truth the author has no doubt. On the subject of politics Mr. Elkington has nothing to say, except in mere passing references, such as his eulogium of the late Richard Seddon and his work for the Empire and the Colony ; or the incidental remark that Onehunga is "a town noted for being the only one that ever had a lady mayor, but will never have another." Indeed, the whole book only professes to be a narrative of personal experience, but it is brightly written and full of entertaining gossip.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XIV

THE DUKE

UNTIL he was nineteen or twenty years old the Duke of Monaghan had lived the life of a recluse; no less, perhaps, because his health had latterly required such complete seclusion, than because it was difficult to shake off the compulsory habits of invalidism formed during the earlier years of his boyhood.

The dukedom had descended upon his father almost as unexpectedly as the fortune of Miss Marney upon Louis de Courset. The distant cousin, whom the late Duke had succeeded, having a large family of daughters for whom he was naturally desirous to make every provision in his power, left as little as he could help to his heir-at-law; and consequently Denis was, in proportion to his rank, a poor man.

It had therefore been impressed upon him from his earliest youth by his mother, that if he married at all, he must marry money.

The Duke had smiled a melancholy smile at the very notion of marriage; but he was fully alive, nevertheless, to

the embarrassment of his poverty; with a number of people dependent upon him; a large landed estate, which brought in next to no profit, and a magnificent castle tumbling into ruins for want of the necessary repairs.

The Duchess had been a West-country heiress, and had a large fortune of her own; but she spent her income royally; and as the capital was tied up on her second son, Dermot, it would not benefit the Duke, nor his impoverished Irish estate.

She rented a house in Park Lane, spent the autumn in Scotland, the winter in her home on the borders of Devon and Somerset, and the spring in the South of France.

But she never went to Ireland if she could help it; and when her son visited Cuilmore, he was obliged to visit it alone.

It was with extreme reluctance, and at the insistence of his guardians, that the Duchess permitted her invalid son, over whom she had maintained complete control for twenty years, to quit her maternal care and to go to Oxford; but perhaps she had, as his guardians believed, over-doctored the Duke, oppressed his spirits, and retarded his recovery, by her constant and arbitrary supervision, for the remarkable improvement which took place in his health undoubtedly dated from the beginning of his College life.

His melancholy lessened; he began to find it possible to be interested even in the sports he could never hope to join; his natural abilities, which were considerable, were called into play; he perceived that it was open to him to distinguish himself, if he would, among his fellows, in spite of his lameness.

He had been educated, of course, entirely at home; but his tutor had been a wise and learned German; a master of languages and a fine musician. He had directed and formed the boy's taste for reading, encouraged his love of music, and laid the foundations upon which Denis presently based the structure of a very creditable University career.

Shaking the yoke of his mother's authority off his long-suffering shoulders, the Duke spent his vacations abroad; at

first with his old tutor in anxious attendance ; but later, with younger and more cheerful companions.

He found himself, to his astonishment, able to live much as they lived, though his lameness naturally precluded him from sharing their more active exercises.

But he studied music with enthusiasm, and became familiar with the art galleries of Europe.

When he left Oxford he proceeded to visit his neglected estates in Ireland, but here disappointment and disillusion awaited him.

Nothing could be done without money, and of money he had none, or next to none.

As soon as the accumulations of his minority were at his disposal—which was not, according to his father's will, until he was five-and-twenty—he did what he could, which was something, and dreamed of doing more. The careless luxury of the expenditure in Park Lane angered him when he thought of the silent, deserted, and almost ruined halls of his predecessors.

Concerning his feelings for his mother, Denis dwelt upon them as little as possible. He was not in sympathy with her, and she resented what she believed to be his ingratitude. Probably it was rather his independence that she resented. Having grown accustomed to settle everything for her eldest son, to have him always under her own eye, and to consider him as helpless as an infant, she did not relish his sudden emancipation ; and found his restoration to health irksome in fact, though in theory she was obliged to rejoice.

Nevertheless, she respected Denis ; she knew him to be steady and high-principled, as his brothers were wild, careless and extravagant ; and she wished him to marry, with all her heart.

She was becoming, indeed, almost feverishly anxious upon the subject, and unlike the generality of mothers, was prepared to welcome almost any young woman whom her son might select, provided only that she had a fair fortune.

On this point the Duchess was firm.

Though her own parentage was unexceptionable (or, perhaps, because of this fact), she was not painfully exclusive in principle.

She was not of those who are the bane of the newly rich, and the successfully married; unimpressed by present appearances, searching for humble pasts preferably ignored, and crying always, But who *was* she?

On the contrary, the only question that vexed her economic soul was, How much?

"Let her be respectable and not *smart*; let her but have a *dot* sufficient to set them up in comfort, and I care nothing who she may be," thought the Duchess.

But it was her despair that the Duke did not seem inclined to marry at all.

She had never been of a demonstrative nature, and the petting and coaxing which had been bestowed upon the crippled boy had come from his attendants and not from his mother, whom he had rather feared than loved.

His affection had been for his father, who, passionately regretful of the misfortune which had befallen his heir, had lavished upon him every indulgence in his power. The Duke's death had crushed the spirits of the little invalid, and made him grave and melancholy beyond his years.

But in proportion to the deprivations of his boyhood, did the young man now enjoy the existence which to his brothers appeared so devoid of amusement and excitement.

It was not considered prudent that he should hunt, but he rode in moderation, and walked as much as his lameness permitted, and the exercise increased his strength; he lost the air of almost ethereal delicacy which constant confinement had bestowed, and though he must always be delicate, looked, and was, perfectly healthy and well.

His brothers loved him sincerely, but pitied him more; for a man who could neither hunt, play cricket, nor go deer-stalking must be always in their opinion, an object of pity.

From the sports and games that were, at this period of their lives, the salt of their existence, he was for ever debarred ; and though they were accustomed to his exclusion from their favourite pursuits, they were sorry for him whenever they remembered it.

They were rough, good-hearted young fellows, with a strain of their mother's overbearing disposition in their natures which may have accounted for their quarrels with their surviving parent, and with each other. But with Denis they never quarrelled, partly because of his own gentleness, and partly because in their frequent scrapes he always shielded and sympathised with them. Since for so many years his spirit had chafed under the knowledge of his own utter helplessness and dependence, it afforded him, indeed, especial satisfaction to be of use to them, and to others ; and he assumed his position as head of the house with an almost pathetically earnest determination to do his duty therein.

Thus rejoicing in his newly acquired freedom, he was divided between amusement and disgust, when his mother, with tears in her eyes, recommended to him one nice, kind, motherly young creature (with money) after another, as exactly formed to take care of him, and watch over his valuable health.

It was the helplessness, the timidity, the childishness of little Jeanne, that had touched him ; during the ridiculous episode of her unauthorised call upon one of the most conventional women in London.

The young man's heart still leapt to recall the look she had cast upon him—the appeal for help in her beautiful frightened brown eyes—the glad relief and gratitude of the little dimpling face, when he had cast his shyness to the winds, and come to her assistance—the flush of joy when he boldly claimed kinship, and the right to show, in some measure, the sympathy and interest with which his heart was filled at the mere touch of the magic wand of first love.

For though he was five-and-twenty years old, and had

loved innumerable heroines of history and fiction and imagination, and even a few never-to-be-forgotten but personally nearly unknown goddesses in real life ; yet Denis knew, almost the instant that he set eyes upon Jeanne, that here was his first and last and only love.

