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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (MARCH)

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DREAM AND IDEAL

DIANA with her limbs of dream,
Her wavering heart of lily-stuff,
For long had mocked me with the gleam
Too sweet, and yet not sweet enough.
Hundreds of times my fevered hands
Had fallen almost on the slope
Of shoulder that was swift to be
At once the pulse and death of hope.
Stayed by her hair in hazels caught,
She fed my blood with honeydew,
And turning for a second showed
Her deep-down eyes of larkspur blue.
So near her lips, I smelled the breath
Could shame the bush of lavender,
Till all my body rang a peal
Of lovely bells in praise of her.
But as I stretched my arms to take
The Goddess from the hazel snare,
Once more with laughter she was gone,
Once more Diana changed to air,
O'erleaped a streamlet's gush of blue
And left me quivering as I thought
How nearly had the dream come true.

But as I follow wideawake
The fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake,

So in the courses of my dreams
I hunted tireless, and beheld
The Goddess in a thousand gleams
Flash on her woodland way unquelled,
And sometimes on a hillock stand
Horn-shaping there a sun-kissed hand
To set against her lips and blow
Across the whitebells' dancing snow,
To keep me to my hunting true,
The music of a girl's halloo.
Sometimes she held her bosom close
Against the beech-tree's flank of grey,
And joyed to watch me bear the chase
Beyond the marvel of her face
Till it was safe once more to use
The same, or else some other, ruse:
As when in hyacinths she pressed
Upon a couch of earth the breast
Had wisely mingled snow and sun
To shake thy heart, Endymion!
Or when among the ferns she drooped
The lovely length of her, and stooped
To watch me eagerly employ
My eyes to sack a leafy Troy;
Or when she used so passing well
Her royal right of miracle,
Changing her body into stone,
To ivy-spray her glittering zone,
And making mosses of her hair.
E'en as I rested by the rock
The buried beauties in a flock
Rushed back again to flesh, and flew
Along a pathway out of view,
While back to me the Goddess sent
Through lovely hand to horn-shape bent
The music of a girl's halloo.

And once she floated sweet and cool,
To lilies changing, in a pool.
Then, since the blossoms did appear
Too splendid for the plant to bear—
Strange flowering of Diana's hair!—
I waded down the talking stream
Toward the cups of golden beam.
Sudden the blooms together leapt
To make a mass of beauty swept
By Zephyr to the shoulders bright,
And in a flash I saw the leaves
In curves of loveliness unite,
And next the Goddess leap to land,
Shake little rainbows on the strand,
Lift to her mouth a horn-shaped hand,
Then in the foliage rush away
To try once more her cunning play.

By early morn the chase was done.
I woke. My room was kissed by sun,
And birds about the neck of day
Were hanging pearls of roundelay.
Aroused, I watched the fading gleam
Of all had glittered in my dream,
And thought how in my waking hours
My heart went hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, hopings, tricks, and flowers,
Because I follow wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake.

She is the hopeless touched by Hope;
For thus on man the cheat is played
That helps him hour by hour to cope
Against his dooming, undismayed.

Deep in the heart of him there glows
A spark by which he warms his soul,
Believing faintly that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole.
He makes a garden rich in flowers,
In rainbows, nightingales, and streams,
In which he spends his lotos-hours
Beneath a sky in tune with dreams.
'Tis not a mother he creates
In fancy for his blessing there,
But with his wanting self he mates
The girl of joy without compare.
For her he plucks forbidden fruit,
For her he leaves his paradise,
For her he bends his aching eyes
Along the edge of world, and, mute,
A thousand times in spirit dies.
For though he carry from the vale
Nor rose's bud nor nightingale,
No whit he minds the Angel's blade
That cannot keep from him the maid.
So in the rougher world he fares
Among his blisses and despairs,
Compelled to treasure in the heart
A deathless hoping that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole,
And searching thicket, stream, and bole
While hunting, hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, tremblings, tricks, and flowers,
Because he follows wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for his sake.

NORMAN GALE.

MR. MORLEY

NOT the least interesting administrative appointment in the autumn of last year was that of the foremost living man of letters—a philosophic Liberal, a Little-Englander, the ardent advocate of Home Rule, the persistent foe of war and coercion—to the government of our great Asiatic dependency, the child of Clive and Hastings, the creature of strife and fraud, the seat of benevolent despotism, and that a despotism imposed and maintained by an alien race. The political and parliamentary history of the century will certainly not be the poorer for the singular presence of Mr. Morley in the world of affairs. And at the present juncture his figure is more than usually interesting. For those who are not deceived by appearances are well aware that the school of thought which Mr. Morley embodies more fully than any living man is fast dying out. Liberalism in any intelligible sense will not last another generation. In a score of years the strange adventure upon which the nations of Europe embarked in 1789 will be concluded, and we shall revert, doubtless with many and formidable changes, to an earlier type. The principles of unchecked individual liberty and unrestricted competition have, to use the ancient phrase, been tried in the balance and found wanting. The golden dreams have proved elusive, and the golden hopes have ended in disappointment. Yet, whilst English Liberalism is flickering with all the power of the expiring candle it is worth examining the opinions of its

stoutest champion. As the critical student of the French *philosophes*, as the biographer of Cobden, as the disciple of Mill, as the friend of Gladstone, Mr. Morley has a record second to none in the ranks of his party. He is, too, one of those rare spirits who have tried to weave the threads of his thought into a seamless robe, and who has worked a well-drawn political design into a not altogether congruous groundwork of ethics and historical reflection. We find in his writings all the genuine characteristics of Liberalism; its deep-set pity for suffering, its optimism, its passionate regard for truth, its belief in thought as the *sine qua non* of progress, its cosmopolitan humanity, its hatred of oppression, ecclesiastical or civil; together with its hastiness, its over-confidence in its own judgment, its scanty respect for other creeds and philosophies and methods of work, its readiness to substitute the artificial for the natural. To his democratic enthusiasms he unites, too, those aristocratic sympathies[1] which are seldom wholly absent from the man of culture—a latent protest against a creed which, if its plans were ever fully realised, would leave little soil or space for the higher growths of civilisation. Then, too, we may have something, also, to say of the literary presentation of these doctrines.

He tells us that he passed through his Oxford life when "the star of Newman" had set, and while "the sun of Mill" was high in the heavens. To those of us to whom undergraduate life is a much more recent experience, that which he took to be a sun seems little better than a brilliant meteor, which cheated for a little the anxious eyes of men with an illusive splendour, and now grows yearly dimmer as it passes, like other philosophies, down a path upon which there is no returning. We have, indeed, extraordinary difficulty in realising the intense enthusiasm which utilitarianism was once capable of exciting, so insufficient now seem its sanctions and so inadequate its standard. The popular philosopher of the day, Professor James, has gone so far as to tell us

[1] See especially the essay on Joseph de Maistre.

that Mill's "consciousness of his subject is beginning to put on an infantile and innocent look," and, though of course utilitarians can be reckoned by thousands, there are few who care to blazon their creed. Yet Mr. Morley's nervous English is there to prove the inspiration which was once latent in those cold sentences. It is, perhaps, impious to assail a gospel—even a fallen one—in a paragraph. Yet to the present writer it does not seem possible to turn over Mr. Morley's pages without feeling that he has a heart higher than his confession of faith. Little need be said of the sanctions of the utilitarian. Duty, conscience, love of humanity, even Mill's awkward formula of "a subjective feeling in the mind," are only the disguises of God. The danger is lest the sanctions should be numbed by a chilling, unworthy standard. Happiness is a word which is apt to change its significance with the character of the speaker, and the habit of considering men in the aggregate leads one to forget that they are ends in themselves. To most people the use of such a standard as "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" seems to justify much of which Mr. Morley very heartily disapproves. Thus, for instance, if this is your standard of morality and if you also believe in Democracy, which is as much as to say that men are the best judges of their own interests, it is hard to see, in the event of your being outvoted, by what right you continue to exhort them, to choose the more excellent way. Ought you not rather to welcome the popular verdict and strive to bring your own opinion into conformity with it? Or, take again the question of international morality, which Mr. Morley has very near his heart. Few people would deny that the greatest happiness of the greatest number has been promoted both in Germany and Italy by the policy of unification. Yet this policy involved the incidents of the Ems telegram and the cession of Savoy and Nice. As to the affair of the telegram, nothing need be said here, for no moralist would attempt to defend it, whilst to Cavour the recollection of the price he had paid to Napoleon was always so painful that he could never endure any reference

to it. Yet if the utilitarian calculus be adequate, both statesmen should not merely be justified but commended. Mr. Morley, however, pleads against "reason of state" with a severity which would not ill-become one who held Newman's doctrine of sin. It is only fair, however, to say that he struggles desperately to fit the facts of history into the formula by urging that the international iniquities of the rulers debase the character, and so the happiness, of the nation. Probably the reverse of this is true. As a rule the people care nothing for public morality. If they could be induced to do so, it would be, perhaps, by some specially gross violation of it on the part of the governing class; so that disregard of it might, if utilitarians are right, prove rather a stimulus to national character.

Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture on "Machiavelli," in which he makes his attack on "reason of state," is really in the same category as its famous predecessor, Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics." Each is the protest of a singularly austere moralist against principles which on intellectual grounds cannot be easily disowned. Each is the confession of an idealist who fears his followers—not unreasonably—may mistake him for something less. But it would be unpardonable to offer to that brilliant essay, which is, probably, the high-water mark of Mr. Morley's writing, no warmer tribute than this. It has been compared to the work of a musician who knows how to blend together the sounds of many instruments; and the comparison is not inadequate. Now we catch a note from Molière or Goethe or Tennyson, then something louder, a phrase from Thucydides or Butler, now again a deep piercing chord from Dante or Michelangelo—all harmonised without show or strain. In fifty short pages he concentrates the wisdom of a lifetime—a lifetime which has been passed, like Machiavelli's own, partly in the council-chamber of statesmen, partly in the "ancient courts of the men of old." It is, to change our simile, as if a man were to spread over the sober warp of his own life a woof of many tints and colours.

The moral fervour that glows in the closing pages of the Machiavelli burns with an intenser heat in the treatise "On Compromise," of which the motto is, "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." The writer sets out to find the boundary between "wise suspense in forming opinions" and "disingenuousness and self-illusion," between "wise reserve in expressing opinions" and "voluntary dissimulation," between "wise tardiness in trying to realise them" and "indolence and pusillanimity" in neglecting the attempt. The book is throughout an untiring rebuke to those who adopt the conventional path of easy compromise; the tone of it stimulating, trenchant, thorough, very foreign to an age which is more ready to ask a question than to stay for the answer. No one, who reads intelligently and who can be quit of political or religious bias, will lay it down without finding that he has been undergoing a very vigorous self-examination.

The chapter on "the possible utility of error" is another extremely ingenious attempt to oppose on utilitarian grounds those disingenuous persons who support religion not for its truth but for its expediency. Yet Gibbon and Voltaire in familiar oracles and Bagehot when he speaks of "the pain of new ideas" have taught, what few students of history and hardly any statesmen would deny, that an age of popular faith is always happier, more vigorous, more contented, more productive, than an age of popular doubt, and that even religious credulity is always pleasanter, alike for the society and the individual, than religious vacancy. Surely, then, the moral principle which forbids us to encourage and countenance error is something better than "registered generalisation from experience," out of which alone, Mr. Morley will have it, true moral principles are built up. The explanation—it is not (intellectually speaking) an excuse—is, perhaps, that when "Compromise" was written the writer was expecting the early advent of a new religion—not Comte's, but something akin to it—which should arise,

phœnix-like, out of the ashes of Christianity. Meanwhile another historian,[1] not less eminent and gifted with a singularly piercing moral insight, was warning an Oxford congregation that "one thing is certain: nothing can take the place of Christianity." There are indications in his latest work that Mr. Morley would hesitate before refusing to subscribe to that judgment.

It is time to turn from these high moralities and set our feet in less precipitous places. We have now to follow our author for a little into the company of those earliest Liberals, who live again in the light of his powerful sympathy. With such a guide, indeed, those must be strangely difficult who do not catch the enthusiasm of the *philosophes* whom Holbach would gather round his hospitable board at Grandval—the freshness of their conversation, their boundless faith in the future of the race, their keen delight in intellectual toil, their hatred of ecclesiastical tyranny, their belief in thought and individuality as the great regenerators, their unflinching courage in face of opposition. For one of the party, who appears a little rougher than the rest, our sponsor, we observe, has a peculiar regard, and it is plain that this affectionate intimacy arises from a common width of horizon, a fondness for speculating upon certain ultimate matters concerning Nature and Man and Society, above all from a persistent determination to regard nothing as truth that does not permit of immediate intellectual demonstration. On inquiry, we learn that we are face to face with Diderot, the very focus of the rationalistic thought of the day. In respect of the others, our guide seems to entertain no preferences; though we notice that there is one—a solitary, mournful figure—whom he addresses with some reserve and constraint. This, he tells us, is Rousseau—a sentimental dreamer, a writer whose spring of action is not the head, but the heart, unpractical, somewhat given to egotism and self-observation, yet the master of a graceful, appealing style which makes him the very prophet

[1] Dean Church.

of human suffering and sorrow. Elsewhere we become acquainted with one who is principally engaged in popularising other men's ideas, an untiring and rapid worker, whose literary pursuits do not prevent him from greedily snatching at an intimacy with men of affairs, and who is, in fact, himself a man of the world. To the example of this brilliant journalist, Voltaire by name, our author confesses himself to be not a little indebted.

With these men Mr. Morley has more than a passing literary acquaintance. He is to some extent the heir of their temper and prejudice as well as of their idea. Thus his creed has that quaint aristocratic tinge which makes Liberalism so difficult in theory to reconcile exactly with Democracy, although in practice the first can never live long, if at all, without the other. Diderot and Voltaire, to say nothing of Gladstone and Cobden, were accustomed to contemplate with more than complacency the existence of a set of privileged persons; and Mr. Morley does no less. The difficulty lies in the formation of this class. We read of an interview between Gladstone and Ruskin, when the latter attacked his host as "a leveller," whereupon Gladstone replied, "Oh, dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle —the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out inequalitarian."

> The true question [comments Mr. Morley] against Ruskin's and Carlyle's school of thought was how you are to get the rule of the best. Mr. Gladstone thought freedom was the answer; what path the others would have us tread neither Ruskin nor his stormy teacher ever intelligibly told us.

This sounds plausible enough until we come to consider what conditions are necessary to the growth of the aristocrat. The more obvious of these are leisure and an educational atmosphere in which culture, self-control, reverence for tradition, indifference to money, chivalry, and some other good things are elements; but unluckily no one has ever yet been able to invent a mechanism to supply such conditions to the self-made man until he is too old to profit by them. In fact a genuine aristocracy exists to a large extent to combat

those very methods by which the intellectual aristocrat of liberal dreams must climb to power. For though such men make excellent recruits, they are very sorry officers. It would, of course, be perfectly permissible to treat this view as mere speculation if, unluckily, America and France, where the desired facilities have been completely supplied, were not there to show us what an uncommonly poor thing an aristocracy of intellect, selected as it must be by democratic methods, really is. Still we may say of it, if we will, as Rousseau said of Democracy itself, that it is a government made for gods, and that "un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas aux hommes."

But, indeed, it is not merely by the supporter of the old order that Mr. Morley's constitution is assailed. A creed, which at its best is only a revival and at its worst a misapprehension, is already dealing cumbrous blows at the Liberal structure from many different points of attack. Socialism, compounded as it is of principles that were perfectly understood by our forebears and of a crude misunderstanding of the Sermon on the Mount, is not an easy doctrine to touch upon. In so far as it is the outcome of the gospel of social solidarity which Carlyle preached with so much force in "Past and Present" and Froude described with so much grace in the first chapter of his history, it represents a perfectly sane rebellion against the mechanical system which Mill has unfortunately stereotyped. Political economy, if it is justly called a science at all, is only so as part of the science of sociology. Also it is an art as well as a science. Economic men like Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby are not merely bad men, but pernicious citizens. The State can with advantage control the conditions of work and direct the activities of the workers. Economics is merely a department of the national administration, and it is possible to pay too heavy a price for the increase of wealth. All this, however, is what Mr. Morley and those who think with him will by no means allow. Yet the opposition which Liberals—quite consistently—offer to the State regulation of

trade is merely the counterpart of their opposition in the past to the State regulation of labour. The reader need fear no digression on tariff reform. Only, when Mr. Morley tells us of the rain, which in the autumn of 1845 rained away the corn laws, it is tempting to suggest that there will some day come a frost which, by emphasising the need of stable employment, shall freeze away Free Trade.

We have followed Mr. Morley through stony places; yet these rough tracks are the only road to the fair realm which lies beyond. For his power of historical presentation was acquired on the dry inhospitable paths of ethics and politics, of meditation on life and contact with affairs. His eager predominating interest in morality, his shrewd generalisations on public policy, are qualities which bring him now into the neighbourhood of Tacitus and now of Thucydides. At every turn the austere moralist and the wise politician are lurking behind the historian; and we would not have it otherwise. Yet, evidently enough, this disqualifies him from taking rank with the more devoted, the more impersonal masters of his art. He tells us himself that there are three sorts of history—that of the mere annalist, that of the statesman, and that of the philosopher—and we should no more think of placing him with Buckle, or again with Lecky, than with gossips like Suetonius. He could not follow Gibbon's example and deliberately seek out an age where no modern bias should disturb his judgment without depriving his work of more than half its vigour and all its piquancy. Besides, as we move backwards, the "moralities" are obscured —"those noble moralities" which, as he tells us, are "the life-blood of style." For in dark ages standards of right and wrong and motives of action are hard to discern, and familiarity with modern customs and constitutions is rather a hindrance than a help. Thus he is best as the critical partisan of the early French Liberals, or when, as in dealing with Gladstone, he is entrusted with the brief for the defence, or, as in the case of Cromwell, when he has to thread his way through the mazes of moral casuistry. It is, indeed, something more than a

coincidence that almost at the same moment he should have studied and explained and vindicated with extraordinary skill the two great theological statesmen of English history; both of them believing in something like direct spiritual inspiration, both of them masters of subtle self-analysis, both of them betrayed, by circumstances or otherwise, into burning what they had adored, both of them fiercely disliked and still more fiercely assailed, accused of unscrupulous ambition, selfishness, hypocrisy, yet to their intimates the object of unbounded regard and veneration. Surely Mr. Morley has been justly named "an inverted theologian."[1]

For the latest fashion of writing history, where enthusiasm has to be replaced by laborious research and broad sweeps of colour to give way to minute and painful detail, he has something akin to contempt. What is the use, he asks, of adjuring historians to stick to facts when the very function of the historian is to select and interpret them? How can facts be tested without some guiding principle? "Talk of history being a science as loudly as ever we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chest of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand." This is profoundly true, and any attempt to neglect it will leave us with a mass of incohesive judgments which, taken one by one, are appetising enough, but, in conjunction, leave us hungry and discontented.

What is style? We have a right to ask the old question of the great stylist of the day, and at least we receive no uncertain, if no novel, answer:

> Style, after all, as one has always to remember, can never be anything but the reflex of ideas and habits of mind, and when respect for one's own personal dignity as a ruling and unique element in character gave way to sentimental love of the human race, often real and often a pretence, old self-respecting modes of expression went out of fashion.
>
> Have lofty sentiments, and your manner of writing will be firm and noble.
>
> Those noble moralities that are the life-blood of style and of greater things than style can ever be.

[1] *Times.*

"Le style, c'est l'homme." That is probably the first and last thing that can be said about it, and of that everything else is but a paraphrase. Mr. Morley certainly tells us no more, though he gives a fine echo to the saying. Yet people are slow to recognise the corollary—that style is one of the most forcible of preachers, and will become more so as knowledge is more widely diffused. Tone, temper, habit of mind, are all conveyed by style, and a man's character will be moulded by the literary manner of what he reads as much as by any other of the mundane influences to which he is exposed. Let any one reflect how permanent and ineffaceable has been the effect of Newman's style upon Englishmen for the last half-century, far more so than Newman's ideas. Mr. Morley's own writing, again, might be used as an example. No one can lay down any book of his without feeling braced, stimulated, deepened, without being more conscious of the nobility of life. To the present writer, who probably has not one single religious or political opinion in common with him, no writing appears more calculated to inspire the reader with a sense of patient, strenuous, unflinching effort. The manner is always French in its terseness, English in its reserve, admirably suited to the needs of modern oratory, but possessing a certain stateliness of motion which reminds us that the grand manner is not yet altogether dead. The writer believes so firmly in the justice of his opinions that we are always conscious, sometimes too conscious, that he would make converts of us. Lucretius he considers the first of poets, and Dryden's estimate of Lucretius might, not unfairly, be applied to himself:

> If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius, I mean of his soul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his own opinions. . . . He seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection in the future.

So difficult is it to press beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world" and then to return and suffer the little thoughts of men. Yet, if it be true that "Lucretius has the wisdom of this world

with him," [1] Mr. Morley at heart is none of his. For the wisdom of this world is complacency and indifference, but Mr. Morley writes often with all the austere and concentrated bitterness of the spiritual reformer. What more scathing piece of satire, for example, could we wish to revel in than this on the "man of the world"!

> Who does not know this temper of the man of the world, the worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others, his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.

This is a note which comes from a later school than Lucretius, and reminds us of that unsuspected confession of Voltaire—"During that time [whilst Calas remained unvindicated] not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it as for a crime."

Of positive teaching Mr. Morley gives us little, and intends to give us little. As we have seen, he regards religion as subject to all the pains of dissolution, and he has hard words for those who, like Comte, would have her suffer, at one and the same time, the pains of birth. Thus he commends Voltaire, "perhaps the one great Frenchman who has known how to abide in patient contentment with an all but purely critical reserve, leaving reconstruction, its form, its modes, its epoch, for the fulness of time and maturity to disclose." So, too, and for the same reason, he praises Mill. Yet he is too good an historian and moralist not to contemplate with pathetic enthusiasm the ages of belief, "the too short ages of conviction and self-sufficience." Even now "we fight that others may enjoy; and many generations struggle and debate that one generation may hold something for proven." Thus for the

[1] "John Inglesant."

time he falls back upon that which is not essentially different from Stoicism. With the gospel of uncertainty in his hand, he requires of us a rigid strenuous life. Behind stern, set faces we are to conceal our doubting hearts. When, for all we know, Humanity may already have crossed the summit of human perfectibility, and have entered upon the inevitable decline, our belief in the future is to remain undimmed. Truth is relative, yet we are to pursue it with increasing endeavour, with the courage and confidence of those who seek the absolute. And, as if we had not contradiction enough, this proud, defiant creed, matured surely in the school of Prometheus and which could never be more than the property of the cultured few, is found in the mouth of an avowed democrat and put forward as the present philosophy for mankind.

Thus the style has all the charm of a strange, uncommon blend of democratic opinion and aristocratic sentiment, of religious doubt and dogmatic assertion, of dislike of the world, with shrewd observation of its habits. Thus, in the stops which dominate the keyboard of that rich pure diction, we catch the expression of many moods and passions. For there is nothing in the world to equal the strong man who is not hard, and, if he happens to have command of form, he can touch all chords from fine rage to unsubdued suffering. Such divine music must always dull, though it ought never to deaden, the discord of creeds and political confessions.

"Burke," says Mr. Morley in a vivid sentence, "has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere." No less might be said of himself.

ALGERNON CECIL.

THE OLD FORD

THE "rise" was over—one of those brief "rises" of the early year, during which the trout come swiftly to the fly. Lest time should be wasted in repairing broken tackle, I had taken every precaution against fouling my line, and had kept to the open reaches, where, with ease, I could cast over the feeding fish. Satisfied with my sport, I leisurely waded to the bank, laid my rod aside and rejoiced awhile in the spring-tide day. How good it was to realise that the gloom of winter had passed, that the first of eagerly anticipated days beside the river had already come, that summer, in all its beauty, was drawing near!

In moving up the bank I had chanced to overturn a stone, and thus had exposed the tender shoots of the young grass beneath. My eyes turned to the spot; how plain was Nature's message, written even there! Life had awakened: not the life of the late-winter flowers, blooming in sheltered nooks while yet the snow-clouds gather in the north, or of the fragile water-fly, begun and ended in one sunny hour of noon, but the ageless, changeless life of the green meadow-grass.

From the thickets beside the river, from the little copse on the hillside, and from the budding hazels fringing the near meadows, came the songs of many birds—the clear, sweet notes of the greenfinch, the rapid, jubilant phrases of the chaffinch and the hedge-sparrow, and the full, delicious piping of the blackbird and the thrush. A brown wren, creeping,

mouse-like, among the alder-roots, engaged in musical strife with one of his kindred in the tangles on the opposite bank; and such was his abounding energy that no distinct interval seemed to occur between the loud, rattling songs with which he overpowered his competitor. Everywhere by the margin of the wood the robins called and sang; while lark after lark hymned the praise of morning and of spring in the radiant sky, and then, as the last, long-sustained note, a trembling, caressing assurance of love, died away, dropped, with a flutter of glad wings, towards the meadow where his mate stood watching and listening for his return.

Frequently, I knew, I should walk the winding path between that meadow and the river when the grass was growing up towards the level of the hemlock flowers by the rill in the ditch, and hear the skylark's song again, and conjure up a pleasing picture of a little home in, perhaps, some hoof-print in the yielding soil—a home known only to myself and to the larks—where lay the treasures of the birds, the red and brown and mottled eggs from which would come the songsters of another spring.

The wren sang with delightful vigour; nevertheless, the music of the morning lacked the volume of sound which may be heard in warm, moist April days. It was hardly more than an undertone of harmony, a promise of love's great gladness, a promise of something rich and full and spread afar, like the grass in the fields of summer. And yet, I almost think it was as grateful to my ears as are the choruses of May, when leaf-buds open on the trees, and the swallows, home from the South, dart hither and thither, skimming the surface of the broad salmon-pool and dipping lightly in the ripples of the shallow trout-reach.

To us who love the free life of the country-side, spring seems already far advanced before, with the unfolding of the leaves, it comes to our kindred in the town. Here, by the river, idling my hours away, I opened my heart to the sunshine, while, far off, my friends sat wearily at desk and table,

apparently unconscious that the gloom of winter had passed away.

The low music of finch and blackbird seemed different from the carols of later spring: it certainly had hope, but it was not yet free from misgiving. A month would pass before the fulfilment of hope, before the nest would be complete and the first round egg be placed therein. Was not this bright, warm weather too good to last; and might not winter return? Might not the cruel hawk descend with lightning speed, and the little home in the fork of holly or hawthorn be unfinished, or left to ruin from wind and rain? Was Nature whispering: "Hush! singing birds, till the marigolds are unfolding by the stream, and the moor-hen carries a sedge in her bill as she swims beneath the arching alders of the bank?"

I had spent many hours beside this trout-reach. Here I had shared the gladsome life of the birds; here I had sought, in quiet communion with Nature, release from perplexity and care. It was a place of memories, that thronged my mind as I looked at the shining river and the peaceful valley and hill-side beyond. The trout would rise no more till the morrow, for the frail ephemerals had vanished from the stream; but I could recall out of the dim past familiar shapes and scenes, and live with them and among them in my solitude.

During my years of absence from my old village, the winter floods had altered the formation of the pool above the reach, and washed away the gravelly banks, and torn the tough alders from the leaf-mould gathered about their twisted roots. But when at first I wandered by the river, the pool was deep from bank to bank, and the favourite haunts of the salmon were close beside the alder-roots where, now, the stream ran shallow over a sandy bed, and, except when the water was clearing after flood or in the spawning season, a salmon could seldom be observed.

Two of the many adventures that gave an abiding interest to those long-gone fishing days were well remembered. I had fished up-river without success all the September day, till the

evening was golden in the west, and a great stillness seemed to have fallen on the country-side. Disappointed, I stood on the bank, opposite a part of the pool into which poured the waters of a tributary brook. At my side was an old, grey-haired fisherman, my attendant since boyhood, my mentor and my friend, speaking words of counsel, as, weary from hours of fruitless casting, I threw my salmon fly over the inrush at the throat of the "hover."

"It's beyond me to explain, sir," he said, "but I've often noticed that a big fish isn't to be found in the same 'run' as a little 'un. A salmon's like a trout in that way. A twenty-pounder don't seem to sort well with a ten-pounder, except, maybe, at spawning time. There's many a place on this river where I've never hooked a big fish, though I've caught a botcher (grilse) in it on low water, and ten or twelve-pounders when the stream ran high. And there's many a spot where I've never known a fish under fifteen pounds to come either to worm or fly, though most every season some big chap or other would show hisself there, and give me a bit o' sport, or set me for days a-thinking and contriving of dodges to get the right side of 'n. I don't count on kelts (salmon that are dropping back to sea after spawning); they'll stay nigh anywhere; it's of the fresh-run fish, as bright as silver, that I'm thinking. They don't stay long in one spot; but, for all that, any fish of twenty pounds and upwards is more or less like that old trout we used to hook every spring by the big stone in the Tancoed reaches, till at last we hooked him once too often, and the fun of planning to catch him was over. If there's a monster salmon to be had, it's in such-and-such a place you'll come across him, and you needn't think of getting his sort in another part of the pool, or anywhere else, till you fish a run that's as like to the first as pea to pea. This pool ain't of much account in spring, and I don't think it's much use fishing it when the 'botchers' come up in June and July, but with good water, any time after grouse shooting begins, there's no better pool on the whole river. Be careful, sir,

you're just about the place for him, and maybe he'll come sudden, like that little oodcock last October, as jumped up the minute I told you the spaniels might be smelling round the very bush for 'n."

The words had barely left my companion's mouth when my rod bent to the pull of a heavy fish. "You're right, Ianto, he's there, sure enough!" I cried, as I moved back a single step and "struck."

"Let 'n go, sir, let 'n go," urged the old fisherman; "when 'll I ever get you out of that trick of holding tight when a salmon's making up his mind to be off? There, now, that's better! keep opposite to 'n, but give 'n plenty of line till we find out his quality."

After the first slow steady movements of the fish in mid-stream, Ianto's directions seemed a mere waste of breath; "holding tight" was an impossibility. The salmon rushed madly up-stream and down, and hither and thither beneath the alders, and then, in a spot where the bushes partly screened it from my view, leaped high into the air. Afterwards, for some time, it "bored" with its snout in the gravel, trying to disengage the fly, and sulked in the deep water beneath the opposite bank. From several signs—the sounding splash with which it fell back into the water after the leap, the ease and rapidity with which it fought against the full force of the current at the neck of the pool, though at the moment line and rod were strained almost to breaking-point, and the rolling, lurching plunges with which at intervals it worked its way into the still depth towards the further bank—both Ianto and myself concluded that our fish was of unusual size. But our sport ended in disaster.

The brook joined the river by two narrow channels, leaving between them a dry stretch of gravel covered with grass and reeds. As if suddenly remembering that one chance of freedom still remained, the salmon headed straight for the deeper channel on the left of the tiny island. I could place no effective check on that impetuous rush. I tried to throw off line in hope of

inducing the fish to imagine it was free, but the salmon moved too swiftly for such an effort to be in the least degree successful. Ianto kept silence even from good words; he could see I was doing my utmost, in holding the rod well up so that the line, if possible, might clear the reeds when the salmon passed beyond the little island. But, as the fish reached the junction of the two channels of the brook, the long and heavy line touched some obstruction on the gravel, and the gut-collar snapped. The fight was over. I reeled in my damaged tackle: and Ianto and I went home. Hardly a word was spoken till we reached the village; then, as we parted for the night, the old man said: "Cheer up, sir; it's fisherman's luck you've had. 'Twould be different if you'd lost 'n through some silly mistake. For all that, he was the biggest I've seen for many a long day."

