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REORGANISATION OF THE UNIONIST PARTY

IF the present pace is maintained the Government will easily beat all records for attempting hasty and experimental legislation. The performances of Lords Grey and Melbourne in the thirties and of Mr. Gladstone in the seventies of the last century, will be entirely surpassed. But in 1841 and 1874 the country cried stop in no uncertain tones, and there are already signs that people to-day are tired of this reckless driving. Hasty legislation in detail from principles loosely expressed in "mandates" does not satisfy either those who are supposed to have given them or those who doubt their existence.

It seems clear, therefore, that the Unionist party will be called upon at some not far-distant date to assume the direction of affairs and to place them on safe and steady foundations. For this reason it is necessary to organise the party at once, to agree upon a plan of campaign and to educate the country as to its meaning. The Central Office and the National Union have come to an agreement so that the party can set to work in harmony and unison. It is absolutely necessary that the leader should lead and equally so that his supporters should follow cheerfully and contentedly. It is, therefore, imperative that the means of communication between the two should be improved so that the party may know where it is going and the leader may estimate with what degree of enthusiasm he will be supported. The Unionist

party is not fond of programmes and does not, as a rule, make reckless promises or grope about for mandates, but it desires to be taken a little more into the confidence of its leader and to be able to voice its hopes and aspirations.

The present arrangement should work well if all agree to abide loyally by its terms, and it is more with the hope of filling in details than with the idea of sketching a new plan that the following is written. Geographically the whole of Great Britain—Ireland must be dealt with separately—can easily be divided into Districts, Sub-districts, Agencies and Sub-agencies. The number of Districts might be six or eight and the Sub-districts correspond to the counties, groups of small counties and the larger cities and county boroughs. The Agencies correspond to the constituencies and the Sub-agencies to the larger parishes or unions. The nomenclature is different to that adopted at present, and I think more rational. The National Union will keep in touch with the leader by means of its representatives on the General Council and will have charge of the literature. The Political Associations should appoint the Agents and Sub-agents, and the General Council, an Inspector for each District, and a Sub-inspector for each Sub-district. These inspectors would travel in the areas committed to their charge and collect and forward information to and from the centre.

The unit would be the Sub-agent who, with the aid of voluntary workers, would ascertain the number of (1) safe voters, (2) doubtful voters, and (3) the probable effect on the latter of the policies of the Government and Opposition. The returns of the Sub-agents could be collected periodically by the Agents who would thus be kept informed of the feeling in their constituencies and also forwarded to the District Inspectors who would report to Head Quarters. Without some such arrangement the Central Office must remain in ignorance of the opinion of the party.

The result of the General Election came as a great surprise to the Central Office, but those who had been speaking and

electioneering for two or three years previously felt that some great catastrophe was at hand. The opposition front bench had not the vaguest idea of the extraordinary feeling against Chinese labour as imagined in England, and the Government greatly overrated the desire in the country to change the educational system. It has been very difficult to determine the exact amount of support given to Tariff Reform, for the quiet supporters of the movement kept away from the meetings and the active opponents attended them. It is, however, perfectly certain that the result of the General Election affords no guide to the feeling of the country on the subject.

Again it is obvious that the Government now have no idea of the intensity of the feeling against the present Education Act, and it is doubtful if the Central Office realises it, but those who have travelled about, speaking in towns and villages, must have been astonished at the indignation aroused among even those who usually take no interest in political questions.

One of the chief objects, therefore, of the Agents and Sub-agents is *to collect information* upon which the General Council can deliberate and confer with the leader.

With such information the leader could with safety and discretion draw up a plan of campaign. The National Union would then instruct its Speakers, Inspectors and Agents what it was, and they would go forth and advocate it in the highways and byways. Suitable literature created from facts, and dealing with the points of difficulty discovered would also be distributed at the same time by the Agents and Sub-agents. In this way the party would learn what its leader expected from it.

At present Agents are left to discover for themselves, if they can, what their leader wishes, and the voluntary speakers, who are so anxious to talk on political matters, frequently give their own views based often on a very slight acquaintance with the subject. To explain the Tariff Reform question requires a deep knowledge of history and economy, as well as a strong

imperialistic sentiment, and religious enthusiasm, however deep, does not aid greatly in explaining the rank injustice of the Education Bill unless its clauses are studied and understood. Local enthusiasts should certainly be encouraged, but it would be as well if they confided their arguments to some practised politician before they launched them into mid-air.

It would seem, therefore, that the political education of the country must be undertaken by competent politicians, but they are very scarce, for the simple reason that politics is the only subject which may be practised before it is learnt. Any one who cares to spend money may be a candidate, and any one may become his agent. It is impossible to hope that busy lawyers and business men and gentlemen of leisure who are willing to be candidates will undertake educational work in their constituencies, even if they are competent to do so. That being the case, the spade work must be done by the Inspectors, Agents, and Lecturers of the National Union, and it is necessary to ensure that they know their work.

Now where is the average man to acquire a knowledge of politics? Facts in history, law and economy can be derived from text-books, and a limited knowledge of current politics from the reviews and newspapers. This is not sufficient. Some school of instruction is necessary, in which those who aspire to be Agents and Lecturers can be trained. The value of statistics when properly used, the abstraction of points from speeches, the separation of principles from padding, the best method of meeting arguments, of debating, of constructing speeches, of organising constituencies, all require careful explanation. Politicians would not make half as many mistakes if they knew history well enough to benefit by the errors of their predecessors, and Statesmen would not be driven hither and thither by imaginary mandates if they understood the real feeling of the country. This brings us to the chief part of the organised education of politicians. It is absolutely necessary in these days to discover what the country wishes, and this can only be done by travelling about among people of

all classes and talking with them. It is as necessary to be acquainted with the atmosphere of a public-house in a mining village as with that of a West End drawing-room or a country house party. More so, in fact, for the latter is fairly constant and the former often changes.

Any strong self-willed enthusiast can command some kind of a following and make a noise in the world out of all proportion to the importance of the cause which he advocates. The great bulk of the people are quiet and are never heard at all, but the weight of their votes, silently given, determines the results of elections. We heard a great deal of opposition to the Education Bill of 1902, but who expected that labour would have half a hundred representatives in the Commons? It is the thoughts and wishes of the quiet class which the Agents and Sub-agents must discover, for there is no fear that we shall not hear the voices of the enthusiasts from the housetops. The latter may safely be left alone, for their demands will always be too impracticable to be granted by any government however subservient, just as were those of Hume, Cobbett, and O'Connell in the past.

It may be urged that trained politicians would develop into opportunists, and only study to discover the wishes of the voters. This is very unlikely, for a knowledge of politics leads involuntarily to the creation in the mind of broad general principles by which all leaders of men are actuated. A staff of technically trained men would both educate the country and advise Statesmen when the time is ripe to apply their principles in practice. The stages in the development would be simple. Instead of bouncing an ill-understood and half-digested scheme suddenly on the country or House of Commons, and then hoping to amend it into a practical shape, Statesmen would carefully sound the constituencies and educate them first.

Now comes the question of funds. By far the heaviest item of expense in political propagandism is printing posters, catch phrases, cartoons, and leaflets, and distributing them. The average voter is not affected to any great extent by seeing

"Vote for X Your Friend" placarded twenty times on one wall. He wishes to know how the return of X will affect his employment, his cost of living, and, perhaps, in some cases, the education of his children. A house-to-house delivery of a large envelope full of leaflets is simply waste of money, for if the voter is already favourable, they are not required, and if he is not, they are promptly thrown into the street. If the National Union has a highly trained staff of Agents and Sub-agents, an immense saving can be effected by a judicious choice of what should be circulated, and to whom. The money so saved could be devoted to the school. Most candidates would willingly subscribe to an institution which would train and supply good Agents, and the scholars themselves might be charged fees, for they are learning a business by which they hope to earn a living. Every one else must serve an apprenticeship, and why not politicians?