Having looked upon himself, pensively, for some years past, as one wedded to his art alone, he was the more taken aback by the strength and suddenness of his passion ; and inclined to ridicule himself for the discovery that the conditions of a man's life—even though he may have spent an invalid boyhood—are not necessarily fixed and unchangeable at the age of twenty-five ; but every day his love took a stronger hold of him in defiance of ridicule or bewilderment.

He thought of his brothers, who had been in and out of half a dozen love-affairs already, quite unknown to the Duchess, and who remained apparently perfectly cheerful and heart-whole in spite of these experiences.

He thought of his poverty—of his mother's certain indignation (for, though her brother might be rich, Jeanne herself, so far as he knew, had not a penny in the world)—of the absolute necessity for his marrying money if he married at all—of the wisdom of remaining as he was, and allowing his wealthy brother Dermot to succeed him ; and the upshot of all his reflections was, after nearly a week's indecision—that he determined to remain in London for the present instead of returning to Ireland ; and to call at 99 Grosvenor Square again, upon the very first opportunity that should present itself.

During this week, time hung less heavily than usual upon Jeanne's hands ; for she had found an occupation.

She worked at her French for a couple of hours every morning under the guidance of the old professor sent to her by the Duke of Monaghan, and in the afternoon prepared diligently long exercises for his inspection on the morrow.

So delighted was she with her own progress that she even

began to indulge in dreams of a translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," as a triumphant surprise wherewith to greet her brother on his return; but at present she contented herself with choosing his favourite work for the daily reading which was to improve her accent and extend her acquaintance with the language.

At the end of the week, Cecilia appeared; very smartly dressed in scarlet cloth and white fox, a combination eminently becoming to her fair skin and golden hair, though qualified to render the stoutness of her figure yet more conspicuous.

"Well, you dear thing, you have never asked me to drive, as you promised, so I have come to look you up. What do you think? Joseph has been telegraphed for to Berlin, and has gone off at a moment's notice. I cannot make up my mind whether to follow him or not."

"Has he gone for a long time?"

"That is just it. That is my dilemma. He was in one of his moods when he went away and would not give me an idea how long he was likely to be. If I pack up and follow him, he may be starting home just as I arrive; and I should have the journey for nothing; he played that trick on me once before; and if I put off going, why, he may stay on and on, and I may be missing all sorts of functions to which they would be obliged to invite me if I were with him. What would you advise?"

"I should do what he wished, of course," said Jeanne, bluntly.

"It's all very well for you to say that, but a married woman knows very well that it does a man no good to spoil him; he would not thank her if she did," said Cecilia peevishly. "Wait till you have a husband of your own, my dear, *A propos*, have you seen anything of our little friend the Duke?"

Jeanne coloured rather angrily at the tone in which Cecilia pronounced these words; but a certain embarrassment made her glad to be able to answer that she had not seen her cousin since the night of the little dinner.

'Do you mean to say that, after dining here, he has not

called!" said Cecilia, with exaggerated surprise. "How very rude."

"I do not see that it is rude."

"My dear! you own yourself that you are quite unacquainted with *les convenances*," said Cecilia, with dignity. "It is usual to leave cards, at least, after dining."

"But you and the Professor have not left cards," cried Jeanne.

Cecilia recollected herself in some confusion.

"That is quite different. I have known you all your life. One does not stand on ceremony with old friends, you know."

"Perhaps relations do not stand on ceremony either."

"My dear! He is the most distant cousin in the world. I have been looking him up; and it was three generations ago that one of them married a Marney of Orsett."

"I had not meant to boast of it," said Jeanne, colouring. "I know it is very distant."

"Oh, you need not apologise," said Cecilia, more good-naturedly. "If I were related to a Duke, however distantly, I should take just as much care it was known as you do yourself. And *you* have more reason to care about it than I—having relations at what one might call the other end of the social scale;" in this delicate manner Cecilia strove to remind Jeanne of the existence of her Uncle Roberts the farmer. "Yes, I looked the Duke up, and I was surprised to find how old he was. He is six-and-twenty. I took him for the merest boy. I suppose we fair-haired folk have a knack of looking younger than we really are."

Jeanne endeavoured to turn the conversation by admiring Cecilia's dress, which was, indeed, of a very striking and elegant cut.

"It is not a bad little frock," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, as carelessly as though she had been all her life accustomed to wearing two-thousand-franc gowns from the Maison Doucet, "one must be tidy for London, you know. Otherwise I

never worry about my clothes, though I am so particular about the children's."

"I hope the children are well?"

"Oh, they are always well—or if they are not, they have the best of nurses to look after them. What have you here? Exercises! Books! You sly thing; you are studying to fit yourself for anything that may turn up! Well, this is foresight indeed!"

"I am improving my French, to please Louis."

"To please Louis, indeed! Seriously Jeanne, you might be a little more open with such an old friend; but, however, I will not press you. I am the last person to force a confidence. Only as I know the world better than you do, perhaps I ought to utter a word of warning. His brother, Lord Dermot Liscarney, has the reputation of being a dreadful flirt, and I have no doubt this young man is just the same. Don't make too sure. Even though of course your position is very different from what it used to be (for I suppose Louis could hardly refuse to make some kind of a settlement upon you, so devoted as you have always been), still—a Duke is a Duke, and not very likely to marry out of his own sphere."

After an ineffectual effort to persuade her friend to accompany her on a shopping expedition, Mrs. Hogg-Watson at length took her leave, without waiting for tea; and Jeanne felt, as the door closed behind her, that there were, after all, worse things than solitude in this world.

She had scarcely recovered her equanimity when the Duke walked into the room.

An hour ago she would have welcomed him with unaffected joy; but now her greeting was so constrained that he could not but observe the alteration in her manner.

"Something has been vexing you, Cousin Jeanne," he said, in his peculiarly gentle tones. "May I know what it is? You have no bad news, I hope?"

Jeanne shook her head.

"No, I have no news at all. In my last letter he had just

left Obbia ; so he must now, as he said, be marching towards me." She hesitated a moment, and then said, "Cecilia has just been here."

"Oh!" said the Duke, so expressively that Jeanne smiled, feeling more at ease.

"You do not like her?"

"I can believe that a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with her might be—rather trying," said the Duke, who was too polite to own that he disliked any one, far less a lady whom he had met under Jeanne's own auspices.

"She says such things"—faltered Jeanne, petulantly.

"Then do not let your mind dwell on the things she says," he said, rather hurriedly. "Some people say impossible things. It is a kind of habit, and the only way to avoid being ruffled is to think of something else. How do you like my old professor?"

"He is the kindest old man in the world," she said, and Denis smiled to see how easily her thoughts were diverted from her vexation. "And do you know he has promised to write to a friend of his, who used to live in Paris—(but he is not quite sure if he is still alive) and make inquiries for me about the poor de Courset who was killed in the South African War?"

"But it does not sound very hopeful," said the Duke, unable to help smiling again. "I know his ways, poor fellow; he would be quite satisfied to wait a year or two for an answer from the possibly deceased friend! There are quicker methods of research than his. If you would care to employ them I will help you with all my heart."

"Oh, thank you, Cousin Denis. I do long to find out. Would it not be delightful if Louis and I discovered some *near* relations of our own. I have always wished to belong to a family, and it would make our French descent seem so much more *real*. Louis used to plan that directly he could afford it, he and I were going to France, to look for the Château de Courset, and to try and find our relatives."