A week had passed when, one evening, on our way homewards from trout-fishing on the moors, Ianto and I loitered in the water-meadow of an old mill beside the brook, not more than half a mile from the main river. The valley there had narrowed into a deep gorge, where all was dark and cool, though the hot September sunlight still lingered on the surrounding hills. We had come to a sequestered pool within a hundred yards of the mill, when my companion suddenly pointed to a spot beneath the trees, and said, "Did you see that thing moving just beneath the surface, sir? It was either a salmon or an otter, I'm sure. What d'you say to putting on a Blue Doctor instead of the trout-flies, and having a throw or two?"

I was not in the mood for an experiment, for I had observed nothing in the stream, and was tired. "You try, Ianto," I said, "and I'll wait here."

Glad of the rest, I lay on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep. I was awakened by exultant shouts, and, taking in the situation at a glance, hurried to the old fisherman's side. "Well, sir, here's a do! However will I kill him with such a toy of a rod as this? It's like playing a minnow with a watch-stem and a hair in a basin of water."

It was my turn to advise. "Ianto," I said, "stick to him. We'll get enough sport for a lifetime before he's out on the bank."

"I can't exactly tell whether he's a big fish or a small one," Ianto continued, "but by the look of the boil in the water just now he ain't a 'botcher,' whatever. Will you take the rod, or will you let me play 'n for a bit?"

"He's your fish, Ianto," I replied, "I don't touch that rod till the fun is over."

The old angler, after the first few minutes of keen excitement, settled in earnest to his task, and took up a position in the shallows at the lower end of the pool, that thence, so long as the salmon remained in the rough water and the whirlpools above, he might check, to some extent, its mad rushes. For a time, the salmon seemed content to move slowly beneath the tree-roots of the further bank, hardly more than a dozen yards from the rod.

The late afternoon merged into twilight, which in turn gradually gave place to night, and then, with the coming of the darkness, the contest entered on a second stage. Without the slightest warning, the salmon tore along through the stream, passed into the neck of the pool, and gained a shallow reach beyond. Ianto, to prevent his line from running out, hastily followed. He was close to the salmon, when, suddenly, it changed its course, and dashed away down-stream into the pool and past the shallow to another reach below. Backwards and forwards, with such quickness that Ianto's agility was taxed to the utmost as he strove to keep within distance, it raved from pool to shallow and from shallow to pool, as if it scarcely felt the light strain of the rod, and was only then awakening to a sense of danger. Evidently, our only chance of tiring the fish lay in confining its movements to the pool and the rough waters immediately above and below. So we formed a plan, in accordance with which, whenever the salmon turned down-stream, I hastened to a little ford beyond the reach, and there stood ready to frighten the fish if it attempted to continue its

flight in that direction; again, whenever it turned up-stream, I hurried for the same purpose to the end of the reach above the pool. Ianto's difficulty was to keep near the fish when it left the pool for the lower water, where, prevented by a clump of alders from following along the bank, he had perforce to enter the stream and feel his way between large, rough stones among which he might easily have tripped and fallen. We were both kept busy far into the night. The moon rose, but her light was never strong enough to enable me to see the fish, as, occasionally, it passed the spot where I stood in readiness to use the gaff. I determined, however, that no chance of ending the struggle should, if possible, be lost. My opportunity at last occurred. While standing in mid-water at the lower ford, I, abandoning previous methods, allowed the fish to approach quite close to my feet, then, splashing violently, caused it to retrace its course. For an instant, as it turned, its tail appeared at the surface, and with a single stroke I drew the gaff across between that point and the point at which the water seethed against the line. I felt, to my joy, that the gaff had secured firm hold, and at once bore my captive out into the field. The weight at the end of the gaff indicated that the fish was certainly as big as any I had previously handled. We quickly ended the frantic struggles of the salmon; and then, on loosening the fly, we discovered to our astonishment that a part of another "gut-collar" protruded from its mouth, and, also, that the fly I had lost a week before was firmly fastened to the cartilage outside the opening of the gills.

We sat awhile and smoked, and discussed the weight at which our prize would turn the scales. Then—such was our impatience—we went up to the mill, aroused the miller from his slumber, and proceeded to the store-room, to "find out exactly," as Ianto put it, "what we had to carry home." With twenty-nine pounds and a few ounces in the one balance, and the salmon in the other, the beam of the old wooden scales stood horizontal. Surely, the remembrance of the long night's sport would linger with us to the end of life.

My memories, as I sat beside the river that day in early spring were not all so pleasant as this reminiscence of an angler's sport. I once had passed, as perhaps every sportsman passes, through a stage when, loving the gun more than the rod, I had been desirous on every possible occasion to prove my prowess—it mattered not how useless, either for food or for any other purpose, might be the innocent things that were shot. Into the shining ripples beyond mid-stream, had fallen, one summer afternoon, a crumpled bunch of feathers which an instant before had been a glad, living bird, a swallow, an epitome of all that is meant by summer, winging its way between the leafy banks. Unheeded, my victim floated past, and soon the water closed over the sodden plumage. Not a thought of my cruelty entered my mind. Why had I killed the little migrant from the radiant South, that had flown a thousand weary miles to make its home beneath the eaves of the farmstead peeping between the trees? To gratify a whim, to show my skill to a friend who had challenged its existence —that was all.

Again, one winter evenfall, on reaching the spot where I had shot the swallow, I was startled by a bird splashing out from the alder-roots almost at my feet, and flying clumsily towards the opposite bank. What bird could it be? I could not tell in the failing light; but the gun leaped to the shoulder; and my aim was true. My spaniel quickly retrieved the bird and laid it at my feet, and I found that I had shot a coot—the first and last of its kind I have ever seen on our western river, though in certain other places known to me it is well nigh as common as the moor-hen. The recollection of heedlessness in sport is often the cause of keen regret.

How strange and far distant seemed the early years of manhood, when my love of sport was almost a fever, when day after day, in winter, I roamed many long miles and explored the retreats of the countryside in search of game. But afterwards there seemed to come a time of change in my ideas of sport; while angling for trout I desired to capture the largest

and shyest fish that only the spinning minnow could lure from their secret haunts among the rocks of some little cataract, or in dark holes beneath some shelving bank ; and, while shooting, I took far greater interest in my dogs than in my marksmanship. And, more than all besides, I loved the bloodless sport of waiting and watching in the woods and fields and by the river, so that I might learn the ways of wild creatures in the hours of day and night. Yet, in my reverie, I felt a longing to live again the days of the past.

A thin blue veil of morning mist had gathered over the country-side, and, as I turned my eyes down stream, I saw through the haze, the form of the church tower dimly looming in the sky. Beneath its shadow old Ianto rested, one of a great company of dead fishermen. For hundreds of years the country folk had been borne, after life's weariness, to that garden of sleep by the river ; for many generations, perchance, almost each dweller in castle and monastery, farmstead and cottage, along the valley, had been familiar with the angler's craft.

Thoughts similar, in some respects, to those that come to me while I walk along an old Roman road penetrating this western valley were mine on that morning in early spring. The Roman road seems ever to resound with the tramp of the legions of old, hurrying away to a town on the coast, or hurrying back in obedience to that last fateful summons when their own homeland was threatened by barbarian hordes. But peaceful anglers, not armed soldiers, peopled my dreams beside the river. They moved quietly, not with the clash of scabbard and shield against scale-armour. This place by the river was far away from the wide main road ; it offered no suggestion of haste, and heat, and dust. To the conquerors it had probably remained unknown. But to the conquered, the people who tilled and sowed and reaped the fruitful valley fields, the lanes and byways were familiar from childhood to the grave.

My mind, however, was busied rather with an age immedi-

ately preceding the present century—an age when civilisation, in the west, was slumbering, and not even the echoes of strife and reform resounded among the hills. The valley was then more thickly populated than now, and agriculture, easily supplying the few needs of unambitious lives, allowed considerable leisure, in summer and winter, for the relaxation of sport.

Close beside me the river bank sloped gradually towards the ford. Hither, out of my sight between tall hedge-banks fringed with hazel and thorn, led a winding path, grass-grown and deeply rutted by the wheels of laden waggons. Opposite, in the fine gravel of the little island at the mouth of the brook, the marks of occasional traffic were visible—a middle path scored by heavy hoofs, with the ruts of wheels on either side—while beyond, the road vanished among the trees by the mill. Seldom used now was the road through the river; I might linger for days in my haunt, while not a sound of a passing labourer and his team disturbed its solitude. But how often, in the past, had human voices broken the stillness! The road was one of a network connecting farm with farm, and hamlet with hamlet, and used almost hourly, in seed-time and harvest, by the country folk. Before the stone bridge, down-river beyond the church, had spanned the gorge, the ford was the nearest means of access to the village from the south bank of the stream. Perhaps, on Sunday evenings in summer, the freeholder's daughter, with her lover, had tripped along the stepping-stones on their way to church, there to join the other members of the family, who, dressed in best attire, and riding or driving, had crossed the shallows in the early morning, to worship and make quiet holiday with village friends. Perhaps the coracle fishers, in intervals of fishing, had gossiped on the bank, the village children had angled for salmon-pink in the shallows, and the freeholder had tried his home-made rod over the pool where I had hooked and lost my giant fish. Exclusive fishing rights, in those days, did not exist on our river; no Board of Conservators taxed the brotherhood of the angle; no

ill-bred visitor, careless of the sentiments of country folk to whom the river seemed a special possession and a part of life, resorted to the inn. Fain would I believe that the conditions of farming and fishing were then Arcadian, and continued so right up to the time when the labourers moved away to great centres of industry, and wages rose, and landowners began to recognise the possibility of a slight increase in their rent-rolls if all but the wealthy were excluded from that pastime which had formerly been shared by rich and poor.

First, the bridge appeared on the river—mute sign that markets were opening to the produce of the farm. Then the winding country lane and the ford fell into disuse, and the Roman road became once more a busy highway. In the market, prices of food gradually rose, as from further and busier centres of industry the demand for food increased. Gradually prices also rose in the home village, and the labourer, forced to buy from the farmer on the terms obtainable in market, found the struggle for existence becoming harder day by day. The rural exodus began; hundreds of men, accustomed to green fields and the open air, left behind all that had been dear to them and their fathers, and among desolate eastern valleys slaved in the reeking smoke of the furnace, or in the depths of the mine, earning thus their daily bread—part of which came, perhaps, from the fertile meadows and cornfields of their youth. Many worked through weary years with one bright aim in view—to get back in old age to their familiar haunts, where, free from poverty, they might end their days in gossip and fishing. And some returned to find that old friends and relatives had departed to far corners of the world, or were resting in quiet graves amid the company of dead fishermen, and that every right of fishing had passed to strangers' hands.

I packed my rod and walked leisurely down-stream towards the bridge. The sunshine was too bright for fishing, but a single dark cloud, spreading over the sky above the tree-tops by the mill, gave promise of good sport for the morrow. The

thrush and the blackbird still warbled occasionally in the trees; and the dream-song of the gold-crest wren came sweetly and faintly from the fir-copse on the hill. Suddenly, I heard the deep, muffled stroke of a bell; another and another stroke resounded through the valley. An old fisherman, the last of his kind in the village—almost as old as Ianto, though never so skilful as the dear friend of my boyhood—was about to join the greater company.

ALFRED W. REES.

THE MORAL CRISIS

MORAL crises may be defined as conflicts of principles of conduct occasioned by altering conditions of society.

Such crises have been recurrent in European civilisation, and many moralists consider that the crisis through which we are now passing is one of the most acute that has been witnessed since the age of Charlemagne, when the Christian morals were being substituted for the Pagan code. Evidence of this fact is furnished by the discontent of increasing numbers with their share of the world's enjoyment; by an increase of the acquisitive desire; by a growing disposition to question or to break away from the sanctions and authority of pre-scientific times; by a perturbation in the relations of the sexes; by a struggle of national against universal ideals, and finally by the inauguration of new customs resulting from scientific discovery. Changing conceptions are causing a disturbance of the moral conscience and producing disharmonies of conduct. And as the change proceeds, as principles which were long held as sound are superseded, there occurs a loosening of obligation, a *malaise* is experienced, and society becomes aware that it is morally infirm.

Now if we consider the causes which have produced this crisis, as far as possible in the order of their importance, it will be necessary to give the first place to the desire for increased pleasure. It is to the craving for the pleasures which knowledge and enterprise have rendered abundant and exquisite,

together with a growing sense of personal right to pleasure, that much of the present unrest is due. While pleasures were few and considered the privilege of persons in authority, and while the poor and the disinherited believed that a reward for privation suffered would be bestowed upon them in another world, resignation and a certain contentment were evinced; but now that authority is beginning to be questioned and that faith in an after life has lost much of its strength, the conditions are greatly altered. There is a wide divergence between the times when the force of arms and birth alone provided privilege, and the present when the power of wealth is omnipotent for the procurement of the amenities of life. And since the possession or non-possession of wealth determines to a considerable extent the happy or the unhappy life for great numbers who no longer practise the stoicism in which honest and laborious humility once found refuge, it seems that unless some new inducement to contentment can be found, the solicitude for wealth will grow strong enough to force into subjection all other aspirations. And as the time is relatively short during which, under the present conditions, wealth may be acquired, the struggle must grow acute between the principles of right inculcated from infancy and conduct of the kind required in many instances by modern conditions for acquisitive success. Conflicts of duty deep and poignant are experienced by the man who eagerly desires satisfactions for himself and for those whom he supports, and the temptation to fail in strict morality is great, in a period which is developing a code of moral compromise wherein evil is mingled intricately with good. The ancient precept, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is difficult of application in an age in which so many strive to wrest from others that which they would not have wrested from themselves. Equally so is that of Kant, to act in such a way that the principle of all actions may always be of universal application. If we apply this for a moment to monopolists, whose lives are passed in acquiring wealth incalculably in excess of ordinary needs, we find

that it breaks down. But the justice of these fundamental maxims cannot change, and their infringement creates the present ill. On the one side are the laws of property which secure to the possessor the enjoyment of his wealth, and on the other a new theory of property which grants to the many the ownership of things that were previously alone possessed by the few, and the conflict of two principles so essentially opposed is a disturbing influence of considerable force. Again, the collectivist may be confronted with scruples of possession just as may the monopolist, and each at times may incline to the tenets of the other. The monopolist at the end of a career makes gifts to the community, and the collectivist at times gives way to acquisitive propensities. And in the absence of any standard by which the *social* right to property may be determined, considering the destitution which is witnessed and the prevailing ignorance regarding the ratio which should exist between population and the natural resources of countries, it is no matter for surprise that the triple problem of sustenance, property and pleasure should occupy contemporary thought. Never was the life-zest greater than to-day, yet never was the competition for the means of gratifying it more keen. Individualism bids men acquire sustenance, or sink. Collectivism assures them that as members of the human family they have a right to live whether they fail to acquire sustenance or not, and there is a perpetual antagonism between the two *régimes*. A persistent effort to subtract is opposed to a persistent strife to add; and as the object of the struggle is the means of life and of pleasurable life, the perturbation caused is necessarily great. The prospect of passing through life in poverty, or even in the many intermediate stages between poverty and ease, creates alarm, and not infrequently an irritation that human affairs should be so conditioned, and this alarm increases as education tends to impart to the lowly a sense of equality with the possessors of desired things. For a long time want of organisation and fear of the law prevented any outward expression of this sentiment, but now among many

sections of the humble there is not only organisation, but organisation tending to alter law. The hitherto undisputed right to superfluity is challenged, and those who claim it fear that the tenure of wealth will one day be insecure, for they foresee that the votes of the proletariat may eventually prevail against them. Many also are disturbed in their sense of right, considering that all attempts to alter the ancient laws of property are vicious and predatory in principle, destructive of the sacred right of each man to enjoy the fruit of his own labour or of that of his ancestors, and these are generally unwilling to admit that even a modicum of truth can reside in doctrines which subvert what they regard as a primordial principle of social weal. Sometimes they maintain that the ignorant poor are by reason of their ignorance unfit to be entrusted with the use of wealth, but they see that as education extends its scope this objection loses weight. On the other hand, many of the poor, especially those possessing a certain education, are conscious of a sense of injustice, and seek the means of a more equal distribution of advantage. There probably never was a time, unless it was under the Antonines, when the poor were contented with their lot, but there probably never was a period when the lot of the poor was more discussed and their interests more actively pursued.

And as the issues of the struggle between wealth and poverty are enormous for each of the opponents, it is evident that the present strife must contribute greatly to the present crisis. Where the universal desire is fruition and the means of gratifying it are restricted to the few, a few desires only will be gratified, and the happiness which the gratification procures will be experienced only by a limited number of favoured individuals. But as the happiness of one class of a community is to a considerable extent dependent on that of the other so long as classifications exist, is it not clear that society generally must suffer from the contest which is taking place? The contest is not rendered less acute by the fact that many on gaining superfluity desert the principles of their original class and adopt

those of the higher. When the power of the latter is supreme, and repression is severely exercised, a certain half-coerced contentment is produced, and the mental stress is less than when that power tends to weaken, as it does to some extent to-day.

But the trouble has been rendered more intense, especially in England, by the faulty and immoral applications to social life which have been made of the famous theory of Darwin, according to which in the process of nature the strong suppress the weak in the competition for existence. Large numbers of individualists, disregarding the universal sentiment of sympathy, acting as though morality were but a failing of the weak-minded, have persistently engaged in a remorseless competition, pursuing a rule of life which, carried out to its logical conclusion, must bring regression to the lowest barbarism, which is opposed to the moral teachings of all religions, which is contradicted by many facts of animal life, which ignores co-operation, and which is generally derogatory to human reason—a morality which, although partially exhibited in natural selection, Darwin himself would have shrunk from proclaiming as a standard for the human race.

Failing to distinguish between the animal world, which can lay little or no store of sustenance, and man, who not only can make such a store, but can also make agreements with his fellow men for its apportionment, between the quantity of force employed in the vital competition and its nature; the upholders of this system have made the error of concluding that social progress has as its end the survival of those who are the best adapted to existing conditions, rather than of those who are the best adapted to a series of ulterior conditions.

The result of the struggle for life practised *à outrance* by human beings is to banish the human sentiment of pity, and to fill men's minds with apprehension of the neighbour. It tends to reduce the free man, happy in his own initiative, into poverty or into subservience to a master; and the existence of the feeling thus created is destructive of the peace of mind

which is essential to social happiness. We cannot conceive the life of primitive man competing for existence with wild beasts and often with his own species, ever on the alert to guard against attack, to have been a happy one. Neither can we conceive that a society engaged in a relentless competition can lead a felicitous existence. Restitutions of the result of successful competition are sometimes made, and the fact proves that those who make them are conscious of the need of clemency; but it is very doubtful whether the alleviations which these restitutions procure compensate for the misery and social discontent produced. It is certain that as long as this pseudo-Darwinism endures, fear and suspicion must be rife and society must suffer. In the weak may dwell much good and in the strong much evil, yet in the glorification of strength which characterises the present time, both the good of the weak and the evil of the strong are disregarded. The desire to triumph connotes the desire to humiliate, yet human nature being as it is, happiness cannot live with humiliation, and we see that increasing numbers of the vanquished rather than endure humiliation end their lives by their own hands. To apply to man a law said to be at work in the animal world without establishing any scientific standard of fitness and to set aside all the intellectual qualities acquired during long centuries of reflection, is to reduce man to a level above which his superior reason entitles him to rise. Yet the application of this principle during the last quarter of the last century has been responsible for a great share of the moral malady by which that period has been affected. Laws which may be true biologically may not be true ethically. The fittest to survive physically and even dynamico-mentally, is not always he whose thoughts and actions are of the greatest value to the general happiness present and future, and any society which gives itself up to the unquestioned guidance of the fittest, in this sense, must suffer as a whole. Often the men apparently most fitted to the environment of the present day are those who possess the strongest nervous organisation; but the

strongest nerves may eventually prove inadequate to bear the strain of ever-increasing strife for gain. Already we see that insanity is on the increase in all large cities, and that this is greatly due to the anxieties of modern life is undoubted. The progress of medical science has rendered most maladies curable when taken in their initial stages, but it is almost powerless against the care which slowly but surely undermines both those that are held, according to the aberration of the day, to be the fit, and still more those who are regarded as unfit.

Throughout history the motive of the most decisive acts may be traced to have been that of material interest; but the difference which exists between the present times and those which have preceded them is, that while the acquisitive desire in its intensity was once pursued by a few forceful men assuming the right to dictate to the majority, it is now more generally pursued.

But while there are many aspirants and competitors for the fortuned life, comparatively few attain to it. Disappointment mars the existence of large numbers, and the means are sought whereby the inequalities of fortune, although dependent to some extent upon natural inequalities of aptitude, may nevertheless be decreased.

Hence we have problems of all kinds, problems of labour, of habitation, of poverty, of municipal administration, all complicated by political considerations, for many of which some kind of a solution will probably be found in the near future. Charity, of which there is much to-day, alleviates a portion of the unhappiness caused by the spirit of acquisition, but it is mainly exercised towards the destitute, and it brings with it certain unjust disqualifications which are themselves the cause of pain. Also in many cases it intervenes too late.

Next in importance as a factor of the present crisis is the opposition which is being manifested between the religions and the moral codes which they maintain and the moral code which is being slowly evolved from scientific conceptions of the world and life.

If one body of men proclaims the truth of statements concerning the origin of things and the relation of man to a personal god, judging human actions on the assumption of God's will and punishing or rewarding them accordingly in a future life, and if another body not only challenges the historical accuracy of the records on which the statements are based, but also demonstrates the physical impossibility of many of them, denying or doubting immortality, professing ignorance of any such god or only conjecturing him as an unknowable first cause and applying the evolutionary process to life and to moral conduct with no real freedom of volition; then the simultaneous exposition of the views of the two schools must have a disturbing influence. For while the theological, the moral and scientific codes do not differ in respect of the fundamental prohibitions as to theft and murder, without which social life would be obviously impossible, they do differ very materially in regard to the nature of the judgment passed upon the motives leading to such acts. Again, while the religious act rightly from a desire of spiritual reward, the non-religious do so chiefly from a desire to benefit their race. The one acknowledges a divine incentive to do right, the other only the conviction of reason to act in a way that is best for men. The "right" of the one is not always the "right" of the other. It would be unlawful for a religious person to pursue his ordinary vocation on the seventh day, but a man possessing no religious belief would not be deterred if he found it convenient to do so. A practising Christian should sacrifice himself for his neighbour, but a follower of Spencer would hold that individuals have duties towards themselves as well as towards their neighbours. Scriptural religion also, owing to the remoteness of the period when its conduct laws were made, does not mention moral defects which have grown out of civilisation, such as temptation to alcoholism and the adulteration of food, yet these are held by the scientific to be grave offences against the race. Wars in the past have been sanctioned by religion, or, at all events, not decreed as

immoral, yet the humanitarian contingent of the scientific host considers them as such. It would be easy to multiply instances of the divergent and often antagonistic ideas which are imputable to the two sanctions. It is certain that, although having some principles in common, there is a great difference of aim between the life-conduct of the religious and that of the non-religious; and when we reflect how little divergence of opinion is sufficient to cause dissension among men, it becomes evident that from this source must come disharmony. Vast numbers still cling to supernatural belief; and the more thoughtful, when startled in that belief by the revelations of science, endeavour to react against them, either by proclaiming the bankruptcy of science on logical grounds, as the editor of a famous French review has done, or by attempting a reconciliation between two such opposites as science and religion. Hitherto these efforts have proved fruitless, and there is little indication that they will ever be successful unless the largest concessions are made by the religious, concessions which are never likely to be granted as long as the Scriptures are maintained as the fountains of authority. The danger of this conflict is that many of those who quit their ancient faith, conceiving it to be undermined by the criticism to which it has been subjected, lose the restraining influence of the religious prohibitions, and, failing to adopt others, decline in moral worth. Many of those who have received a religious training are still mentally incapable of conceiving a morality independent of religion, and when they lose their faith tend to lapse into a kind of moral incoherence. Attempts are sometimes made to construct a religion of morality, but as they have chiefly resulted in pouring new wine into old bottles, they have not been successful. On the other hand, the philanthropic work of religious institutions has received a support which far exceeds that which is granted to their religious propaganda. The time is one of opposing currents of thought and action, and the waters of conscience are perturbed. The religious

find difficulty in accounting for the morality of the non-religious and are frequently suspicious of it. On both sides the aim is moral good; but the motives from which this good is sought are not the same, and the means employed are different. Also, what constitutes sin for the religious is in some cases mere social inconvenience for the non-religious, while sometimes it is held as harmless—and from these divergences mistrust and misunderstandings spring.

The time has passed when these misunderstandings produced violence, but they still excite sentiments of rancour which are important features of the present phase.

A certain change is noticeable in the relations of the sexes which has also a subversive tendency. Encouraged by the example of America, most European countries have admitted women to offices hitherto filled by men, and women have claimed emancipation from many of the disabilities under which they consider they have laboured in the past. As a result, there has occurred a certain competition between men and women, a decline of chivalrous sentiment, and in England a disposition on the part of women to assert superiority. But as the new occupations of women and the assertion of an exaggerated independence are incompatible with family life, the tendency has been to form the earners and the independent (mostly celibates) into a class apart from the child-bearing majority, who are physically unfitted for considerable periods for the active work of life. But as their capability has increased, women have evinced a certain distaste for the place which they have hitherto occcupied in the social scheme, and many have been undecided as to the attitude towards the other sex which they should adopt. Aberrations have been witnessed which have had the effect of withdrawing from maternity a certain number of women physically fitted to be mothers, and the disturbance in the relations of the sexes which has resulted from these causes must be expected to continue until it has been definitely ascertained to what extent women may enter the walks of men without danger to the race. A war of the

sexes is an eventuality which cannot be considered probable; and however great may be the antagonisms of the moment, they must eventually disappear before the spirit of the species, reasserting its omnipotence.

Another cause of conflict is the internationalisation of ideas which is taking place as the means of communication become more numerous between the nations, and which is leading to conceptions of universal brotherhood and peace of a character hitherto unknown. Such conceptions, however, embrace notions of universal justice, which strike at the root of ancient systems of national interest and stir up feelings of apprehensive irritation on the part of those in whom the acquisitive spirit of the ancestors is strongest, and whom the new philosophy of mundane life has not convinced. In them patriotism is a second religion, according to which the prepotency of their own stock is the highest of ideals. They offer the strongest opposition to the progress of the pacific and fraternal doctrines which idealists of another type, but no less enthusiastic, are preaching strenuously to-day. While the former proclaim that war is an unavoidable and noble necessity of man and that might is right, their adversaries declare that war is a degradation of the human state, and that the right to the possession of the earth's surface may now be decided by certain principles of apportionment based on fundamental laws of equity. It is plain that the two attitudes of mind will conflict sorely in each nation, and will be the cause of recriminations which will disturb the course of public life. The one side will accuse the other of folly, and the other will bring the reproach of ignorance against it. There will be no surrender on either side until in the natural development of human affairs there comes a time when overwhelming weight of evidence in favour of one or other of the two conceptions decides the issue.

Again, the immense progress which has been made of late in the applications of science has had an unmistakable influence upon the manners of the peoples. The constantly increasing excellence and rapidity of the means of travel have engendered

a restlessness and volatility which have to some extent had the effect of severing or causing interruption in social relations and dividing friends. The pleasure of velocity provided by the motor-car has actually had the effect of temporarily deadening in many of its votaries the common feelings of humanity, and of making it possible for some of them to maim and kill with unconcern.

The progress of medical science and hygiene has rendered many diseases curable which were formerly considered fatal, and thus the hope has been engendered of living to the full extent of the natural span of life, and even of attaining to a greater longevity than was considered possible before. And this new aspiration has had a not inappreciable influence on the conduct of the ailing or the old, causing both to be less inclined than formerly to relinquish the rights they hold to the younger generation. On the other hand, there has been a tendency to entrust to youth, in preference to maturity, charges and offices that the former were not previously seen to fill, and to take from age, whatever its fitness, the offices it holds. So that we have from this source a persistent effort to preserve and to prolong life along with a tendency to discredit the long-lived, and these contrary proclivities are again the cause of moral perturbation.

In vain those whose better reason revolts against the short-sighted egoism of the present phase, realising that happiness must be general to be complete, seek comfort from the teachers of the world. The ancient, those of the Renascence and those of the beginning and middle of the last century, are inadequate to offer guidance in the maze of modern life, and their works lie forgotten on their shelves. The modern are appealed to for direction, and their responses are contradictory. Comte, who gave morals the highest place among the sciences, constructed a system which was wanting in expansiveness, and which has only influenced a few. Spencer elaborated one which, if carefully pursued, would lead to greater happiness than the world now has; but his ethical writings have had no

marked effect upon the conduct of his countrymen, who have never wholly accepted his authority. The just and prudential pursuit of pleasure is a conception which does not appeal to the short-sighted, and not all of the perplexed will find comfort in his works, which in England, at least, have not yet permeated moral education, by which channel alone they might have had a great and lasting influence. This man has taught unheeded by the many, and though his wisdom has undoubtedly been an important factor in moral evolution, yet in the present crisis it is held somewhat in suspense. It has in contradiction to it much of the teaching of the churches, to which waverers still cling.

There have been also Tolstois preaching a social stoicism and a moral self-renewal, while dramatists like Ibsen have taught a vague individualism somewhat antagonistic to it. Poet-philosophers like Nietzsche, aiding the false moral applications of the biological writings of Darwin, have inculcated a remorseless dominion of strong men opposed to the rights of other men and productive of acute imperialism. There have been others in the precincts of the academies whose abstruseness renders their works inaccessible to any but the few, and all the while there have been the moral teachings of the churches immutable in their ancient principles. But the majority of waverers perceive that no one of the systems may be practised in the present day without opposition from the others, without the possession of powers of self-restaint or energy above the common lot, or without thwarting the sustentative necessity. The return to simplicity of life and sterling virtue is marred by obstacles which a complex and half corrupt civilisation creates, and by the contagion of the current luxury. It requires efforts almost superhuman to be wholly just in a society that is not strictly just, or to be frugal in the midst of plenty, and the effort which some men make in this direction often results in mental malady. It is a hard task to oppose the trend of contemporary life, that is what those must do, however, who strive to follow in their integrity the tenets of either of these

rival schools. And yet in times of crisis there is a realisation that something is amiss in the social scheme, that there is something wrong. And this apprehension is not illusory. Each time that conduct deflects from the line of the greatest expediency at any stage of its development, a sensation of unease and of incipient anxiety is felt. It is this which acts as a preservative against disintegration, as a corrective of the errors which human life evolves as it moves towards its unknown goal, and it is that which particularly affects the present times. What if we are using our human energy too fast? while burning the candle of egoism at both ends, taking more steps along the triple road of moral, physical and mental decadence, than we can hope to retrace by the reactive forces we possess? what if a halt were no longer possible upon the incline of extinction? Such questions are not futile. Nothing tells us that the march towards the perfectionation of our life which many signs denote as now in progress, will of a certainty be effected to its end. Nothing assures us, without the possibility of doubt, that we *must* attain that end. History has shown that there has hitherto been at work a system of compensation by which refined and tired races that have fallen below the level of efficiency, are superseded by others of a lower degree of culture, but of a more robust constitution. It may be that the process is still at work to-day, but it may be, on the other hand, that with the constantly increasing generalisation of ideas which has marked the last half-century, a time may not be far distant when the moral attitude of the whole world will be the same. There is a danger also that unless the present tendencies receive some sturdy check, the evil will grow pathological, and that society in its ceaseless strife for pleasure will count among its members an increasing number of the unfit, afflicted with those forms of nervous maladies for which physical means of cure are now acknowledged by the most enlightened medical inquirers to be inefficacious; men who are largely the victims of the conditions of their times, and whose cure itself can only be effected by

moral self-persuasion, the quality above all in which they are deficient.