Another, but perhaps less pressing need, is an official political journal attached to the Unionist party. There are reviews and daily newspapers by the hundred professing Unionist views, but not one can be said to represent the official policy of the party. The reason of this is obvious. The proprietors have no more facility for discovering what is the determination of the leader than the man in the street, nor can they form a better opinion of public feeling. They can only read speeches and accounts of meetings, and, perhaps, sometimes are afforded a scrap of exclusive information. This was clearly proved at the General Election, for Fleet Street was just as astonished as was St. Stephen's Chambers. Again, proprietors of journals have their own views just as have other business men, and this is as it should be, for the public require to have every shade of opinion placed before them. The result is, however, that the same organ may support the leader one day and follow another Statesman the next, or favour a mixture of the policies of several. The *Times*, for example, used to support the Government of the day, whichever party was in power, and is still an independent but imperialistic organ.

This is all very well, but how is the ordinary individual to know what his leader wishes and in what direction the party intends to move. With the exception of the *Times*, none of the dailies report even the speeches of leading Statesmen verbatim, so the people who read the most widely circulated newspapers are entirely dependent upon the reporters and sub-editors of those journals for their knowledge of what has been said. These gentlemen work exceedingly hard and conscientiously, but always at full pressure. A speech comes in on the tape, it is sub-edited and sent to the leader-writer, who has perhaps half an hour to explain its meaning and criticise it. Even supposing the original reporter, the sub-editor, and the leader-writer are all trained politicians, which is by no means often the case, the whole has to be crammed into a certain space. Bald sentences must thus often be printed without reference to the context or to the limitations expressed in the qualifying sentences which preceded and followed.

For these reasons it seems that a political journal is necessary, not to compete in any way with the established newspapers, but to augment the political information which they give to the world. There are scores of technical journals devoted to one subject. The clerical, legal, artistic, engineering, medical, dramatic, and sporting professions have their special organs, and why should not a great political party? In it verbatim reports of the principal speeches would be given with political news and articles written or inspired by politicians. Those interested in the subject could thus discover what was moving in the political world without hunting all over their newspapers. A sixpenny weekly, managed by a practical journalist and edited by a trained politician, would easily pay its own way, for it would be indispensable to Members, Candidates, Agents, Political Associations and Clubs, and would be read by many interested in politics.

The scheme as a whole, however, cannot be worked without funds, and it is the duty of all Unionists to put their hands into

their pockets. Those aspiring to the honour and privilege of being Members of Parliament will benefit their cause and improve their chances of election by helping in some such scheme, and those who wish their constituencies educated should surely be willing to pay for it to be done if they cannot undertake the work themselves. It is very worthy to subscribe to local improvements and charities, but at the present moment it is more important to help organise the party and educate the country. Those who wish to maintain the Union intact, those who believe the present policy of meddling with the colonies will tend to weaken the Empire, those who think that the cutting down of the defensive forces will endanger the safety of the Mother Country, those who are opposed to religious tyranny and who consider it undesirable that local bodies should have more power to raise rates and try socialistic experiments, those who wish to see trade improve and unemployment diminish, all should show their opinions in a practical way and at once. The members of the Unionist party must rally round their leader and work hard to fit themselves for the call which may not be long delayed.

MARCUS R. P. DORMAN.

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITIONS OF THE LABOUR PARTY

I

THERE are various questions, religious, political and social which, though always closely connected with the general welfare of mankind, obtrude themselves at particular periods, with more than usual force on the consciousness of particular countries, or of the civilised world generally. One of these questions, which is, at the present moment, occupying an exceptional share of public thought and interest, is the question of what, more or less vaguely, are spoken of as the claims of Labour.

The "claims of labour" have acquired their present special importance, not in this country only, but in others—for example, in Russia. It is, however, with reference to the manner in which they are now being brought forward amongst ourselves, that I shall speak of them primarily, though not exclusively, here. I shall aim at setting forth in clear logical order the main ideas and principles which are animating the professed leaders of the labour movement in Great Britain—especially those who profess to represent Labour in Parliament; and I shall then point out precisely how, and to what extent, these principles and ideas accord, and fail to accord with fact. We shall find much in them which is sound, which those who are accustomed to condemn them condemn with gross

injustice, and which in the interests of all parties ought to be frankly recognised. We shall also find much in them which is illusory and incomplete, and dangerous in proportion as it is acted on to the interests of all equally. I shall try to discriminate fairly between these two elements, extending a sympathetic consideration even to those errors which I am most anxious to identify, to expose, and to correct. If we can but eliminate the exaggerations, and supply the main omissions by which the reasonings and claims, not of the Labour party only, but those of their opponents also, are perhaps equally vitiated, we shall have taken one step at all events—and it has not been taken already—towards converting a disorderly wrangle into a reasonable and fruitful negotiation.

In dealing, however, with the ideas of a body of men so large and miscellaneous as that which we associate with the cause of Labour, there is often a difficulty in determining what these ideas are with sufficient clearness to provide criticism with a starting-point. But in the present case it happens that a starting-point of the kind required has been recently provided for us in a very interesting way. During the course of the past summer there was published in a popular periodical an account of the books which had appealed most to the sympathies, and most deeply influenced the opinions, of the Labour members in the present Parliament, the account having been compiled from memoranda contributed by these members themselves; and amongst the many books mentioned there is one so notably more popular than the rest, that it may reasonably be taken as affording a general clue, if not to any precise opinions which the Labour members entertain unanimously, yet at all events to the general spirit and the general type of reasoning which prevails amongst them with reference to Labour, its claims and prospects. The book in question is "Unto This Last," by Ruskin — a very short, but highly characteristic work, in which the science of Political Economy, as expounded in the orthodox text-books, is attacked with

scornful eloquence as no science at all and the true nature of wealth, and the relations between Labour and Capital—or, to speak more correctly, between the employing and the employed classes—are briefly set forth, according to the author's conception of them, with all that high and emotional solemnity of which he was so great a master.

In many quarters, on its appearance, this work was received with ridicule: and it is not amongst those to which, in the opinion of the critical public, Ruskin has hitherto owed very much of his authority or reputation. It is, therefore, a curious thing that, thus late in the day, it has been exercising so great an influence on a new class of students, whose immediate predecessors at the time of its publication, were, with a few exceptions, probably unaware of its existence. At all events its unique popularity amongst the official representatives of Labour invests it with an interest independent of its own merits; and will render a re-examination of it highly instructive and interesting, as showing us not only the spirit and intellectual methods of the writer, but those also of the men whose newly acquired powers in Parliament have done more to stimulate thought than they have, thus far, to affect legislation. In the present article I shall analyse this work, as a preliminary to the criticism of it which will follow.

II

"Unto this Last" begins with an impressive repetition of the old accusation that Political Economy is a science wholly illusory, because it deals with an assumed world which has no counterpart in reality. It deals exclusively with what it calls "the economic man," or the man whose sole motive is the acquisition of wealth. But such a being, say the critics, is nothing more than an abstraction; he has no concrete existence; and any science resulting from a study of this fictitious animal, has no application whatever to the practical affairs of life. It is impossible, says Ruskin, restating this

position, to formulate "any advantageous code of social action," unless we take full account of what he calls "social affection." It is true, he proceeds, that the Economists do not formally deny that man does possess such affections in addition to the desire of gain. But the desire of gain, they say, is a constant: the social affections are inconstants. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and deal with the constants only: and the laws being once determined which are due to the operations of this, "it will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the affectionate element as he chooses, and determine the result for himself on the new conditions supposed."