"Then might he not be a little disappointed to find we had forestalled him? Since he is coming home so soon?"

"I never thought of that," said Jeanne. "To be sure he would. For Louis likes to do things himself. And we could start off together if I waited till he came home."

"Then perhaps it would be wiser to leave the inquiries in the Professor's hands for the present, where I believe they will be quite safe, and perfectly stationary."

"I think it would," she was obliged to own, "and at least, if I go on with my French, I shall be able to talk to my family when I *do* find them, which I certainly could not do at present! You do not despise us for having French blood, do you?"

"I have no insular prejudices, I hope," said the Duke, laughing.

"I cannot understand any one's not being proud of the people who *belong* to them," said Jeanne. "Of course it is—more romantic—if they are also—a noble race," she said flushing proudly. "Is it snobbish to say so?"

"No, indeed," he said simply, "it is to me quite absurd to confound snobbishness with pride of race. To be glad you are born of men and women who have for generations been distinguished for gallantry, cultivation, fine persons, and that *gentillesse* which is the only true gentility—is mere common sense. You could no more despise such a pedigree than a racing man despises the pedigree of a horse. Snobbishness, to my mind, consists in bearing oneself with more consideration towards one class of person than towards another; whereas the well-bred man would be equally courteous and well-behaved to all."

She listened very earnestly.

"Yes. Do you know, Cousin Denis, you talk a little like Louis, only more—more deliberately. Louis hurries out his words like a torrent. But your ideas are very like his."

"I do not profess to have originated them. They were the merest platitudes," he said, with that look of affectionate raillery she had learnt to associate with his gentle, semi-ironical tones.

"But it makes it plain," said Jeanne, proudly, "that the truly noble man *could* not be ashamed of the people who belonged to him, because they were"—with a sudden reminiscence of Cecilia—"at the other end of the social scale. In a way I am as proud of Uncle Roberts—because he is so absolutely upright and independent, and because I *know* he would not do a wrong thing knowingly, or stoop to flatter anybody to save his life—as I am of any of my brave French ancestors, though he is a rough and homely man."

"So you should be," he said, with instant and warm approval.

"Oh Cousin Denis, I remember a little girl who went to school with me in the village at Pen-y-waun; she was very clever, and won scholarships and became a teacher, and we heard that she passed her own father, who was a labourer, in the streets of Tref-goch, and would not recognise him. She was ashamed of him! I cried when I heard it, but I was younger then and cried very easily, I suppose. It seemed so dreadful."

"Yes, it was dreadful; and still more dreadful to think of that girl being a teacher; simply because she has passed a certain examination, and at an age when the realities of life are mere words, and experience and wisdom almost *nil*," said Denis, rather sadly, "I have wondered sometimes why poor ladies do not turn their attention to village schools. It would surely be a happier life than governessing, or companioning cross old women, and living in other people's houses."

"The schoolmistress at Pen-y-waun gets eighty pounds a year," said Jeanne, "she could rent a cottage and garden for four or five pounds; and would have the dearest little home in the prettiest country in the world."

"I suppose she could live on that," said the Duke, who was not a practical housekeeper.

Jeanne, who was, opened her eyes in astonishment.

"If she couldn't live on thirty shillings a week, and put

by——” she said, indignantly, “she would be a very helpless creature, Cousin Denis, don’t you think?”

“I am rather ignorant of such details,” he confessed, “but only too eager to learn. And I was thinking principally of the children. They are so easily influenced at that age, and would learn so quickly to distinguish between being genteel and gentle; and thus discover the piteous vulgarity of *pretence*, which is the terrible stumbling-block in this country.”

“The only thing is,” said Jeanne, thoughtfully, “whether a lady would not be too finicking to care to do for herself?”

He fathomed her meaning with an effort.

“If she were *fine*,” he said, rather disdainfully, “she would not belong to the class from which I would have her taken. Affectation is the characteristic of the middle classes. The upper and lower are, naturally, destitute of it, and that is why they usually sympathise when they meet.”

“Yes, I see what you mean—a queen can sit and talk to an old peasant woman quite simply, and without condescension—but that is because each knows her place in the world, and has no occasion for pretence, whereas——”

“The burgomaster’s wife would make the peasant and the queen feel very uncomfortable,” he said laughing.

“I do not know what a burgomaster’s wife is!”

“Well—the mayor’s lady.”

“The butcher’s wife at Tref-goch is the worst,” said Jeanne, gravely. “She had a door knocked out in the back wall, because she would not be seen coming out of her own shop.”

They had tea together in the twilight, for the days were now beginning to lengthen; and after tea, the Duke played to Jeanne; and she sat by the fire, and dreamt of Louis, and of the changes that his return must ensure.

Would he not leave the army now that he was so rich? He must surely have done his share of soldiering. But she had not dared to suggest this course to him in her letters.

Perhaps he would buy back, if it were possible, the old

French property in the Boulonnais, as they had talked of doing, long ago, in their childish plans together.

Perhaps—for Mr. Valentine had hinted that this, too, lay within the power of the great fortune Miss Marney had bequeathed to Louis—he would rebuild Orsett, and settle down in the West-country.

Would he be very much altered? His letters did not seem to suggest it, though she was conscious of more reserve in them than formerly. He spoke less of himself and his wishes, and his plans for the future, and more of his work.

She thought and thought of Louis,—but of her cousin Denis, playing softly in the fire-light, on poor Miss Marney's new piano, beneath her old gilt harp—she scarcely thought at all.

His perfect self-possession and friendliness had banished altogether the embarrassment which Cecilia's insinuations had provoked.

She rested contentedly in his presence, and enjoyed his companionship, with all the gratitude that the remembrance of her loneliness before his advent, could inspire.

He longed, yet feared, to disturb this happy unconsciousness.

“It is too soon,” thought the Duke; but he too, was dreaming of happiness to come, as he played on and on, in the warm, spring-scented room; and watched the pointed shadows cast by her downcast black lashes upon Jeanne's face, which glowed in the clear red light of the dying fire.

CHAPTER XV

THE BUSH DESERT

“ But my heart will be with you
 Wherever you may go
 Can you look me in the face
 And say the same, Jeannot ? ”

“ RAKHAN . . . marched twenty-eight miles on Tuesday and forty-two on Wednesday, horses twenty-four hours without water . . . ” wrote Louis, in a letter which Jeanne received at the end of March, and which had been scribbled in blue pencil on pages of his pocket-book torn out, and enclosed in a “ soldier’s and seaman’s ” envelope.

“ . . . We got off the track once, and were faced pretty suddenly with the real meaning of waterless desert ; when a few hours may put an end to a whole party, big or small . . . pretty well cooked when we arrived, but somebody luckily had a flask of brandy which was mixed with some stinking water and devoured, and we slept as we could in a hastily constructed zareba . . . This is a burning rocky bush desert . . . when we are all collected I expect some of us will be sent to Berbera, about a hundred and twenty miles through dense bush, and it is believed no water. But think of me slowly, slowly trekking towards you, and when I get home, my Jeannie dear, meet me, oh, meet me with a brimming bucket of fresh sparkling ice-cold water from the mountain stream at Coed-Ithel ; for here it is sometimes green and sometimes grey, but always loathsome to taste and smell. I am very well, my darling little Jeannette, and only just miss enjoying myself ; but of course it’s rather a bore to be always fighting the water-trouble instead of the Mullah. . . . Moved our pitch yesterday. The camping-ground is a stony glaring tree-less place, and the heat by day is very great. The ground gets red hot. The wall of our zareba is made out of cut thorn bush, and branches laced with barbed wire. I have a jolly

little day shelter here of camel mats, but at night it is preferable to be in the open, and enjoy all the cool air one can get. . . . I am, of course, glad to have had this little experience and to have seen something of a new country; but I cannot help doubting whether God ever made a more uninteresting spot, or one less designed for human habitation."