In this as in preceding crises the connection between moral and mental causes is extremely close and intricate. Neuronic disorders through stress of life may give rise to moral failings, just as moral laxity may lead to nervous ills. The dependence of the mind upon the body being intimate, it would seem that the remedy might be sought in the greater study of physical health and the greater use of bodily exercise; but it is often seen that those who employ either of these means, in these times of extreme ideas, tend to exceed the limits of expediency or prudence and to contract nervous disorders. The old ideal of a sound mind in a sound body still remains the object of attainment, but to the former must be added the possession of a moral and social bent which alone can bring the stability and harmony essential to human happiness.

The fate of the happiness of men, their continued progress towards mental, moral, and physical health, depend upon the efficient and regular working of human entities in society in such a way that the proper functions of the whole may not be jeopardised. When this is not accomplished, when the result of the activity of one section is to hinder the other unjustly, then a dislocation of some or all the parts ensues, and there results a defective social state. A quality, hard to define accurately but sufficiently understood, the quality of moral courage, is the primary necessity. If existence be accepted a fortitude must be maintained to persevere in a well-ordered life of moderated but unfailing energy, of limited indulgence of the senses, of stoicism in bodily or mental pain, with a determination to strive for others as well as self without waiting for the final proof of the wisdom or the logical necessity for such a course.

The severity of the crisis varies with the trend of national thought and with social and political conditions. Almost everywhere, however, economic or sustentative considerations

are given precedence over all others, and the crisis is only more or less acute according to the means employed to give effect to them. Where the principle at work is that of the bird of prey, where cruelty, physical, and mental, leading to debility, insanity, or death, is freely and unflinchingly employed by the forceful, even when followed by the meagre palliation of either ostentatious or unostentatious charity, unhappiness and misery must continue to be experienced, the extent of which will depend upon the nature of the strife for satisfaction. In England, where a false and lamentable Darwinism has raised the cry of the *væ victis* the strife is especially acute, and the national morals cannot progress until this superstition is eradicated from the English mind and until the study of progressive morals occupies in every grade of education the place which it should hold.

F. Carrel.

THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR OF PROGRESS

THERE can be no question as to the highest of all conceivable human achievements. Not to control gravitation, as M. Maeterlinck has suggested, nor to exterminate disease, nor to travel to other planets, but to ennoble our race, is assuredly the highest object that can be set before us. Accomplish this, and all other things shall be added unto us. And plainly the first question is whether this consummate achievement is practicable.

Time was when the wise believed what the foolish still repeat—that human nature is the same in all ages. But it is now more than half a century since Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" saw the light, and little less since the publication of Darwin's masterpiece. We know now that human nature is not the same in all ages, that it was once simian nature, once vermian, once lower still. The establishment of organic evolution is the establishment of the truth that progress is possible, since progress has occurred. The conceivable ennoblement of our kind is therefore not a Quixotic enterprise. The fact that it has been suggested by the descendant of the beasts that perish is in itself a proof that it is possible. What the beast has done man can do.

There are two conceivable ways in which, or by a combination of which, the improvement of any living species may be effected. Knowing, as we do, that the history and destiny of

all living things are determined by two factors, heredity and environment, we see that these terms suggest the possibilities. It might conceivably succeed to employ the environment as the factor of progress. Sir James Simpson believed that education of a mother-to-be increased the weight of her future child's brain. Lamarck, the forerunner of evolution, believed that organic progress had been determined by "inheritance with increase," by the transmission of acquired characters, such as of the results of education. Education, I take it, is none other than the provision of an environment—a *milieu environnant*, to use Lamarck's original term—and, if acquirements were transmissible, plainly there could be no simpler and surer method of ennobling our kind, morally and mentally, than by means of well-conceived education.

But contemporary biology will have none of this. It roundly declares that acquirements are not transmissible, and it has proved its case—at any rate, in so far as our present inquiry is concerned. Sedulous training of your ear will not prevent your children from singing flat; your moral discipline cannot serve for theirs; your knowledge will die with you. Hence the possibility of improving the human stock—at any rate, directly—by means of judicious control and modification of the environment, must be ruled out of court. And we are left with heredity alone.

According to Charles Darwin, the truth of whose assertion is now questioned by no competent and scarcely any incompetent thinkers, heredity has indeed been the means by which man has travelled so far upon his infinite and apparently goalless road. The characters of all organisms tend, by reason of causes as yet imperfectly understood, to vary, whilst the variations tend to be perpetuated by heredity. Owing to the action of the principle termed by Darwin "natural selection," and by Spencer, "survival of the fittest," certain variations are chosen, and tend to be perpetuated, whilst others are left, and tend to extinction. The denial of the survival of the fittest is, as Spencer pointed out, an inconceivable proposition: the fittest

must necessarily survive, but the fittest are not necessarily the best. Nevertheless, on the average, the fittest have been the best, since the qualities of mind and character which we term good have definite survival value, in that they make, on the whole, for fitness.

There still lives amongst us a great biologist, Mr. Francis Galton, who is a first cousin of Charles Darwin: and it is his aim to improve the race by the conscious, purposeful application of the principle discovered by his immortal relative. Of course, Mr. Galton is no pioneer, for Plato set the same object before him more than two thousand years ago; but he is the pioneer of this great idea in the age of science. A word invented by him, *stirpiculture*, is now familiar, especially in America; but he has lately substituted for it another term, *eugenics*, which literally means good breeding. In brief, he maintains that, as his cousin proved, man is the product of eugenics; and therefore that in eugenics must now be recognised the essential factor of progress—not in legal enactments nor in discovery, but in the extension and facilitation of the process which has already brought us thus far—the process which made man man. Ere we turn more closely to the problems involved, it may be of interest to note recent events in this connection. Following upon his Huxley Lecture, in which Mr. Galton—the author, be it remembered, of "Hereditary Genius"—dealt with the possibility of improving the human stock by selection, he read a paper before the Sociological Society recently founded in London. That remarkable paper and its successors were supplemented by the criticisms of many distinguished authorities, including Professors Weismann, Westermarck, Yves Delage, Karl Pearson, Sergi, and Tönnies, Dr. Henry Maudsley, and Dr. Max Nordau. (The opinions of these and of many more students almost equally distinguished are to be found in "Sociological Papers," vols. i. and ii., published for the society by Messrs. Macmillan.) Thereafter Mr. Galton presented the University of London with an initial sum of £1500, with which has been founded the

"Francis Galton Research Fellowship in National Eugenics." The first-fruits of this Fellowship are in the press as I write. Furthermore, Mr. Galton has conducted an extremely interesting inquiry into the families of Fellows of the Royal Society of London, and has conclusively proved the existence of a considerable number of exceptional families, which lend great support to the eugenic contention. Chief amongst these, I may note, is the amazing family which numbers amongst its members Josiah Wedgwood, Erasmus Darwin, the pioneer evolutionist, Charles Darwin, three sons of Charles Darwin, all Fellows of the Royal Society on their own merits—one of whom is the present President of the British Association—and the founder of eugenics himself. Since his original communication Mr. Galton has also found time for various short writings dealing with various objections to his proposals and outlining the main immediate objects of eugenic inquiry. The Sociological Society is rightly devoting very great attention to this subject, which will occupy much of its time and its labour during the forthcoming session. And now we may return to our general consideration of the matter.

In his own writings, and in his choice of a title for his proposals, Mr. Galton has laid stress almost exclusively upon what, for myself, I prefer to call the *positive aspect* of eugenics —the selection, by means later to be considered, of the best members of the community, to do more than "their share" in the infinitely responsible task of continuing the species. But in a short paper which I published in 1904 I ventured to regard eugenics as having both a positive and a negative aspect—as including both the encouragement of the propagation of the best and the discouragement of the propagation of the worst. My illustrious friend was good enough to think well of that little paper, and uttered no protest against my inclusion of certain negative proposals within the general conception of eugenics.

Indeed, the discussion now raging in London between those who insist upon the exclusive importance of either aspect

of eugenics as against the other, seems to me to be without a logical basis. Some say that the method of Nature is to choose the best for reproductive purposes, others that the method is simply to destroy the worst. By some the latter method is declared incapable of achieving progress, and capable merely of preventing retrogression; by others, the former method is characterised as utterly impracticable. But for the life of me I cannot see that there is any real basis for controversy. Surely our terms are relative. Surely the elimination of the worse necessarily implies the selection of the better; surely the encouragement of the better implies the relative discouragement of the worse. Complete encouragement of the better and complete discouragement of the worse would surely be identical in result. I hold, therefore, that this claiming of Nature as being definitely in favour of the one side or the other is a mere confusion of thought. In spite of the sub-title of the "Origin of Species"—"natural selection or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life"—Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, says: "The real fact of the case is that in the all-round result the inferior usually perish. . . . The way of Nature has always been to slay the hindmost. . . . It is in the sterilisation of failures, and not in the selection of successes for breeding, that the possibility of an improvement of the human stock lies." On this three criticisms may be passed: first, that the antithesis, as we have seen, is an imaginary one; second, that the sterilisation of failures cannot conceivably accomplish progress—which *has occurred;* and third, that the failures are, in any case, relatively sterile. Dr. Max Nordau is surely an authority upon degeneracy, and he has told us that the pre-eminent character and hall-mark of degeneracy is its relative inability to propagate itself.

Thus we are prepared to observe that both the negative and the positive proposals of eugenics—which, as we have seen, are not antithetic but complementary and, in principle, equivalent—are already in operation, and will doubtless continue to operate amongst us. The relative unfitness which

is implied by disease obviously tends to its own extinction, since disease shortens life and in other ways lessens fertility. Mental inferiority also tends towards extinction, since it certainly lessens the chances of marriage. Even moral inferiority, though with many and salient exceptions, tends towards extinction, since imprisonment and other forms of punishment interfere with the possibility of fertility.

But the continued operation of the principle of selection in modern society, despite hasty assertions concerning the rapid multiplication of the unfit—as if the criterion of unfitness were not precisely its incapacity for rapid multiplication—may be well illustrated by the fallacy that marriage tends to prolong life. Readers of Spencer's "Study of Sociology" (p. 92) will remember the demonstration that married men are already—as a class—the select of their generation. The majority of men do not marry without sufficient means, and of men whose marriages depend on getting the needful incomes, those who succeed are "the best, physically and mentally—the strong, the intellectually capable, the morally well balanced." Further, the reproductive instincts and emotions, prompting towards marriage, are in general strong in proportion as the vital energy is great. Lastly, marriage is determined in part by the preferences of women. "Other things equal, women are attracted towards men of power—physical, emotional, intellectual; and obviously their freedom of choice leads them in many cases to refuse inferior samples of men; especially the malformed, the diseased, and those who are ill developed, physically and mentally. So that, in so far as marriage is determined by female selection, the average result on men is that, while the best easily get wives, a certain proportion of the worst are left without wives." We may note that the recent exact statistical inquiries of Prof. Karl Pearson have definitely led him to the conclusion that "preferential mating," as he calls it, does actually occur, as Spencer suggests that it does in the foregoing quotations.

Further, to consider one aspect of the negative proposal of

eugenics, we may compare the method of Nature with the method proposed by man. One of the ways of Nature has certainly been to slay the hindmost. But modern humanity will not slay the hindmost—neither the consumptive, nor the deformed, nor the criminal, nor the insane. And the Nietzschean will tell us that, in consequence, we are suffering from a rapid multiplication of the unfit; that our higher duty is to ignore the promptings of the inherited weakness called sympathy, and to slay and spare not. Here we see the apparently irreconcilable opposition, as Huxley thought it, between cosmic and moral evolution. The demand of Nature is to slay, of the moral sense to spare. Already we have seen that the refusal to slay does not imply the overwhelming of the fit by the progeny of the unfit; but this we may assert whilst recognising that there are only too many amongst us for whom it would be better had they never been born. Which, then, is to go—the stern but ultimately beneficent demand of Nature, or the law of love, to sacrifice which is to rob human life of all that makes it worthy and *humane?*

As I see it, neither need go. Let us preserve and care for the unfit, certain that it is more blessed to give than to receive; but let us meet Nature's requirements nevertheless. In order that the unfit shall not reproduce their unfitness, Nature says to them, "Ye shall not live." But the advantage of human intelligence is that we do not need to slay the unworthy in order to avert their reproduction. Our demand is merely, "Ye shall not propagate. We are very sorry for you, will do our best to make life easy for you, will provide hospitals and asylums for you, but in return we expect you to refrain from burdening future generations with your infirmities."

Surely, there is nothing unreasonable, or impossible, or brutal in such a position.

If now we turn away from consideration of the definitely unfit—whose importance is, after all, self-limited—and observe the possibilities presented by the great mass of mediocrity and the exceptionally competent or moral minority, we may observe

a special reason, of yearly increasing importance, for lending encouragement to the proposals of Mr. Galton. It is that, in general, there is an antagonism, as Spencer was the first to point out, between "individuation and genesis." In other words, the higher the individual type, the less is its fecundity. This holds true through the whole organic world, and it is equally true in human society of the present day. Society is an organism that reproduces itself from below. One cannot eat one's cake and have it: cannot write a system of philosophy, *and* successfully bring up a large family. The energy available by any one of us is finite, and if it be expended upon the race it cannot remain for the service of the individual; if expended for the individual it is not available for the race. No eugenic system will alter this fact; but it surely lends added force to the contention that, at any rate, we should do what we can by way of removing any difficulties that may affect the marriage of the worthy. The granting of eugenic certificates for marriage, the development of social opinion in the direction of added respect for the parents of worthy children, the establishment—after the fashion of the Chinese—of a Golden Book wherein will be recounted the names and achievements of worthy families—these and many other measures, some easy, others difficult, some in more or less vigorous action to-day, and others novel, will serve for that encouragement of the best which is as certainly part of Nature's method as the destruction of the hindmost.

Mr. Galton has spoken eloquently of eugenics as a factor in the religion of the future; he has declared that it must be regarded as a supremely important ethical end. To some critics who declared that men would never brook any interference with the incoercible passion which laughs at locksmiths, Mr. Galton replied with a list of the many arbitrary restrictions upon marriage which have held sway in the past, and do so to-day—exogamy, endogamy, celibacy, monogamy, totemism, tabu, caste, prohibited degrees of kinship, and so forth. The reply to this was that it was all very well for men to submit to

restrictions which claimed supernatural sanction, but that eugenic restrictions could claim no such sanction and would therefore be ignored. But, after all, the number is daily increasing of those who recognise in Nature herself, and nowhere else, the sanctions of morality; and it is a scandalous saying that men will never submit to restrictions whose claim upon them is simply that they tend to make for the increased happiness and the ennoblement of our kind. Certainly I believe that eugenics will be a factor in the religion of the future.

My space has availed only for the mere outline-discussion of a subject which, though still ignored by the general public, is already in possession of an abundant though scattered literature. It is impossible here to deal with the numerous criticisms, some of them not without grave importance, which have been passed upon Mr. Galton's proposals, and it is even impossible for me to specify the present tentative form which those proposals have taken.

The point is that here is an aim supremely worthy: and that, if the theory of organic evolution be not a myth, it is an aim capable of attainment. By all means let it be criticised: but let us distinguish. Already eugenics has suffered from the so-called criticisms of certain professional jesters, who are never so amusing as when they pose as sociologists. The matter is too grave, too difficult, too much in need of serious attention, for us to welcome these gentlemen, whose wit is a poor substitute for wisdom. Again, there are certain literary—and even some medical —critics, unacquainted with biological truths, whose objections are directed to the very root of the proposals. They declare that heredity is quite incalculable; that Shakespeare had seven utterly undistinguished brothers, for instance, and that we had better not interfere with things. Now, since we daily do interfere, it is surely reasonable to suggest that we should do so consciously rather than subconsciously. As for the incalculableness of heredity, we certainly grant that nothing can be predicated of any individual case; living matter is too

complex for that. But that everything can be predicated when we come to consider millions instead of units, the history of life upon the earth conclusively testifies. If the transmission of favourable variations by heredity did not occur, we should not be here to discuss it. Again, there are the critics who expend themselves against propositions of their own imagining—as that Mr. Galton desires to create a dull uniformity of type—as if this great student of heredity did not know the value of variation. Lastly, there is the very numerous and distinguished group of critics who send to the Sociological Society this sort of thing: "This seems to me an excellent idea: I am sure there must be something in it: I wish Mr. Galton all success: sorry I cannot attend your meeting, but important duties claim me." These gentlemen are the despair of some of us. The poetic aspect—a poet is literally a *maker*—of the subject has not been revealed to them. They wish Mr. Galton all success, but are not moved to strengthen his hands—not even indirectly by adverse criticism.

Yet Mr. Galton's aim is possible, and the highest conceivable! It is the old instance over again: people who accept the doctrine of organic evolution but cannot see its magnificent implication—that man is not a finished product, but is *in climax*—are like him who sets forth to tell a good story; but leaves out the point.

C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S. Edin.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND JOURNALISM

THE retirement of Sir Francis Burnand from the editorship of *Punch* has indirectly drawn attention to the remarkable increase in the number of Roman Catholics connected with the newspaper Press of the United Kingdom that has taken place within, comparatively speaking, the last few years.

Mixing, as I have occasion to do, with men and women of many sorts and conditions, and perhaps more especially with men and women connected with the newspaper press, I have repeatedly been struck of late years—first, by the fact that a big proportion of the men who to-day work for newspapers are men who have been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion; secondly, by the very broad-minded views the average Catholic journalist holds; and thirdly, by the sensible spirit of tolerance, the outcome of a mind free from narrow prejudices, that forms a notable characteristic of modern newspaper proprietors as a body with regard to the religious beliefs or disbeliefs of the writers employed to work for them.

"It is immaterial to me," one of the most influential of English, or perhaps I should say British, newspaper proprietors remarked some weeks ago, "what any man's religious beliefs are, provided that he does his work thoroughly and conscientiously; and I doubt if you will find any newspaper-owner to differ from me in that opinion." I have found one, ho wever

and only one, and upon my questioning him in writing, this is what he said in reply:

. . . Personally I think it regrettable, to say the least, that the power for directing public opinion should be placed to any great extent in the hands of either men or women who sympathise with the superstitious beliefs advanced by adherents to the Roman Catholic religion. For this reason I make it a rule to recruit my staff from persons holding religious views that coincide with the teachings of the old-established Faith of this country, so far as I am aware. . . . No, I do not draw the line at either Jews or Nonconformists; but I draw the line at Roman Catholics. From my knowledge of the world, which is considerable, I believe there are but few Roman Catholics who would let pass an opportunity of advancing the interests of their religion should a favourable opportunity of doing so present itself; and, this being so, I realise to the full the inadvisability of letting Catholics get a wide footing on the newspaper Press.

The contrast between the opinions held by these two men, both men of influence in their particular spheres, both men of considerable ability, and presumably both men of integrity, is interesting to mark. That practical, in contradistinction to theoretical, Roman Catholics would in all probability not let "an opportunity of advancing the interests of their religion" pass without availing themselves of it, is very likely true; and the same can probably be said of active Protestants and of practical Jews. How often, however, do such opportunities present themselves to nine-tenths of the working journalists of this country? I have put the question to a number of practical Protestants, Catholics and Jews I include among my rather large circle of acquaintances connected with the newspaper Press, and the reply in every case has been that opportunities of advancing their own personal opinions upon any subject likely to lead to an important controversy, or create bad blood, to all intents and purposes never do arise.

It would be as unwise to argue [declares a well-known leader-writer of one of our most important daily papers] that because I personally am a "true believer," but two of the part-proprietors of the newspaper I have been connected with for the last six years are practical Christians, I ought not to be employed to work for their paper for fear that one day I might inadvertently be afforded an opportunity of furthering Jewish interests. So far as I can

recollect at off-hand, I have only two or three times during the years that I have been on the staff of the newspaper I now work for had an opportunity of influencing public opinion on my own account in favour of Jewish beliefs.

Journalists of other denominations speak to the same effect, so that one may fairly conclude that the second of the two newspaper proprietors whose views I have quoted is, subconsciously perhaps, *ipso facto* prejudiced against Roman Catholics individually as well as collectively. For in these times of religious tolerance, and of men and women whose outlook upon life yearly grows broader, it must assuredly be a mistake to suppose that a journalist's private religious convictions can make one iota of difference to the success, or the failure, or the influencing power of the particular newspaper or newspapers he works for. It would be as unreasonable to urge that because a charitable institution, supported by voluntary contributions, had at its head a Roman Catholic, therefore no Protestant would-be inmate should apply for relief, and *vice versâ*. The days of unconscionable bigotry of that stamp are, fortunately, to all intents and purposes past—I say "to all intents and purposes," because a small but shallow-minded section of the community is, of course, still to be found scattered in remote parts of the country; but year by year it dwindles. To journalism the same remark applies. Twenty years ago, fifteen years ago, perhaps, many newspaper proprietors—I have this on excellent authority—were inclined to look askance at the Roman Catholic contributor who admitted his religious beliefs. In many instances a Catholic of ability anxious to obtain a post on the staff of an English newspaper found himself shouldered out by a Protestant of equal ability, or a Jew found himself shouldered out by a Catholic, or a Catholic by a Jew, or a Jew by a Protestant, as the case might be.

How often to-day will you hear of a Protestant, or a Catholic, or a Jew, desirous of working for a newspaper, or of joining either the editorial or the reportorial staff of a newspaper, being so much as asked what faith he professes, or if he

professes any faith at all? In eight cases out of ten it is a matter of pure indifference to the proprietor, or to the "chief" who acts for him, what any man's religious views are; and it is for this reason that the number of Roman Catholics to be found connected with the Press of the United Kingdom is at the present time so great.

And as newspaper proprietors have grown much more broad-minded, so in probably greater proportion have the newspaper workers expanded in their ideas. Probably no calling is more calculated to widen a young man's views than the calling of journalism in some of its branches, and upon young Catholics of a certain set—a set that at one time was prone to consider many matters of universal importance from a rather restricted standpoint—this training in what may be termed the school of journalism has had a beneficial effect. Comparatively a few years ago, for instance, the idea was prevalent among Roman Catholics that no Catholic ought under any circumstances—the occasion of a christening, a wedding, or a funeral, of course, excepted—attend a service in a Protestant place of worship even out of curiosity. I believe I am right in saying that few modern Catholics remain under that impression, and assuredly an individual whose religious beliefs could be transformed or weakened through his witnessing the service of a creed different from his own, or through his listening to a sermon delivered by the minister of a religion that was not his, would have to be, to say the least, an invertebrate being. He would, indeed, be almost upon a par with fatuous Tories who pride themselves upon boycotting Opposition newspapers, and rabid Radicals who fume at the name of any journal known to express views the least Conservative in tone. "See and hear all sides" is with most journalists an unwritten maxim, and it has sub-consciously been adopted by the great majority of Roman Catholics to-day connected with the Press. In point of fact, it is a maxim that the journalist cannot afford to repudiate if he is going to succeed in his career. And this remark does not apply to British journalists only, or to

journalists working only in Great Britain. In the many civilised countries I have had occasion to visit, and in cities such as San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, and Washington; and in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and other important cities in the Dominion of Canada, the same broad view is taken by the leading newspapers concerning matters of common interest, and the men I have met who were working for these newspapers worked in perfect harmony, though Protestants and Roman Catholics and unbelievers and atheists—in short, men of many creeds and of no creed associated daily and nightly, and though the proprietors of the journals held divers religious beliefs, or did not hold any belief at all.

What does all this tend to show? It goes far to prove, I think, that the vice—I think I may call it so—of bigotry is almost dead so far as the newspaper Press is concerned; and with a daily Press circulating its millions of copies every morning this means that bigotry of every kind, but more particularly religious bigotry, will before many more years have passed, have become virtually extinct. There are at the present time still renegade Roman Catholics, and Protestants who have apostatised, who travel about the country delivering lectures wherever they are able to get a hearing, but their bitter remarks seem to carry but little weight, and occasionally to provoke to ridicule. To some it may seem remarkable that bigotry did not die a natural death soon after the middle of the last century, when education in its higher form began to spread, and when newspapers began slowly to multiply; but throughout the land bigotry was deeply rooted, and until towards the close of the century there remained a great bulk of the population, especially in outlying country districts, that read the newspapers only at irregular intervals and that adhered to traditions that had been handed from father to son probably for several generations. Perhaps another reason so many Roman Catholics are now engaged in journalism is that Catholic schools and colleges of the better class have a curriculum very different from that of twenty years ago. The illogical text-books looked upon as

standard works in some Catholic schools two decades ago have long since been discarded in favour of books now used in almost all public schools. Then, the feeling of pity, bordering upon self-complacency, for non-Catholics, that was unconsciously fostered in three at least of the principal Catholic schools of this country, has "gone down" before the modern method—I may be allowed to call it the journalistic, the legal, the only just method—of never pronouncing judgment before hearing all sides.

Though newspaper proprietors, well-known journalists, members of the Bar, and others have favoured me with their views upon the subject of this article, I have been unable to obtain any expression of opinion from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Catholic Bishop of Newport, the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, and many other distinguished Church dignitaries to whom I have applied, the majority pleading pressure of work as their reason for not entering into the question, while others tell me they make it a rule never to express an opinion for publication—a matter for regret, seeing that their opinion would upon many occasions carry considerable weight. The Archbishop of York, however, admits that he "considers that the subject is of considerable importance." From information that has now reached me from a trustworthy source, I have reason to believe that an eminent ecclesiastic of the Established Church proposes to deal at length with the question whether it is or is not advisable for what he terms "the Roman Catholic element" to continue to creep into journalism, and possibly he may have done so before these lines are in print. Dealt with from the pulpit or from the public platform, the question should arouse considerable interest; for these are days of strong opinions, and a small section of the public will most certainly be discovered that holds retrogressive views. Yet in spite of all that may be urged in disfavour of the Roman Catholic religion, as a religion, the fact remains that some of the best newspaper work that has been done during the last few years has come from the pens of Catholics, practical or otherwise. Under the circumstances it would be

invidious to mention these gentlemen by name. The names of several have become almost household words in connection with thoroughly trustworthy newspaper reports of the leading events of the day, while the names of others at once recall to mind some of the most finished of our latter-day fiction. One name only I feel justified in mentioning, for through the death, quite recently, of Mr. Henry Harland, at the early age of forty-four, we lose a polished man of letters who was a Catholic. Probably the turning-point in Mr. Harland's literary career was his assumption of the editorship of *The Yellow Book*, but he had done much good work before then, and many years will pass before his "Cardinal's Snuff Box" and "My Friend Prospero" fade into oblivion, to say nothing of several of his other brilliantly-written stories.

The question may be asked by some Catholics, What of the articles headed "The Green Sphinx" that appeared recently in *The Daily Mail*—or rather of the articles in that series that dealt with Catholicity in Ireland? The series was written by a well-known Catholic journalist, and though some of his remarks created indignation in certain Catholic circles, in the main his statements were correct. I have never met the writer, and so speak quite impartially, but there can be no doubt that because he had the courage to write up to his convictions with reference to the condition of affairs in Ireland at the time he travelled there as special correspondent, and because he described things as he saw them, and not as he would have wished to see them, he brought down upon himself a storm of abuse wholly undeserved. Many similar instances could be quoted that would help to demonstrate that Roman Catholic journalists, considered collectively, set aside private and personal considerations when "on duty" and write as fearlessly as the most prejudiced of non-Catholics could wish them to do, even though it may not be to their immediate advantage to do so. This being so, it is to be hoped that we shall in the future read less about "the regrettable fact that both Roman Catholics and Jews are getting a firmer footing upon the Press than they have

ever succeeded in obtaining before"—the quotation is from an advance copy of a brochure, "Should Newspapers Admit Contributions from Persons of all Denominations? With Remarks on the Roman Catholic and the Jewish Peril," by "True Catholic," that has come to me anonymously. Personally I think it more regrettable that the writer of the brochure should have concealed his identity. For though much in his book is sound sense enough, his sense is so closely leavened with prejudice, and so bound up with openly expressed aversion from all that has to do, has ever had to do, or probably ever will have to do, with both Catholics and Jews and their respective beliefs, that the world would like to know who the writer is who dictates to it with such self-assurance, telling us what we should read, and what we ought to avoid.

As I prepare to conclude this paper, a gratifying letter comes from a clergyman of the Church of England, whose intellectual ability is admitted by men of all creeds.

I am extremely happy [he writes] to be able to reply at length to the questions you have put to me. . . . I am quite of your opinion that it is high time men and women of all denominations came to realise the monstrous absurdity of supposing that the members of this or that or the other creed should be debarred from associating upon terms of equal intimacy with their acquaintances who hold religious beliefs different from their own—for what you refer to practically amounts to that. But men of extremely narrow mind will, I fear, be with us always, like the poor; with this difference, that we pity the latter, whereas the former stir up all that is bad in us—I speak for myself on this point! . . . I have many Roman Catholic friends, and though some are less broad-minded than I could wish them to be, I certainly always find them ready to give one's views a just hearing. And that, after all, is the thin edge of the wedge that is going to expand their minds. . . . I wish you success with your article upon "Roman Catholics and Journalism," and hope that you will succeed in dispelling an idea that is more prevalent than it ought to be, namely, that the influx of Catholics into the arena of journalism may prove a menace to the Faith of this country. That is a theory that was advanced thirty years ago by men of the narrow type you speak of, and when journalism was comparatively in its infancy. . . . I will ask you to be so good as to omit my name if you should decide to quote from this letter.

Here we have the opinion upon the subject of a brilliant scholar and ecclesiastic, who is, in addition, a man of the world

in the best sense of the term. Other clergymen, also priests, have spoken to the same effect, though some there are who still cling closely to the narrow views inculcated, possibly, by their parents. Upon the whole, however, the generous opinion prevails, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it is among the small body of the clergy that seems rather to take pride in circumscribing its range of intellectual vision that the dislike to reading either books, or newspaper, or magazine-articles, admittedly emanating from the pens of Roman Catholics, is still deeply rooted. It is proverbial that prejudices can be eradicated only with difficulty. What are mis-named religious prejudices can, as a rule, be extirpated only very gradually. The public Press of the world has of late years done much to stamp out many of the religious prejudices that had existed for centuries in one form or other, and that might be deemed pitiable were they less grotesque. Progressing thus favourably at the rate we are progressing now, thirty years hence religious bigotry should be extinct, while by the middle of the century it will in all probability be looked back upon with as much wonderment as the skeleton of the diplodocus, that strange creature in the South Kensington Museum, is looked upon to-day.

Basil Tozer.

THE CANALS COMMISSION

THE proposal of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission on Canals will be welcomed as the recognition of the recent revival of public interest in a subject which has been repeatedly pressed on the attention of Parliament, but to very little purpose, during half a century.