This argument, says Ruskin, is plausible, and would indeed be perfectly sound, if it were not for the fact that these disturbing elements, the affections, so permeate the entire being of man that the desire of gain can never be practically separated from them. It exists and operates only in what he describes as some "chemical combination with them;" and its behaviour, as thus combined, differs as much from that which the Economists ascribe to it on the supposition that it acts singly, as the behaviour of charcoal in isolation differs from the behaviour of charcoal when united with other elements in such a way as to form gunpowder. Touch it, says Ruskin, as it exists in combination with the social affections (and it never exists otherwise)—touch it thus, under the impression that its action will have that manageable and calculable character imputed to it by the ordinary Economist: and what follows may well be some explosion "which will send you and your apparatus through the ceiling." The precise result of acting on the Economist s principles we can never foreknow accurately; but we may be sure that it will not be the result which, according to those principles, it ought to be. For man "is an engine whose motive power is a Soul; (and) the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political Economists equations, and falsifies every one of their results. In fact, "the Maker of men never intended that

human actions should be guided by any balances of (calculable) expediency. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore."

What then, he asks, is to guide us in the sphere of economic action, if calculations of what is expedient are thus powerless to do so? Our sole guide, he says, is to be sought in the principles of moral justice, as to which no well-intentioned man need ever be in any doubt; and he proceeds to illustrate his meaning by going at once to the relations which ought, he says, in justice to exist between the employers and employed. The two simplest examples of employing and employed persons are, he says, to be found in the master of a house and his servants, and in the commander of a regiment and his men. In both cases, he urges, the best results are obtained when the employed are treated by the employers with personal kindness and consideration. "Affectionate" treatment of this kind meets with an affection which corresponds to it; and services are rendered far more valuable and efficacious than any which could be secured by a system of purely commercial discipline. The same thing is true, he continues, of manufacturers and their workmen also; or would be so, if it were not for certain unfortunate differences by which the relations of these latter classes are at present distinguished from those of the former. Of these differences, one of the most important consists in the difference of the principles on which the employed are remunerated.

A servant or soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labour, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by the chances of trade. Under these circumstances no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of the disaffections.

The primary questions, therefore, which are thrust on us by the economics of justice are, how far the rate of wages may be fixed by the reasonable needs of the recipients, like the pay of soldiers and domestics, "so as not to vary with the demand for labour;" and how far it is possible that industrial employees

in general may be engaged on such such fixed terms permanently, like the soldiers in a standing army, and not be liable to irregular discharge and re-engagement, in accordance with the irregular and incalculable fluctuations of trade. Could fixity of employment, and a just and irreducible wage, only be made the rule in the modern world of business, the main economic difficulty would—so Ruskin holds—be solved. In this way of managing things, there is nothing, he says, inherently utopian: for in domestic life, in the Army, in the Church, and in the Government they are managed in this way already. A soldier is engaged for a regular term of service; and each man, if he is engaged as a soldier at all, receives the same wages as any other in the same position. A cabinet minister or a clergyman, once appointed to his post, receives the same stipend, whether his abilities be great or small. If the wages of a housemaid fit for a certain establishment are, on an average, £25 a year, the mistress of such an establishment would never think of economising by engaging an incapable slattern at £12 10*s*. If she engages a servant at all to fill the post in question, the servant receives the usual wages attached to it; just as a vicar, when once selected for a living, receives a stated emolument, be his personal capacities what they may. And, continues Ruskin, what is done in such cases as these, ought to be done in the case of industrial wages generally. Every labourer employed ought, according to the nature of his labour, "to be paid by an invariable standard," which should in no case be insufficient for his decent maintenance. The inferior bricklayer, if you employ him to lay your bricks, should receive no less than a good one, a payment adequate to the needs of a human being in his position. "By all means," he says in conclusion of this part of his subject,

> by all means choose your bricklayer. That is the proper reward of the good workman to be chosen. The natural and right system respecting all labour is, that the good workmen should be employed at a fixed rate, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum

Next, as to fixity of employment. It may, Ruskin admits, be a more difficult matter to arrange that employment shall be constant, than that rates of wages should be fixed; for if a thousand workmen in any business are sufficient when trade is good, how can the manufacturer, without serious loss, continue to maintain them all when the demand for his products slackens? To this question, he says, there are two answers. One is that, if constant employment be guaranteed, their rate may be reasonably lower than it is when they are uncertain and intermittent. The other answer is that, even though under these conditions the employer should at times lose, as he almost inevitably would, it is his duty to look on such losses as incidents inseparable from his calling, just as the possibility of wounds or death is inseparable from the calling of the soldier; and the manufacturer must, for the sake of justice and affection, learn to bear them in the true soldier's spirit. As the soldier suffers for his country, so must the manufacturer, when occasion requires it of him, for his work-people.

> As the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in the case of wreck, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel. . . . All other doctrine than this respecting matters, political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life.

Such is Ruskin's exordium; and the ordinary Political Economists will, he says, answer that he is merely playing tricks with logic, the science of Political Economy remaining just where it ever was, attested by the experience "of every capitalist or business man in Europe" as an exposition of the laws by an adherence to which "money is actually made." And the men of business, he admits, understand what they are really talking about. They know how money has been made, and on occasion lost, by themselves; but what they fail to understand is the process of the production of wealth in general. If ten men start with £1000 a year between them,

each possessing £100, one man may acquire £500 a year for himself, leaving to each of the others no more than £50. He may even, by using his wealth in appropriate ways, so hamper the others that their incomes fall to £40. Thus private fortunes may grow, and yet the wealth of the community at large may remain just what it was, or may suffer an actual diminution; whilst the mass of the people will in either case be poorer. This need not be the case; but it may be, and sometimes is; and for Political Economy, as at present taught, which is exclusively the science of the rich, it is all the same whether this be the case or no. The truth is, he continues, that, under any conditions, wealth has no meaning apart from the existence of poverty; for no nine men would consent to labour for the tenth, unless the tenth had something to give them, and they themselves had nothing. That Labour should be remunerated in this indirect way—that is to say through the medium of a wage-paying employer who directs it, is not, in itself, says Ruskin, a good thing or a bad thing. Whether it is a good thing or a bad depends altogether on the manner in which the remuneration is made, and the purposes to which the labour is applied. If the remuneration is equitable in amount, if the employer treats the men with sympathy, willing to incur occasional losses himself rather than let them suffer from circumstances beyond their own control, and farther if the tasks to which he sets them are healthy in themselves, and result in healthy or ennobling products, then the wealth of the wage-payer is fulfilling its true ends, giving life to the community like the healthy circulation of blood, and bringing its blessing to rich and to poor equally. But if it is used without due regard to the fact that the labourers are men, and not merely industrial mechanisms, hired to-day at the lowest price they will take, and turned adrift to-morrow without thought of their welfare; and if, in addition to this, the services and the products demanded of them result in meaningless luxuries for the employer, and the means of gross sensualities for themselves, wealth then becomes a curse

instead of a blessing, and, to any community in which such a use of it prevails, it will bring immediate misery to the many, and ultimate ruin to all.

Between private wealth, then, which is a national blessing, and private wealth which is a national curse, the difference, Ruskin goes on to insist, is a moral difference; and what is needed to solve the economic difficulties of to-day is a moral reform which will carry economic reforms with it. But Political Economy, as at present taught, ostentatiously declares that it has nothing to do with morals; and thus deliberately renounces all power of throwing any light whatever of the deepest forces which are at work in those regions with which it affects to deal. Let us compare, he says, the true Political Economy with the false, in respect of the manner in which they deal with the rate of wages.