A later letter, in a worn little blue cover that told its own tale, and which bore the inscription *On active service, Somaliland, no stamps available*, arrived by the same post, and was dated from Galkayu.

". . . I awoke in the cool and dusty night (we have lately been afflicted with dust-storms), and heard a little commotion of some one arriving in the zareba. In the light of the full-moon I saw a few people moving about, which was unusual at 1.30 A.M. Then heard a voice announce the arrival of five mailbags. I awoke again at five with the feelings of a child on Christmas morning, wondering what would be in my stocking. Do people at home half realise, I wonder, the desperate eagerness with which one waits and hopes for letters? You do at any rate, and how I bless you, my Jeannie, for so faithfully writing. I got your letters forwarded from South Africa, and three later ones all together. Why on earth should you trouble your dear anxious head over the preachments of ancient servants? There can be no possible reason why this poor lame Duke of Monaghan, whom you describe so pathetically (or any other man with whom you are acquainted by this time), should not call upon you, now that you have a house to receive them in. I knew his brother at Sandhurst, Lord Dermot Liscarney, one of the best fellows I ever met, and a first-class bat; and I saw a good deal of him in South Africa, one way and another, also. In fact we were rather specially friendly; but I had no idea we were in any way related. I've sent him a line to-day, for he wrote me an awfully nice letter when he heard I was coming here, which I'm

ashamed to say I never answered. It was very nice of the old Duchess to have asked you to her party; don't let all this magnificence turn my little Jeanne into a fine lady, or I shan't know her when I see her. . . . I sometimes get into rather a rotten mood, as everybody in these circumstances must now and then, and feel I'd chuck this old show and every hope of promotion I've got in the world, for a single glimpse of those I love best. . . ."

Jeanne was jealous for a moment that Louis could thus speak in the plural, and mention, as it were, his love for her in the same breath as his affection for Uncle Roberts and Granny Morgan, and his countless school and army friends. "It is something quite different—apart from all the rest, and above it," she reflected with a sigh that Louis should even seem to see this less clearly than she did.

"I've had a very nice letter from old Valentine. He seems to tumble to my notions about saving you all the trouble he can, and supplying you and me with more oof than we could possibly spend. Not that money is of any use to me here. Heavens, what untold gold one would gladly exchange for a bottle of Bass, or a single tumbler of fresh ice-cold—but I will *not* hark back to the water question, of which you must be heartily sick. . . . To return to our family lawyer! Vast sums, in excess of my wildest hopes, have been placed to my credit at Cox's by this kind accommodating old boy; who has further taken charge of all papers, &c., of mine, deposited there, in accordance with my directions; so now, in any emergency, my Jeannie, you have some one to turn to. . . . I gather from your letters that you are a little disappointed at the comparative calm with which I appeared to receive the astounding—the overwhelming news of our great-aunt's munificence; but it was next to impossible to convey my breathlessness in my letters, and I have likewise been a pauper so long that I am perfectly unable to realise the change. Only wait till I get home, and am able to prove to myself that it is real, by handing over your share to your own safe-keeping, and

playing ducks and drakes with the rest! No, no, I have grown older and wiser, and you shall not have to reproach me any more for unjustifiable extravagance. Still it must be great agony to you, my poor careful Jeanne, to reflect what a lot of money the upkeep of your fine house must cost; and if you don't have a good time in it, I'll never forgive you! Seriously, the relief to me is so great (and would have been with a hundredth part of what our kind relative has showered upon us) that I catch myself laughing hilariously whenever I remember what has befallen. . . . Yesterday one of the men gave me an ostrich's egg—such a delicious change! I made an omelette, and seven of us ate heartily of it; about equal to twenty hen's eggs. The men find a good many patrolling. I rather hope to shoot a good ostrich or two myself, though what I could do with the plumes—unless we made *panaches* of them—I don't know! Still, then I might cry with dear Cyrano, whom you won't read, that there is one thing I will present

Sans une tache . . .

Quand j'entrerai chez Dieu . . .

. . . c'est mon panache.

. . . God bless you, for ever, my darling sister. The photo of your dear little round face rests ever in my *havresac*—I must go to work. . . .”

Jeanne wrote long long letters in answer to these, though she prayed that her brother might be on the way home before they could reach him. She made every preparation she could think of, for his return; but beyond working almost feverishly at her French studies, and the arrangement of his room, there was not much for her to do.

Mrs. Dunham now began to refer very frequently to the Captain, as she preferred to call Louis, talking of him as though she had known him all her life.

“There'll be a deal to settle when the Captain comes home, ma'am. He'll have to decide whether to keep on us old servants or not.”

“Oh, Mrs. Dunham, you little know him, if you could

suppose he would turn you out of the house you have served so long and so faithfully."

"Yes'm," said Dunham briefly, accepting Jeanne's consolation as well-meant, but inadequate. "But it's not so much the gentleman these things depend on, as the lady."

"But I should be very sorry if you went, Mrs. Dunham."

"It's not you ma'am, as I'm alluding to," said Dunham, rather pityingly, "but the Captain's lady; you must look to see him get married when he comes home to settle down."

"Not just yet, I hope." Jeanne's smile was a very faint one. "I have not seen him for five years, Mrs. Dunham. I could not spare him to a wife just yet."

"No, ma'am, mothers and sisters generally feels that way. My own brother married as poor a creature as never was—though dead and gone these twenty years, poor thing, and him too. But a young gentleman like the Captain, ma'am, and so handsome and all, doesn't get left long, Miss Jane, as a rule."

"I suppose not," said Jeanne with a sigh.

"If you'd seen an old family die out as I have, Miss Jeanne, you'd welcome the day," said Dunham, solemnly. "Never a word would you hear no more against marriage or its consequences."

She was too discreet to breathe a word concerning Jeanne's own prospects; but the whole household was now agreed that the Duke was coming a-wooing, for he visited 99 Grosvenor Square as punctually as the man who came to wind up the clocks.

It was Dunham who suggested to Jeanne (who would not have dared to originate such a proposal) that she might with propriety relax the outward signs of mourning for her great-aunt, now that three months had elapsed since her demise; and appear in white, or violet, according to her taste.

The love of romance which lurks in almost every spinster's bosom, dictated this suggestion of Dunham's rather than any forgetfulness of her beloved mistress.

As Hewitt busied himself (more reckless of cost than ever) in rendering the morning-room a perfect bower of spring blossom, that the background of courtship might not be wanting; so did the old woman lie awake at night plotting and planning white muslins, mauve chiffons, and violet velvet; as suitable at once to maiden modesty and ducal dignity.

"He is only waiting for her brother to come home," she thought; and the whole household was of the same mind.

The irreproachable character of the suitor—the poverty of his exchequer—the wildness of his brothers—all these facts were perfectly well known to the aged and unsuspected guardians of the lonely lady's interests; and she was at a loss to account for the daily increasing deference with which she was now treated.