The development of our waterways as a counterpoise to the railway system was first suggested by two Committees, respectively appointed by each of the two Houses of Parliament in 1846, and has been successively recommended by the Railways Commission, 1865, the joint Select Committees of 1872 on Railway Amalgamation, and of 1882 on Railway Rates and Fares, and the Commission of 1886 on the Depression of Trade. It was also almost unanimously advocated by the numerous witnesses examined by the Select Committee of 1883 on Canals, which, however, as it was not reappointed, was unable to publish its conclusions regarding a mass of valuable information contained in its Report with respect to the extent, condition and financial position of our waterways, which has since been supplemented by two important returns issued by the Board of Trade. The only result of these numerous recommendations has been the passing of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, prohibiting railway companies from acquiring any canal interest without express statutory provision, and requiring canal companies to furnish the Board of Trade with the information respecting their condition

supplied to it by railway companies since 1840; and as the railway companies had then already acquired more than one-third of our inland navigation system, and a large proportion of the canal companies had been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, this belated measure has been practically a dead letter. Despite this, however, public belief in the value of water transport has continued to be evidenced by the success of the Manchester Ship Canal, the continued prosperity of some of the principal of the older waterways, such as the Aire and Calder and Weaver, and a recent tendency towards amalgamation among some of the less important ones; as well as by various "canal projects," such as that suggested by Mr. Lloyd in 1885 for a "national canal," capable of accommodating steam barges, between the Thames and Mersey. The subject has been discussed at conferences organised by the Society of Arts in London in 1888, and by the Institution of Mining Engineers in Birmingham in 1895, and at a series of International Congresses, one of the more recent of which was held in Manchester, and has also led to the publication of various important technical works, and—only last year—of a "Bradshaw's Canals and Inland Waterways of England and Wales," for the use of manufacturers and traders. Lastly, the growth of opinion among the mercantile community during the last six years has been shown by the passing by the Association of Chambers of Commerce—which, as early as 1882, presented a memorial to the President of the Board of Trade, urging that "railways should be entirely emancipated from railway control"—of a series of resolutions advocating that "all inland waterways of the United Kingdom should be acquired by the State or by a suitably constituted National Trust," and by the introduction of a Canal Trusts Bill, designed to give effect to the latter part of this resolution, in the closing Session of the last Parliament. It may therefore be useful, in view of the appointment of the proposed Commission, to examine how far these proposals are calculated to promote the improvement and development of our inland navigation system.

1. The total extent of the waterways of the United Kingdom, as given in the Board of Trade Return, 1898—which, however, does not include various English and Scotch tidal navigations—is 3906 miles, of which 3167 miles are in England and Wales, 153 miles in Scotland, and 586 miles in Ireland. The English portion of this system provides thirteen through routes, with subsidiary branches, uniting the principal ports and industrial centres of the Kingdom; London being connected by three through routes with Liverpool, with Hull by two, and with the Severn ports by four; Liverpool with the Severn ports by two, with Hull by three, and with the Staffordshire mining districts by two; and the Staffordshire mining districts with the Severn ports by three routes. The most important of these waterways traverse the northern and midland counties, and a large proportion of the total traffic is concentrated on a small group, of which Birmingham forms the centre. Owing to the small size of most of its rivers and the mountainous character of the country inland navigation has been much less developed in Scotland, where the bulk of traffic is carried by the Forth and Clyde, uniting the estuaries of its two principal rivers, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canals; the only other waterways of importance being the Caledonian Canal, traversing the Kingdom diagonally from the Atlantic to the North Sea, and the Crinan Canal, which enables fishing- and trading-vessels from the Western Isles to avoid the long and dangerous voyage round the Mull of Cantire. In Ireland, which possesses special advantages in its numerous inland lakes, the Shannon, which occupies an almost central position between the East and West coasts, forms the main artery of the inland navigation system, and is united with the northern districts by a line of waterway running north-east from Carrick-on-Shannon through Loughs Erne and Neagh to Coleraine on the Bann, and with Dublin and other important places in the Midland and South-Eastern counties by the Royal and Grand Canals, joining it at Tarmonbury and Shannon Harbour, and the Barrow, which joins the

last-named canal at St. Mullins. It will therefore be evident that we possess an extensive and well-designed system of inland navigation, which has been in existence for considerably over a century; but, owing largely to the sudden transfer of the capital on which it was dependent to the railway system, a large proportion of the waterways of which it consists have been rendered almost valueless as a means of intercommunication through their defective management and antiquated construction.

2. The management of 2208 miles of the English and Welsh waterways is shared between some fifty-seven companies, owning canals which they work for their own profit, and some fifteen conservancy authorities, whose earnings are devoted to the maintenance of river navigations which they own, as trustees for the public, solely for that purpose, both classes of bodies being under the general supervision of the Board of Trade, which may, where necessary, order the abandonment or transfer to a local authority of derelict waterways. In Scotland, the Caledonian and Crinan Canals, with a united length of 69 miles, are the property of the State, and under the management of the Commissioners of the first-named canal. In Ireland, two waterways, with a united length of 150 miles, are also State property, and managed by the Commissioners of Public Works; while another, 32 miles long, is vested in local trustees; and four others, with a united length of 308 miles, are owned by canal companies, which, as in England, are apparently controlled by the Board of Trade. Lastly, this complex system of administration is still further complicated by the fact that the remaining 1139 miles of our inland navigation system is managed, under the supervision of the Board of Trade, by eighteen railway companies, thirteen of which own forty-four of the English waterways, with a united length of 959 miles; two, three of the Scotch canals, with a united length of 83 miles; and one, an Irish waterway, 95 miles long.

It must be pointed out in fairness to the railway com-

panies that the transfer to them of this extensive canal property was mainly effected during the railway mania, when they were still a group of ill-organised and competing bodies, incapable, had they desired it, of carrying out the sinister design, sometimes attributed to them, of thus "strangling the whole of the inland water traffic"—a scheme which the Parliamentary influence of the canal companies, then wealthy corporations, paying in some cases dividends of 25 and 30 per cent., would easily have enabled the latter to frustrate. It appears to have been due partly to the eagerness of the canal companies—who, in many cases, put pressure on railway companies to purchase their undertakings—to transfer their capital to railway enterprise; and partly to the neglect of Parliament, which acquiesced in if it did not encourage the transaction, to regulate the competition between the two classes of bodies, by either prohibiting such sales, or by imposing the obligation of maintaining their canals on the railway companies. Be this as it may, however, the fact remains, that where a railway company owns an entire canal it is able to regulate the traffic for the benefit of its railway, and where it owns only portions of one to fetter the traffic on those portions; and that the ownership of one or more links on almost every through route has, according to the evidence of numerous witnesses before the Committee on Canals, enabled railway companies to impede the transfer of goods by such routes by charging excessive tolls, neglecting to repair their canals, and offering bonuses to traders to send cargoes by special lines.

Apart, however, from these results of railway influence, the value of water transport is no less injuriously affected by the number of competing canal companies and navigation trustees controlling the various links of which each through route is composed; and, while the management of the 24,455 miles of our railway system is vested in some thirty-eight companies, each of which controls an entire through route, that of the 2768 miles of independent waterways is divided between double that number of competing bodies. There are twenty-

six of these on the three routes between Liverpool and London, twenty-seven on the four between London and Bristol, and ten both on the three between Bristol and Birmingham and on the three between Hull and Liverpool; and, while each canal is managed by the company to which it belongs, the Thames and Shannon are the only navigable rivers controlled throughout their entire course by a single conservancy authority. While only 42 of the 200 miles of the Severn and 73 of the 176 miles of the Trent are under conservators, and the conservancy of the Mersey, Tyne, Usk, Clyde, and other rivers is limited to the tideway, the 69 miles of the Medway and the 73 miles of the Warwick Avon are each managed by two, the 37 miles tidal portion of the Nen by eight, and the 90 miles of the Witham by seventeen different authorities.

This multiplicity of governing bodies has produced a corresponding variety both in the rates and tolls payable on each through route, and also in the dimensions of constituent waterways, a large number of which are still practically enlarged ditches, liable from their construction to a continuous variation in depth, and frequently too narrow for boats to pass each other properly. While 1240 miles of the independent waterways in England and Wales are only adapted for barges carrying from 18 to 30 tons and 2040 miles for those carrying from 40 to 60 tons, the mileage of those which, like the Aire, Calder, and Weaver, have been sufficiently improved to accommodate boats carrying from 90 to 350 tons, is only 230 miles. In addition to this there are scarcely two canals on any through route on which either the sectional area or the gauges of the locks are the same; and it is, therefore, not surprising to find from the Board of Trade Return of 1898 that the goods traffic of the railway companies was then seven times and their capital thirty-two times as great as those of the canal companies, and that no less than forty-four navigations were carried on at a loss. The facts, however, that even under these adverse conditions the traffic on British waterways in that year exceeded that on those of France, Belgium, and Germany, and that two-

thirds of the net profits earned on them was made by some seven companies, show how remunerative they might prove were they freed from railway control and rendered as effective throughout as the best of them already are, and were each through route placed under a single authority and adapted for boats of 300 to 350 tons propelled by steam or electricity. As, therefore, our railway freight charges are the highest in the world, and far greater difficulties have been overcome in the development of our railway system than are likely to arise in the execution of these improvements, there appear to be ample grounds for undertaking them.

3. It would appear to be an essential preliminary to the establishment of any system for this purpose that a survey of our waterways should be made by a committee of experts in order to determine the approximate cost of developing those which would best repay such expenditure; fixing a maximum scale of dimensions and a minimum scale of rates for adoption throughout the system, and ascertaining what sources of water supply are available for its maintenance. While these sources are already subject to a large and increasing demand for domestic and industrial purposes, they are also being seriously depleted by the waste entailed by pumping operations in mines and factories, the wholesale and indiscriminate appropriations of water companies and municipalities, and the neglect of any system of storage of flood and surface water; and it may be noted, as regards this point, that a survey of the water-supplies on all watersheds throughout the kingdom has already been suggested by the Salmon Fisheries Commission, 1902.

Assuming these points to have been settled by such a preliminary investigation, there appear to be three methods of providing for the execution of the necessary administrative reforms.

As the Board of Trade has already been constituted a Central Authority for waterways, the simplest of these would be to empower it to provide for the adoption of a prescribed standard of dimensions and scale of freights throughout our

inland navigation system, to appoint a governing body for each through route composed of representatives of the various authorities controlling its component waterways, and to arrange for the compulsory sale to each of these bodies of any railway-owned links of canal on the through route. This, coupled with the adoption of the prescribed dimensions and charges on railway-owned waterways not forming part of any through route would go far to remedy the evils of railway influence; and, were the permissive provisions of the Railway and Canal Traffic Acts with respect to a clearing system for canals made compulsory, and the enforcement of the Board's regulations entrusted to a staff of inspectors, the canal companies would be able to carry out for themselves any improvements as regards boats, steam-haulage, &c.

This scheme may perhaps be regarded by the advocates of Canal Trusts as being too dependent on private enterprise to allow of the development of water transport on broad lines; and this objection could, certainly, not be raised with respect to Trusts framed on the lines proposed in the Canal Trusts Bill, 1905, which provided for the incorporation of twenty-nine trustees, representing three Government Departments, four Port Authorities, the Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Mines, and the Railway and Canal Traffic Association, for the acquisition of some fifteen waterways providing communication between London, Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol. The administrative capacity of a system comprising several such Trusts, each controlling an independent group of waterways, would, however, be obviously impaired by the want of cohesion between them, and also by the size and number of different interests represented on each; and as each would, like the London Water Board, be a *quasi* Government Department, their establishment would practically be a partial, and therefore less effective, method of "nationalising our waterways."

The advantages to be derived from the adoption of the latter system are, on the other hand, clearly demonstrated by

the successful results of the administration of inland navigation by the State throughout Europe—where France has spent seventy and Germany thirty-four millions on its development—as well as in India and the United States. Heavy as the expenditure entailed by its introduction in this country must necessarily be, it would, moreover, be incurred for a really national object, providing a new field both for the investment of capital and the employment of labour; and, having regard to the impoverished condition of many of the canal companies, and the facts that all river navigations managed by trustees are practically public property, and that the State already owns two Scotch and four Irish waterways, it may probably prove to be considerably less than is usually assumed. The purchase and improvement of the system might also be effected by degrees, while the number of through routes connecting all the important centres would enable the State to reserve one or more for temporary working while improving another. The regulation of the internal communications of a country, which unite its principal cities and traverse it in every direction must be generally admitted to constitute quite as appropriate a subject for State management as that of the postal, telegraph, and telephone services, all of which yield a handsome revenue. This is equally the case as regards the regulation of the water system of the United Kingdom on which our waterways are dependent, and with respect to which the Sewage Disposal Committee, 1898, and the Salmon Fisheries Commission, 1902, have recently concurred in recommending the creation of a Central Authority, with subordinate water-shed boards, for the preservation of fishery and the prevention of the pollution and injurious abstraction of water. Were such a Department established, and were it also entrusted with the control of our inland navigation system, it would possess all the powers and information necessary for the concurrent development on scientific principles of the three great branches of water conservancy.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

COVENTRY PATMORE:

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES: WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

THERE are two portraits of Coventry Patmore by Mr. Sargent. One, in the National Portrait Gallery, gives us the man as he ordinarily was: the straggling hair, the drooping eyelid, the large, loose-lipped mouth, the long, thin, furrowed throat, the whole air of gentlemanly ferocity. But the other, a sketch of the head in profile, gives us more than that; gives us, in the lean, strong, aquiline head, startlingly, all that was abrupt, fiery, and essential in the genius of a rare and misunderstood poet. There never was a man less like the popular idea of him than the writer of "The Angel in the House." Certainly an autocrat in the home, impatient, intolerant, full of bracing intellectual scorn, not always just, but always just in intention, a disdainful recluse, judging all human and divine affairs from a standpoint of imperturbable omniscience, Coventry Patmore charmed one by his whimsical energy, his intense sincerity, and, indeed, by the childlike egoism of an absolutely self-centred intelligence. Speaking of Patmore as he was in 1879, Mr. Gosse says, in his admirable memoir:

> Three things were in those days particularly noticeable in the head of Coventry Patmore: the vast convex brows, arched with vision; the bright, shrewd, bluish-grey eyes, the outer fold of one eyelid permanently and humorously drooping; and the wilful, sensuous mouth. These three seemed

ever at war among themselves; they spoke three different tongues; they proclaimed a man of dreams, a canny man of business, a man of vehement determination. It was the harmony of these in apparently discordant contrast which made the face so fascinating; the dwellers under this strange mask were three, and the problem was how they contrived the common life.

That is a portrait which is also an interpretation, and many of the pages on this "angular, vivid, discordant, and yet exquisitely fascinating person," are full of a similar insight. They contain many of those anecdotes which indicate crises, a thing very different from the merely decorative anecdotes of the ordinary biographer. The book, written by one who has been a good friend to many poets, and to none a more valuable friend than to Patmore, gives us a more vivid sense of what Patmore was as a man than anything except Mr. Sargent's two portraits, and a remarkable article by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, published after the book, as a sort of appendix, which it completes on the spiritual side.

To these portraits of Patmore I have nothing of importance to add; and I have given my own estimate of Patmore as a poet in an essay published in 1897, in "Studies in Two Literatures." But I should like to supplement these various studies by a few supplementary notes, and the discussion of a few points, chiefly technical, connected with his art as a poet. I knew Patmore only during the last ten years of his life, and never with any real intimacy; but as I have been turning over a little bundle of his letters, written with a quill on greyish-blue paper, in the fine, careless handwriting which had something of the distinction of the writer, it seems to me that there are things in them characteristic enough to be worth preserving.

The first letter in my bundle is not addressed to me, but to the friend through whom I was afterwards to meet him, the kindest and most helpful friend whom I or any man ever had, James Dykes Campbell. Two years before, when I was twenty-one, I had written an "Introduction to the Study of Browning," now out of print. Campbell had been at my

elbow all the time, encouraging and checking me; he would send back my proof-sheets in a network of criticisms and suggestions, with my most eloquent passages rigorously shorn, my pet eccentricities of phrase severely straightened. At the beginning of 1888 Campbell sent the book to Patmore. His opinion, when it came, seemed to me, at that time, crushing; it enraged me, I know, not on my account, but on Browning's. I read it now with a clearer understanding of what he meant, and it is interesting, certainly, as a more outspoken and detailed opinion on Browning than Patmore ever printed.

My dear Mr. Campbell,

I have read enough of Mr. Arthur Symons' clever book on Browning to entitle me to judge of it as well as if I had read the whole. He does not seem to me to be quite qualified, as yet, for this kind of criticism. He does not seem to have attained to the point of view from which all great critics have judged poetry and art in general. He does not see that, in art, the style in which a thing is said or done is of more importance than the thing said or done. Indeed, he does not appear to know what style means. Browning has an immense deal of mannerism—which in art is always bad;—he has, in his few best passages, manner, which as far as it goes is good; but of style—that indescribable reposeful "breath of a pure and unique individuality"—I recognise no trace, though I find it distinctly enough in almost every other English poet who has obtained so distinguished a place as Browning has done in the estimation of the better class of readers. I do not pretend to say absolutely that style does not exist in Browning's work; but, if so, its "still small voice" is utterly overwhelmed, for me, by the din of the other elements. I think I can see, in Browning's poetry, all that Mr. Symons sees, though not perhaps all that he fancies he sees. But I also discern a want of which he appears to feel nothing; and those defects of manner which he acknowledges, but thinks little of, are to me most distressing, and fatal to all enjoyment of the many brilliant qualities they are mixed up with.

Yours very truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Campbell, I suppose, protested in his vigorous fashion against the criticism of Browning, and the answer to that letter, dated May 7, is printed on p. 264 of the second volume of Mr. Basil Champneys' "Life of Patmore." It is a reiteration, with further explanations, such as that

When I said that manner was more important than matter in poetry, I really meant that the true matter of poetry could only be expressed by the manner. I find the brilliant thinking and the deep feeling in Browning, but no true individuality—though of course his manner is marked enough.

Another letter in the same year, to Campbell, after reading the proofs of my first book of verse, "Days and Nights," contained a criticism which I thought, at the time, not less discouraging than the criticism of my "Browning." It seems to me now to contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about that particular book, and to allow for whatever I may have done in verse since then. The first letter addressed to me is a polite note, dated March 19, 1889, thanking me for a copy of my book, and saying "I send herewith a little volume of my own, which I hope may please you in some of your idle moments." The book was a copy of "Florilegium Amantis," a selection of his own poems, edited by Dr. Garnett. Up to that time I had read nothing of Patmore except fragments of "The Angel in the House," which I had not had the patience to read through. I dipped into these pages, and as I read for the first time some of the odes of the "Unknown Eros," I seemed to have made a great discovery: here was a whole glittering and peaceful tract of poetry which was like a new world to me. I wrote to him full of my enthusiasm; and, though I heard nothing then in reply, I find among my books a copy of "The Unknown Eros" with this inscription; "Arthur Symons, from Coventry Patmore, July 23, 1890."

The date is the date of his sixty-seventh birthday, and the book was given to me after a birthday-dinner at his house at Hastings, when, I remember, a wreath of laurel had been woven in honour of the occasion, and he had laughingly, but with a quite naïve gratification, worn it for awhile at the end of dinner. He was one of the very few poets I have seen who could wear a laurel-wreath, and not look ridiculous.

In the summer of that year I undertook to look after the *Academy* for a few weeks (a wholly new task to me) while Mr.

Cotton, the editor, went for a holiday. The death of Cardinal Newman occurred just then, and I wrote to Patmore, asking him if he would do an obituary notice for me. He replied, in a letter dated August 13, 1890:

> I should have been very glad to have complied with your request, had I felt myself at all able to do the work effectively; but my acquaintance with Dr. Newman was very slight, and I have no sources of knowledge about his life, but such as are open to all. I have never taken much interest in contemporary Catholic history and politics. There are a hundred people who could do what you want better than I could, and I can never stir my lazy soul to take up the pen, unless I fancy that I have something to say which makes it a matter of conscience that I should say it.

Failing Patmore, I asked Dr. Greenhill, who was then living at Hastings, and Patmore wrote on August 16:

> Dr. Greenhill will do your work far better than I could have done it. What an intellect we have lost in Newman—so delicately capable of adjustment that it could crush a Hume or crack a Kingsley! And what an example both in literature and in life. But that we have not lost.

Patmore's memory was retentive of good phrases which had once come up under his pen, as that witty phrase about crushing and cracking had come up in the course of a brief note scribbled on a half sheet of paper. The phrase reappears five years afterwards, elaborated into an impressive sentence, in the preface to "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," dated Lymington, May 1895:

> The steam-hammer of that intellect which could be so delicately adjusted to its task as to be capable of either crushing a Hume or cracking a Kingsley is no longer at work, that tongue which had the weight of a hatchet and the edge of a razor is silent; but its mighty task of so representing truth as to make it credible to the modern mind, when not interested in unbelief, has been done.

In the same preface will be found a phrase which Mr. Gosse quotes from a letter of June 17, 1888, in which Patmore says that the reviewers of his forthcoming book, "Principle in Art," "will say, or at least feel, 'Ugh, Ugh! the horrid thing! It's alive!' and think it their duty to set their heels on it accord-

ingly." By 1895 the reviewers were replaced by "readers, zealously Christian," and the readers, instead of setting their heels on it, merely "put aside this little volume with a cry."

I find no more letters, beyond mere notes and invitations, until the end of 1893, but it was during these years that I saw Patmore most often, generally when I was staying with Dykes Campbell at St. Leonards. When one is five and twenty, and writing verse, among young men of one's own age, also writing verse, the occasional companionship of an older poet, who stands aside, in a dignified seclusion, acknowledged, respected, not greatly loved or, in his best work at least, widely popular, can hardly fail to be an incentive and an invigoration. It was with a full sense of my privilege that I walked to and fro with Coventry Patmore on that high terrace in his garden at Hastings, or sat in the house watching him smoke cigarette after cigarette, or drove with him into the country, or rowed with him round the moat of Bodiam Castle, with Dykes Campbell in the stern of the boat; always attentive to his words, learning from him all I could, as he talked of the things I most cared for, and of some things for which I cared nothing. Yes, even when he talked of politics, I listened with full enjoyment of his bitter humour, his ferocious gaiety of onslaught; though I was glad when he changed from Gladstone to St. Thomas Aquinas, and gladder still when he spoke of that other religion, poetry. I think I never heard him speak long without some reference to St. Thomas Aquinas, of whom he has written so often and with so great an enthusiasm. It was he who first talked to me of St. John of the Cross, and when, eight years later, at Seville, I came upon a copy of the first edition of the "Obras Espirituales" on a stall of old books in the Sierpes, and began to read, and to try to render in English, that extraordinary verse which remains, with that of S. Teresa, the finest lyrical verse which Spain has produced, I understood how much the mystic of the prose and the poet of the "Unknown Eros" owed to the "Noche Escura" and the "Llama de Amor Viva." He spoke of the Catholic mystics

like an explorer who has returned from the perils of far countries, with a remembering delight which he can share with few.

If Mr. Gosse is anywhere in his book unjust to Patmore it is in speaking of the later books of prose, the "Religio Poetae" and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," some parts of which seem to him "not very important except as extending our knowledge of" Patmore's "mind, and as giving us a curious collection of the raw material of his poetry." To this I can only reply in some words which I used in writing of the "Religio Poetae," and affirm with an emphasis which I only wish to strengthen, that, here and everywhere, and never more than in the exquisite passage which Mr. Gosse only quotes to depreciate, the prose of Patmore is the prose of a poet; not prose "incompletely executed," and aspiring after the "nobler order" of poetry, but adequate and achieved prose, of a very rare kind. Thought, in him, is of the very substance of poetry, and is sustained throughout at almost the lyrical pitch. There is, in these essays, a rarefied air as of the mountain-tops of meditation; and the spirit of their sometimes remote contemplation is always in one sense, as Pater has justly said of Wordsworth, impassioned. Only in the finest of his poems has he surpassed these pages of chill and ecstatic prose.

But if Patmore spoke, as he wrote, of these difficult things as a traveller speaks of the countries from which he has returned, when he spoke of poetry it was like one who speaks of his native country. At first I found it a little difficult to accustom myself to his permanent mental attitude there, with his own implied or stated pre-eminence (Tennyson and Barnes on the lower slopes, Browning vaguely in sight, the rest of his contemporaries nowhere), but, after all, there was an undisguised simplicity in it, which was better, because franker, than the more customary "pride that apes humility," or the still baser affectation of indifference. A man of genius, whose genius, like Patmore's, is of an intense and narrow kind, cannot possibly do justice to the work which has every merit but

his own. Nor can he, when he is conscious of its equality in technical skill, be expected to discriminate between what is more or less valuable in his own work; between, that is, his own greater or less degree of inspiration. And here I may quote a letter which Patmore wrote to me, dated Lymington, December 31, 1893, about a review of mine in which I had greeted him as "a poet, one of the most essential poets of our time," but had ventured to say, perhaps petulantly, what I felt about a certain part of his work.

> I thank you for the copy of the *Athenæum*, containing your generous and well-written notice of "Religio Poetae." There is much in it that must needs be gratifying to me, and nothing that I feel disposed to complain of but your allusion to the "dinner-table domesticities of the 'Angel in the House.'" I think that you have been a little misled—as almost everybody has been—by the differing characters of the metres of the "Angel" and "Eros." The meats and wines of the two are, in very great part, almost identical in character; but, in one case, they are served on the deal table of the octo-syllabic quatrain, and, in the other, they are spread on the fine, irregular rock of the free tetrameter.

In his own work he could see no flaw; he knew, better than any one, how nearly it answered almost everywhere to his own intention; and of his own intentions he could be no critic. It was from this standpoint of absolute satisfaction with what he had himself done that he viewed other men's work; necessarily, in the case of one so certain of himself, with a measure of dissatisfaction. He has said in print fundamentally foolish things about writers living and dead; and yet remains, if not a great critic, at least a great thinker on the first principles of art. And, in those days when I used to listen to him while he talked to me of the basis of poetry, and of metres and cadences, and of poetical methods, what meant more to me than anything he said, though not a word was without its value, was the profound religious gravity with which he treated the art of poetry, the sense he conveyed to one of his own reasoned conception of its immense importance, its divinity.

It was partly, no doubt, from this reverence for his art that Patmore wrote so rarely, and only under an impulse which

could not be withstood. Even his prose was written with the same ardour and reluctance, and a letter which he wrote to me from Lymington, dated August 7, 1894, in answer to a suggestion that he should join some other writers in a contemplated memorial to Walter Pater, is literally exact in its statement of his own way of work, not only during his later life:

> I should have liked to make one of the honourable company of commentators upon Pater, were it not that the faculty of writing, or, what amounts to the same thing, interest in writing, has quite deserted me. Some accidental motive wind comes over me, once in a year or so, and I find myself able to write half a dozen pages in an hour or two; but all the rest of my time is hopelessly sterile.

To what was this curious difficulty or timidity in composition due? In the case of the poetry, Mr. Gosse attributes it largely to the fact of a poet of lyrical genius attempting to write only philosophical or narrative poetry; and there is much truth in the suggestion. Nothing in Patmore, except his genius, is so conspicuous as his limitations. Herrick, we may remember from his essay on Mrs. Meynell, seemed to him but "a splendid insect"; Keats, we learn from Mr. Champneys' life, seemed to him "to be greatly deficient in first-rate imaginative power"; Shelley "is all unsubstantial splendour, like the transformation scene of a pantomime, or the silvered globes hung up in a gin-palace"; Blake is "nearly all utter rubbish, with here and there not so much a gleam as a trick of genius." All this, when he said it, had a queer kind of delightfulness, and, to those able to understand him, never seemed, as it might have seemed in any one else, mere arrogant bad taste, but a necessary part of a very narrow and very intense nature. Although Patmore was quite ready to give his opinion on any subject, whether on "Wagner, the musical impostor," or on "the grinning woman, in every canvas of Leonardo," he was singularly lacking in the critical faculty, even in regard to his own art; and this was because, in his own art, he was a poet of one idea and of one metre. He did marvellous things with that one idea and that one metre, but he saw nothing

beyond them; all thought must be brought into relation with nuptial love, or it was of no interest to him, and the iambic metre must do everything that poetry need concern itself about doing.

In a memorandum for prayer made in 1861, we read this petition:

> That I may be enabled to write my poetry from immediate perception of the truth and delight of love at once divine and human, and that all events may so happen as shall best advance this my chief work and probable means of working out my own salvation.

In his earlier work, it is with human love only that he deals; in his later, and inconceivably finer work, it is not with human love only, but with "the relation of the soul to Christ as his betrothed wife:" "the burning heart of the universe," as he realises it. This conception of love, which we see developing from so tamely domestic a level to so incalculable a height of mystic rapture, possessed the whole man, throughout the whole of his life, shutting him into a "solitude for two" which has never perhaps been apprehended with so complete a satisfaction. He was a married monk, whose monastery was the world; he came and went in the world, imagining he saw it more clearly than any one else; and, indeed, he saw things about him clearly enough, when they were remote enough from his household prejudices. But all he really ever did was to cultivate a little corner of a garden, where he brought to perfection a rare kind of flower, which some thought too pretty to be fine, and some too colourless to be beautiful, but in which he saw the seven celestial colours, faultlessly mingled, and which he took to be the image of the flower most loved by the Virgin in heaven.

Patmore was a poet profoundly learned in the technique of his art, and the "Prefatory Study on English Metrical Law," which fills the first eighty-five pages of the "Amelia" volume of 1878 is among the subtlest and most valuable of such studies which we have in English. In this essay he praises the simplest metres for various just reasons, but yet is careful to define the

"rhyme royal," or stanza of seven ten-syllable lines, as the most heroic of measures; and to admit that blank verse, which he never used, "is, of all recognised English metres, the most difficult to write well in." But, in his expressed aversion for trochaic and dactylic measures, is he not merely recording his own inability to handle them? and, in setting more and more rigorous limits to himself in his own dealing with iambic measures, is he not accepting, and making the best of, a lack of metrical flexibility? It is nothing less than extraordinary to note that, until the publication of the nine "Odes" in 1868, not merely was he wholly tied to the iambic measure, but even within those limits he was rarely quite so good in the four-line stanza of eights and sixes as in the four-line stanza of eights; that he was usually less good in the six-line than in the four-line stanza of eights and sixes; and that he was invariably least good in the stanza of three long lines which, to most practical intents and purposes, corresponds with this six-line stanza. The extremely slight licence which this rearrangement into longer lines affords was sufficient to disturb the balance of his cadences, and nowhere else was he capable of writing quite such lines as:

> One friend was left, a falcon, famed for beauty, skill and size,
> Kept from his fortune's ruin, for the sake of its great eyes.

All sense, not merely of the delicacy, but of the correctness of rhythm, seems to have left him suddenly, without warning.

And then, the straightening and tightening of the bonds of metre having had its due effect, an unprecedented thing occurred. In the "Odes" of 1868, absorbed finally into "The Unknown Eros" of 1877, the iambic metre is still used; but with what a new freedom, and at the summons of how liberating an inspiration! At the same time Patmore's substance is purged and his speech loosened, and, in throwing off that burden of prose stuff which had tied down the very wings of his imagination, he finds himself rising on a different movement. Never was a development in metre so spiritually significant.

In spite of Patmore's insistence to the contrary, as in the letter which I have already quoted, there is no doubt that the difference between "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros" is the difference between what is sometimes poetry in spite of itself, and what is poetry alike in accident and essence. In all his work before the "Odes" of 1868, Patmore had been writing down to his conception of what poetry ought to be; when, through I know not what suffering, or contemplation, or actual inner illumination, his whole soul had been possessed by this new conception of what poetry could be, he began to write as finely, and not only as neatly, as he was able. The poetry which came, came fully clothed, in a form of irregular but not lawless verse, which Mr. Gosse states was introduced into English by the "Pindarique Odes" of Cowley, but which may be more justly derived, as Patmore himself, in one of his prefaces, intimates, from an older and more genuine poet, Drummond of Hawthornden.