Equity in exchange, Ruskin says, consists in an exchange of equivalents. In exchanging goods for the production of which special skill is requisite, our problem is often complicated by the difficulty of balancing one kind of skill against another; but underneath this question of special skill, and in most cases practically separable from it, lies the simpler question of time; and it is with this question of time that we primarily have to do. "Money payment consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labour (or labour-time) which he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure" such and such labour-time whenever he may happen to demand it; and in order that this payment may be just, the amount of labour-time given must be equal to that received. "If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage." The exchange is equitable only when the labour-times exchanged are equal. "Thus the abstract idea," says Ruskin, "of just or due wages, as respects the labourer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him as much labour as he has given."

And now, he proceeds, let us contrast this true principle of

wage-paying with the principles assumed and advocated by the Political Economy of to-day. According to the true principle the labourer's wages are determined by what, in justice, ought to be given him. According to the false principle they are determined by the least he can be induced to take. Thus, if two men are anxious to do some single piece of work, the great doctrine of the modern Political Economist is that these men should be allowed to underbid one another, and the employer hire the man who is willing to accept the least. The hirer who follows justice will regard such conduct as damnable. To him it will make no matter whether two men or twenty are willing to do his work. Whichever of these men he employs, he pays him such wages as are just, though another man at his elbow might be willing to work for half —and indeed though he himself, if pressed, would have done so likewise. This is the just procedure. The Political Economist may object that if the hirer had, as we must here assume, only means enough to hire one man at full wages, it would be better that he should pay something to both than leave the second man with nothing; and with the money saved by halving the payment of the first man, the hirer, Ruskin admits, would be able to employ the second to do some other piece of labour for him from which he might derive advantage, and this second man would have something, instead of being left to starve. But, Ruskin continues, what the objector quite fails to see is that the second man has just the same chance of employment if the whole available wages are paid over to the first, that he would have if the hirer were to divide them between the two. For though the hirer, if he pays the first man two pounds (the just price) instead of one, has no second pound left with which to hire the other, yet this second pound is not lost. The first man has it in his pocket, and he will be just as capable as the hirer from whom he received it, of passing it on, in return for so much labour, to the other man. The position of this other man, therefore, remains just the same, whether the original hirer pays the first man an

unjust wage or a just one. The only difference is that, whereas if the original hirer had kept back part of the price in making his contract with the first man, he would have had two men working at a pound apiece for himself, we shall, if the hirer pays the first labourer in full, have the first labourer getting two pounds for work done for the hirer, and the second labourer getting one pound for work done for the first. Thus the capitalist, by paying to his employees such wages as are just, instead of the minimum which the employees might be compelled to take, does no doubt diminish the number of men whom he can, as a wage-payer, control for his private benefit; but he increases in the same proportion the power of the men whom he does employ, to employ other labour in their turn, not for his benefit, but for their own.

> The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore [says Ruskin] to diminish the power of wealth, first, in acquisition of luxury, and secondly in exercise of moral influence. The employer cannot concentrate so multitudinous labour in his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum difficulty in rising above his position. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a series of offices or grades of labour, gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty. It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the labourer is ultimately dependent.

And at the bottom of it all, Ruskin repeats, lies this question of just wages—of our giving to each labourer employed according to the grade of his labour, a claim on as many hours of similar labour to be devoted to his own benefit, as he has given for ours—even though, by trading on his needs, we might, as the Economists advise us, be able to force on his acceptance one half, or perhaps one quarter, of his due.

And now, says Ruskin, this much being settled, we have to consider the more particular problem of how this due is to be estimated in terms of money. For though the wages of any particular kind of labour performed for us to-day are

ultimately a return of some other labour equivalent to it, for the labourers' sake this return is not direct. If a man builds an engine chimney for us, we do not pay him by getting a man to build an engine chimney for him. But we give him the power, by paying him so much money, of choosing how and when so much labour, the equivalent of his own, shall be used. The labour which he has spent in building the engine chimney may be returned to him in the form of equivalent labour spent on providing him with tobacco, or coals, or coats, or a new roof to his cottage. Money-wages, therefore, being a payment for a piece of specific labour in the form of a claim on labour, or the products of labour generally, we must, with a view to determining in any case what sum is the true equivalent of any piece of labour in question, examine the nature of "Value, Wealth, Price, and Produce."

When Ruskin reaches this part of his subject, his reasoning though still pertinent to the main doctrines which he is advocating, loses something of the coherence by which it has been marked hitherto. His observations obviously bear on the subject which he has in hand; but he leaves his readers, for the most part, to apply them to this subject for themselves. I will content myself here with briefly summarising his arguments, and indicating their connection with what has gone before.

The object of giving a man money-wages for his labour is that he may buy with them the products of an equivalent amount of the labour of other people. For it is the products, not the labour itself, which are ultimately his real reward. Thus the just money-value of a day's labour expended on the production of a particular product is measurable by the indeterminate amount which results from the expenditure of equivalent labour on products of other kinds, Thus, if it takes two men of equal capacity the same number of hours, the one to build two yards of wall, and the other to weave two yards of carpet, the just payment of the former will be precisely as many shillings as will buy him four yards of

carpet, if carpet be the thing he wishes for. Money, in fact, or price in terms of money, is the common denominator by means of which the relative values of different kinds of produce are compared, and so much or so many of one kind balanced against so much or so many of any other. Hence the importance in relation to the question of just wages, of arriving at a true conception of what value, price, produce, and wealth in general are.

Beginning, then, with the question of the value of material products, Ruskin enters on a long and elaborately ironical attack directed against the teachings of the school of Mill and Ricardo, with regard to this question of what renders products valuable, and large accumulations of them wealth. Many of his criticisms are not only acute and true, they are also distinct contributions to thought respecting the subjects dealt with. But a large number of them are merely carping and frivolous; and are not so much attacks on what his adversaries really meant, as on literary and other imperfections in the manner in which they expressed it. Thus having ridiculed the doctrine of value which, at first sight seems to be implied in certain of Ricardo's phrases, he admits that conceivably Ricardo meant something different, and this is a something which Ruskin himself accepts; his only excuse for his whole previous onslaught on him resolving itself into the observation, "If Ricardo meant this he should have said so." Indeed, his conception of the value of products, so far as value means value in exchange, is virtually the same as that of Mill and Ricardo themselves. He elucidates the truths of that doctrine, and he also repeats its imperfections. He differs from them only in insisting that exchange-value of products cannot in practice be divorced from their moral and social value; and that, though the fork with which one man eats his food may have an exchange-value equal to that of the dagger with which another man kills his neighbour, the moral or social value of the one implement is great, that of the other less than nothing. In the false Economics value has only one meaning.

In the true Economics it has two. The value of products as determined by the proportions in which they are mutually exchangeable, is traversed by, and ultimately referable to, the moral value of the lives to which the consumption or the use of them ministers.