Few of the family secrets of the great are unknown to gentlemen of Hewitt's profession; and his friend and crony, the solemn major-domo of the Duchess's house in Park Lane, was as well aware as Hewitt himself how often his Grace went to tea at No. 99 Grosvenor Square.

But that his Grace was loved, and his Grace's mother very heartily disliked, by her household, the news would assuredly, through her maid, have come to the august ears of the Duchess. But as it was, there was not a scullion in the ducal establishment who would have thwarted the Duke's pleasure, to please his mamma; and Denis pursued his tranquil way without a suspicion of the interest with which his comings and goings were regarded.

He met Jeanne walking in the park, on a sunny afternoon in early April, as he was passing Grosvenor Gate, and wondering whether it were too soon to call upon her again.

For the first time he turned and walked with her.

Dunham fell behind respectfully, devoting her attention to the breathless waddling Yorkshire terrier; and congratulating herself that her young lady was wearing her new white gown.

Jeanne's dress was simple enough, but the Duke had never

seen her hitherto in anything approaching fashionable attire; and much as he had appreciated her simplicity, the fact that a pretty woman is prettier when she is well dressed, came home to him rather forcibly.

The white cloth gown fitted her full slender figure closely, and she wore violets at her pretty white throat and in her shady black hat.

"I am very glad to meet you, Cousin Denis, for I have had a letter from the Duchess, and I want to ask you about it."

Now the Duchess was down at Challonsleigh at this moment, and Denis was keeping house in Park Lane by himself, so that this intelligence startled him very much.

Jeanne explained.

"It is a very kind letter; asking me to go and stay with her for Easter; and I think it must be because Louis knew your brother, Lord Dermot Liscarney, at Sandhurst; for Louis said in his last letter that he had written to him. Do you think I ought to go?"

She wondered why he was so slow to answer.

He was looking away from her when his reply came, in words even more carefully measured than usual.

"There can be no possible reason why you should not go."

"But shall you be there?" she asked, wistfully. "I should be afraid to go if you were not there. Even with you to help me I am afraid I might make many mistakes and do ridiculous things without meaning to."

The Duke's face cleared, and he spoke with more boyish heartiness than was his wont.

"Of course I shall be there; and you could not be ridiculous if you tried."

"But oughtn't I just to explain to the Duchess that I was brought up in a farmhouse, so that she should know what to expect," said scrupulous Jeanne. "After all, I have never stayed anywhere in my life, except in Pen-y-waun Rectory when it was too wet to go backwards and forwards to Coed-

Ithel. And I know now that that would not be at all the same kind of life."

"You can tell her when you get there, if you like, and if the opportunity arises. But there is not the slightest necessity for doing so. And I should say nothing about it in my letter; and simply write an ordinary note of acceptance."

"But I don't know even how to write an ordinary note of acceptance. I thought you would help me," she said, ingenuously.

He looked at his watch.

"Then we ought to go and do it at once, if we are to catch the country post."

They walked slowly down Upper Grosvenor Street, Jeanne considerably moderating her pace to suit the halting footsteps of her companion.

Dunham followed them solemnly—a model of discreet chaperonage, keeping close to her young lady's heels, and faithfully leading Miss Marney's little dog.

The invitation had come about in the simplest manner, through the letter which Louis had written to Lord Dermot, and exactly as Jeanne had surmised.

Dermot was his mother's favourite son, and his lightest suggestions met with more attention than his elder brother's ceremonious requests.

Thus, although the Duchess had demurred when Denis had asked her to leave a card at 99 Grosvenor Square, on a young lady whom he declared to be a relative; and made a favour of promising eventually to do as he wished in the matter—she yet despatched an Easter invitation to Jeanne, without raising any difficulties at all, on receiving her son Dermot's laconic explanation.

"I've heard from a pal of mine—an awfully decent fellow—name de Courset. It appears he's a connection of ours. His sister came to one of Monaghan's musical shows, he says; I suppose you know her?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember her, my dear boy," said the

Duchess, shaking her head, "you know what shoals of people Denis makes me ask to his concerts."

"Well, she lives in Grosvenor Square—his ship appears to have come in—an old aunt has left him all her money—I believe he has nobody but this one sister belonging to him."

"Grosvenor Square," said the Duchess, "oh, then I *do* remember ; for it was at our own old house that Denis insisted on my leaving a card. Yes. He met her at the Wheler's, and found out she was connected somehow."

The whole incident of Jeanne's call upon Mrs. Wheler, or as much of it as she had witnessed, together with the subsequent introduction of Jeanne to herself, had long ago vanished from the mind of the Duchess.

"Well, I wish you'd ask her down to Challonsleigh, mother. It would save my having to go and call. I've no use for calls. And I know the poor chap would like it. He's one of *the* most decent fellows I ever met," said Dermot, repeating the highest terms of praise his vocabulary contained, "One of my very best pals. I'd no idea he was a cousin."

"Cousin, nonsense," said the Duchess, "I suppose they are related to old Miss Marney who bought the house from us. She was a distant cousin, I believe. A most disagreeable woman, very stuck up but enormously rich. I only met her once and I took a dislike to her instantly. Your poor father wanted me to go and see her, I remember, but nothing would have induced me to set foot in the house again at that time. I got it into my head it was an unlucky house ; everything went wrong in it. The old Duke left every penny he could away from your father ; you nearly died of the measles ; and it all culminated in your brother's accident."

"I ain't superstitious, except perhaps, about racing," said Dermot.

"If Miss Marney left this young man her money as well as the house," said the Duchess, pursuing another train of thought, "he must be uncommonly wealthy."

"I daresay," said Dermot.

"And he has only this one sister?"

"So he says. She must be pretty sick over this Somaliland business. It looks rotten. I hope he'll get safe through, poor chap," said Dermot. "I'm afraid it's not much of a picnic, though, by all accounts."

"Is he out there?" said the Duchess. "I'll ask her down for Easter. What did you say was her name?"

CHAPTER XVI

THE DUCHESS

THE afternoon sunshine brightened the dead moor, and the golden gorse blazed against a deep blue April sky, and scudding dazzling white clouds.

The hedge-rows were putting forth young leaves, and the baby oaks hardly yet uncrumpling faint yellow foliage, above the clumps of primroses, and the patches of blue violets which here and there lightened the dry banks.

The ducal carriage skirted the open moorland on the one side, and the tall hedge-row on the other, and Jeanne seated alone within it, drank the fresh delicious air through the open windows.

Dunham followed decorously in a fly with the luggage.

She had smiled outright, for the first time since her lady's death, when Jeanne had communicated to her the fact of the invitation. A small difficult sour smile, but still a smile of secret pleasure and triumph, though her immediate comment had sounded to Jeanne extremely irrelevant.

"I daresay William will take care of the little dog. I wouldn't trust Hewitt. His memory is that unreliable nowadays."

"Why, Mrs. Dunham, what can my invitation have to do with the little dog?"

"We can't take him, ma'am. I shouldn't advise it. Some people are very fidgety about having dogs on a visit."

"Do you mean—were you thinking—of coming with me?" said Jeanne, with a sinking heart.

"Of course it's as you wish, ma'am. If you would prefer another maid, I've nothing to say," said Dunham, stiffly.

"I never thought of such a thing. Must I take a maid? Of course if any one comes it must be you," said Jeanne, much flurried. "But the Duchess says nothing about it in her letter." She referred anxiously to the scrawled and coroneted sheet of note-paper.