Mr. Gosse is cruel enough to say that Patmore had "considerable affinities" with Cowley, and that "when Patmore is languid and Cowley is unusally felicitous, it is difficult to see much difference in the form of their odes." But Patmore, in his essay on metre, has said,

> If there is not sufficient motive power of passionate thought, no typographical aids will make anything of this sort of verse but metrical nonsense—which it nearly always is—even in Cowley, whose brilliant wit and ingenuity are strangely out of harmony with most of his measures;

and it seems to me that he is wholly right in saying so. The difference between the two is an essential one. In Patmore the cadence follows the contours of the thought or emotion, like a transparent garment; in Cowley the form is a misshapen burden, carried unsteadily. It need not surprise us that to the ears of Cowley (it is he who tells us) the verse of Pindar should have sounded "little better than prose." The fault of his own "Pindarique" verse is that it is so much worse than prose. The pauses in Patmore, left as they are to be a kind of breathing, or pause for breath, may not seem to be everywhere fault-

less to all ears; but they *are* the pauses in breathing, while in Cowley the structure of his verse, when it is irregular, remains as external, as mechanical, as the couplets of the "Davideis."

> Whether Patmore ever acknowledged it or no, or indeed whether [says Mr. Gosse] the fact has ever been observed, I know not, but the true analogy of the "Odes" is with the Italian lyric of the early Renaissance. It is in the writings of Petrarch and Dante, and especially in the "Canzoniere" of the former, that we must look for examples of the source of Patmore's later poetic form.

Here again, while there may be a closer "analogy," at least in spirit, there is another, and even clearer difference in form. The canzoni of Petrarch are composed in stanzas of varying, but in each case uniform, length, and every stanza corresponds precisely in metrical arrangement with every other stanza in the same canzone. In English the "Epithalamion" and the "Prothalamion" of Spenser (except for their refrain) do exactly what Petrarch had done in Italian; and whatever further analogy there may be between the spirit of Patmore's writing and that of Spenser in these two poems the form is essentially different. The resemblance with "Lycidas" is closer, and closer still with the poems of Leopardi, though Patmore has not followed the Italian habit of mingling rhymed and non-rhymed verse, nor did he ever experiment, like Goethe, Heine, Matthew Arnold, and Henley, in wholly unrhymed irregular lyrical verse.

Patmore's endeavour, in "The Unknown Eros," is certainly towards a form of *vers libre*, but it is directed only towards the variation of the normal pause in the normal English metre, the iambic "common time," and is therefore as strictly tied by law as a metre can possibly be when it ceases to be wholly regular. Verse literally "free," as it is being attempted in the present day in France, every measure being mingled, and the disentangling of them left wholly to the ear of the reader, has indeed been attempted by great metrists in many ages, but for the most part only very rarely and with extreme caution. The warning, so far, of all these failures, or momentary half-

successes, is to be seen in the most monstrous and magnificent failure of the nineteenth century, the "Leaves of Grass" of Walt Whitman. Patmore realised that without law there can be no order, and thus no life; for life is the result of a harmony between opposites. For him, cramped as he had been by a voluntary respect for far more than the letter of the law, the discovery of a freer mode of speech was of incalculable advantage. It removed from him all temptation to that "cleverness" which Mr. Gosse rightly finds in the handling of "the accidents of civilised life," the unfortunate part of his subject-matter in "The Angel in the House;" it allowed him to abandon himself to the poetic ectasy, which in him was almost of the same nature as philosophy, without translating it downward into the terms of popular apprehension; it gave him a choice, formal, yet flexible means of expression for his uninterrupted contemplation of divine things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE BLOOD-RELATIONSHIP OF MAN AND APES

JUDGES and Government medical experts have, quite conceivably, always taken the greatest interest in forensic blood analysis. It is clear that if a crime or an offence such as murder, manslaughter, severely wounding, poaching, &c., has left bloody traces at the place where it was committed or on the perpetrator himself, the certain authentication of this blood must be exceedingly important evidence which may be of fundamental value in throwing light on the affair and in ascertaining the truth.

Chemical research has furnished us with excellent methods which enable us to prove with absolute certainty the presence of blood as such, but hitherto no process has been known whereby it could be ascertained with any degree of probability whether the blood was that of a human being or of an animal.

The blood which pursues its life-giving course through our veins is a fluid familiar enough to us all. It is an albuminous solution in which an immense number of red and white corpuscles, visible only with the aid of a microscope, are suspended, one cubic millimetre containing five million red and from six to eight thousand white corpuscles. Blood drawn from the veins of a human being or of an animal becomes, through inherent fermentation, a firm mass, the so-called clot, from which a clear, bright yellow fluid known as serum

gradually exudes. It is in this condition that it is easy for any layman to recognise blood as such, but when the blood is dried it might be taken to be paint or other such substance. Chemical methods have then to be applied.

One of the most important reactions enabling us to identify blood as such is the Teichmann blood-test, so named after its discoverer. If a trace of fresh or dried blood is mixed with a grain of kitchen salt and a few drops of vinegar, and the whole slowly warmed over a flame, tiny microscopic crystals, shaped like rhomboid staffs, the so-called Teichmann blood crystals (Haeminkrystalle), are formed, and their appearance proves with absolute certainty the presence of blood. The investigation by means of the well-known spectrum apparatus is equally reliable. If a thin fluid containing blood is placed before such an apparatus, characteristic dark lines, the so-called absorption streaks, can be observed in the projected spectrum; these differ in accordance with the changes the blood has undergone. In practice, however, blood is rarely identified as simply as here described, for if the blood be very old or putrified these tests generally fail, and the Government medical expert is able to pronounce only a "non liquet."

But the judge is also not satisfied with a mere proof of the presence of blood; he wishes to know exactly the origin of the blood; he wishes to be in a position to check the statements of the accused, who may, for example, assert that the blood on his clothes is not the blood of a murdered man, but that of a slaughtered pig. Numerous endeavours have been made by the medical experts to arrive at a decision concerning this difficult question.

As, practically without exception, only dried blood is dealt with in forensic practice, efforts were made to revive this old blood. Recourse was had to the most varied supplementary fluids with the object of restoring the shrivelled red corpuscles, the characteristic elements of blood, to their original form, in order to draw conclusions from their shape and size as to the species of animal from which the blood proceeded. For it is

a fact, known since the discovery of the red corpuscles by the gifted Leuwenhook (1673), that the red corpuscles of men and animals differ in certain respects.

The blood corpuscles of human beings and of animals generally are round, coreless formations, whereas those of birds, amphibious animals, reptiles, and fishes are oval, and contain a core. There are also slight deviations in their length, the diameter of the blood corpuscles of human beings being 0·0077 millimetres, of the ox 0·0058 millimetres, and of the sheep 0·0045 millimetres.

Only in rare cases, *i.e.*, when the blood is still quite fresh, is it possible to restore to the corpuscles approximately their original shape and size, and the Government medical experts have consequently shrunk from giving a definite opinion, and even after a most careful, microscopic measurement of the blood corpuscles, have refrained from making the fate of the accused dependent on the thousandth part of a millimetre.

As we have seen, however, blood contains still other characteristic substances—the albuminous materials. Should it then transpire that these albuminous substances are different in the various sorts of blood, and should there be a method of proving this difference even after the blood has dried up, the difficult problem of differentiating blood would be solved. *This problem may, as a matter of fact, now be regarded as solved.*

My investigations are based on the biological serum research which, on the threshold of the twentieth century, we greet as the youngest, most promising child of our bacteriological science. The epoch-making discovery of Behring gave us doctors a preventive against and a remedy for the murderous plague, diphtheria, and he thereby opened up entirely new, unsuspected paths to the investigation and combating of infectious diseases. This remedy is the serum of horses which have been treated with the poison generated by diphtheria bacilli. If a certain quantity of this poison be injected into an animal, the latter sickens and dies. If, however, quite small

doses are employed, the animal overcomes the illness, and once it has overcome the illness, increasingly large quantities can with impunity be injected into it. The animal resists the influence of the poison by producing a counter-poison. This poison accumulates in the serum of the animal in question, and can easily be obtained by bleeding it.

By admixing the same with the poison the latter can in the re-agent glass be rendered inefficacious; in a like manner this serum, when injected into the body of a human being, is able to develop the same poison-neutralising influence with healing or protective effect.

Specific substances are thus produced in the animal's body. Specific *immune* sera, as antidotes against other vegetable and animal poisons, have been produced in the same way; for example, against *ricin*, *abrin*, and *crotin*, against the poisonous *eel-serum*, and against the deleterious snake-poison.

When animals are treated with bacteria, *e.g.*, with the germ of the dreaded cholera, they do not succumb to small quantities of the bacteria, the animal's body, as it were, sets up a defence against them, and produces in its serum substances which collect these bacteria in clusters and decompose them. And, as a matter of fact, this influence is exerted only on the cholera bacilli used in the injection, not on other micro-organisms. On the other hand, animals into which typhus bacilli have been injected produce substances which collect and decompose only typhus bacilli. Again quite a specific reaction.

If, instead of such a deposit of bacteria, a deposit of blood is introduced into the animal, exactly the same substances make their appearance. The corpuscles are collected and decomposed by the serum of animals so treated. Moreover, substances were discovered which, when added to the serum freed from blood corpuscles, produced a sediment (præcipitine) in the former. Bordet found further that also, after injecting cow's milk into the serum of rabbits, sediments are formed which cause cow's milk to yield its albumen (casein). This reaction was strictly specific, so that Wasserman was able to

distinguish the different kinds of milk. This strictly specific method induced me to institute investigations with a view to discover whether it were not possible in this way to distinguish the albuminous substances of different birds' eggs.

After numerous experiments I ascertained that the serum of rabbits, injected at intervals of several days for a lengthy period into a solution of the albumen of hen's eggs, produced, when added to such an albuminous solution, strong flaky sediment, but not in solutions of other kinds of albumen. On the basis of the proved specificalness I further succeeded in distinguishing with certainty between the *albuminous substances of different birds' eggs*, except in the case of birds nearly allied in species. This observation was so exceedingly interesting, and was specially important, because it had hitherto been impossible to differentiate these albuminous substances by chemical means.

I was also able to show that all chemical albumen-reactions could not compete with the fineness of this biological reaction, for the proof was possible with an albuminous solution of one gramme of albumen to 100 litres of water, whereas the chemical albumen-reactions utterly failed with a solution of one gramme of albumen to 100 litres of water.

In view of the specificalness and the extraordinary fineness of this biological reaction I wished now further to ascertain whether the albuminous substances of the hen's egg could in the same way be distinguished from those of hen's blood. To settle this question I injected hen's blood into rabbits; the serum of the rabbits so treated produced when added to a solution of the albumen of hen's eggs, a slight turbidity only after a considerable period, whereas in a thin varnish-coloured solution of hen's blood it at once produced a strong sediment. This experiment proved that it is actually possible to establish certain differences of the albuminous substances in hen's blood and hen's eggs. Simultaneously, however, another extremely important fact was established by this experiment. The serum referred to produced a sediment only in a solution of hen'

blood, while all other solutions of the blood of the most varied kinds of animals remained perfectly clear.

The groundwork was thus provided for the method of distinguishing the different kinds of blood.

By now treating rabbits in an exactly similar manner with the blood of oxen, goats, or pigs, I was able always to obtain sera which produced a sediment only in the blood solutions used in the treatment.

A rabbit treated with human blood yielded a serum which produced precipitation only in human blood.

The process I have defined has finally solved the question of the differentiation of blood also from the standpoint of the Government medical expert, for it occurred with constant regularity that the serum of rabbits into which human or animal blood had been repeatedly injected produced a sediment only in solutions of the blood used in the treatment, *even when the blood had been dried up for decades past.* This forensic blood-proof was introduced by me into practice, and I have elaborated and developed it in several works. I produced the most different kinds of serum, in order to be ready immediately to ascertain in forensic cases not only human blood, but also other kinds of blood found on any object whatsoever.

I was also the first who succeeded in identifying, not only dried blood but blood that had become putrid, and blood mixed with the most various chemicals in the most varied circumstances, in sand, in earth, in water that had been used for washing, &c.

The best, most incontestable proof of the practical utility of the process was furnished by myself. The Prussian Minister for Justice placed at my disposal numerous objects, preserved from criminal trials long since concluded, on which were blood-stains of whose origin I had no knowledge whatever. My reports, containing the result of my investigation of these blood-stains, were compared with the official records, and in every single case it was found that my diagnosis, whether it was a question of human blood or of the blood of some animal, was

correct. The method, which obtained general recognition, has already contributed very largely towards elucidating many trials, and has thus become an effective weapon of justice. The process has been introduced into forensic practice in Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria, Roumania, Egypt, Holland, and also the United States of America. The manipulation of the method demands, of course, the utmost care and conscientiousness, and exact prescriptions drawn up by me must be followed. These prescriptions and the official enactments by virtue of which my method has been introduced into the various countries are given in full in my book, recently published by Gustav Fischer, at Jena, price 3 marks, entitled: "Das Biologische Verfahren zur Erkennung und Unterscheidung von Menschen und Tierblut sowie anderer Eiweissubstanzen und seine Anwendung in der forensischen Praxis" ("The Biological Process of recognising and distinguishing the Blood of Human Beings and of Animals and other Albuminous Substances, and its Application in Forensic Practice").

In this book, also, are published a large number of expert opinions which I have given in actual criminal trials. Limits of space prohibit me from dealing at length in this place with these opinions. I will give two examples: A man demanded the annuity paid by the Government to workmen who are no longer capable of earning a living, stating that he was suffering from hæmorrhage. The doctor who was called in found him in bed befouled with blood, but could discover no reason for the hæmorrhage. The blood-stained sheet was forwarded to me to examine, and I was able to ascertain that the blood on it was that of an ox. The inquiries thereupon instituted resulted in the discovery that with the object of deceiving the authorities the man had obtained a bottle of blood from the slaughter-house, and poured this over himself as he lay in bed. Such a deception recalls the story of Joseph's coat (Genesis xxxviii.), which his brothers had dipped in goat's blood in order to make their father believe that something had happened to Joseph, that: "an evil beast had devoured him."

Such deceptions are no longer possible, as a pupil in school here remarked recently on hearing the story related.

In other cases the innocence of the accused was established. A man on whose clothes blood was found was arrested on strong suspicion of having committed a murder. His story was not credited, however, until I proved the correctness of his statement by means of a biological examination of the blood. He was at once released from custody.

The study of blood differentiation has led to still another practical and very important result. It seemed at once probable that this specific reaction might be turned to account in determining the origin of animal organs. There has hitherto been no method that would enable us, especially in these times of dear meat, to discover the truth of reports that certain noble animals, after a severe struggle for life, complete their earthly course in a finely-minced condition in the cooks' shops. This is now an easy matter. If the serum of a rabbit treated with horse's blood be mixed with the suspicious specimens of meat, we can at once discern, by the turbidity which ensues, that it is horseflesh, and it is immaterial for the result of the experiment whether this is in the form of minced meat or sausage, or is in a pickled or smoked state.

But it is not only in the case of comparatively fresh organs that I was able to prove their origin; I have determined with certainty the mummified organs, thirty to forty, even sixty to seventy years old, of men and animals. As, therefore, age seemed to play no essential *rôle* in the investigation of such material, I resolved to conduct exhaustive experiments with the oldest organs at our disposal, viz., mummies. Some time ago I applied the biological reaction to a mummy several thousand years old, but with an absolute negative result.

Hansemann and Meyer recently announced that, without being acquainted with my earlier experiments, they have succeeded in determining the origin of two mummies, between 3000 and 5000 years old, with the aid of the reaction; they claim that their positive results proved that the praecipitin-

reaction loses nothing of its efficacy even with material several thousand years old, and that thus mummy material can be proved by means of this biological method to be of human origin.

This assertion led me to resume my investigations in this direction, and I experimented with thirty Egyptian and Germanic mummies, but in no case, even by employing the strongest sera, did I obtain a positive result. I cannot, therefore, but maintain that, regrettable as it is in the interest of anthropological investigation, it is as yet impossible to determine the origin of such thousand-year-old mummies. It may be that age has destroyed the reactionary capacity of the albuminous substances in the mummies.

Besides these results of biological experiments with serum, of such an exceedingly practical importance for forensic medicine, another of intense interest in natural science has been obtained, viz., *the proof of blood-relationship among animals.*

As in the case of my investigations with egg albumen, I observed when experimenting with the object of distinguishing between the various kinds of blood that the serum of a rabbit treated with a particular kind of albumen produced a sediment also in the body albumen of nearly related animals, and the idea occurred to me to make use of and to propose the *biological reaction for the study of congenital relations among animals.* I was able to demonstrate in the re-agent glass the blood-relationship between horse and ass, between pig and wild pig, dog and fox, and between sheep, goat, and ox. The reaction produced was almost quantitatively proportionate to the degree of blood-relationship. What undoubtedly was of the greatest interest from the standpoint of natural science was the proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes, for, like Wassermann, I was able to determine that the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood produced a somewhat weaker but nevertheless distinct sediment in a solution of ape's blood, it did not produce sediment in any other kind of blood.

A further step was now taken, it being resolved to submit to experimental examination, biologically, the blood-relationship between mankind and apes. These investigations were carried out by me and by the Englishman Nuttall.

In order to form a correct estimate of the results of all these investigations, it appears to me advisable, for the sake of clearness, to discuss briefly the systematic position which zoological science assigns to man in his congenial relations to the apes, and what must be supposed to be known concerning the classification of the apes themselves. Linné, as early as 1735 had, in his "Systema Naturæ," placed man at the head of the mammals, and classified him with apes and half-apes as anthropomorphes; he afterwards named mankind the lordly animals, or primates—"the lords of creation." As man possesses all the bodily characteristics of the mammals, no dispute has ever arisen concerning his inclusion in this class. On the other hand, different views prevail as to the place which man has to take in one of the mammal classes. Blumenbach and Cuvier (1817) created for man a special class of Bimana (two-handed), in opposition to apes and half-apes as quadrumana (four-handed). The classification could no longer be maintained when Huxley, in 1863, showed that it was based on an anatomical error, and that apes were in reality as much two-handed creatures as men.

The "Primates" are generally subdivided as follows:—1, half-apes (Prosimiæ); 2, apes (Simiæ); 3, mankind (Anthropi). Other zoologists permit man only the rank of a family in the ape class. The group of genuine apes, so rich in forms, falls naturally into two divisions which are geographically quite distinct, and have developed absolutely independently of each other in the western and eastern hemispheres: the apes of the old world and the apes of the new world.

The apes of the old world (Eastern apes), inhabiting Asia and Africa, have, without exception, the bridge of the nose narrow, so that the nostrils are close together and directed downwards, as is the case with man. Hence they are also

termed narrow-noses (Catarhini). They have a long, bony acoustic duct and a set of thirty-two teeth, like man. The family is divided into two sub-families: (*a*) anthropoid apes; and (*b*) dog-apes. To the anthropoid apes belong the gibbon, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla.

These are notoriously so closely related morphologically to man that in no very distant times they were regarded as forest-men; it is extremely significant that the view prevails even to-day among the negroes of Africa that the gorilla is in reality a "wild-man," who avoids human beings and refuses to talk merely from fear of being made to work.

The tailed dog-apes belonging to the second sub-family, which are frequently characterised as "repulsive caricatures of the human race," are considerably further removed from man; to them belong the long-tailed monkeys (Cercopithecus), baboons, the slender apes (Semnopithecus), and the macacus.

The second great group includes the apes of the new world, the American or Western apes. They have all the bridge of the nose broad, so that their nostrils are directed to the sides, hence their appellation: flat-nosed (Platyrhini). In other respects also they differ essentially from their Eastern relatives; they have a set of thirty-six teeth, and in most cases a characteristic tail, longer than their bodies, which is frequently adapted for seizing hold, and which they use as a fifth and primary hand. To them belong the prehensile-tail apes (Cebides), the howling monkeys (Mycetes), the sapajous (Ateles), and the slack-tails (Pithecidæ).

A small special family, whose development is much lower than that of the above-mentioned apes of the new world, are the clawed or squirrel-monkeys (Hapalides). These have a long, bushy tail; their fore-hands have become transformed into imperfect squirrel-like paws with claws, and only on the hind limbs is a thumb, with a flat Kuppenhagel, that can be directed against the fingers.

The apes of the new world are thus far behind those of the old world.

Utterly distinct, even from the apes, are the half-apes (Prosimiæ), the spectre-like lemurs, which, it is true, are included by Linné among the genuine apes.

Nowadays the half-apes are entirely separated from the apes, and regarded as forming a distinct family.

This sketch of the natural system within the Primates class drawn up by the zoologists is the expression of the racial affinity of men and apes, and if we desire to define it more accurately we accept the fundamental principle adopted by Huxley. The critical comparison of all the organs, with their modifications, of the ape species, leads us to one and the same result: the anatomical differences which distinguish man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as the differences which separate these anthropoid apes from the lower apes.

If we examine more closely this racial affinity in the light of biological research, and combine with this examination the results of my own and Nuttall's investigations, we arrive at the following interesting conclusion: The serum of a rabbit treated with human blood added to thirty-four different kinds of human blood produces in all cases a strong sediment.

The same serum mixed with eight kinds of blood of anthropoid apes (orang-outang, gorilla, chimpanzee) produced in all the eight cases a sediment almost as strong as in human blood.

The reaction produced by this serum in the blood of dog-apes and long-tailed apes was weaker; of thirty-six different kinds of blood in this group, only four gave a complete reaction, in all the other cases an evident turbidity, which was a long time in appearing, was noticed.

This is the result with the apes of the old world. With the apes of the new world the reaction was still weaker. In this case the same serum added to thirteen kinds of blood of apes belonging to the Cebides group produced no complete reaction, there was no sediment, and only after a considerable time was a slight turbidity noticeable. The same result was obtained with four claw-apes (Hapalides).

The blood of two lemurs did not, according to Nuttall,

react at all. The result of my investigations, however, was that a slight reaction occurred also in solutions of the blood of lemurs.

If, as we have seen, it must be regarded as a scientifically proven fact that visible expression is given to the blood-relationship among animals by means of the biological reaction, it follows that this universally applicable principle will apply also to relations between man and apes.

As it is an established fact that the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood produces a sediment, not only in human blood, but also in ape's blood, but in no other kind of blood whatever, this is for every scientifically-thinking investigator an absolutely sure proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes. It must, on the basis of the experiments under discussion, in view of the quantitative differences in the result of the biological reaction, be further admitted that there are various close or distant degrees of relationship between man and apes. The anthropoid apes (gorilla, chimpanzee, &c.) in particular are also biologically nearest to man, and the apes of the old world are nearer to man than are the apes of the new world. Nuttall has followed up these congenial relations to the lowest apes of the new world; I have followed them only to the lemurs.

Although the conclusion is not to be drawn from these investigations that man is descended from the anthropoid apes with which we are to-day acquainted, a blood-relationship between man and the apes is certainly proved. This biological proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes is worthy of being placed side by side with all the other proofs yielded by palæontology, comparative anatomy, and the history of evolution; it might, indeed, be justly regarded as the most remarkable and startling proof, as it can be demonstrated to any one *ad oculos* in the re-agent glass.

The doctrine of evolution, as propounded and elaborated by such investigators as Lamarck, Darwin, and Haeckel, thus finds a firm and visible support in biological serum research.

Interesting as these so-called affinity-reactions may be

from the standpoint of natural science, they are, as it may be imagined, exceedingly embarrassing to forensic medicine. If, for example, the expert is called upon to distinguish between horse's and ass's blood, between sheep's and goat's blood, between human blood and ape's blood, insuperable difficulties present themselves, for we have seen that, *e.g.*, a rabbit treated with human blood yields a serum which produces a sediment also in ape's blood. Although this distinction between human blood and ape's blood plays no *rôle* forensically with us, it might become important in countries where apes are plentiful.

Efforts have been made, hitherto in vain, to discover an incontestable solution to this problem. On the basis of numerous experiments which I have conducted during the present year, and the results of which I have just communicated in a paper read before the seventy-seventh meeting of German Naturalists at Meran, I have succeeded in accomplishing the task in a very simple manner. My investigations proceed from an expert opinion which I was requested to give by the public prosecutor. Early in this year a poacher's walking-stick, on which were blood-stains, was forwarded to me. The man, to whom it belonged, was suspected of having killed a deer and a smaller animal—a hare, rabbit, or fox—and of having carried them away on his stick. He asserted, however, that the stains on the stick were caused by goose's blood. His mother, he said, had killed and hung up several geese; the stick happened to be standing underneath them, and so the blood had dropped on to it. The serum of a rabbit treated with goose's blood when mixed with a solution of the blood on the stick produced no sediment; it was, therefore, not goose's blood. In the same way I proved that it was certainly not deer's or fox's blood. It now remained only to be seen whether it was hare's blood. I must premise that the view has hitherto prevailed that nearly related animals do not re-act on a mutual injection of their blood with the formation of sediments. If, consequently, I desired to prepare a serum to prove the presence of hare's blood I must not use a rabbit,

which is, of course, closely related to the hare, but an animal in no way related, *e.g.*, a hen. I injected hare's blood, therefore, into hens. These animals now yielded a serum which produced a sediment in hare's blood, but also in rabbit's blood, thus showing the affinity reaction. A distinct reaction also appeared in a solution of the blood from off the stick, but, for the reason just mentioned, I was still unable to decide whether this was hare's blood or rabbit's blood. In spite of the prevailing view that closely related animals do not re-act on a mutual injection of their blood, I now injected hare's blood into rabbits. And these rabbits yielded a serum which reacted only in hare's blood, but not, as could only be expected, to rabbit's blood, *i.e.*, blood of the *same species*. Thus I was then able to establish the fact that the blood on the stick was hare's blood and not rabbit's blood.

By means of these experiments I have discovered a method of distinguishing closely allied kinds of blood. In a similar way I then succeeded in distinguishing hen's blood and pigeon's blood. I was able also to distinguish human blood from ape's blood, by treating apes with human blood. The apes yielded a serum which produced a sediment only in human blood, but not in ape's blood.

We can, therefore, console ourselves with the knowledge that there are fine differences in the composition of the albumen of the blood of men and of apes ; a fact which the opponents of Darwin will most probably turn to account without troubling to criticise. These experiments incite to further research, with a view to ascertaining whether proof cannot be found of the finest distinctions in the albumen of the blood of the various races of animals and of men. I am engaged on such investigations, and hope they will produce results of interests to anthropological research.

PAUL UHLENHUTH.

MARRIAGE IN THE EAST AND IN THE WEST[1]

THE question of marriage is the one overwhelmingly burning question of womanhood all over the world. It is briefly the one question to which every woman who has ever been born into our world must have given *some* serious consideration at any rate.

Indeed, if we think of the countless generations of women who have been utterly absorbed by the contemplation of marriage, its duties, its pleasures, its general outlook, we are driven to confess that it is surprising how indefinite the conclusions are at which we have arrived. Nearly every nation in the world regards marriage in a different, and often a conflicting, light.

There are a thousand answers to those four words, "What is marriage." But for the purpose of this article let us take it in its legal sense—that is, "the union of man and woman in the relation of husband and wife, as the same may be defined by local law and custom." It is needless to say that this definition can be applied to any connection between the sexes which are approved of or permitted by the immediate environments of that man and woman. Marriage, therefore, has nothing to do with polygamy, polyandry, or monogamy. It is the contract according to custom, and any change in that custom will be reflected in the contract.

How the primary idea of marriage—that is, of a more or less binding tie in sexual connections—arose, has ever been a puzzle to me, though scientists appear quite satisfied with their own explanations. We are taken back to marriage by capture and bidden to observe various interesting survivals of theft even in our own ceremonies. We are told to go back further still and imagine primitive semi-animal man in a state of sexual promiscuity, and then we are told to watch the gradual upspringing of the idea of marriage through the jealous rage of the males, each eager to keep his prize. As proof of this the learned men point to the jealous rage of the animal world at present. But an instant's consideration will show us that there is no possible parallel between the human and the animal world in sexual matters. In all other life but ours the male only fights for the possession of the female at stated, and often widely separated, seasons. In the intervals he leaves her severely alone. He desires, he has, nothing but a passing claim on her.

In order, therefore, to make this passing claim into a permanent one, something must have occurred in human society to differentiate it from animal society. Jealousy must be made permanent before it could suggest a permanent tie. Therefore we are driven back to still more primitive ages for an explanation.

I have none to offer. It only seems to me far more likely that female jealousy of rivals for whom in the course of nature she was deserted should have suggested to the woman some means of securing permanency; a permanency which, of course, had to be paid for in kind by a voluntary lapse from the sexual rest, which to this day all female animals save woman enjoy.

Such a first step as this is easily deducible from promiscuity. We have but to imagine a remembrance of past freedom, a cavilling against natural restraints, an envy of others more fortunate, and the deed is done. We have a woman permanently attaching a man to herself in defiance of the then known law of nature. We have her—to revert to the

old legend of all lands—giving him the fruit of the tree of knowledge to eat, by forfeiting the reserve of sex, and so bringing down on her own head the curse of Eve. The curse, so curiously inept viewed in any other light than this—the curse of over-production, of consequent helplessness and dependence, of pain and suffering far beyond the normal, of all the trouble and disease inherent in our over-sexualisation; for permanency could not be reached without undue stimulation of sexual organisation. This, woman brought on herself. And on the world?—the sweat of the brow, the labour of millions who should never have been born.

Many will doubtless disagree with this; but at least, if the second chapter of Genesis is read with this thought in the mind, that thought will bring light to many dark places, and help to account for the universal dread of female influence which is to be found everywhere in human society.

There are many corroborative proofs of this view to which I might draw attention, but I am dealing now with but one result of this deliberate disregard on the woman's part of the law of reserve which is still part of the law of increase amongst animals. I could point out the curious inversion of veto by which man's growing conscience sought solace; I could adduce the well-known periodicity in the birth-rate—even after these untold centuries of licence—which still points to a spring and an autumn season for child-bearing; but I am dealing only of marriage, comparing the Eastern and the Western view of it, and seeking in these two views the ideal element of both.

To begin with, much as we hear of Eastern children married almost before they are born, of Western children brought up absolutely asexual with their brothers, I am inclined to doubt whether the idea of marriage enters more into the one life than the other. It seems to me that this idea of marriage enters quite unconsciously into the life of every girl-baby all over the world from her very birth. She plays with her dolls, she imagines herself a fairy princess, she feels an attraction towards household work. On wet days she can amuse herself while

her brothers are kicking their heels. In fact, deep down I believe most girl babies at three are even as I was—that is, when in a conclave of children choosing professions, I was asked mine, I replied, "I 'spose I shall be some gemplemin's wife."

And wherefore not? Of course, if we are going to look on marriage as a purely personal pleasure, if love is to be a delirious yielding to enjoyment and personal satisfaction, in either mind or body, the ambition to be some "gemplemin's wife" may not appear to be a very high one. But if marriage is to be a profession, what then? And marriage is a most—*the* most—honourable profession in the world for a woman, and it has this advantage. It is a close profession for women. Man cannot enter into it. There is no profession of married man. As he was before marriage, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, clergyman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief, so he remains after it. He may tack the epithet "married" before his name if he choose, but marriage can never be to him what it is to the woman; for marriage is the cradle of the race, and woman rocks that cradle.

But is this estimate of marriage the one which obtains in our western society of to-day? Scarcely. I do not indeed believe that this view of it is ever put plainly before our young girls. So far as I can see their education is—perhaps it is rightly so—absolutely asexual. The only point of cleavage comes about fourteen years of age, when, out of school hours, the girl turns instinctively to love stories and the boy to tales of adventure.