Mere exchange-value, however, especially as expressed in money, has its moral aspect also, when once we regard it morally; for on this depends our apportionment of the just wages of labour. We must, therefore, says Ruskin, "ascertain the nature of Price." The ordinary Economist thinks that by juggling with prices—by buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest it is possible to make a Profit. The true science of Economics will show us that this is wholly impossible. Profit means "making an advance—turning one measure of corn into two measures." "This," says Ruskin, "can only be done by labour." "In exchange there is no profit, There is only a bringing of advantage to the exchanging persons." A man who has two spades wants a loaf. A man who has two loaves wants a spade. One loaf and one spade change hands. Both men are advantaged, but the number of products remains the same. It is true that in practice this work of exchange may require the labour and skilful judgment of some third man. When this is the case, the third man gives labour also, and must receive a just reward for it—a reward which is genuine profit. But such a profit is the result of the labour which the exchange necessitates. It does not arise out of the fact of the exchange itself. This doctrine seems strange to many of us because, as a matter of fact, following the precepts of the ordinary Political Economist, one man, when an exchange is effected, is constantly an enormous gainer—as when he gets a precious stone from a savage in exchange for a packet of needles. But so-called profits such as these are not profits. They are robbery. They are a plus which is made out of a minus. My gain is the savage's loss; and my power of acquiring it depends "either on his ignorance of the social arrangements of Europe, or on his want of power to take

advantage of them, by selling his diamond to any one else for more needles." This transaction, says Ruskin, is a perfect example of the practice of exchange as prescribed by the modern science of Economics. It is the science of the few, which is founded on the "nescience" of the many. True Economic Science—the Economics of Justice—forbids all trading on the ignorance or weakness of others—"all attempts at concealment" on any commercial dealing. There will be advantage on both sides, but there will be profit on neither.

What does most to hide the iniquitous character of the gain of the so-called profit, which is constantly made in exchanges by one or other of the two parties, is the fact that these exchanges are made generally by means of prices expressed in money; and hence the importance of ascertaining on what price really depends. The only definite conclusions as to this, which Ruskin reaches, are substantially identical with the Economists' whom he so fiercely denounces. Price depends he says, on

> the quantity of the wish which the purchaser has for the thing, opposed to the quantity of the wish which the seller has to keep it; and farther, on the quantity of the labour the purchaser can afford to obtain the thing, opposed to the quantity of labour the seller can afford to keep it.

He here adds nothing to what Mill or Ricardo would have endorsed but the really striking observation, to which I shall refer hereafter, that "three-fourths of the demands (or wishes) existing in the world are romantic," and also an admission (which is wanting in the arguments of Ricardo) that labour is of many qualities, the amount of which, measured by time, differ greatly in value; and, such being the case, he must, he says, dismiss the subject as one far too complicated to admit of his discussing it exhaustively at the moment. He then abruptly proceeds to inquire into the nature of Capital.

Capital, he says, is radically nothing more than a tool, the most perfect type and example of it being a well-made ploughshare. Now a ploughshare is useful only because it leads to the multiplication of corn:

and the true home question to every capitalist and to every nation is not "how many ploughs have you?" but, "where are your furrows?"—not "how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?"—but, "what substance will it furnish good for life?"

Or, to what kind of consumption does capitalistic production lead?

From this curt disquisition on Capital, he returns, in conclusion, to a former branch of his subject—namely, the effects on a people generally of a just remuneration of its labour. And here he indulges in one more, in a parting attack on the Economist, who defines the "natural rate of wages" as "that which will maintain the labourer." "Yes," exclaims Ruskin, "maintain him—but maintain him how?" Are these wages to be such as will, within a given period, maintain three generations of men, who die prematurely, worn out with work; or two generations of men sufficiently well nourished to reach the limits of hale old age? And yet again, will these natural wages be such as to secure for the labourer any moral and intellectual education? Such are the pertinent questions which are asked by the true Economist; but for the false Economists, such as Ricardo, they appear to have no existence.

He makes no attempt here to discuss these questions himself, but winds up with insisting on their importance in a number of eloquent passages, to certain of which I shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

Such is the book which, more than any other, appears to have influenced the Labour members in the present Parliament. We shall find that it not only throws a considerable light on their opinions, but throws a light even more important of the character of the reasoning by which these opinions have been reached. In the following papers I shall endeavour to show how.

W. H. Mallock.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

OUR knowledge of the birth of a language is always veiled by the haze of long vistas of antiquity, and this is not because we imagine that language, alone of all living forces, has ceased to develop from that which went before, but for the reason that, while such development is taking place, contemporary observers fail to distinguish any phenomena beyond those they choose to stigmatise as ignorant or vulgar departures from accepted rules.

When the Assyrian tongue emerged from its antecedents it is known that the *literati* of ancient Babylon preserved the classic language of Akkad in its purity with fierce and narrow jealousy, looking upon the innovators as common barbarians, and contriving to keep the ancient Akkadian alive, or half-alive, in strict rituals long after the new language had become the medium of intercourse of the people. In the same manner it is probable that the Etruscan upper classes looked with contempt upon the beginnings of the new Latin tongue, while in their turn Italian and Spanish must have been met at their first appearance by many a sneer from the well-educated Romans. We know that our own language did not emerge from its mixed Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestry without encountering cold and hostile criticism; and the beauties of the old words preserved or the new ones introduced by Chaucer were not relished by the speakers of the Norman-English which prevailed in good society or the learned circles of his period.

Yet in none of these instances is it possible that even the most liberal-minded contemporaries can have realised that they were assisting at the birth of a new development of that marvel of the world, the human language. In our own day a striking, though unappreciated, example of this rule is ever before us in the slow growth of a new tongue, springing up in the United States of America, the language of which is gradually following all the lines of evolution familiar to the student of philology. Its elements are wide, diverse, even confusing, composed, as they are of selections, on a basis of the English tongue, from almost every language spoken in the world at this time. There is good reason why a distinctive language should spring up in a vast country inhabited by recruits from all the world and perpetually refreshed by drafts of immigrants. Words that are most expressive, or easy, or descriptive, strike the ear and are gradually adopted, but besides this there is that deep race-character which evolves its own mode of speech, a durable material gradually embodying its characteristics as the prehistoric monster was embodied in the alluvial mud, immutably and for ever.

The whole subject of the development of this language is too vast to be considered in the space of an essay, but some indications for its study may very well be pointed out for those who have the training or the inclination to study a living process instead of dead bones. Indeed, so vast is the subject and of such interest and importance that a volume might very well be written on it by a trained philologist, and it is to be hoped that before long some such skilled, dispassionate criticism may be given to the world.

First, as to the most striking divergences from the mother tongue; those of the accent and intonation. This divergence cannot, obviously, be conveyed on paper, and it is to the region of physics that we must turn for an explanation of the strong nasal accent, clearly a return to the characteristics of the race of the soil of America. This, we are told by scientists, is due to a particular formation of the palate, peculiar originally to the

American Indians, but now shared by the invaders; as well as to certain action of the climate upon the vocal chords which are said to tend, in the very dry air of that Continent, to become tense, hard and chiefly adapted to the formation of shrill sounds.

Besides this intonation, or accent, another individual trait is to be observed in the new language. This is a strong development of one of the sharpest characteristics of any language: the peculiar rise and fall of a sentence. To this feature of speech the fact is owing that, though speaking a foreign tongue perfectly as to accent, grammar, and construction, a stranger to that tongue may almost always be detected, even by others than those native to its peculiarities. Historians declare that the "twang" has spread from the New England States, which were originally settled by the Puritans, who deliberately affected a sing-song intonation. This may very well be the origin of that trait which the American language now possesses with marked individuality, for the rise and fall of words and sentences, and the note on which a sentence ends have become of such a distinctive type that many years residence in England, or in any other foreign country, will fail to eradicate entirely what has now grown to be a national distinction.

Apart from either the accent or the intonation of speech is the value of vowel sounds, and this, too, has been altered both in the words of the mother-tongue and in those taken from other sources, the essential characteristics of such alterations being a marked diminution of the vowel sounds in imported words, such as tom*a*to, pi*a*zza, &c., which have in the new language entirely lost their original vowel-value, besides frequently replacing an English equivalent. On the other hand, in many words taken from the mother-tongue a great air of novelty has been effected by a new breadth, as in the substitution of *corfee* for coffee; *dorg* for dog; *gorn* for gone, and so on.