"How should her Grace mention such a thing, ma'am?" said Dunham, in withering tones. "It would be as much a matter of course to her as to take a brush and comb. But it's not much as you allow me to do for you, Miss Jane; and of course I'm getting old——"

"Oh Mrs. Dunham don't," cried her simple lady, almost in tears. "You know very well I have never been used to maids. Why should we pretend otherwise, just you and me? I have always done everything for myself. It's not that I don't value and respect you—you know it isn't," her voice faltered—"though I make many mistakes."

"You'll make far less, ma'am, begging your pardon, with me on the watch," said Dunham, softening. "Nor I can't see as you make many neither, only you're that doubtful of yourself. But 'tis no novelty for me to stay in big houses, ma'am, for when Miss Marney was young, she was always a-visiting about, and took a footman with her besides a maid, as a matter of course. If you won't think it a liberty, Miss Jane, I could very well put you in the way of a lot of little things as you could hardly be expected to know of yourself, as one might say."

"Of course I should be only very grateful to you if you would," said Jeanne; and she thought that the increased consideration which Dunham now displayed towards her, denoted that the old woman was growing fond of her at last.

"With Mrs. Dunham on the watch upstairs, and Cousin Denis downstairs," she reflected, "I should think I can hardly go much amiss after all."

Nevertheless she was not a little anxious as the carriage turned into the park.

Here the rolling slopes of emerald green, alternating with bare brown patches of shaven bracken, were crowned with great spreading oaks, and giant elms, casting long shadows across the turf. The white road gleamed in the sunshine, the deep waters of a lake lay still and glassy, reflecting newly leaved bushes, and motionless dead stems.

Oh earth, how beautiful and how silent! thought little Jeanne; for here it was the over-crowded and noisy city that seemed to her remote and dream-like.

The silence ended as the carriage drew up before the house; of which the main entrance rather curiously, was at the back, within view of extensive stables and kennels, and a newly built red-tiled tennis-court.

Jeanne was now ushered round tall Spanish leather screens, which sheltered the entrance to the outer vestibule—into an immense oak-pannelled hall, where a tea-table was drawn up before a huge fire of burning logs. Various people were seated around, talking and laughing, as it seemed, at the top of their voices; and several large boarhounds were lying or standing about in picturesque attitudes.

The Duchess was so unlike the fashionable velvet-clad long-trained personage of Jeanne's recollection, that she hardly recognised her hostess, who advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, and a very kind smile of welcome.

She now wore a short and scanty skirt of battered mud-splashed tweed that barely reached her ankles; a loose open baggy coat of the same material, which caused her rotund figure to look perfectly shapeless; and a knitted tam-o'-shanter perched on her grey hair above her ruddy healthy countenance.

"The Rector's wife would never have been seen in such a

'gown," said poor Jeanne, afterwards describing the appearance of the Duchess to Dunham.

"Don't you mind thinking of the Rector's wife," advised the cautious Dunham. "Forget her and all her ways. Watch her Grace, ma'am; or since her Grace is a bit eccentric, watch the other ladies here. The fashions is changed, no doubt, since me and my poor lady stayed about; but what they does is right."

"Some were dressed like the Duchess; and some in beautiful long flowing robes of lace and pale colours like evening dresses, only not cut low; and one or two in riding habits," said poor Jeanne, hopelessly confused. "And one or two of the gentlemen in boots and breeches."

"They'll have come in from hunting and taken a cup of tea before going to change," said Dunham, "and the ones in their tea-gowns *has* changed; and the others very like been walking late. I wish I had thought to get you a tea-gown, but it seemed to me you was too young," said the anxious old woman, "but I'll pick up all I can in the Room, ma'am, you may depend."

Jeanne knew not what the Room might be, but she placed implicit reliance on her faithful attendant.

The Duchess introduced Jeanne to the three ladies and the two dogs nearest the tea-table, and then said, "I believe you know my son," in her loud and cheerful voice, but with no idea, as Denis shook hands with her visitor, how very, very well acquainted they were.

"Where's Dermot; it is Dermot who knows your brother so well; but he shall take you in to dinner to-night," said the Duchess. "By the bye, I hope you have good news of your brother; he's in Somaliland, isn't he?" and the Duchess turned her attention to somebody else, without waiting for Jeanne's answer.

The tea was bitter with long standing, and the buttered toast so cold that old Granny Morgan would have thrown it

into the fire before presenting it to a guest; but Jeanne reflected that great ladies cannot be expected to understand such details, and decided—as she ate and drank, in the utmost alarm, everything that was set before her—that the tales she had heard of the carelessness of servants in large houses must be only too true.

Having finished her tea, and scorched the side of her face next the roaring log-fire to a perfectly crimson hue, she was invited to inspect her room, and the Duchess led her thither herself, with great kindness of manner, talking all the time in her loud authoritative gabble, and never waiting for an answer, a habit which occasionally relieved her hearers of embarrassment, for her questions were often inconvenient.

“So you live all by yourself in your great house. You must be very dull. But I daresay you have plenty of visitors——” Here Jeanne would fain have told her that the Duke of Monaghan was her only visitor, but the Duchess gave her no time, and she was too frightened to interrupt. “It was always on my conscience that I never called upon your aunt, as *my* dear Duke wished me to do”—thus she alluded to her departed husband—“but you know my son’s accident, which happened there, made me declare I would never enter that house again. So you mustn’t think it unfriendly if I never do. The resolution was taken, you see, before you were born or thought of. Why, you can’t be twenty.” Jeanne tried to interpolate a correct statement of her age, but the Duchess had flown to another subject, as her custom was, pursuing her own train of thought undisturbed. “I suppose you have a companion. Companions are great bores. I had one for a time, but she had neuralgia so badly I was glad to see the last of her. It was quite depressing” (here the Duchess laughed heartily) “whenever I wanted her I was always told she had just taken antipyrin. And of course you know one must not stir till the effects of that have passed off. So bad for the heart. I hope you never drug yourself. However, I am told every one does nowadays. I never touch

anything of the kind. Here is your room. Now do make yourself quite comfortable and at home, and look upon me as a mother all the time you're here, my dear, for I'm very fond of chaperoning girls, never having had daughters of my own."

Jeanne was quite astonished at so much kindness, but before she had time to utter her gratitude, the great lady was already speeding away down the passage, calling to her favourite boarhound, who had followed her upstairs with stately velvet tread.

The bark of the Duchess, it was always said, was worse than her bite; but she barked so loud and so long that a bite might have been more easily endured. Thus, though she was in no sense a bad-hearted woman, but, on the contrary, a very kind one, she was unpopular among her father's people and on her own estate, where her kindnesses were received so thanklessly that she might be almost excused for forming a poor opinion of her tenants' capacity for gratitude.

But a sharp tongue may inflict wounds that cod-liver oil, chicken broth and port wine cannot cure; nor do coals and blankets necessarily warm hearts chilled and offended by fault-finding carried to excess; so that, whilst her sons, and more especially Lord Dermot, who was to inherit her property, were exceedingly popular at Challonsleigh, their mother, who had been born and bred there, was at once disliked and feared, to an extent of which she was, happily, very little aware.

Dunham had paused in her unpacking, and made her old-fashioned curtsey as her Grace entered the apartment, receiving a good-natured nod in reply; and the Duchess was in high good humour as she stumped away to her own rooms.

She hated smart, self-assertive young ladies, and pert independent maids; but Jeanne's maid was ancient and respectable to such a degree that her mere appearance was a voucher for her mistress, and Jeanne herself was timid and gentle as could be wished, whilst she evidently preferred listening to her elders to talking herself.