Of course, at this period it is quite inevitable that Nature should be awakening in the girl thoughts and desires which are not exactly the same as those in a boy's mind; yet, so far as I am aware, we pay no attention in our education to this fact, but leave the young aspirant to womanhood to find such guidance as she may need in the pages of books *pour la jeune fille*. Books, that is, in which love is a mysterious, scarcely to be spoken of, divinity, where kisses are plentiful, and the not impossible resulting infant is left out of the equation altogether

as being in some occult way indecent. Such is our education for those who, if the right man only turns up, will *without one exception* leave other professions gladly to follow the ancient woman's calling of wifehood and motherhood. What does she know about either? Nothing!

She has never been taught to inquire of herself simply and, naturally whether the man whom she proposes to marry is likely to play his part well to the race. Yet that should ever be the very first question in marriage. "Will he be a good father to his children?" contains practically the whole duty of man and woman in marriage; that is, if we consider marriage in its legal aspect. And I must confess that I see no reason at all why any other meaning should be attached to it. Spiritual affinity, mental companionship, friendship, any tie you choose, may exist in marriage, but marriage is independent of such ties.

In the West, therefore, the marriageable girl has, as her ideal of women, a human being of equal rights with man; mistress of her own sex as he is master of his. She is therefore free to use that sex as she chooses. She holds it in fee simple, and has a right, if she wishes, to go down to the grave unmarried, though by doing so she withholds from the world its immortality, and perhaps limits its vast possibilities. The message which the angel of the Annunciation brought to the Divine Mother finds no echo in her ears. She is not instinct with the thought that by her a Saviour may come into the world. For it must not be forgotten that, if we believe in evolution, the greatest poet, painter, musician, statesman, teacher—the greatest man or woman, in short, has still to be born.

She has been taught also from her babyhood that she has a right to monopolise the whole body and soul of the man she marries. She can claim his entire love. Now I am not going to attempt to define this love. It is a mysterious something over and above mere sexual attraction, over and above mere friendship, over and above approbation, and over and above

duty. She has been taught (chiefly, I admit, by authoresses like myself) to consider this love the sole sanctifier of marriage. I have conscientiously tried to find out from the contemporary literature generally read by the Western girl of, say, eighteen to discover the teaching in regard to the advent of this mysterious something. It is varied and somewhat conflicting. Being pulled in a dripping state out of a pool appears to be efficacious in inducing love; on the other hand, being snatched as a brand from the burning is equally provocative. On the whole, one may predicate that, having your life saved in any way, renders you liable to the infection. Young men who turn up unexpectedly, who run against you in the street, or pick up your purse, are also highly infective. Those who quarrel with your papa or inherit a vendetta against your blood relations are also distinctly dangerous. But the persons who snub each other at first sight, and continue to do so for three parts of the book, until towards the end they lapse into kisses, are the most numerous of all.

We may take it granted, then, that it is safer to begin with a little aversion. Once, however, love has come, all writers agree that any attempt to combat it is not only wrong but useless. It is a fine thing to defy prudence and marry the man of your heart. After all, you have only yourself to please. Armed with this conviction, the Western girl of eighteen keeps her weather eye open for love. Nothing but love will induce her to give up her freedom: without it, marriage is for her no marriage at all. If she is a good girl she will aim high. She has been taught that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and she will tolerate no lower standard of morals than her own in the man she is prepared to love. She may, she often does, live on for years—perhaps for ever—unsatisfied, for she never finds the man whom it will give her personal rapture to marry.

When she does find him, especially if she finds him young, there are still many other things which contribute to her pleasurable anticipations for the new life. The husband, of

course, stands first as an agreeable novelty, but the new house, the new position, the new liberty, run him very close.

She goes to that house full of high hopes. She has herself chosen everything, she has even been consulted as to the colour of the bridegroom's tie. She is eager over her household duties, especially the little dinners and lunches at which her efforts will be admired; she looks forward to endless outings with "her boy," and if in these latter days there lurks deep down a vague hope that motherhood may not come over soon to interfere with these pleasures one can only be thankful—that it is not frankly on the surface!

She goes briefly to marriage as she would go to the theatre, expecting to be happy, interested, amused.

It is rather instructive, meanwhile, to consider how flatly Western law denies this attitude of the Western woman.

She proclaims love to be the only real tie in marriage, *it* asserts that, so long as the mere sexual contract is binding, love may go by the board.

She may refuse to be companion, helpmeet, friend; she may neglect her husband's house, his children, and play skittles with his money and his reputation; she may even refuse to be the mother of children, and he has no redress. She stands immune on the rock of her sex. So long as that contract is unimpaired all the other grievances are nothing worth.

It is a curious antagonism between faith and works, and it is responsible for much that is unsatisfactory in Western marriages. Lucky is it that pure affection follows on marriage in most normally healthy folk, else the Divorce Court would be fuller even than it is. Father is occasionally very trying, especially when the cook is under notice or the girls want new dresses, but—after all—he is father, and so, contrary to teaching, contrary to faith and belief, the Western marriage assimilates itself to the Eastern one.

For from the very beginning this idea of fatherhood consecrates the Eastern bride to the service of the race. I concede, at once and unreservedly, that the Eastern woman falls as far

from her ideal of marriage as the Western one rises above it, but as I have tried to give fairly a sketch of what that Western ideal is, I will try to do the same for the East.

From the very first, then, the girl-baby is brought up sexually—that is to say, if her sex permits her to live at all! I will give in female infanticide—it is one way of avoiding the spinster peril, but it is not, on the whole, a desirable way. This girl-baby then is married, or rather betrothed, before she can talk, and is thereinafter taught to lisp curses on any one who shall supplant her in her future husband's affection. But all this, though very shocking, is not, I would point out, in the bond. The *swayambara*, or maiden's choice, only lingers, it is true, in the ancient literature of India, but there can be no doubt that it forms an intrinsic part of the Indian ideal which can scarcely be understood without this public choice. It must have been a pretty sight, this *swayambara*, with the girl's wise eyes frankly criticising her accredited suitors, of whose standing and character she had already satisfied herself. Only the personal choice remained, and that was made simply, unashamedly.

This choice, however, does not now obtain, and the bride seldom sees her future husband till the betrothal, which is as binding as the marriage, is over, though I am bound to say that the custom works out exceedingly well in practice. Indeed, before we condemn it utterly as wantonly cruel, we must take into account the ideal of perfect womanhood which has been set before the girl from her very birth, and which I will now try to explain. I must begin by saying that it appears to me a very high one indeed.

The ideal, then, of the East is that true woman is not the equal of man. She cannot, indeed, be so, since the man and the woman together form the perfect human being to whose guardianship is entrusted the immortality of the race. She cannot either claim to be mistress of her own sex, or say that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,

Her chastity, she sees, is of infinitely greater importance to

the home, the family, than is man's, and she accepts this limitation, thereby recognising the supreme importance of her own position.

To the true woman marriage is a necessity, a duty. Not to marry, is wilfully to murder the possibility of life. But to her there is no question of love or monopoly. The sole sanctifier of her union is the resulting child. The real tie between husband and wife lies in their fatherhood, their motherhood. Therefore it follows that if she has no children she has one of two courses open to her.

She must either follow Sara's example and bring a more fortunate handmaiden to her lord, and, unlike Sara, cherish the children as her own, or she must live apart, yield up her first place in hearth and home, in prayer and offering, thereby ending that close spiritual union with her husband, which is in itself a sufficient proof of the ideally high position accorded to women, in theory at any rate, by Hinduism. For neither the prayer nor the offering of a man is complete without his wife taking her part in it.

Marriage has never been presented to her as a personal matter—still less as a personal pleasure. It is a duty to the unborn; a duty which involves much self-restraint on both husband and wife. To the wife, because she voluntarily dedicates her sex to the race; to the husband, because he is taught that the woman who is handing on his immortality, stands in the same relation to him as his mother, and must be treated with absolute respect.

Thus, while the Western bride goes to her husband's house as she would to a theatre, expecting to be interested and amused, the Eastern one goes as a nun goes to the cloister—voluntarily self-dedicated to duty. For her there is no new freedom; the rather a restriction of liberty. There is not even a new house, a new position. Her sole gain is the extremely doubtful pleasures of a husband whom she has not chosen, perhaps not even seen! Of a mother-in-law who may, for all she knows, be a hard task-mistress. It does not sound exactly exhilarating

to Western ears, but then, as I have mentioned before, Eastern marriage is no question of personal liking or disliking, no question even of spiritual affinities, mutual companionship, monetary convenience, jolly chumship, or anything of that sort. It is simply a question of the race, its purity, its preservation. To this end also the whole complex structure of caste has been designed; for caste may be called a table of affinities. With us this table forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister; in India it enforces forbearance in regard to many people's sisters; for a man may not, cannot, marry any one he fancies.

Now, if we come to compare these two ideals of marriage, the Eastern and the Western, even if we do not approve, we must at least admit that the former claims the greater amount of self-abnegation. It lies altogether on a higher plane, so far at least as marriage *qua* marriage goes—that is the legalised union of man and woman.

But it will be said this is only the ideal. What is it in practice? Are Indian wives happy?

As a rule, I should say they are. It is not exactly what one would expect to find. But then who would expect to find a Great Moghul building that eighth wonder of the world, the Taj, to the memory of a wife who died in giving birth to her thirteenth child? But behind this question of happiness which, to us, appears so very important, lies the fact that—to, at any rate, the ideal of the East—personal happiness is *not* an integral part of marriage. I wish to insist on this, because it will show at a glance how impossible it is for us to apply our own notions of what things *should* be to the lives of those who have a different standpoint altogether.

Without asserting or predicating right or wrong, the fact remains that—until Western ideas began to creep in to their education—a very large majority of Indian women were quite content to accept a husband whom they had never seen.

This may seem in itself a terrible proof of their slavish subjection, but I am by no means sure whether they would

not also find terrible proofs of our slavish subjection in our social custom. It is conceivable, indeed, that if some few hundred Eastern mothers-in-law of the uttermost utmost type, were to descend on England with a view to its conversion in a similar manner to the way our unmarried Mission ladies do on India—that is, full of sympathy born of their own needs, full of reprobation born of their own ideal—they would find quite as much, say in London, at which to hold up holy hands of horror as we do, say, in Calcutta and Bombay. While were they to go into our country towns and villages, they would find far more to deprecate than we can possibly do in rural India, where life remains singularly pure, singularly simple.

The intolerable indignity of a woman's position generally, prey as she is to familiarities, to coarse words in the streets, to gigglings and screechings in corners, even to her husband's or lover's public endearments, would shock them utterly. For there is nothing of that sort to be seen in India. Vice may thrive, but it is silent. Except in the bad-character bazaars, and even there but seldom, there is nothing to suggest sex in an Indian city. The horse-play of hooligans, the open challenge of Tam-o-Shanter girls, the ticklings and titterings of 'Arry and 'Arriet, are alike unknown. There is outward decency at least, and that is great gain.

Then the flaunting abroad of girls claiming attention by their dress, ready to rouse elemental passions in all and sundry —if all and sundry are foolish enough to be so roused—while they smile securely, amusing themselves, would be terrible.

That is not the woman's portion. If she spends hours over her dress it must be for the father of her children, to attract him. The drunken husbands, slatternly wives, miserably neglected children would all be an offence indeed, while the fact of a bride having often to work hard instead of being set free from care would seem real cruelty. Last, but not least, the solitude of home life, and the husband's incessant claim on his wife, would be great hardships.

To us, on the other hand, it seems horrible to be screened, secluded, shut out from all outside pleasure; and, above all, only to share a husband with other wives.

This is the crucial point. It gives the final thrust home to all opponents of Eastern marriage, for there is supposed to be no parry to it.

Theoretically there may be none to us; to the Eastern woman there is this. She has never been taught to attach so much importance *per se* to her sexual relations with her husband that a loss of monopoly should strike her as a degradation.

In practice, moreover, polygamy is not the rule but an exception, and amongst certain races a very rare exception. To begin with, it is a most expensive luxury; for the first wife can claim to live in a separate house. She can even claim her dower in some cases, and so get quit of her husband altogether. Then, though it may seem strange that this should be so, the tie between an Eastern husband and his wife is often a most sentimental one. I have known a man send hundreds of miles to his wife's home in the far-away hills for a bunch of fragrant polyanthus narcissus to present to his sick wife, after the custom of his country on New Year's day, and I have seen many a husband and wife, after bearing the heat and the burden of the day of child-bearing and child-rearing, and money-earning was over, leave all this behind them to the younger generation, and go forth, mentally at any rate, into the wilderness hand in hand, there to meditate and pray and spend the remainder of their lives in austerities. For take it as you may, admit many terrible fallings away from the ideal, that ideal remains, that the Hindu husband and wife are together the perfected human being.

This is an ideal which polygamy does not touch. As I have said, except in the case in which marriage fails to bring children, it is extremely rare to find more than one wife even in rich houses, and even when this is so, the first wife's position remains as it was. The very ceremony of a second marriage is different; practically it is a marriage, theoretically it is not so.

And where there are no children? What then? One can but speak from one's own personal feelings, one's own personal experience, and I feel that I would far rather have the look I have seen on many a childless woman's face in India—a look of perfect peace, content, confidence, affection, as she watches her husband playing with the children which her unselfishness has honestly given into his life, than I would have the look on many an English wife's, who, childless herself, is beset by fears lest solace might be found elsewhere, or who is at least jealous and miserable at every glance of kindness her husband may cast at a child.

That, however, is only a personal feeling, which may largely be due to the fact that I have had experience of many happy households where she who is practically the wife is not the mother of the children. I admit that I cannot imagine the system answering in the West. We are monopolists by nature and education, so sexual jealousy is spiritual as well as corporeal. Our husbands may not even seek mental relaxation in another, we must have them body and soul.

Such is not the ideal of the East. And yet the woman lacks no power thereby. As every one by this time is aware, her legal position is in many ways a better one than that of her Western sister. We had to pass a Married Women's Property Act. In India from time immemorial the marriage of a woman has brought no right over her goods and chattels. Her very position as a widow remains inviolate. Then her personal power is great, in some cases overwhelmingly so.

The men of India are—poor souls!—the most henpecked in the world. They, especially the Mahomedans, make a brave show; they may even, should they have some slight knowledge of English, stigmatise their women-folk as "poor ignorant idiots"; but once behind the purdah in the women's apartments Bob Acres' courage is stable in comparison with theirs. I know no more pitiable object on this earth than an elderly Turk having his beard dyed blue by his female relations! Fatma and Ayesha wink at each other while the other wives

look on, and when the farce is over they retire to the cupboard and lock themselves up and give him the key with strict injunctions to be home punctually and not to look in at the club! Of course, there are exceptions, but the general form of home rule is feminine despotism veiled by a slavish subserviency in trivial details. How far this may go towards pure power few have any conception. A houseful of Indian women —the idle women of the towns, for in the country they do a lion's share of the field work beside their husbands and brothers— is simply an engine for the production of what the men-folk call helplessly "woman's law"; that is a code of conduct, ceremony, etiquette, observances to comply with which would tax the resources of a Japanese General! The wretched men-folk of such houses, ere they go forth, or when they return, have to submit to pattings and sprinklings, tying of knots and smearings, and may count themselves lucky if, concealed about them, they have not to carry to office or workshop as a talisman for luck the most incongruous and sometimes revolting things, such as the half-chewed morsel of dough cake on which baby has cut his first tooth.

Western marriage does not reduce men to such straits as this, despite its monopoly. But in this vein I could point out some advantages in polygamy. It must be a distinct relief only to have to order the dinner in turns, and the idea of giving cook notice when you were off duty is distinctly attractive.

There is one point, however, which in the West is nowadays bound up in marriage to which I have not alluded as yet. I mean divorce. With our yearly lengthening lists in the court we, at least, cannot afford to ignore it! How stands the case in India? Amongst two-thirds of the approximate 300,000,000 divorce is impossible. The Hindu religion forbids it—or rather does not take it into consideration. It is beyond practical politics. Marriage is no transitory tie. It is one for everlasting. Amongst the remaining one-third divorce is possible, but rare. The fixing of a high dowry at

the time of marriage, which dowry has only to be paid by the husband in the event of a divorce, has a very sobering effect—upon the husband. And a man can, if his wife annoys him, always console himself legally. I have in my own experience known a dowry of, roughly speaking, £200 fixed when the bridegroom was only in receipt of some £6 a year. And as the right to this *huk mahar*, as it is called, is one that can be enforced in our courts, it is naturally conducive to good conduct. It is briefly, a heavy fine which the wife has always the right to impose. In addition to this, as I have mentioned before, in the case of another wife being brought into the house, the first one has a right to claim a separate establishment.

Now, in this comparison between marriage in the East and the West, I hold no brief for the former. My aim has been to point out that its ideals, even its practice, cannot, or ought not to, be dismissed as unworthy of our consideration. With a lengthening divorce list, a diminishing birth-rate, some of us Western women, at any rate, are beginning to ask ourselves if our marriage can be the ultimate dictum on the vexed question of union between the sexes. Is mere sexual attraction—for whether we look on love as divine or as some mysterious chemical transmutation of particles which should go towards the making of a new compound, love resolves itself to this when considered in the light of marriage—a sufficient safeguard of the race, or are the contracting parties bound to consider the resulting children as the first, almost the only, point to be considered?

Not long ago, I was expounding my views to a very charming young woman—a wife and a mother—who laughingly replied: "That would not suit us. My husband and I are looking forward with delight to leaving the children with their nurse for two months while we enjoy ourselves quite alone together abroad."

Now I do not know what the Western woman may call this; but no Eastern woman would dream of calling this

marriage. She would quietly, simply, and without emotion, call it quite another name, which, pleasant enough in its way, has nothing to do with the self-renunciation of sex which is the true woman's portion in this world, but by which her immortality is carried on from generation to generation.

F. A. Steel.

DO OUR GIRLS TAKE AN INTEREST IN LITERATURE?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

I AM convinced of the fact that there is at this moment no reasonable person living who will dispute the statement that for a fight to be fair there should be two evenly matched opposing forces. That is to say, apparently evenly matched, since, the fight being over, one side is bound to prove itself the superior, unless, as in rare instances, neither side gains upon the other and a tie is proclaimed.

As a general rule, the British public is very ready to fight and loves above all things to show what it is pleased to call the "party spirit" in any particular matter on which its interest is aroused. We have but to watch a football match, a university boat-race, a polo match, or such a momentous affair as a "general election," to see at a glance how it loves to take its respective "sides" and to champion them at all costs.

Our newspapers realise to the full this national trait, and to please their reading public they vie with one another in starting a continuous series of discussions, varying from a question of such depth as "Do we Believe?" to something as purely ephemeral as "Are our Daughters better or worse Housewives than our Grandmothers were?" Their readers are delighted and each one who is capable of penning a readable letter rises to the bait, and gives forth through the medium of his favourite organ, be it the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*, his views upon the

matter in question, wherewith he hopes greatly to impress all who dare to entertain contrary ideas. Of course he fails miserably; no person was ever yet influenced by reading a letter from his opponent in any matter, but this does not hinder the discussion, and it continues and flourishes, until, from sheer want of new ideas, it dies a natural death, probably having first passed through a chequered life of at least two months, having done no one any good, no one any harm, beyond arousing many vain fits of impotent rage, and having at least served the purpose of affording several hours of real amusement to those persons sufficiently logical as to refrain from taking part in it.

It sometimes happens that a discussion of this kind is manifestly unfair and one-sided. What, for instance, is to occur when an indignant parent begins such an argument as "Do Games take up too much of the time of our Public School Boys?"

In this case, the people interested are usually the various parents of the kingdom, and the boys themselves, the latter backed up by a few tutors and schoolmasters, who often find themselves too busy and too superior to take up an argumentative pen.

The average British parent is nothing if not wordy—I will not say eloquent—and on a subject of this kind he will write both lengthily and vehemently. With the son the matter is different. He is usually incapable of continuous, logical thought, and even if he can say what he means, he cannot often write it in English sufficiently like Webster or Nuttall to make, the editor of the paper in which the discussion is running take notice of his loud appeal to justice. Occasionally, of course, an eloquent sixth-former rises into the glory of print and thus voices his woes, but his case is rare indeed, and more often his cause dies an unchampioned death, and paterfamilias says his say uncontradicted and therefore arrogantly.

Now, if the British schoolboy is incapable of fighting on paper, his sister is even more so, so that when attacked she is

in a peculiarly defenceless and annoying predicament. It is to attempt to voice some of the speechless indignation of the schoolgirl, and her continuation into the youthful damsel of to-day that I now take up my pen. For years her wrath has been simmering, fed by constant taunts and exasperating one-sided treatises, until now it has reached the limit of endurance, and, to continue the metaphor, is veritably boiling over.

This is the cause of her righteous indignation. She is told in a variety of magazines and newspapers, from some humble and comparatively unknown one, to that tower of greatness, *The Nineteenth Century*, that she "reads chiefly rubbish and does not know her Standard Authors." And all this because she has no champion, and because only one side of the question, as far as I am aware, has as yet been touched upon.

I have no desire to contradict anything that has been said. I am certain that the writer in *The Nineteenth Century* is perfectly correct in all her statements, and that even more deplorable cases of ignorance than those she has cited could be disclosed by the thousand if one took the trouble to look for them. I say the same for all the other writers who have bemoaned the degenerate taste in literature of the British Maiden, but I must add this fact, they have studied but one side of the question and left the other entirely alone; and, because of this, are we to sit still and imagine pessimistically that our future trainers of the generations that are to continue our glorious Empire are nourished and fed upon *Home Chat*, *The Family Herald*, *Answers*, or the latest sensational, melodramatic, third-rate novel?—all doubtless suitable from their own points of view, but inadequate as diet for the mind, as would be an unvaried feast of *méringues*, or *éclairs* to the physical body. Certainly not, so let us put on our optimistic spectacles and take a survey of the girls who do not read only rubbish, and who, after all, form an astonishingly large percentage of our juvenile, feminine community.

Now, I consider that the most unsuitable argument brought

forward by the other side to my own is that, "our girls do not read the Standard Authors."

"Standard Authors," what a term is this! embracing as it does Voltaire and Charlotte Young, Tolstoi and Dickens, Maeterlinck and Lamb, Thackeray and Ibsen, Milton and Rossetti (I have purposely chosen pairs of opposites so as to show the illimitable differences contained in this term). How can the average girl be expected to take an interest in all?; even if time enough were at her disposal, can we suppose that her individual tastes would allow her to take pleasure in the perusal of the varied works of such a multitudinous throng? Certainly we cannot, and it is to the ignoring of individual tastes in authors that so much misunderstanding on this matter of efficiency in literature is due. We are all, schoolmistresses in particular, so fond of drawing up schemes of literary courses to be gone through, and favourite authors to be studied by our girls, that we overlook the fact of their likes and dislikes almost entirely.

I remember only recently listening to the complaints of an estimable, but illogical lady—a B.A. by the way—who keeps a large private school. "Their ignorance is appalling," she declared sadly, "and they" (speaking of her particular schoolgirls) "do not seem even to want to learn. Would you believe it, I read them Lamb's essay on 'Roast Pig' last Saturday, at the same time noting the beauty of his style as an essayist. When I had finished I asked Gladys how she liked it—you know she generally is very outspoken. Her answer astonished me."

"I think it is disgusting," she said quite rudely, "and I can't understand why Lamb wrote such rubbish."

I smiled. This little contretemps gave me such insight into my friend's methods. She had entirely forgotten the fact that Gladys was a vegetarian, as were all her relatives, and that the essay in question could but annoy the child. Furthermore, had she taken the trouble, as I did myself afterwards, she could have discovered that Gladys knew all "Macaulay's

Lays" by heart, that her most treasured possession was a volume of Tennyson's Poems, and that her favourite novel was "The Caxtons."

"I love Milton," said a girl of sixteen to me one day. "'Paradise Lost' is better than anything I ever read before."

"Why?" I asked quickly; I wished to hear her reasons.

"Because," continued Marion blushingly, "you know when I went in for the 'Senior Cambridge,' we took 'Kings' for 'Old Testament Scripture,' and I got honours in it. Well, Milton mentions all about those old kings of Israel and Judah, and he is so beautifully correct."

Now listen to the reverse of this taste.

"I can't stand Milton's longer works. How any one can read them I don't know!" said another girl to me, a delicate, pretty maiden of nineteen.

"Why?" I asked again. I was all agog and thirsting for information on this opposite side to the question.

"Why! Because he writes blank verse, and can't manage it well like Shakespeare does, he is so unpoetical. Now, listen, this is what I like."

She drew from a shelf near at hand a volume of Keats, and opening its well-worn pages, read slowly and sweetly the first verses of the immortal "Ode to the Nightingale." "They cannot be equalled," she said as she closed the book again. "They are just perfect."

I agreed that indeed they were.

Now, in all common justice, can these girls be called illiterate? Gladys, who dislikes Lamb, and this one who hates Milton? Most certainly not. They have merely shown their own individuality of taste, and for this they should be praised, not blamed.

A young friend of mine has just had the good fortune to accompany an uncle on a voyage round the world. She has not a reputation for being clever, and yet she is an omnivorous reader, and her mind is well stored with many choice gems from her favourite authors.

She took me to see her pretty new clothes before packing them for the voyage. I admired them duly. They were very sweet, and I knew how charming she would look in them. As I lifted some dainty muslin blouses to examine them more closely, I was astonished to find some hard, solid substances folded within them.

"My books," said my friend smilingly. "I could not leave my pets behind for so long."

Then she drew them out and showed them to me.

"Dear old 'Bacon!' I love his essays. 'Emerson,' he's a bit high-flown, but I am getting to understand him. 'Keats' and 'Shelley?' I like 'Keats' best, he's younger in his style, but I love 'The Ode to the Skylark.' 'Omar Khayyam,' I know him all by heart, at least this edition. Don't you think the various translations are muddling? I do, but I adore Omar, he's so human. 'Robert Browning.' I like 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' tremendously, don't you? And all his short poems. I am afraid I don't know the long ones properly."

"Elizabeth Browning, she's very sweet, especially her sonnets. I like sonnets."

And this, if you please, is what our pessimists would have us believe is non-existent in our decadent age! Small wonder that the fury of the British maiden is excessive when she smarts under the grossly unjust accusations that are brought against her.

Of course, I am not speaking now of children under the age of fifteen. They, I agree, are totally ignorant of the worth of "Standard Authors" beyond a few stray volumes read in the holidays and learned with diligence at school, but then they are intensely occupied with other things. It is impossible to soar to excessive poetry while you are mastering the intricacies of analysis, or the harrowing details of recurring decimals, and even "The Last Words of David," exquisite though they be, lose much of their literary value when you remember, in learning them, that every syllable uttered wrongly means a loss of one mark and consequent descent in your class. No, I fail to

see how a literary sense can be cultivated until a firm foundation of knowledge has been laid whereon to build, and I tremble to think of the result of an enforced diet of "The Canterbury Tales," "The Faerie Queen," and "Marmion" upon a class as yet ignorant of the elements of English composition.

The average girl, I find, will turn with avidity to the joys of literature, when once she has a foundation to build upon, but not before. Then it is a relief to her, but before it would have merely added to her sense of mental congestion.

In a wisely conducted school well known to me, only girls of certain attainments are allowed to enter the Literature Class. True, they have learned some half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays thoroughly, mastered most of Scott's poems, and been grounded in elementary knowledge concerning such people as the Venerable Bede, Dean Swift, Addison, and others of like fame, but of real literature they know nothing. Suddenly a new world bursts upon them and they revel in it. They find limitless pleasures in "The Idylls of the King," "The Ring and the Book," "Religio Medici," "John Inglesant," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Endymion," and a hundred other favourites. And in this wisely taught school none is, having arrived at years of discretion, forced to read authors she has no sympathy with. Does a girl dislike Tennyson, she is asked to study Browning; if he be not to her taste she is told of the beauties of Matthew Arnold, of Southey, of Longfellow. She need not despair because she does not like one; she will like others, and she finds she does. Among some of the girls of this school there is a ceaseless rivalry for literary knowledge.

"I will bet you half a crown," says one enterprising damsel to another, "I can learn 'In Memoriam' all through before you can."

"I won't take it," says the other laughing, "you're such a terror for learning, but I'll take it on 'The Grammarian's Funeral.'"

"Done," says the first. "We'll begin at once, I can learn some while I brush my hair to-night; it won't take long to finish it."

I may add that bets of this kind are so common that frequently six or seven poems a term are learned in this enthusiastic fashion, and well remembered for quoting purposes afterwards.

Usually every school has a few authors it dislikes with an almost religious fervour. In my own school days the following came under our ban and remained there: Jane Austen, Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Milton, George Eliot, Coleridge, Charlotte Young.

This may seem a curious list, but we had our reasons for disliking the authors, and those reasons may amuse not a few, therefore I set them down, so as to remind the grown-ups of the excessively strong feelings schoolgirls may entertain on literary matters.

Jane Austen was hated because her heroines were given to fainting, and her books dealt with such humdrum experiences.

Dickens, because of the vulgarity of his language. It was our lot to be obliged to read aloud from one of his works during our drawing lesson, and to the shy and modest mind of a young girl this was frequently an exceedingly unpleasant experience which necessitated many blushes.

Milton was disliked on account of his incessant allusions to classical persons of whom we knew nothing, and on the subject of which we could not always obtain satisfactory information.

Coleridge came under the ban of our displeasure on account of his indifferent treatment of his wife and family, and also because "The Ancient Mariner" had caused us many a nightmare in our youth.

Scott did not interest us, since we were none of us fond of history, though geography was our great joy. Doubtless, had his romances dealt with discoveries on the face of our planet we should have loved them.

Thackeray, I confess, we were grossly unfair to. Having

read "Vanity Fair," and conceived an intense dislike for the character of Becky Sharp, we unanimously refused to peruse any more of his works.

George Eliot harrowed our impressionable feelings so seriously with the description of the woes of Hetty, that we refused to entertain the idea of a further acquaintance with her works.

Charlotte Young we disliked for various reasons, one being that her religious views seemed to us peculiarly narrow! I may add that our excellent principal had always inculcated the broadest of religious views into our own minds and we had the greatest horror of anything approaching narrowness.

Enough has been said of school-girls and their attainments. Let us now turn from them for a moment to the girls who have left school, and who are still quite young.

In front of me lies a small, black note-book belonging to one such, and in it is written a list of books read by her during the year. Listen to it, ye who have lost faith in the perceptive power of the British girl, and withdraw your accusations! The list is too long to be given in detail, but I give a portion of it here.

Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Maeterlinck; "Les Aveugles," by Maeterlinck; "La Vie des Abeilles," by Maeterlinck; "L'Intruse," by Maeterlinck; part of "The Odes of Confucius"; part of "The Egyptian Book of the Dead"; "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," by Victor Hugo; "The Ring and the Book," by R. Browning; Life of Balzac; Life of Voltaire; Life of Beaumarchais; Life of Burne-Jones; Life of William Morris; Rossetti's Poems; "The Bhagavad Gîtâ": S'ádi's "Rose-Garden"; "Omar Khayyam"; "Nathan der Weise," by Lessing; "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," by Schiller.

I need not continue. Many more are in the list, which astonishes me by the varied assortment it contains. I asked my young friend if she never read light literature.

"Oh yes," she said. "I love to be made to laugh. I

revel in 'Punch,' and 'The Just So Stories,' and Jerome's books, and 'Alice in Wonderland,' and anything really funny."

"But how did you come to want to read some of these books I see mentioned here?"