Possibly the new language may have enriched itself by acquisitions from languages other than English, but this is a

doubtful question when we note the value and usually the superiority of the word thus abandoned. Here, however, as in every other criticism upon this subject, we must not forget that towards the new language contemporary critics are in precisely the position of the purists of Akkad, of Etruria, of Rome . . . of all ages, for we are hide-bound by the conviction that our own language, at the period in which we live, has reached the final stage of development of which it, or a branch of it, is capable. Thus, to our narrow views, the new American language tends to impoverishment in another direction, by the peculiarity it exhibits of making what we deem to be a wrong and unwarranted use of perfectly good English words. It seems to us that from laziness, ignorance, or inattention, Americans employ certain words in many instances where such words cease to have any significance at all, and the helpless slaves are done to death by toiling at unnatural tasks. A striking instance of this over-working may be taken in the word "claim," which in the United States is now employed in the most inhuman fashion, to do the work of a dozen healthy, willing substitutes. In the new language a man does not allege, assert, protest, profess, advance, propound, depose, avow—he "claims" that he performed, saw, or submitted to an action. He does not declare the truth, he "claims" to have spoken it. In fact, this word "claim," in company with many others, has been so disfigured by misuse and unsuitable tasks that the original significance, in this case that of asserting a right, has been hopelessly weakened, if not entirely lost. To make the significance of this custom more apparent, we may consider the use of the word "prominent," which in the new language has to do duty for the adjectives notable, remarkable, chief, principal, leading, foremost, important—and a host of others, more or less closely allied. Indeed, the prevalent use of the substitute "prominent" for all these willing workers is one of the new departures that jars most upon the sensitive ear that it is prejudiced in favour of the purity of the mother-tongue.

As to what seem to us mere wanton misapplications, of which the American language daily furnishes fresh examples: the noun "loan" used in place of the verb "to lend," and the formation of new verbs on the same lines, sound to English ears as clumsy and uncouth as a misuse of an old word may have sounded to the cultured ears of Norman barons. In the same way we do not relish the substitution of tempo*rar*y for temporary; secret*ar*y for secretary; ind*ooce* for induce; pro-d*ooce* for produce—but doubtless the first appearance of "veal" for *veau;* "table" for *table;* "beef" for *bœuf,* and so forth were the cause of many bitter comments and galling witticisms at the courts of the early Williams and Matildas.

Many English people think that "fall," though sanctioned by such masters of our tongue as Tennyson and Dryden, is a poor substitute for the beauty, music, and dignity of *autumn;* we fancy that our off-shoot has lost both precision and harmony in the exchange of a generic term such as "corn" for the pretty word maize, and so on, with instances innumerable.

As regards the national characteristics revealed to the careful student of the American language, these developments may chiefly be discovered in a choice made by the younger nation among the riches of the mother-tongue. No two words are really synonymous, but for the sake of harmony or variety one may often be used as appropriately as the other. The race inhabiting the United States of America has risen almost exclusively from the peasant and lower classes of other lands, and with a most creditable access of wealth and culture a great national pride has been made manifest in many ways, but in none more obviously than in the choice of every-day words. A few instances will convey more impression of this national megalomania than pages of cold reasoning. For example: "city" is universally used to define a town or village; "physician," doctor; "college," board school; "store," shop; "state-room," cabin; "saloon," public-house; "rock," stone or pebble; "gun," pistol; and so on, *ad infinitum;* while the simple verb *to give* is replaced by the grandiose "donate," a

terrible hybrid, even if not a sheer philological impossibility. Of this development, as of the others under consideration, instances may be multiplied indefinitely.

There are some Americans who, though freely adopting all the innovations of their new language, at the same time wish to disclaim any departure from the original model. These linguists, after the manner of religious reformers, announce that their apparent heresies are but a return or adherence to, the original canons. Of such, to give an example, is the expression "I guess," for which a superior purity and antiquity are claimed over the English "I think." As to antiquity, many cases of the use of the verb "to guess," to conjecture, wrongly employed, that is to say, in the place of anticipate, think, presume, or imagine, are to be found in classic English literature at dates either before or since the rebellion of our American Colonies. But not even the august sanction of Chaucer, Sheridan, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, who furnish authority for this particular laxity, can alter the fact that our modern English fastidiousness is in the direction of grammatical accuracy and purity. Some authorities tell us that the modern American use of "I guess" was a form of local provincial dialect in that part of the Motherland which supplied the more energetic and enduring of the early settlers. For this assumption we have a parallel in the many Scotticisms, Irish phrases and other forms of local dialects which have been gradually imported by thrifty or successful immigrants and subsequently embedded in the new language. Of such is the Scotch "yard" for garden, the Irish "sure" for the English certainly, "back" for behind: *e.g.*, "back of the house" for "behind the house."

So that no feature of the development of a new language may be missing, even the orthography of the older tongues has been modified or abandoned, this, again, to the regret of the older conservative linguists, who imagine that many precious philological treasures are thus to be swept away. For instance, they say, these conservatives, that the omission of the letter "u" in the word honour robs that word of the

interest of its French origin without in any way aiding towards an elucidation of the manner in which it is pronounced, which, if the new linguists really aim at phonetic accuracy, should be written o-n-n-e-r. The same arguments apply to the new spelling of the words labour; French, *labourer;* American, labor; phonetic, layber. English, colour; French, *couleur;* phonetic, culler—and all cognate examples. It is true that here, again, we are confronted by the argument of a return to the oldest forms, to the Latin color, honor, labor, &c., but this reversion to the primitive type is not consistent with the pronunciation borrowed from the intervening Norman. Either retain the spelling that signifies the Norman value, say the conservatives, or spell the words phonetically, but the return to the Latin form while retaining the modern value of vowel sound is neither intelligent, cultivated, nor harmonious. Here, again, we critics must not forget that we are in the position of all such critics for all time; and, moreover, that orthography, of which we are so tenacious, has, in many instances, only been fixed within very recent times. It is only necessary to glance into the works of cultivated writers of the early part of the last century to come across such examples as the word "praejudiced" from the pens of those who would have shuddered at the modern anglicised dress of that revival.

To the realm of orthography, and to other influences as well, must be traced the peculiar names which we see arising and establishing themselves amongst the people of the United States. From an American newspaper I take the following at random, with all apologies to those who bear them if their eye should chance to light upon these lines. Seaver, Odlin, Barel, Helvie, Bash, Petters, Spangenberg, Boree, Zobel, Dialukes, Fozer, Pardee—these are some of the names that first occur to me. Undoubtedly they bear a stamp of America. But why is this? Why, in two or three generations should a new and distinctive type of name have arisen in a country that is not, after all, so very far removed from the Motherland? The solution of the problem lies, or so the

present writer fancies, in the fact that probably the immigrants are their own name-fathers when, on landing in the new country, they give their name as it is pronounced to a possibly not very learned official for registration. From all nations, from all parts of the world, the new citizens arrive, bearing strange names, uncouth to the ears of those to whom their language is absolutely unknown—to whom, in fact, no definite language is really known, for they, themselves, are in the process of forgetting the ancient forms and not yet being decided about the new ones.

A final word may be said about the spirit in which this language is being evolved, for by some complicated mental process the American people assert their independence of all hampering forms of the ancient tongue while still hotly proclaiming adherence to classic accuracy. This, no doubt, could we but obtain more intimate knowledge of the conditions ot former languages, would be found to be an inalienable feature of growth; and the intolerance of the purists of the mother-tongue might be changed to deep attention and interest could they but see clearly the process that is unfolding before their eyes. Certainly a scientific study of the subjects thus lightly touched upon in this brief study might very well prove instructive and profitable, and at the same time many of the new developments, instead of being contemptuously cast aside, as vulgarities or worse, might come to be recognised as parts of a new Transatlantic language.