The Duchess asked no more of a young woman than that she should be respectable, retiring, and rich; and she decided that Jeanne possessed all these recommendations to her favour.

She questioned her son regarding the riches to make sure, but as she answered her own questions the Duke did not feel it incumbent upon him to correct her, though he knew very well that if his mother discovered later that she was wrong in any of her assumptions she would blame him for her mistake.

“Oh, Mrs. Dunham, have you ever seen a prettier room?” cried Jeanne, the moment she was left alone with her maid.

“Dear yes, ma’am; but I wish you could remember to call me plain Dunham, and be done with it. I’m sure I don’t know what her Grace would think to hear you.”

“I will, I will indeed, Dunham,” said Jeanne, obedient though crestfallen.

“Our spare rooms at Orsett was far finer than this, though of course, you being an unmarried lady wouldn’t be given one of the best. Still, one can’t keep London bedrooms fresh and sweet and lavender-scented like this, and I could almost think myself back at the old place,” said Dunham, sighing as she looked round the pleasant spacious country bedroom, with its chintz-curtained four-poster, white Dresden chimney ornaments, and the fresh daffodils on the muslin-draped toilet-table.

The big mullioned windows looked on to a stretch of wild park, over which a herd of deer was quietly moving, and through the bare branches of distant woodlands, blue hills were faintly to be discerned.

“It is so peaceful and so beautiful,” Jeanne said. She leaned out of the open window, to enjoy the last long rays of the afternoon sunshine, and cool her hot cheeks; and her thoughts flew to the burning desert which held her brother captive, far from this fresh and fragrant English country.

Louis had always loved the spring-time, and his letters

from India and from Africa had yearly breathed forth his longings and his regrets.

"Oh God, send him safely back to me," prayed little Jeanne, "but I mustn't think of him now, or I shall cry, and he would want me to look my best, and do him honour."

A servant presently brought a tray full of sprays of hot-house flowers to the door, and Jeanne chose some heliotrope and maidenhair fern to wear with her white gown.

"Can't I help you, Mrs.—I mean Dunham," she ventured to say, as the old woman folded and unfolded, and sorted and arranged the clothes of her own choosing with heartfelt pride.

"No, Miss Jane, that is one of the things you mustn't do. You should be lying down on the sofa, ma'am, and reading a book, or taking a doze and getting yourself as fresh as you can, to look well when you're dressed. That's what ladies ought to do at this hour."

"But I am not tired."

"You will be, ma'am, for they'll sit up hours later than you're accustomed to. Dinner at half-past eight, and they seldom sits down, I hear, till nearly nine. And there you'll have to be, smiling away as if you never wanted to go to bed again," Dunham anxiously instructed her. "Not to mention that you'd be out of my way on the sofa, ma'am."

Jeanne obediently reposed herself upon the sofa, in preparation for being tired presently, but the interval between the dressing-gong and the dinner-hour being shorter than Dunham expected, she was obliged, in the end, to hurry over her toilette, and only just missed being late after all.

As she went downstairs she endeavoured to sustain her failing courage by dwelling upon reflections calculated to allay nervousness and inspire heroism.

"One can only live a minute at a time—a minute at a time. . . . I have but to sit still and watch what other people do. . . . It is not my dinner this time, thank heaven. . . . I got over my first interview with the Duchess very well.

'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.'" Jeanne was proud of her French, and this quotation brought her triumphantly to the first broad landing, which was decked with hot-house plants, and hung with frowning portraits of ducal ancestors.

"My frock is like a dream, but I cannot think it is me inside it. . . . Oh that I may not disgrace it by my behaviour . . . I cannot remember the names of any of the people I was introduced to, but Cousin Denis said I must not repeat people's names when I am talking to them, so perhaps they will not find out I have forgotten. . . . Jeanne Marie Charlotte de Courset, is this being worthy of your forefathers? . . . Would Anne Marie, Chanoinesse, Comtesse de l'insigne chapitre noble de Bourbourg, have gone to the guillotine shaking at the knees like this?" This outburst of noble indignation brought her to the foot of the grand staircase, where a liveried giant, in powder and knee-breeches, stood in the now deserted hall, and affably indicated the suite of ante-rooms which led to the saloon where the party was assembled.

"Worst come to the worst," thought Jeanne, in desperation. "I can but leave the house early to-morrow morning, before any one is up," and with this last consoling reflection she entered the drawing-room.

She looked so much younger than her actual age that her very apparent shyness was more becoming than awkward, and evoked fresh approval from the Duchess, who, as soon as she espied, through her glasses, the timid entry of Jeanne, made haste to introduce her son Dermot, who was to take his friend's sister in to dinner.

"I daresay I shall have Cousin Denis on the other side, and I must not forget that this is Louis' friend," thought Jeanne, faintly, as she took the tall young man's proffered arm.

But as she was the least important person in the room, she found herself almost at the other end of the long table, from the Duke; of whose fair head she caught only occasional

glimpses across the bowers of spring blossom and the massive gold plate with which the festive board was laden.

But Dermot, whose native shyness was scarcely less overpowering than her own, though he had plenty of experience to counter-balance it, spoke of Louis; and the ice was not only broken, but actually thawed, in a moment.

Her bright little face, with its fresh red bloom of lip and cheek, and its long-lashed brown eyes, beautiful in shape and soft in expression, was turned towards her partner constantly. She listened with eager delight to the anecdotes of Louis, which, pleased with a success he seldom attained as a *raconteur*, the young man contrived to fish up from the depths of his memory.

He knew Louis well, had shared more than one scrape with him (but concerning this he was prudently silent), had played cricket with him, been in action with him, and they were together in hospital at Kimberley.

"But he never told me that he had been in hospital," said Jeanne.

"Lord bless you, we were in and out like rabbits, probably forgot to mention it," said the diplomatic Dermot.

"No, it was that he was afraid to make me anxious," Jeanne said, with loyal admiration. But she did not like to think Louis could keep even so small a secret as this from her.

"He promised to tell me *everything*," she thought.

"I was in, batting, with him once, at Sandhurst, when he took his century against some local team or other," said Dermot, omitting to mention his own almost equally fine performance on the same occasion. "Lord, how he made me run—he nearly killed me. I'm not so thin as he is," and he laughed all over his broad fair face—a laugh so good-natured and so mirthful that Jeanne joined in it without knowing why.

But he was not obliged to spend more time than he liked in making conversation, for Jeanne was as willing to talk of her brother, as she had been to listen to Lord Dermot's reminiscences of Louis, so that he was enabled to devote him-

self for long periods entirely to his dinner, which he did with great energy and appetite.

The gentleman on Jeanne's other side was afforded an excellent view of a thick knob of brown hair, and a very white and dimpled neck and shoulder; but he scarcely saw even the profile of his pretty neighbour, and no opportunity of addressing her was granted to him.

"Was it all right? Did I do well?" she asked the Duke anxiously after dinner.

"Perfectly," he said, encouragingly. "I hope you talked a little to Mr. Jermyn, who sat next you? He is such an interesting man, and a great friend of my own."

"I carefully never spoke to him," said poor Jeanne, in horror, "I thought I must not speak to anybody until I was introduced."

"Your neighbour at dinner is an exception," said the Duke, laughing at her dismay. "Never mind, you can make up for it to-morrow."

"Miss de Courset, come and play billiard-fives," cried Lord Dermot, interrupting, "unless you are a bridger. Are you a bridger?"