"Oh, I heard of them, and I wanted to read them and not be ignorant; one is always hearing of things. For instance, I went to see *Man and Superman*, and you know the clever chauffeur in the play mentions Beaumarchais. I had never heard of Beaumarchais, so, when I went home I got his 'Life' out of the library, and read all about him. I am reading 'Le Barbier de Seville' now. It is so amusing."

"But do you never read novels?"

"Oh yes, a few, just those I feel interested in. I read the reviews. The man who reviews for the *Daily Telegraph* has just my taste, and if he likes a book very much I try and get it."

"Which of the recent novels do you like best?"

"I think 'The Garden of Allah' is perfect. It is as good as 'John Inglesant' and 'Notre Dame de Paris,' and they are my favourites of all. Then I like 'Vivien' and 'The Secret Woman' very much, they are so well written."

I must confess that when I continued my questions I found that this girl had never seen a book by Jane Austen, only read one of Dickens' works, did not like Scott, was not aware of any such person as Mrs. Gaskell. So that had she been set to answer the questions in literature mentioned in the *Nineteenth Century* article, she would have fared badly. Yet think of all those valuable works she had read, and with which she was unusually well acquainted, and you will see that her knowledge of literature was no farce, but was deep and well grounded.

I know of one girl who saved her meagre pocket-money for a whole term in order to buy a cheap edition of "Paradise Lost"; of another who buys "Somebody's Encyclopædia" out of her very inadequate dress allowance, so that she may gain much coveted knowledge; of yet another—and she is

only ten—who performed an astonishing amount of sustained work in order to possess a copy of some of Tennyson's poems, including "The Lady of Shalott," which poem she declares to be her "favourite out of everything."

When I think of these and many others, I feel decidedly cheerful concerning the outlook for literature in our schools, and I earnestly hope there are many others who also can honestly view this side of the question.

Of course there are very, very few girls who, without any encouragement or telling, will study standard authors; but on the other hand, I have scarcely ever found one who could not be interested and made to love real reading. I believe that the hunting up of similar passages in different authors is one of the best exercises for creating a love of literature and awakening the perceptive powers.

I well remember a dear old master, whose class I was privileged to enter when about sixteen, and he used this method greatly. He would read a passage; one in particular I recall. We had been going through a course on "In Memoriam," and he had been pointing out to us some of Tennyson's ideas on death. At the close of the lesson he read slowly:

> And from his ashes may be made
> The violet of his Native Land.

"Now girls, I want you to find me a similar idea in any of the works of any other author."

This meant work, but we determined to do our best, and our excitement when we found anything suitable was tremendous. I know that I was the fortunate discoverer of the passage in *Hamlet*,

> From her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring,

and my joy did not subside until I had had the pleasure of detailing this find to the master himself at our next lesson.

Before I close, I should like to mention another accusation that is brought constantly against the modern girl—that her conversation is all of dress and nothing else.

This is by no means true. That she likes dress, and very rightly, there can be no doubt, but she does not confine her conversation to that subject. Far from it!

A few weeks ago, while travelling on the North London Railway from Hampstead Heath to Richmond, I had the pleasure of overhearing a conversation which made me long to possess a phonograph, so greatly did I desire that it should be recorded for the benefit of my pessimistic literary friends. The conversers were two young, nicely dressed girls of—I should judge—about twenty-two years. As they sat near me and talked away happily, careless of listeners, I could not help being interested.

"Wasn't it nice of father to give me 'Shelley'?" said the one, beginning the conversation.

"Very. I want him myself badly. I have a 'Keats,' you know, and I learn bits of him by heart. Don't you like 'Isabella' immensely? And, of course, the 'Ode to the Nightingale'?"

"Yes, rather. Now, can you tell me how those lines go on, 'Where but to think is to be full of sorrow——'"

The other repeated the entire verse.

"Ah, I knew you could. They have been worrying me all night. Now I think I can say them myself."

She repeated them slowly, and with pauses, while the other smiled and was ready to correct.

"Now, that is right. I like those lines, and do you know Browning's 'Epilogue to Asolando'? because I want to say a bit of it to you if you do."

"Yes, go on."

Again the lines were repeated, and quite correctly; the friend looked pleased, and said so, then their minds wandered. The first began again.

"Do you remember how we quarrelled about Omar? You said he was a Sufi; you had read it somewhere. I knew he wasn't, and Hugo agrees with me."

Ah, here was a new interest! Who was Hugo, I wondered? But the second girl answered, and I listened.

"I think all the different translators make poor old Omar's religious views to vary," she said meditatively, "and it pleases me to think he was a Sufi. I like the Sufis immensely."

I cannot continue this fascinating dialogue, but all I can say is, that it lasted till the train entered Richmond Station, and it was entirely literary from beginning to end, with the exception of the last sentence. "Oh, by-the-bye," said the taller and better-looking of the two girls, as she left the train, "mind you try and match the lace for me at So-and-so's next time you are there."

"Of course, I will," said the other somewhat plaintively. "Do I usually forget?"

"No dear, never."

At this I found myself walking away from my interesting companions. True, they had had their bit of dress to finish up with, but very little, and the rest of the conversation had been worthy of a Paris salon.

With them let us leave the subject, and rest assured that at least some of our future women are not as foolish and uneducated as many would have us believe, and let us all exert ourselves to the utmost to see that the more stupid ones may profit by their good example.

MARGARITA YATES.

PLANT-GROWING WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

ALTHOUGH prophesy is proverbially unwise, it is safe to say that this twentieth century will eclipse all past ones in the advancement of human civilisation. Little more than half a decade of the hundred years has slipped away, yet this short time has been so crowded with triumphs of discovery and invention that one can only dimly wonder what the future may have in store. The wildest dreams of yesterday are matters of common occurrence to-day; so in like manner the seeming impossibilities of the present time may be the realisations of to-morrow.

Some of the most interesting achievements of the age have been in connection with natural things. By patient investigation mankind has found out much concerning the ways of the great mother Nature; and armed with this knowledge the skilful experimenter has been able to modify and direct her doings to serve some special end for the welfare of the human race. Not the least of these victories has been won in the world of horticulture. In all departments of the garden the improvements have been so remarkable that the growers of a few generations back would hardly recognise our splendid productions as the outcome of the insignificant varieties which they cultivated. Our vegetables are immeasurably more prolific, our fruits more finely flavoured, our flowers more delightful in colour and fragrance, than was the

case formerly. Also by means of skilfully contrived glass-houses it is possible to force all kinds of crops to come to maturity much earlier than is naturally the case, so that the season of any one kind is much extended. Further still, about ten years ago a momentous discovery was made which is known as retardation, opening up hitherto unheard-of possibilities in the culture of plants. As this treatment has a direct bearing upon the subject of the present paper, it will be of interest to outline the methods of plant retardation as practised at the present time.

It is a well-known fact amongst gardeners that whilst it is possible to force a plant to flower or fruit a certain period in advance of its natural time, yet once this is past the plant will require a resting period ere it can be induced to start a fresh growth again. So that while the gardener could produce his crops a good deal earlier than the proper season, he could not do so later to any extent. Some one, the name of the individual is not known, noticed that in a state of nature plants were retarded from growth by means of cold without any harmful results. In fact, this is a frequent occurrence in the early months of the year, when keen frost or bitter winds hold vegetation in check for some weeks. It was realised that if an artificial degree of cold could be maintained, plants might possibly be kept in a dormant condition for some period after their natural starting time without injury to their wellbeing. This has actually been accomplished with a good many varieties of flowering plants; these are stored away in dark refrigerators in the autumn some while before they would naturally commence growth, and by this means are kept in an inactive state for months past their ordinary blooming time. As soon as required, the plants are removed out into the light and warmth, when they burst into a wealth of leafage and flower, no matter what the season of the year. Thus, for instance, it is now possible to have lilies-of-the-valley (an essentially spring flowering plant) in bloom in August. Numerous other kinds of plants have been treated with the

system of retardation, including the various Japanese lilies, azaleas, spiræas, lilacs, &c.; so that as far as these varieties are concerned the gardener may be said to be quite independent of the seasons—he can have them in flower almost whenever he may fancy.

Of course the introduction of the method of retardation as described above was a very great advance, and the system as it stands is doubtless capable of extension. But the gardener is handicapped in one very important direction. It is all very well to retard your plants, but this is quite purposeless if you cannot grow them because of the lack of sun, which is such a constant feature of the English winter. Whilst a certain number of plants, as mentioned above, are able to bloom under the influence of artificial heat alone even in the sunless days of midwinter, many varieties could not do this. Moreover, such a thing as the ripening of fruit would be quite out of the question without the aid of the genial rays of the solar orb. It is conceivable that an apple-tree might be retarded from growth in the spring and allowed to put out its foliage and develop its buds in the autumn. Perhaps under the rays of the declining sun the blossoms might expand and the fruit set. But this would be all, for, with the increasingly dull days, the fruit could never mature and ripen; the small apples would fall off, and all the grower's labour would be in vain. Thus it is seen that a sufficiency of sunlight is not only desirable for the wellbeing of the plant, but is an absolute necessity if the performance of certain phenomena is to be carried out.

As may be imagined, the discovery of the system of retardation has awakened a great deal of interest in the problems surrounding the effect of light upon plants. By means of the spectrum analysis, we have been enabled to find out a good deal concerning the composition of sunlight; in later years other and more subtle elements have been detected, in addition to the seven coloured rays demonstrated by Newton. It is asked, and with a good deal of reason, seeing that we are now so conversant with the composition of light, Is it not possible to

reproduce the rays of the sun artificially? If this could be accomplished our horticulturists might ripen their crops at any time of the year—typically summer fruits be gathered ripe and red at Christmas. Yet, despite a great deal of experimenting, this horticultural millennium is a tantalising prospect still very much in the future; nevertheless, one would not wish for a moment to discount the fact that a great deal of valuable work has been, and indeed is still being, accomplished, without doubt bringing us step by step nearer to a momentous discovery.

Light, as is well known, is essential to the green plant. In some mysterious way, which is not yet very clearly understood, it is only under the influence of the sun's rays that the elaboration of the vital chlorophyll—the green matter in the leaf-tissues—can take place. Keep a plant perpetually in the darkness; its foliage becomes yellow and drooping, and after a brave struggle, during which every source of energy is called into requisition, the specimen dies. Light also plays a very important part in the transpiration of the plant; it has been demonstrated that it is only under the influence of light that the fixation of carbon can be accomplished. Reference has already been made to the fact that the white light of day is a combination of various rays, some of which become visible when split up by their passage through a prism. For the perfect maturity of most plants the ordinary light of day is insufficient; the intensified rays of the sun are essential. This is readily evident to the most ordinary observer, for with the diminished amount of sunshine in winter, vegetable activity ceases to a remarkable extent.

In the year 1894 some interesting experiments in connection with plant life were conducted under the direction of M. Flammarion, the great French astronomer. These took the form of a series of attempts to discover the effects of the various coloured rays on vegetable life. A number of small glass-houses were erected, each being glazed with sheets of a different colour, so that specimens inside should only be sub-

jected to those particular rays. The results were most instructive, as indicating the value of the different rays in their effect on vegetable life. It was found that the blue rays had the effect of retarding the growth of all plants to a marked degree. Specimens kept in a blue light for a lengthy period seemed to fall into a semi-dormant condition ; so much so that sensitive plants (mimosa) almost entirely lost their irritability. Exactly opposite was the effect produced on plants exposed to the red rays, for under these conditions the rate of growth was abnormally increased, and all kinds of plants grew with a much greater rapidity than would have been the case under the influence of ordinary daylight. Sensitive plants became unusually active—always a sign of great growing activity on the part of this plant. Other colour values were tried on various plants, but in no other instances were the effects so definite as in the case of the red and the blue. Throughout the whole of the experiments it was found that the blue rays have a stunting effect on vegetation ; on the other hand, the red rays tended to promote rapid and vigorous growth. Now this is very remarkable when we remember the special properties of the two rays in question. It has been found that a thermometer exposed to the influence of the red rays of the spectrum will rise materially, evidencing the presence of heat. On the other hand, there is little or no heating power in the blue rays, these being essentially the light-producing elements. It will be readily seen that an artificial light which is to be of any use at all in the growing of plants must have the red rays to a marked degree. Yet here there is need for moderation, for plants subjected to these rays alone grew too quickly and soon exhausted their strength : seemingly the presence of the blue rays and their allies serve to keep a wholesome check upon growth and development. It is rather strange that in all the experiments conducted, the specimens managed in each case to produce green leaves. The foliage, of course, as would be naturally expected, was the greenest in the case of those plants grown under the blue, or light, rays. But still, even the specimens in

the red greenhouse were able to elaborate their chlorophyll sufficiently to make the leaves a good bright green colour. This only serves to show how exceedingly complicated is each one of the seven colour rays which are revealed to us by the spectrum.

A series of experiments has been recently carried on in America with a view to discover the effect of electric light on plants. As is well known in the case of the various electric lamps, the values of the rays are widely different. Thus in the mercury-vapour lamp the blue and allied rays are in predominance, and on this account the form is of special value to photographers; its deficiency in red rays, however, causes the light to be unsuitable for domestic purposes. It has been definitely established that vegetable life subjected to the rays of arc lamps throughout the hours of natural darkness show signs of accelerated growth. The particular experiments under consideration have been conducted more with a view to find out whether it would be possible profitably to shorten the time of production necessary for the marketing of certain crops: whether the time thus saved would be sufficient to warrant the outlay involved in the cost of the current for light. Up to the present it has not been shown that the electric light, as it is known at the present time, would fulfil the offices performed by the sun's rays.

Far more sensational are the experiments which are being conducted at the present time at the Cornell University, U.S.A., with acetylene lamps. This illuminant has a greater penetrative power than either electric light or gas, and that the quality of the rays from an acetylene lamp approximate very nearly to sunlight was proved some time ago by means of spectrum analysis. Within the past few months this fact has been yet further demonstrated in a startling way at the laboratories of the university referred to above. One definite instance may be of interest in this connection. A crop of thirty-seven radishes grown with ordinary daylight during the daytime and under the influence of acetylene rays at night

aggregated in weight one hundred and thirty-seven grains. As against this, thirty-eight radishes produced under the natural conditions of alternate light and darkness only weighed sixty-one grains—less than half. These results were, of course, obtained in the same time, and, apart from the light treatment, under identical conditions. All the experiments up to date serve to show that the rays from an acetylene lamp very closely resemble diffused daylight in their effect upon vegetation. Was it possible to intensify these to a considerable extent, it seems likely that something very nearly resembling real sunlight might be obtained. More amazing still than the case of the radishes mentioned above, fairly well developed specimens have been grown entirely under the influence of the acetylene light. These plants have never seen the sun during the whole course of their existence. One could hardly wish for a more convincing proof of the effect of acetylene light upon vegetation.

In this country a very decided effort is to be made to discover the relations between plant-life and the different artificial lights. The Royal Horticultural Society has decided to erect an experimental station, a large section of which is to be set aside for the investigation of this special subject. It is proposed to make a most exhaustive inquiry into the whole matter, keeping the commercial aspects of the case more particularly in view. After all, it will not be of the slightest practical use to supply the gardener with a light by means of which he may grow his plants if this is too costly for it to be possible to adopt the system with profit. As the Royal Horticultural Society has made a special appeal for funds to meet the costs of building and equipment of the station, it is much to be desired that the work shall not be hampered for financial reasons. This society has already done much good work for the common weal, and here is an excellent opportunity for the public to make an acknowledgment of services rendered; in so doing the way will be paved for yet further benefits.

In reviewing the question of the sum total of our knowledge bearing on the matter of the effect of sunlight on vegetation, one is left with the impression that this does not include all that there is to be known. There is surely some vivifying element in sunshine which has hitherto eluded all our analyses. Perhaps it is that something which makes even the oldest of us feel young when basking in the glow of the spring sunshine; an influence which is something more than light and heat, and seems to rejuvenate the very fountains of life itself. It is possible that the sun may have more to do with the mysterious phenomenon which we call life than has been generally supposed. But the experimenter of to-day is not ready to admit defeat, and the time may not be far distant when an exact reproduction of the sun's rays will be an accomplished fact.

S. Leonard Bastin.

ON THE LINE

Memoirs of Archbishop Temple. By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co., 1906.)—The method, which has been adopted in writing the Life of Archbishop Temple, is open to obvious disadvantages. Overlapping and repetition, for example, are inevitable, when seven friends sit down to describe detached portions of a man's career. But in every biography there is one indispensable requirement, which outweighs everything else in importance. Its presence condones any number of literary defects; its absence renders worthless all literary perfections. Does this biography present a living picture of the man? We think that it does, and that fact silences all inclination to be critical.

For years Archbishop Temple was one of the most familiar figures in London. The whole man, as he swept past the ordinary loiterer in the streets, seemed cast in a larger, stronger mould than that of his fellows. His strongly marked rugged face, his powerful frame, his vigorous stride, conveyed an impression of purpose, energy, determination, self-reliance. His voice was similarly suggestive of the man. Virile, vigorous, it had decision in every accent: its harshness implied his capacity for sternness, the angles, and superficial roughness of his nature; its softer note revealed the tenderness and feeling which he seemed almost at pains to hide: its ring of passionate earnestness betrayed the depth and sincerity of the spiritual

convictions which were the source and the strength of his life-long devotion to duty.

Many harsh judgments were formed of Temple's conduct; yet few opponents did not live to recognise their misconception of his character, and no one, even in the bitterness of controversy, ever attributed to him a self-interested motive. Patience, labour, thoroughness, distinguished all his work. Simple himself, he hated ostentation. Sincere in everything he said, he never spared insincerity in others. Frank in thought, and outspoken in language, he sometimes forgot the courtesies of life; but we regret that the seven friends should have recorded a number of stories, of doubtful authenticity, which only exemplify rudeness without wit or humour. It is more to Temple's honour that he never credited opponents with bad motives, never exaggerated a truth, never supported a cause by a clap-trap argument. Great as was the work which he did for Christianity in this country, the most valuable legacy that he left behind is his character. It is because the seven friends have brought this out with striking force that their biography is a genuine success. "Your archbishop," said one of the American bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference of 1897, "is a real man; you don't have to blow any froth off him." To an ardent advocate of temperance the metaphor may be unpalatable. But it is an effective summary of the impressions with which the reader will rise from a perusal of the "Memoirs of Archbishop Temple."

A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER XIV

ROPES OF SAND

Not for your beauty, tho', I confess, it blows the first fire in us.
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.
Not for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman.

JOHNNIE KEATS dined with the ladies at the château, and did not return to Pont-Aven till a late hour. Carne was sitting in his studio, smoking, when the Satellite came in, flushed of face and slightly inarticulate, intoxicated with joy.

"She's taken me," he said. "It sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?"

"I knew she would," said Carne.

"There's no accounting for tastes," Johnnie added. "Mandarins prefer eggs a hundred years old; but when it comes to women swallowing freckles and bald heads——!"

Carne laughed. Then he congratulated Johnnie warmly, and listened with sympathy to his story; but on his face was a look of expectation, as if he were waiting for something of

keener interest to come. When Johnnie paused at the end of half an hour, Carne said:

"You mentioned Yannik?"

"You bet!"

Carne nodded. He kept to himself what Yvonne had told him, wondering whether Téphany had any inkling of the story. Then he flicked the ash from his cigarette as he asked lightly:

"What did Miss Lane say?"

"Nothing, not a word; but she must have thought a lot."

"Oh!" The look of expectation deepened, turning into a satisfied smile as Johnnie added: "I gave Mary"—he blushed—"details. We talked a heap about you, old man. Mary thinks what you have done is big—stunning."

"Ah!"

Carne shrugged his shoulders, and threw away his cigarette.

"You must go to bed and dream of your Mary," he said smiling.

"This day has been for me what to-morrow will be to you, Clinton."

"Perhaps," said Carne.

The Californians walked to Ros Braz together next morning. Carne wondered whether they would pass Michael and his easel. Turning up the path through the furze-bushes, he frowned slightly, expecting to see the familiar white umbrella; but Michael was not visible. Then Carne knew that Michael had selected this not particularly attractive spot with no purpose other than that of waylaying him. The epitaph fluttered to his lips:

"Poor devil!"

"Eh!" inquired Keats.

"Did I say anything, Johnnie?"

"You said 'Poor devil!' Were you alluding to me?"

"I had no idea that I spoke aloud. Alluding to you, certainly not. But I was thinking that luck was a queer thing."

"One can't win through without it," said Johnnie oracularly.

Carne did not answer. Keats, glancing at his friend's handsome face, was struck by an unusual expression upon it. Carne, the ever sanguine, looked slightly depressed. And as he walked he cut viciously at the flowering gorse with the cane which he always carried, using it as a mahl-stick when he was painting.

"You mustn't do that," said Johnnie. "Mary tells me that the souls of dead Bretons, who have died unshriven, come back to the gorse. You may be seriously annoying Yannik's relations."

"Hang Yannik's relations!"

Carne did not speak again till they reached the cottage. The old woman was knitting as usual: Yannik was away washing. In a few curt sentences Carne stated the object of their visit. Mère Pouldour's small, deep-set eyes sparkled furiously.

"Ah! the little fool! If you will be patient——"

"I have given up all idea of painting her, I tell you."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know."

"How the devil do you know?" interrupted Carne angrily. He looked at Johnnie. Had Miss Machin forestalled them?

"Monsieur Ossory promised me that he would speak to Yannik. Well, she refuses absolutely—the obstinate little pig."

"Oh!"

"But I can make her change her mind. And the money will be very useful——" she mumbled on, her thin wrinkled hands opening and shutting as if she were clawing at the fat five-franc pieces.

"Let the child be!" said Carne. "Come on, Johnnie."

"If Monsieur will leave the matter to me, if——"

"Come on, Johnnie."

They left the old woman scowling and muttering to herself.

Mary Machin received the visitors with blushes. She explained that Téphany was painting near the château.

Johnnie appropriated all the blushes, but Carne divined that one or two were for him. Obviously, Téphany was willing to give him a chance. As a matter of fact, Téphany—as we shall soon discover—had not thought of herself or Carne ; she wished Keats to find Machie alone, nothing more. When Machie whispered the tremendous news, it never struck Téphany that the Californians, so to speak, were acting in concert—that the first proposal might be a prearranged introduction to a second. And when, after Johnnie had bade them "Good night," Machie kissed her, and stammered out something about another man being made happy in the not too remote future, Téphany smiled, and Mary, blinded by Cupid, saw no derision in her smile.

Bearing this in mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that Machie managed to whisper something to her Johnnie, and that a minute or two later Keats made a mysterious sign to his friend.

"It's O.K." he muttered into Carne's ear. "Miss Lane is down by the river, below the village. You can wade right in. To-night there's going to be a celebration. Yes, sir, we'll paint this little burg a delicate shrimp pink. We must wire for fireworks."

At this moment, Téphany was wondering what her life would be like without Machie, who had grown to be not the least part of it. It is curious and instructive to notice how well the world wags on when merely clever men leave it, and how the same world flags and drags when the kind women drop out. Téphany was most miserably sensible that Machie's gain would prove an immeasurable loss to herself—immeasurable because she had been trying for some twelve hours to measure it, and had failed.

She looked at the Aven hurrying to the ocean beyond, and shivered. A wind blew freshly, and the ruffled surface of the river had assumed the grey livery of the clouds above. August had just begun, but from air and earth and water came a hint

of autumn and winter. The roar of the waves breaking upon the iron rocks beyond Port Manech brought back the poignant memory of the great storm at Concarneau. Upon that day she had rushed weeping from childhood into womanhood.

The bitter moment passed. Téphany was so constituted that she could never forget the rough and cruel and disappointing experiences of life, although she had schooled herself to look beyond them. Even now, quite unconsciously, she began to paint in the leaden-coloured skies above her with pigments bright and luminous in themselves. The brilliant yellow of cadmium, the rosy madders, the pure, transparent cobalt lay side by side on her palette. Mixed, they became grey and seemingly opaque.

She was staring at her palette, absorbed in reverie, when she heard the sound of a man's step upon the path which led from the château. She looked up to see Carne rapidly approaching.

Instantly she divined his errand: he had come to ask her to be his wife. Escape was impossible. He had known that she was painting here; choice of time and place had been his. With a certain shock of dismal conviction, Téphany realised that the young man was quite sure of himself and her. Under other circumstances, she might have admired and justified his eager assurance, his smiling confidence in his powers, his masterful stride which was likely to carry him so far on the world's highway. But now an absurd futile rage possessed her. He was about to shatter these sweet silences; he would force her to speak, to give reasons upon which he would try to trample; a simple *No* would not suffice such a man as he.

At this moment, too, she felt that essentially feminine weakness which accounts for thousands of preposterous marriages. She knew why many women yield to the spell of strength, yield tamely, with humiliation, because violence of speech or action is so hateful, because so often resistance includes the tearing down of barriers, because denial means the infliction perhaps, of appalling pain.

She greeted Carne with the ghost of a smile.

"I have come," he began, impetuously.

Téphany, palette in hand, lifted the brush she was using.

"Yes," she interrupted, "and—and before you say anything more, don't you think you had better go away?"

He frowned, taken aback; then he smiled, misinterpreting the woman's protest. Of course, like so many fascinating creatures, she courted procrastination. Her blushing face, her quivering lips, her heaving bosom told a pretty tale.

"No," he replied, standing before her, fixing his bright ardent eyes upon hers, "I shall not go."

Then, if he had been able to read the signs aright, he would have known the truth. At his sharp "No," Téphany's nervousness vanished, giving place to a self-possession which amazed her. It was as if the man's strength and confidence had deserted him and passed to the woman. Her ready acquiescence befooled him.

"Very well," she said simply.

He threw himself upon the soft moss at her feet.

"Are you afraid of being told that I love you?" he asked.

"Not now."

"You knew—you guessed——?"

"Yes."

Looking up at her, he smiled. Téphany felt grievously sorry for him; and the fact that she was above him, that he lay at her feet, that she must hit him when he was down, increased her pity, although a minute before, when he had looked down with the air of a conqueror upon her, she could have struck him. The thought came that the ebb and flow of feeling is as mysterious as the ebb and flow of the tides. Carne raised himself, leaning upon his elbow, staring up into her face.

"You are the most adorable woman in the world."

She made no reply, engaged in the quest of the word, the phrase, which might hurt him least. But when he tried to capture the hand that had just laid down the palette, it evaded his clasp.

"I know your secret," he continued softly.

"My secret?" She blushed.

"That you are Mademoiselle de Lautrec, the singer."

"Oh!"

The expression on her face puzzled him, but he continued quickly: "I am at the foot of the ladder which you have climbed, but I shall climb too, believe me. But it is not because you are a famous singer that I love you; it is because you are Téphany Lane. And I am not asking you to sacrifice your great position. Your success shall be dearer to me than my own. Together we——"

"Mr. Carne, please, please stop!"

"I love you madly, madly, I say."

"But, unhappily I do not love you."

The words, not the ones she had chosen, burst from her with a force which brought Carne to his feet.

"But you will—I mean, that in time——"

"Never," said Téphany with inexorable emphasis.

For the moment he was stunned, confounded; then she saw him collect himself.

"You have heard about Yannik?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" His voice thrilled with hope. "And you blamed me?"

"Very much."

"What I have done—I should say what I meant to do—seemed an abominable sort of sin to you—didn't it?"

She nodded gravely.

"Unpardonable?"

"Yes."

"I'm trying to look at it with your eyes. I wonder whether it would be possible for you to look at it with mine." Taking her silence to mean permission to state his case, he continued: "I'm going to tell you the outrageous truth. Six weeks ago, I had one consuming ambition. I thought night and day of the big picture I meant to paint. What I have

done is not bad; I've been lucky, but I don't think my success, such as it is, has made an ass of me. I was able to measure the distance between myself and the giants. Then I came here. The atmosphere of this place touched me. I had the feeling that my chance would come, here. Then I met you."

His voice softened, and the somewhat rigid lines of his figure relaxed.

"I was painting—do you remember?—in the Bois d'Amour, and you came strolling up the river. I was struggling with the form of the weeds under the water, and I had told myself that the difference between artist and artisan lay in the power to capture and hold just such ephemeral things as the movement of those weeds, the ripples on the water, the glint of light upon leaves—all the things which vanish directly you see them."

"I liked your enthusiasm."

"Because you are an artist. It takes an artist to understand an artist," he added shrewdly.

"So far as art is concerned, perhaps."

"Miss Lane, the sight of you produced a revolution. Within a week my cherished theories were crumbling, within a fortnight they had ceased to exist. Till I met you I had put art first; after I met you my art became nothing more than a means to an end—you."

He paused, awaited a word, a gesture of encouragement. Téphany sat still, playing with the lace upon her bosom. Carne's voice was harsher as he continued:

"I found out that you were the famous singer. Who was I to ask you to share my life? The thought that I was so near to a triumph of my own drove me wild. Then I saw Yannik." He spoke more quickly, more naturally. "When I saw her, I knew that I had found my opportunity. One always knows. I became wild to paint her, because I wanted you. Do you believe that?"

"I believe it now."

"Keats will tell you, and so will Ossory, that my best, I

may say my only chance, of making a hit is with the nude. There may be Anglo-Saxon prejudices against undraped figures, but the fact remains that, of all things, they are the most difficult to paint. And the man who paints them successfully is at once acclaimed by those who really know."

"I see."

"Yes; I'm sure that I've said enough about that, and as for these peasants——"

"Peasants!"

He perceived that he had blundered. Her tone was sharper: sympathy had gone out of it.

"Because you have Breton blood in you, I must be careful what I say. All the same, you can't imagine that Yannik shares your sensibility and delicacy of feeling? That is absurd. Her scruples were overcome easily enough." He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and laughed, continuing defiantly: "In fact, I have asked for nothing that she was not willing to give—for a consideration."

"My opinion remains unchanged."

"I know, I know, and therefore am I not entitled to some reward for deferring to it?"

"You gave up Yannik on my account?"

"To please you, for no other reason, I have abandoned the hope of painting a big picture this summer."

"Oh, I'm so glad—so very glad. You have behaved very generously, Mr. Carne. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"I want more than thanks," he said quietly.

"And if—if that is—impossible?"

With a lithe movement, he seized her hands in his.

"Why impossible?" he whispered tenderly.

"Please let me go!"

"I ought to have given you more time." His pertinacity began to alarm her. "Yes, I've been too hasty. I'll leave you now, but I'm only repulsed, Miss Lane, not defeated. Of course, pardon me, if you are engaged to another man——"

"I am not," said Téphany.

"Then I am confident that my love will kindle a response in you. I have distressed you, made you suffer—forgive me."

He lifted his hat and went away, retreating through the trees as swiftly as he had come.

Alone, Téphany tried to reduce her thoughts to order. She asked herself peremptorily if she had raised in Carne false hopes. No. He had interested her. His vitality, his impulsiveness, his temperament—these had appealed to a not dissimilar temperament and character.

Thinking of Carne first, she inevitably thought of Michael an instant later. Michael, doubtless, had spoken to Carne: had warned him. What had he said? What arguments had he used? Obviously, the ethical aspect of the case, however finely presented, had left Carne cold. Honestly he admitted that he abandoned a cherished ambition for the sake of something nearer and dearer. What lever had Michael applied? She recalled Carne's expression of assurance and confidence, as he came swiftly towards her. And the man was no fool. To him victory, not defeat, seemed certain. Why? Since she, on her part, felt equally certain that she had given him no encouragement.

Suddenly, the truth rose out of the mists in her mind and confronted her. Michael had told Carne that the sacrifice of one ambition meant the achievement of the other. Michael had sent this man to her.