ENID CAMPBELL DAUNCEY.

POLAR PROBLEMS AND THE INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION FOR THEIR SOLUTION

IN the autumn of 1905 there was held at Mons a great Congress of representatives from all parts of the world to consider practical questions for the advancement of human well-being. This Congress, recognising the fact that the whole of the globe must be known in order that full knowledge may be had of the resources which lie at the disposal of civilised humanity, voted a resolution to create an International Association for the study of the Polar regions, with the objects of (1) obtaining an international agreement upon the different questions associated with Polar geography; (2) making a general effort to reach the terrestrial poles; (3) organising expeditions having for their objects an extension of our knowledge of the Polar regions in every respect; and (4) forming a programme of scientific work to be carried out in the different countries during the existence of the International Polar expeditions. Following this the Congress unanimously passed a further resolution expressing a wish to see the formation of such an association in 1906 by a preliminary meeting of a general conference of the maritime and scientific staffs of the principal Polar enterprises which have been undertaken up to the present, and suggesting that the Belgian Government should take the initiative in approaching

the governments of other countries. The Belgian Government accepted the invitation thus addressed to it, resulting in the preliminary meeting of the staffs of the great Polar expeditions summoned on September 7 in Brussels. A vast scheme of international action was laid down at this meeting of scientists and explorers—a scheme which meant nothing less than the systematic exploration of every portion of the globe as yet unsurveyed.

Briefly, the questions laid before the Association, and which, it is proposed, shall be solved by international co-operation, are three in number:

(1) The problem of the North Pole;

(2) The geographical problems of the Antarctic regions;

(3) The scientific problems necessitating simultaneous expeditions and universal co-operation.

In view of these recent discussions, the attention of future navigators might be directed to a voyage which has passed almost unnoticed, but which, nevertheless, opened a new era in the exploration of the glacial ocean: that of the regretted Admiral Makharoff on board his ice-breaker, the *Yermak*.

Admiral Makharoff proved that it is possible to navigate in the ice of the North Pole with a steel-hulled vessel of large tonnage furnished with powerful engines. It seems certain that with the aid of a vessel of the type of the *Yermak* the greatest part of the space which is as yet unknown of the Arctic regions could be systematically explored, and, if it would be imprudent to allow such a vessel to winter in the ice abandoned to the drift, it could still be used to clear the way, for a vessel built of wood, of the type of the *Fram*, would be left at the chosen locality.

It seems desirable, also, that the experience of the first voyage of the *Fram* should be profited by; such a voyage, recommenced on the new, but following the old route of the *Jeannette* as a point of departure, would have many more reasons for being undertaken than attempts of exploration of the Polar basin having Greenland, Spitzberg, or Franz Joseph's

Land as a base of operations. From a scientific point of view such a voyage would be inevitably most fruitful.

These are the points which it is most desirable to consider in connection with the preparation of the plan for the systematic exploration of the North Pole. If the mystery of that region is not yet entirely pierced, a veil far larger and still more dense, shrouds the Antarctic regions. The discoveries, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of the great island-continent of Australia did nothing to lessen the hope of the discovery of a rich and habitable land nearer the South Polar regions, and it was to discover this land, or prove its non-existence, that Captain Cook sailed on the expedition which was the first to cross the Antarctic circle. Cook sailed from Plymouth on July 13, 1772, in the *Resolution*, having with him the *Adventure*, commanded by Tobias Furneaux. The first crossing of the Antarctic circle was effected on January 17, 1773, and the first typical Antarctic land, South Georgia, was discovered by Cook on January 14, 1775. Cook's farthest point south was reached on January 30, 1774, 71° 10′ S. and 106° 54′ W. It was the most southerly point reached in the eighteenth century.

Before the discoveries of gas and petroleum, seal oil possessed an imense value, as Mr. Mill recalls in his excellent work on "The Siege of the South Pole," and the Polar seas were filled with whaling fleets, which gathered rich harvests by the coasts of uncharted islands. When they could do so the sealers kept their knowledge to themselves, as the sea-traders of earlier centuries had done, and for the same reasons, so the knowledge gained from those who sailed for profit was little and uncertain. The first cartographical addition to the South Polar map was made by another English sailor, Captain William Smith, who, in the brig *Williams*, on a voyage from Valparaiso to La Plata, swept southwards hoping to find better weather by keeping off land, and discovered the South Shetlands in 1819.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there were in

the Antarctic waters, besides the English sealers, gathering oil, fleets of American sealers who did a great trade in skins with China. One little town in Connecticut, Sonnington, was famous for its sealers, and valuable records have been preserved of the cruise of one of its fleets, consisting of five vessels under the command of Benjamin Pendleton, which anchored in 1820 in Yankee Harbour, Deception Island, in 63° S. A picturesque incident is related as happening while the little fleet lay here. Captain Pendleton, observing several mountains to the south, one of which was an active volcano, sent Captain Palmer, in the *Hero*, to examine them more closely. Palmer was overtaken by a fog on his return, and when the fog lifted he found to his astonishment that his ship was sailing between a full-rigged frigate and a sloop of war. These proved to be the two vessels sent out on a voyage of discovery round the world by the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I., under Fabian Gottlieb Bellingshausen, the *Vostok* and the *Mirni*.

Bellingshausen, whose voyage lasted for two years, from 1819 to 1821, crossed the Antarctic circle six times, and sailed over great stretches of unknown ocean, supplementing Cook's voyage in many important particulars. He was the first to follow the edge of the ice-pack in latitudes of from 63° to 60° for nearly 45° of longitude, one-eighth of the circumference of the earth, and in all this stretch of ocean he met with nothing except floating ice. His longest cruise south of the sixtieth parallel lasted for two months and three days, and during it he sailed over 145° of longitude. On January 2, 1821, he discovered Peter I. Island, in 69° S. latitude and 90° W. longitude, the first land discovered within the Antarctic circle, and on the 28th of the same month he discovered Alexander I. Land, in 68° 43′ S. and 73° 10′ W. In addition to the discoveries of land, the charted records of Bellingshausen's voyage, which was made through over 242 degrees of longitude south of 60° S., proved of great value as showing the existence of a continuous open sea south of the parallel of 60°.

The next to advance far into the unknown towards the

South Pole was another English sealer, James Weddell, who, sailing from Leith in the brig *Jane*, pushed as far as 74° 15′ in longitude 34° 16′ 65″, in the sea since known as Weddell Sea.

If the day had not yet come when ships fitted out by commercial enterprise were to desert these waters, their last full profitable harvests being reaped, the time was at hand when science was to make them her own, awakening to the realisation of the immense possibilities which would be brought to it by knowledge gained by research in the Antarctic regions. As long back as 1699 a purely scientific expedition had been fitted out by the British Government, when Halley, the Astronomer Royal, was sent with a captain's commission in command of H.M.S. *Paramore Pink*, to the South Atlantic to study the variations of the magnetic needle. The second scientific expedition sent to the Antarctic regions was that of H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, under Captain Foster, who was despatched in 1828 to the most southerly known land accessible, the South Shetlands, to make a series of pendulum and magnetic observations. Captain Foster went beyond the South Shetlands to 63° 43′ S., 61° 45′ W., and discovered land on which he landed and which he named Cape Possession.