As soon as she had learnt what was meant by the term, Jeanne assured him earnestly that she was not; and with a bright look of apology at Denis—for how was it possible to refuse the friend of Louis?—she went off with Lord Dermot and two or three of the younger members of the party, to be initiated into the mysteries of billiard-fives.

The Duke walked to the piano in the now brilliantly lighted hall and began to improvise; and a young lady who meant to marry him if she could, sat within his view, in a becoming attitude, and listened with rapt attention. At the close of each movement she hoped he would leave off playing and come and talk to her, but it invariably glided into another, until at last she gave up in despair and went away, not daring to interrupt him, for it was known that to be interrupted when he was making music was the one thing which ruffled the Duke's even temper.

His improvisations ended with a crash when Jeanne returned from the billiard-room, with the rest of the players, all talking and laughing tumultuously.

She came straight to the piano, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, smiling and joyous.

"Oh Cousin Denis, it was so delightful, I wish you had come, we had such fun."

"What have you done to your hand?"

"It is only a little bruise," she held out her fair arm that shone through its veiling of white gauze and showed him a blue mark on her wrist, "Lord Dermot would tie a handkerchief round it, but it is nothing at all."

Dermot came and stood beside her, towering over her, and smiling fatuously as he pulled at the flaxen down which shaded his upper lip.

"Billiard-fives can be an abominably rough game. You should have taken better care of her," said Denis, and the brothers' glances met over Jeanne's unconscious bent brown head as she examined her bruise.

The one pair of blue eyes was angry, the other astonished.

Dermot noted the unusual sternness of the Duke's low voice and observed the pallor of his face; and suddenly recalling Jeanne's innocent references to his brother's visits in Grosvenor Square—a light broke in upon his mind.

"It doesn't hurt a bit, you know," said Jeanne, looking into the Duke's face," and we won, which was all that mattered."

The Duchess remarked the group at the piano as she presently entered the hall (in the best of spirits, for she had won five shillings on the evening) and she smiled her most agreeable smile, as the work of distributing the flat candles began; distinguishing Jeanne with especial notice as the ladies proceeded to mount the grand staircase; and bidding her good-night at her own door.

"It has all gone off very well, indeed, Dunham," said Jeanne, greeting the old woman, who awaited her by the

blazing fire in her own room. "And I don't think I ever enjoyed myself so much in my life,"

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it ma'am," said Dunham, affably, "and you looked very well, Miss Jane, for me and some of the other maids was standing up there in the dark gallery, and peeping down at you all in the hall when you came out of dinner."

"You should not have waited up for me. I could have managed very well for myself."

"I hope I know my work better than that 'm, though returning you many thanks for the kind thought," said Dunham. But her tone was still more deferential; for had she not heard her young lady requested to look upon her Grace as a mother, and was it for her to be finding fault with a possible future Duchess?

What had seemed like rustic ignorance on the part of Jeanne, would soon appear mere gracious consideration for her inferiors; and Dunham prepared herself to regard with respectful indulgence the eccentricities of one who had found favour in the eyes of a Duke.

In the meantime Lord Dermot and his elder brother found space and opportunity for a few words together, and alone.

"I only ask for fair play, Dermot. If you are in earnest, you have as much right as I—if not, for God's sake, let her alone," said the Duke, with white lips.

"The poor old chap must be balmy, absolutely balmy, to go on like this," thought his astonished brother; but aloud he said, in much the same soothing tones he would have adopted towards a lunatic.

"My dear old fellow, don't be an ass. I never set eyes on the girl before in the whole course of my existence. I ask you is it likely?"

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," said the Duke, sternly.

Dermot dared not smile.

"To be sure there is," he said, good-humouredly. "But I solemnly swear ——"

"Don't," said the Duke, who had heard many such asseverations on other subjects from the same lips, and was no longer impressed. "I only spoke out like this, Dermot," he said simply, "because it appears to me it would be foolish to throw away my own happiness, and perhaps—who knows—in a lower tone) *hers*, for want of a word between you and me, who have always more or less understood each other."

"It would be simply tommy-rot," said Dermot, translating the Duke's measured words into the emphatic language best understood of himself; and he helped himself with emotion to his third whisky and soda since dinner.

"I don't think you're the fellow to let a few days idle—I hate the word—flirtation come between you and me; it wouldn't be worth it," said the Duke. "But she's very young, or at least she's very inexperienced, which comes to the same thing, and—and—but mind, Dermot, I'm not asking any kind of sacrifice from you,—if—if it's with you as it is with me. In that case we'll shake hands over it, and let the best man win."

"But my dear old chap, it isn't," almost shouted Dermot, "I give you my word, such an idea never even entered my head. I'll leave the house to-morrow morning if you wish, with the greatest pleasure in life."

"No, no ——"

"Well—anyway here's luck to your wooing," said Dermot, with the enthusiasm born of whisky. "Have you thought what our parent will say when she gets wind of it?"

"I don't mean her to get wind of it, until it's settled—one way or the other."

"But she will—trust her for nosing it out." ("The more especially if you give yourself away as you have done to-night," thought Dermot, but this to himself.)

"There is nothing for her to find out. Miss de Courset herself has no suspicion of my feelings, so naturally no one else has," said the infatuated young man, innocently.

"Well, well," said Dermot, as gravely as he could. "It's I who am responsible for her coming here; so it is I who will be blamed if the match isn't approved. I'm sure I don't care. Her Grace can say very little to me that she hasn't said before; if it comes to that. A disreputable, idle, extravagant, thoughtless spendthrift, careless of the best interests of the family, &c. &c."

"Dermot," said his brother, nervously, "I wish you would not speak as though it were a certainty. I haven't even asked her yet. And you forget that my personal disadvantages——"

"Bosh!" said Dermot.

"Let me tell you that if you think she'd marry me for any reason except——"

Dermot concealed a smile. "Poor Denis," he thought. "I suppose they're always like that. However, in this case perhaps his game leg makes him extra funky. What's the good of all this shilly-shallying? Still if by any chance she did take it into her head to refuse him, I believe he'd go clean off his chump."

This reflection caused him to ply his brother with excellent and disinterested counsel.

"Look here, Denis," he said gravely, "I advise you—and you know I've had lots of experience in these matters," interpolated the Lothario of twenty-four, "I advise you to go straight ahead and—and take her by storm, don't you know. There ain't any reason on earth why she *shouldn't* be fond of you—" he said awkwardly, "only—as she's an uncommonly pretty girl—I'll be hanged if she isn't"—he finished the whisky and soda—"whilst you're thinking about it, and mooning over your music and all that—some other fellow will cut in, and carry her off under your very nose, if you don't take care."

"I was always a bit of a muff, wasn't I, Dermot?" said the

Duke, in a tone of somewhat melancholy raillery. "Not the sort of fellow to take anything by storm."

Perhaps Dermot in his heart rather agreed that his eldest brother was a bit of a muff; for he was not sufficiently cultivated himself to appreciate the cultivation of Denis, and occasionally mistook the gentleness and gravity, born of suffering and solitude, for want of manliness.

But he was at once too good-natured and too fond of Denis, to have ever given utterance to his opinion; and he had no idea that the Duke had divined it.

He clapped his brother encouragingly upon the shoulder, and expressed both his sympathy and his affection as tersely as possible, in the emphatic utterance of his favourite monosyllable.

"Rot."

(To be continued)