When her blushes faded she realised that she was very angry. A passionate desire to see Michael, to see him at once, to rebuke him, overmastered her. Very hastily, she put together her painting things and slipped unobserved into her room. From the window she could see the lovers upon the lawn. They were sitting together; a glow illumined their plain faces; Téphany turned sharply from the window.

Then she reflected that Carne would return to Pont-Aven by the path which skirted the Aven. If she wished to avoid

him she must take the road, or else postpone her interview with Michael. Immediately she decided to ride her bicycle.

She was ascending the steep stairs which led to the studio when an incident happened fraught with significance to herself, little as she divined it at the time. Upon the landing in front of the studio lay a silver coin, a Crimean medal; Téphany picked it up, thinking that it must belong to Michael, who occasionally bought such wares. She came into the studio with the coin in her hand, but Michael was not there. In his place stood Furic. The man's appearance struck her as striking and peculiar. Their eyes met. Then the man uttered a cry and pointed at the medal in Téphany's hand.

"It is mine," he said harshly.

"Yours?"

"Mine, Mademoiselle. I must have dropped it."

She gave it to him; he took it with a certain haste and almost violence, slipping it into his pocket, while regarding Téphany with hostile, defiant eyes. It seemed to Téphany then—and afterwards, when she was able to analyse her impression with greater detachment—that the fellow resented her presence.

"You look as if you had heard Lantec," she said. Lantec, it will be remembered, was Furic's *patron*, who had been drowned. According to Breton superstitions he had become one of the innumerable, unshriven, unburied dead—a Bugul Noz.

Furic started.

"It is not Lantec who mocks me," he answered. Then he hooted in imitation of the uneasy spirit:

"Iou—iou—iou!"

"You heard an owl," said Téphany calmly.

"An owl, Mademoiselle? No. It was—no matter. Bugul Noz mocks me, but if I mock in return I shall be strangled."

Téphany nodded. Furic seemed to be curiously excited. Téphany endeavoured to soothe the savage creature.

"You know, Furic, that Our Lady will not permit a spirit of evil to hurt you."

"Our Lady cares nothing for me," he growled, melted a little by the sympathy in her voice, but regarding her still with hostile, glowering eyes. Then he said quickly, "You wish to see Monsieur?"

"Naturally, since I'm here."

"You like him?"

"We are very old friends," she answered. And then, without reason—as she told herself—she blushed furiously, scarlet to the tips of her ears. Some subtle, uncanny interrogation in the man's voice had produced this extraordinary blush. *Like*, of course, is rendered *love* in French, and Furic had emphasised the word, almost as if he had meant it to be translated as "love." Feeling his piercing eyes almost burning her face, she said confusedly, "When does Monsieur return?"

"He went to Barbarin's to buy a tube of white paint."

"Please go and tell Monsieur that I am here."

The man nodded sullenly and obeyed. As he reached the door he turned. Téphany was looking out of the window. Furic's expression changed. A curious light flamed in his deep-set eyes; the sullen look gave place to an eager, amazed expression, as if he had divined a secret hitherto unsuspected. Then he smiled slowly, showing his teeth in a snarl that may be seen when a hunted fox faces the pack, knowing that the end has come, but determined to set his fangs in one at least of his pursuers. Had Téphany seen this strange, almost insane grin, she might well have wondered what she had done to provoke it. She disliked Furic instinctively, and, because of this sense of repugnance, had been the more careful to disguise her feelings with kind words and glances. The man withdrew noiselessly. He was in his socks, his big sabots were lying outside.

Presently, Téphany turned from the window and glanced round the studio. A new study of Furic was on the easel, still unfinished, but displaying Michael's wonderful technique and his Velasquez-like power of portraying character. Furic

was striding into a mist, but looking back over his shoulder, presenting features convulsed by terror—the terror of one who knows that, however fast he may move, what is pursuing will move faster. The mist about to swallow up this wild creature seemed to have magnified his proportions. Furic appeared colossal; a giant flying from a power greater than himself.

"This is really magnificent," said Téphany to herself, but she shuddered as she gazed at it.

She walked back to the window, and looked out upon the pretty glade beneath. Her cheeks grew warm again as she recalled Furic's question, and forced herself to answer it.

Yes; *she loved Michael.* Not with the virginal love, sweetly sentimental, of a maid in her teens—no! She loved the new Michael, but she felt that she could hate him. She realised that she did hate the woman who had come between them. . . .

Michael's step on the stair aroused her from reverie. She turned to see him standing in the doorway, scrutinising her with a curious, indefinable expression of sadness.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Téphany."

Without any greeting, without offering to shake hands, she said abruptly:

"Mr. Carne has given up the idea of painting Yannik."

"He told you so this morning?"

"Yes. You asked him to do so, Michael?"

"I did."

"You must have used strong arguments."

"They were strong enough."

Téphany, looking down, went on hesitatingly:

"I think you might have left my name out."

"Was it not natural to tell him that, if he wished to keep your respect, he must put an end to his visits to Ros Braz?"

Téphany faced him bravely enough.

"But you encouraged him to believe that, as a reward for staying away from Ros Braz, he might expect something more than respect. How dared you let him believe that?"

"Then it's not true?"

"True? It never could have been true. Never—never!"

"He is a good fellow."

"If he were the prince of good fellows, what would it matter to me? You have caused him and me a lot of unnecessary pain."

"I am sorry. As a matter of fact, I don't care a rap for Carne. I wished to do something for *you*."

The sincerity of his tone disarmed resentment. Notwithstanding, how humiliating to reflect that Michael might have taken it into his head that she had worn the willow for his sake; that, on this account, it had behoved him to "do something," to make an effort to find her a husband!

"If you really believed that I—" she broke off confusedly. Then, half laughing, half angrily, she said: "Fancy you as a matchmaker! Perhaps you are not alone to blame; that dear foolish Machie—Oh, Michael, she is going to marry Mr. Keats!"

"And you will go back to the stage?"

"The stage?" she gasped. "Who told you?"

"Carne let it out. He made certain that I would know. Why didn't you tell an old friend?"

"Did an old friend ask a word about my past, when we met?"

"I didn't; that's perfectly true. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart."

Téphany hesitated. With a faint smile, she nodded her acknowledgments, adding quickly:

"Did Mr. Carne tell you that I had strained my vocal chords, and that, perhaps, I shall never sing in public again?"

"No. Is that true? My poor little Téphany!"

He had approached her impulsively; then, as he was almost within touch, he stood still, the light fading in his eyes. For an instant man and woman read each other's hearts. Then Téphany moved to the door.

"You are going?" said Michael heavily.

"We breakfast at twelve. Won't you come back with me? I have my bicycle, and you have yours."

"Really, I——"

Pride flashed upon her face.

"If you have a better engagement——"

"Furic is coming."

"Put him off."

"I am tempted to do so."

"Suppose I offer to pose for you?"

"You, Téphany?"

"Why not? I have posed for you many times. Make a study of my head, and give it to me."

He stared at her; then, with singular awkwardness, tempered by an unmistakable gratitude, he said confusedly:

"I have not painted a woman's head for years. I don't believe I—I could do it."

"You are not going to be so churlish as to refuse to try?"

"I couldn't do it; it is impossible. But I'll accept your invitation to breakfast."

In silence they descended the stairs, and wheeled their bicycles down the street. At the bottom was a *buvette*, and outside it, unkempt, ragged, eyeing all foot-passengers with fiery, blood-shot eyes, stood Furic. He looked savage when Michael told him he would not be wanted till the morrow.

"I don't like that man," said Téphany. "I am afraid of him."

"He's a Breton to the core," said Michael carelessly. Then, seeing a certain incredulity in Téphany's face, he added: "You will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that Furic has been on a pilgrimage to some pardon in the north. That's what took him from Pont-Aven. He returned half starving. I discovered that the money I gave him for posing went to buy a railway ticket to Tréguier and back."

"To Tréguier? Why Tréguier?"

"As you say—Why Tréguier? It's mysterious. For the man comes from Morbihan. He has no desire to go to Iceland, and, besides, this is not the time of year. He puzzles me, does Furic. But I half gathered that he had made a vow to Saint Yves, his patron saint."

"I'm really afraid of him," repeated Téphany.

. . . . .

They crossed the bridge. At the same moment Carne was approaching the hotel from Trimour. The Californian saw Téphany and Michael talking together with animation—nothing more—yet instinctively he divined part of the truth. He withdrew into one of the narrow alleys which lead to the Aven, and waited till they had mounted their machines and turned the sharp corner above the inn. Then, seized with a passion of jealous rage, he went to his room, to pass the bitterest hour of his life. He was sensible, for the first time, that he was alone, face to face with himself—with his very Ego, the soul and spirit of him, hitherto shadowy and ill-defined, now of a sudden incarnate, solid, a tremendous personality from whom escape was impossible. He recognised this transformed self as something evil, repellent. He hated Michael; he was conscious of an irresistible desire to injure him, to make him suffer as he himself suffered. Téphany's word infuriated him—the emphatic, disdainful "Never!"

CHAPTER XV

WIE EINST IM MAI

> Donnez moi en sourires pendant ma vie, ce que vous me donnerez en souvenirs après ma mort.

DURING the next two days, Carne debated the question whether or not he should accept "Never" as final. In his misery he took Machie and Keats into that confidence. Such balm was poured upon his wound as: "Your declaration must

have been premature," or (this from Johnnie), "You always get there in time, Clinton." Being young, sanguine, and with an agreeable sense of his own strength of will, Carne rubbed in the ointment with a hopeful spirit. He had "rushed things" a bit, he told himself, and, after all, Téphany was a personage not to be wooed or won like a milkmaid.

Moreover, when man and maid met, such awkwardness as was inevitable became tempered by Carne's admirable manners. Smarting with defeat, tingling with resentment, he seemed to accept disaster with the smile, slightly disconsolate and therefore the more winning, of the gallant gentleman. Machie said to her Johnnie: "I'm sure the Cavaliers, after Naseby, looked just like poor Mr. Carne"; whereupon her lover replied, with unpoetic discrimination: "All the same, Mollie, inside I'll bet you he's feeling as mad as a wet hen." Then he added, rather nervously: "It must be a cold and clammy experience, being refused by the woman one loves. You know nothing of that."

Machie answered nervously: "I suppose a woman feels just as cold and clammy when the man she cares about doesn't give her the chance of refusing to marry him."

"I don't think that happens often in these days, my dearest."

"Oftener than you would suppose."

"What a romantic creature you are!"

The lady admitted as much by blushing softly.

"So am I," murmured Keats. "I don't look any more romantic than a last year's bird's-nest; but I feel like Romeo sometimes."

It was the romance in these two persons which accelerated catastrophe. Machie expostulated with Téphany. Keats fired his friend and hero to more strenuous endeavour.

"Are you sure you know your own mind?" Machie demanded, as they sat together after dinner under the trees in front of the house.

"I cannot say honestly that I do," said Téphany; but she was thinking of Michael, not of the Californian.

"You encourage him, you know."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Carne?"

"To be sure. Of whom else, pray, should I be speaking? The interest you have taken in his work, in his talk, in his family——"

"And how often have I asked after your aunt, who suffers so dreadfully with neuralgia?"

"If you can reconcile your conduct to your conscience I have nothing to say." Miss Machin resolutely closed her lips for at least two minutes; then she added, as if speaking to herself: "It is so shocking that this should have happened when he is seven thousand miles away from his people."

Almost at the same moment Johnnie Keats, smoking his cigar in the garden behind the annexe, was extolling patience and tenacity as cardinal virtues.

"She'll surrender in time, old man."

"To somebody else," Carne replied gloomily. In his friend's company he wore no mask. "If she does——"

"Well—if she does?" repeated Keats.

"I'll paint that picture!" said Carne, violently.

The Satellite lit another cigar, looking askance at his Sun, whose splendour, somehow, seemed to be obscured. But when the cigar was drawing properly, he murmured: "It'll be all right, you'll see. You've got cold feet too soon."

"I wish I could believe that, Johnnie."

"You will believe it, and laugh at it, next week."

During that week Carne walked twice to Ros Braz in the hope of seeing Téphany, and he did see her, thanks to Miss Machin. After the first meeting, when Carne assumed the smile of the cavalier, old habits asserted themselves. Carne and Keats drank tea on the lawn, as usual, and Téphany was foolish enough to console herself with the reflection that, if she had lost a lover, she had gained a friend. Machie, beguiled by her Johnnie, held her tongue.

"We must give Clinton a free hand," Keats whispered.

"He's playing the brother and sister act now. We all know what that means."

"Yes," said Miss Machin, feeling unaccountably guilty.

"Isn't it exciting?"

"Very."

"When she finds that he's quit making love, she'll want him to start in again."

"You know all about us, Johnnie."

"I've made an exhaustive study of your perplexing sex at a distance. One sees clearly at a distance. When I find myself quite close to lovely woman I confess that I'm dazzled, blinded."

"Really?"

"That's so."

A few days more passed. Téphany saw that Yannik's face showed renewed signs of anxiety. Mère Pouldour, probably, had been using pressure, and, after some coaxing upon the part of Téphany, the girl confessed that her grandmother gave her no peace.

"But Monsieur Carne, has *he*——" Téphany paused, unwilling to finish the sentence.

"Oh no, Mademoiselle," Yannik replied simply; then she added: "He has taken away the big canvas."

"I am glad to hear that, Yannik."

"Mademoiselle will forgive me for asking, but how did she happen to hear about the posing for—for the figure?"

Her face was rose-pink as she asked the question.

"Mr. Carne told me that he had given up the idea of it. I am very glad. It would have been wrong for you."

Yannik shrugged her shoulders.

"All the same, Mademoiselle, it was Monsieur Ossory who made me refuse. Grand'mère thinks me a little fool, and last night I left the tripod in the cinders."

"The tripod in the cinders?" repeated Téphany, much puzzled. "Why shouldn't you leave the tripod in the cinders?"

The tripod (*trépied*) upon which Breton housewives do their

cooking, must never be left in the cinders because the souls of the dead, returning at night to the familiar hearth, and alighting upon a red-hot object, might suffer grave discomfort. Téphany remembered this curious tradition as soon as Yannik began her explanation, and with great difficulty repressed a smile. Yannik, however, was on the edge of tears.

"Grand'mère said I was heartless; that the dead were nothing to me; that I put wool in my ears so as not to hear their reproaches."

"That is really nonsense, Yannik."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, I wish I could think so."

"And the sooner you are safely married the better."

"That is what Léon says," Yannik replied seriously.

Upon the following afternoon, Michael came to Ros Braz. In answer to a question, Michael told the ladies that he had been absorbed in a portrait of Furic, a picture from the study which Téphany had seen on the easel.

"That savage!" Téphany exclaimed, unable to conceal her disdain.

"I have tried to capture the savage," Michael replied phlegmatically. "It's the primal wildness of the fellow's face which baffles me. It glares out of his eyes, unexpectedly, and then it's gone."

"He looks such a beast, Mr. Ossory."

"That is a hard word, Miss Machin."

Téphany said nothing, reflecting with bitterness that she had begged Michael to make a portrait of beauty, and he preferred the beast. She heard Machie's voice, flowing equably on.

"Furic looks as if he had an ugly secret, which he can't keep under lock and key."

"That's it exactly. You see, Furic belongs to the age which had no locks and keys. Men who wished to hide their faces hid themselves in caves or behind great stones; and sometimes one can conceive that they looked out——"

"Oh! don't!" Machie protested. "If I meet that man alone I shall die of fright."

"The man is a survival of an almost extinct type," continued Michael. "I told you that he went to Tréguier the other day. Well, it seems that his object was to invoke the aid of Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité."

"Why?" said Téphany.

"Who is Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité?" Miss Machin demanded.

Michael explained. Saint Yves, the patron saint of lawyers, is beloved and feared by Bretons as the protector and avenger of the poor, particularly of the poor who are too weak and obscure to appeal successfully to human justice. The peasant who cannot afford to employ a lawyer invokes Saint Yves. Not far from Tréguier, near the hamlet of Trédarzec, there used to be a chapel and an ossuary, of which to-day not a stone or trace remains. Within recent times a venerated image of the saint was enshrined in the ossuary, and to it resorted in large numbers the weak and oppressed, seeking vengeance on their enemies. Less than five-and-twenty years ago it was fervently believed that the saint would punish either with sickness or death all evil-doers who oppressed the saint's petitioners. On the other hand, an abuse of privilege such as that involved in demanding vengeance upon the innocent recoiled upon the head of the pilgrim. This peculiar cult was very nearly extinguished by the destruction of the ossuary and the removal of the image.

"Is that all?" Machie asked.

"There is more," replied Michael. "The priest of Trédarzec, who removed the image of the saint and hid it, died suddenly in his bed, strangled—so his parishioners believed—by the hands of the image. The unfortunate curé's servant swore that she heard the image descending from the garret where it was hid, that it halted at her master's door, and entered. Science at the inquest decided that the good man died of apoplexy."

"Furic believes that story, I suppose," said Machie.

"No doubt."

"I should not care to be his enemy."

"As to that," said Téphany, "the fact that Furic invokes the saint's aid, instead of taking his vengeance in his own hands, is a guarantee of safety for the enemy."

"Not always," said Michael. "The priests put down this particular cult because they know that the petitioner very often assisted the saint, if he showed any dilatoriness."

"I wonder who Furic's oppressor is?"

"Probably the *patron* of the tunny-boat who discharged him."

"Furic told you the object of his pilgrimage," said Téphany.

"Yes, with the grimmest relish imaginable."

"He believes that Saint Yves will help him?"

"He is quite sure of it."

"The superstition of these people is something quite incredible," said Miss Machin. "Tell Mr. Ossory about little Yannik and the tripod."

Téphany told the story, to which Michael listened attentively, with a slight frown upon his face. Was it possible that Carne still cherished the design of painting the girl? If so, he must have abandoned all hope of winning Téphany. At the end of the story he said heavily:

"That old woman is half crazy, but she has suffered cruelly. As for her belief in the dead returning to the places and the people with whom they were closely associated in life, I do not dare to laugh at what has been and is still held as a sacred conviction by millions of men and women."

"Have you had experiences?" Mary Machin asked. Téphany looked at Michael.

"Experiences, Miss Machin? Are feeling, instinct, emotion to be classified as experiences? I have often thought that the dead, particularly the unhappy dead, do return——"

"Like Fantec's wife," suggested Machie, very solemnly. At once the tension was relieved. Téphany laughed.

"Thanks, Machie. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable."

"But I was not joking," protested Mary Machin. "And Fantec swears that he saw his wife night after night."

"Having previously drunk half a bottle of cognac," Téphany retorted.

Michael rose abruptly, took leave of the ladies, and departed. At once Miss Machin accused Téphany of flippancy and lack of sympathy.

"You drove him away, and he was going to tell us some of his weird experiences."

"No," said Téphany decidedly. "Michael does not tell anything concerning himself."

"When we first came here," Machie continued, "you were inclined to believe the traditions of the province. Now you make fun of them."

"Perhaps I see plainly what mischief they can do, what lives may be wrecked by them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Machin, slightly puzzled, but thinking that Téphany was speaking and thinking of Yannik.

Téphany, however, was thinking of Michael, trying to pierce the crust of his impassive manner. In Michael, as in herself, slumbered—and how easily awakened!—an impish spirit of superstition, small, but capable of assuming vast proportions. Téphany was sensible that, under the stress of certain circumstances, she might become morbid: and of late she had asked herself a thousand times whether Michael were not morbid; and, answering this question in the affirmative, whether it thus accounted for the mystery which lay, like a bank of fog, between them. If an innate tendency to exaggerate evil and its effects had made him stigmatise himself as a criminal, for instance, when a man of less fine sensibilities would have used no harsher word than sinner, would it be possible to change this aspect of his character by altering, somehow or another, his point of view? Then, like a sudden shower of sleet out of a spring sky, came the chilling reflection

that Yvonne—good, kind Yvonne—would have no dealings with Michael Ossory. His sin, in her eyes, had been regarded as unpardonable.

Téphany was passing the Pouldour cottage upon the following morning, when Yannik ran out to greet her with a face so radiant that, for the moment, Téphany hardly recognised her. Yannik at once plunged into a somewhat inarticulate recital of an amazing piece of good fortune. Léon and she were to be married within a month. To Léon had been given the loan of a boat and nets, and a sum of money—everything that was needful.

"Has Léon a fairy godmother, Yannik?"

"Mademoiselle, it is Monsieur Ossory. He has let us have the use of *La Cigale*, equipped, mind you, for the fishing. And all we have to do in return is to get married."

"Monsieur Ossory is generous."

Yannik exhausted her vocabulary in praising Michael.

"But what will he do without his boat?" said Téphany, after a pause.

As to that Yannik understood from Léon that Monsieur Ossory was leaving Pont-Aven.

"Leaving Pont-Aven?" Téphany repeated the words. "And when?"

Yannik knew nothing; still, it was clear, was it not, that the most generous of men would not give up a favourite boat unless he were going elsewhere, and a long way off, too, because Léon had professed his willingness to sail the boat to England if it were necessary——

Téphany went on her way sorely perturbed by this piece of news. Why should Michael leave Pont-Aven? And from her knowledge of his character, was he not quite capable of slipping away without leave-taking other than a hastily scribbled note? At the possibility—nay, probability of this—Téphany found her heart beating. Then a curious light shone in her eyes. Singing-masters had been familiar with

this glow, which indicated an illumination of dark and difficult places. She returned to the château, and wrote a note to Michael, asking him to dine with them on the following evening. She added a postscript to the effect that she would accept no refusal. This she despatched by a bare-footed urchin to Pont-Aven, instructing her messenger to find Michael and to bring back an answer. Presently, the urchin returned bearing a verbal answer—"Yes." Later, Téphany said quietly to Mary Machin:

"I want to try over a song or two with you."

"You are going to *sing?*"

"Yes; I am sure my throat is perfectly well. Sir Japhet said I might attempt two or three songs—simple ones, of course."

"What songs?"

"Lassen's *Allerseelen* and the *Love Song of Har Dyal.*"

"The *Love Song of Har Dyal?*" Machie's soft blue eyes twinkled.

"Why not? It is one of my favourites."

Machie opened the piano.

The songs went surprisingly well, and Téphany declared that her throat felt none the worse for singing. It is true she sang them *sotto voce*, but her tone had regained its wonderful velvety quality.

"If only Mr. Carne could hear you," said Machie, as the last line of Har Dyal's song melted away. She made certain that Téphany had changed her mind—that she had chosen this particular song deliberately. What a charming way of calling back a lover too hastily dismissed! Machie continued: "Johnnie has said half a dozen times that Mr. Carne adores first-rate singing. And he's wild to hear you himself."

"Johnnie would far sooner talk to you," Téphany replied absently. "We will ask them to dine."

"To-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow. Michael Ossory is coming to-morrow."

"Michael Ossory?" Suspicion glimmered in Machie's fine blue eyes, but Téphany continued suavely: "He is going away, leaving Pont-Aven for an indefinite time. We may not see him again."

"I am so sorry. I like him so much. It is a thousand pities that he should be such a hermit."

Téphany nodded, and left the room. Mary Machin played over the last bars of Har Dyal's song very softly. Her blue eyes were clouded, her placid forehead was slightly lined, as she murmured to herself, "Have I made a mistake?"

. . . . .

Upon arrival Michael said curtly that he was leaving Pont-Aven for Le Faouët. He met squarely Téphany's glance, but she noted that poignant expression, which we may find in the eyes of a dear friend about to set sail for a distant country, the eloquent question, "When and where shall we two meet again?"

"We have heard of your great kindness to Léon and Yannik," said Mary Machin.

"They will be married at once; and you, Miss Machin, will not be cruel enough, I am sure, to keep such a good fellow as Keats waiting; so I have brought you this." And he presented a small box of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver.

Mary, after thanking him, admitted, with blushes, that her Johnnie refused to be kept waiting. Michael turned to Téphany.

"And you, I suppose, will go back to your triumphs?"

"Perhaps," said Téphany.

"Of course she will," affirmed her friend. "She sang yesterday; her voice is better than ever."

"I should like to hear you sing, Téphany."

"You shall," she said, with a slight blush, reflecting how easy it was to deceive such ingenuous friends.

After dinner they sat in the garden, while Michael smoked.

In the long grass beneath the trees the glow-worms were shining. Téphany reminded Michael of the bonfires around which they had danced ten years before, of the games of hide-and-seek among the stooks of hay, of the peasants marching home singing, the girls wearing the glow-worms in their hair. Michael remembered well those midsummer nights, and then began to recall a thousand incidents, showing how firmly they were rooted in his memory.

"And our pilgrimage to *la source muette*."

"*La source muette?*" repeated Mary Machin.

Michael repeated the legend of Saint Envel and the maiden Jûna. How they had built hermitages on each side of a babbling brook; how they had sworn not to speak or meet, but always to pray together; how, one evening, when heavy rains had turned the brook into a roaring torrent, Envel was unable to hear the prayers of his beloved. And how, in his distress, he had commanded the stream to be still. And ever since, it winds its way through mosses and ferns, over shallows and deep pools, in silence—the fountain that is mute. Moreover, old wives still affirm that if a wayfarer should bathe in or drink of its waters, he too will lose voice and memory, for *la source muette* is the Lethe of Armorica!

When the simple story had been told, there was silence. Then Téphany said slowly: "Michael, I am going to sing to you. Sit here, and don't move! I shall sing only two songs. When I have sung them I will come back."

As she spoke her voice quavered. At that moment Mary Machin guessed how it was with her friend.

Michael made no answer. He sat smoking, his eye upon the river below as Téphany sang to him.

Es blüht und funkelt heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Todten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass Ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai,
Wie einst im Mai. . . .

The exquisite melancholy of the words would have deeply

impressed such a man at any time, but sung incomparably by the woman he loved, they stirred every fibre of his soul. He trembled as the sighing, yearning notes floated out of the shadows. Then, for an instant, a curious feeling of resentment possessed him. So the syrens sang to shipwrecked men, luring them to madness and death, weaving the spells of the might-have-been upon stricken, tempest-tossed bodies.

Téphany began *Har Dyal's Love Song.* It is an inexplicable fact that sound can create colour and atmosphere. In particular, a perfect voice would seem to have power to bear the listener whither it pleases. *Allerseelen* had transported Michael to the cemetery at Nizon, upon the day when all graves are gay with flowers. And the voice had been the voice of a spirit, coming from immeasurable distances, and to Michael—as has been said—mockingly cruel.

The *Song of Har Dyal* had precisely the opposite effect. From death Michael felt that he was whirled back into life. No spirit sighed its passionate requiem of the past, but a living woman summoned her lover to come to her from pole to pole, if need be, across all obstacles. The shadows of the quiet garden of sleep vanished beneath the blazing rays of an eastern sun. . . .

> Below my feet the still bazaar is laid;
> Far, far below the weary camels lie—
> The camels and the captives of thy raid;
> Come back to me, beloved, or I die!
> Come back to me, beloved, or I die

Michael arose as if in obedience to that thrilling summons. So standing, the penultimate line of the last verse came to him—

> My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears.

Then again, the call, the pitiful entreaty, subtly conveying the woman's doubt, her weakness, her loneliness, her poignant protest against destiny. Lastly, the repetition of the call,

affirming the penalty to be paid if it were unheeded, the conviction that death must follow:

Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

Michael turned to meet Téphany as she came alone out of the dimly lighted room into the cool obscurity of the garden.

"Why did you sing that song?" he asked.

The moment had come to speak, or to keep silent for ever. She trembled violently as she leaned towards him, raising beseeching eyes to him, holding out her hands. The faint perfume of the roses in her dress floated to his nostrils. To him she seemed younger, the Téphany Lane of long ago, wild, thrilled by every passing emotion, but always generous and pitiful. And in the tender gloaming he, too, was changed into the old Michael. The light from the newly risen moon smoothed the lines from his brow, filled up the hollows in his cheeks, bathed him in rejuvenating beams.

"Michael, don't you know that I want you?"

The flame in his eyes blazed out, but he stepped back, ignoring her outstretched hands. With a triumphant note, she continued, "And you want me, Michael, you want me?"

"My God! how I want you!"

The words broke from him with a passion impossible to describe.

"Then—take me!"

As he was about to speak, she laid her hand lightly upon his lips.

"Say nothing," she whispered. "You don't quite understand me. What has been does not, shall not"—he caught the defiance in her tone—"part us. You said once that between us only silence was possible; well, let it be so. I prefer silence; silence is best. You wronged another woman deeply. I have felt it from the moment we met, and you have endured years of remorse. You may have to suffer as long as you live. If so, let me share that suffering; but its cause I

do not wish to know. I had a shameful curiosity once—well, it has gone. Can I make you believe that?"

"Not yet. If only you could!"

He let his eyes turn from her face, as if he could not withstand the supplication, so poignantly eloquent, upon it. Then, as if divining that he could not resist her if she spoke again, he burst out violently:

"You are an impulsive woman, Téphany; you have sung, you have spoken, to-night on the wild impulse of pity"—he hesitated, as if searching for an adequate phrase—"of pity," he repeated.

"No, no," she interrupted.

"I must give you time to consider. I am the stronger; I must consider you—protect you from yourself; perhaps——"

"If I let you go now, you will not come back."

"I will come back," he answered gravely.

"When—where?"

"I shall be at the chapel of Trimour at ten to-morrow morning. If you do not meet me——"

"I shall be there." He noted the triumph in her voice. Then she whispered softly: "Good night, dear Michael," and held out her hand.

"Good night, Téphany."

When she felt the touch of his hand she smiled.

"How young you look!" he exclaimed.

"The moon is kind to you, too," she whispered.

Michael, indeed, appeared suddenly as the young man at Saint Malo—with features twisted not by age, but by the misery of parting. The scene on board the packet-boat reproduced itself with extraordinary vividness. Details, even, were not lacking: the throb of the engines, the laughter of the homing travellers, the harsh, imperious cry, "Gangway's being cast loose, sir!"

"Are you as strong as you used to be, Michael?"

"Eh?" He did not understand.

"You picked me up. Do you remember?"

"So I did; so I did."

She looked aside, blushing.

"I wonder whether you could do it again—now," she whispered.

For answer he seized her, and lifted her easily from the ground, looking up into her face, while she looked down upon his, half frightened, half delighted at the strength she had provoked. She half closed her eyes as he drew her downwards, wondering if he could hear the throbbing of her heart; and then—conscious, possibly, of an arrested movement—she opened her eyes wide, meeting his eyes with a glance of mingled surprise and interrogation. Now, the moon played no Protean tricks. The Michael intently regarding her was the man of thirty-five, scarred by suffering; and she knew that to him, also, she was no longer the nymph, but the woman who had put away long ago childish things, although not all of them. Only for a moment did he hold her poised, as it were, between the past and the future. Then he put her down gently.

"I am stronger than I used to be," he said.

"I am strong, too," Téphany replied, with a certain defiance, knowing that he distrusted not his, but her weakness. Michael smiled as he turned from her.

"Michael!——"

"Well?"

"When you come to-morrow, bring the mask with you."

"The mask?"

"That we may destroy it—together, before we begin the new life."

He did not answer without a brief delay. When his eyes sought hers, he knew that she would not fail him—that the night would but strengthen her determination to begin the new life without looking back upon the old.

"You are right," he replied. "I will bring the mask with me, and you shall destroy it."

"It is your wish, Michael, that it should be destroyed now?"

He made a sign of assent. The poignant inflection of the "now," and all it implied, drove speech from his lips. In silence, without looking back, he walked swiftly away, Téphany watched his fine form melt and vanish into the shadows. When she could no longer see him or hear him, she smiled triumphantly, but her eyes were wet.

(*To be continued*)