Amongst the mercantile houses of England there was one, Enderby Brothers, whose name stands conspicuously for the enlightened manner in which it advanced the interests of geography. This firm, whose ships sailed in the southern seas since 1785, encouraged its captains to undertake discovery, and instead of pursuing a policy of selfish secrecy, it published abroad and shared with all the knowledge its servants gained. One of the captains in the employment of this firm, John Biscoe, circumnavigated the Antarctic regions in 1830-32, in the brig *Tula*, penetrating to 69° S. in latitude, 10° 43′ E., and discovering Graham Land, Enderby Land, and Biscoe Islands. Biscoe returned to England in 1833; the same year another of the Enderby captains, John Kemp, sailed in the Antarctic regions and saw signs of land in 66° S., at a spot since marked on the charts as Kemp Land.

In 1838 Enderby Brothers joined with seven other London merchants in fitting out a voyage towards the South Pole under the command of Captain John Balleny, in the *Eliza Scott*, which was accompanied by a cutter of fifty-four tons. On this voyage the first Antarctic land known south of New Zealand was discovered, at the little group of islands known as the Balleny Islands, and with this useful discovery the sealers pass out of the history of the Antarctic regions, giving place to explorers whose aims are wholly scientific.

It was not until far into the nineteenth century that the great problems to be solved regarding terrestrial magnetism were clearly realised, those questions on the solution of which the science of navigation so greatly depends; the degree of variation of the needle of the compass from true north, the dip of the needle to the horizon, and the total intensity of the magnetic force. About 1830 Gauss, the great German physicist, made known his theory of terrestrial magnetism, the vast importance of which was at once recognised. Scientific expeditions were organised in France, England, and America, to the spots at which observations could be made to fill in the gaps in the magnetic maps. In each country the expeditions were organised as summer cruises in Antarctic waters, the commanders being ordered to retire from the icy regions on the approach of the severe Antarctic winter, when thickly gathering ice was likely to prevent retreat from the land of unbroken night.

Although each country's initiative was taken for the same scientific ends, the three great expeditions were not organised in concert, and much was lost by the fact that rivalry, rather than co-operation, was the spirit which fired the chiefs of each expedition to their greatest work.

The French expedition, which was the first to sail, was in Antarctic waters in 1838 and 1840, the American expedition spent in them the Antarctic summer of 1839 and 1840, and the English expeditions the Antarctic summers of 1840–41, 1841–2 and 1842–3. Admiral Dumont d'Urville, who com-

manded the French expedition, was more deeply interested in the scientific study of the islands of the Pacific than in Polar discovery, and the Antarctic portion of his cruise was undertaken at the suggestion of King Louis Philippe. Sailing from Toulon in the autumn of 1837, Dumont d'Urville turned southwards early in 1838 and directed his course towards the South Pole over the route followed by Weddell. In February 1838 he discovered the land named by him Louis Philippe Land, which forms part of that already known as Palmer Land, and, returning to the Antarctic regions after an interval spent in the Pacific, he discovered Adélie Land in 66° 30′ S. and 138° 21′ E.

The American expedition, which consisted of five vessels, was under the command of Charles Wilson, a lieutenant in the United States Navy: its instructions, as regards the Antarctic area, were to sweep as wide an expanse as possible of the unknown seas in which discovery was probable. These instructions were boldly carried out, the success of the expedition being, in the greater part, due to skill and the bravery of its commander and the officers who sailed under him.

The English expedition, which sailed on September 25, 1839, under Captain James Clark Ross, R.N., to whom the glory already belonged of placing the English flag on the North magnetic pole, was splendidly fitted out, having all that English science could devise placed at its disposal from the great resources of the English Navy. The expedition sailed in two ships specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice-pack, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Ross, whose instructions commenced by recalling the fact that the expedition was undertaken to carry out observations by which the science of magnetism might be essentially improved, founded many fixed stations for magnetic observations, he circumnavigated the South Polar regions, and, in his specially constructed vessels, he was the first to penetrate into the Antarctic ice-pack, contact with which would have proved fatal to any of those frailer ships in which his predecessors had sailed towards

the South Pole. New land and a great ice-barrier prevented Ross from reaching to the magnetic pole, as he had hoped to do, but his daring was rewarded by the discovery of the great volcanic mountains, Erebus and Terror, which tower to 12,400 and 10,900 feet above the coast of what is now known as Ross Sea, by that of Possession Island, and of a line of coast, Victoria Land, which he traced for 570 miles to Cape Crosier, where it merged in the great southern barrier—an unbroken wall of ice, flat-topped and perpendicular, from two hundred to four hundred feet high, which he followed for 250 miles. On February 28, 1842, Ross penetrated to 78° 9′ 20″ S., which remained the farthest point south reached for sixty years.

Ross's work was continued in the Antarctic regions, in 1848, by Lieutenant Moore, in the *Pagoda*, but then, and for a long time, there was a lull in Antarctic work, Franklin's Arctic voyage, and his tragic fate, having riveted explorers' eyes, and directed their efforts to the North Pole.

The great physical and biological survey of all the oceans undertaken by the English expedition in H.M.S. *Challenger*, under the command of Captain Nares, R.N., acting in conjunction with Professor Thomson, the scientific director of the expedition, was undertaken in 1874, in the first steam vessel which crossed the South Polar circle. Its scientific work in the Antarctic regions threw a great flood of light on Antarctic questions. There is no exaggeration in saying that the much-disputed question of a Southern continent was resolved by this expedition by the aid of a microscope; the glaciated rock fragments dredged by the *Challenger* being of a kind only found on continental land. Up to this time all the expeditions towards the South Pole had been undertaken in the less tempestuous and occasionally mild season of the Antarctic summer. Science required that the darkness of the Antarctic winter should be pierced; and in 1897 the Belgian expedition, commanded by Adrian de Gerlache, faced the gloom and the dangers of the long winter night. The

Belgica, having discovered the Gerlache Straits between Graham Land and the Palmer Archipelago, and surveyed them in the most full manner, advanced in the pack to 70° 30′ S. and 85° W., was gripped by the closing ice, and remained ice-bound for thirteen months. During these thirteen months scientific observations were carried on without ceasing, and a great store of knowledge was gained.

At the time that the *Belgica* was breaking out from her ice-bound winter quarters, Mr. Berchgrevink, who commanded an expedition fitted out by Sir George Newnes, in the *Southern Cross*, struck anchor in Robertson Bay, at the foot of Cape Adare, one of the promontories discovered by Ross, in 70° S. and 174° E., and unloaded stores and materials, to pass the Antarctic winter on land. Mr. Berchgrevink and his companions added to the store of scientific knowledge of the Antarctic regions, and helped to pave the way for greater research.

The commencement of the twentieth century saw the organisation of the great scientific expeditions, the English expedition under Captain Scott, R.N., in the *Discovery*, and the German in the *Gauss*, commanded by Captain Ruser, under the direction of Professor von Drygalski. The German expedition reached the ice-pack in February 1902, in 61° 58′ S. and 95° 8′ E. and proceeding south discovered and wintered off Kaiser Wilhelm Land, in 89° 48′ E. longitude and 66° 2′ S. latitude. The British National Expedition, under Scott, entered the pack in the vicinity of Victoria Land, in January 1902, and remained south of the region until February 1904. Before going into winter quarters Scott followed the great ice-barrier, which Ross had been the first to meet, to the east, to longitude 165°, where it trends to the north, and where a glaciated range, showing some bare peaks, rises from the barrier. Scott gave the name of Edward VII. Land to this land, which he followed as far as 76° S., longitude 152° 30′. Starting on November 2, 1902, Captain Scott, accompanied by Lieutenant Shackleton and Dr. Wilson, made a great sledge journey along

the coast of Victoria Land to the highest Southern latitude as yet attained, 82° 17′. The ice surface over which the explorers travelled was flat, and offered no obstacles to be surmounted, but the journey was, nevertheless, a tedious one. The nineteen dogs which drew the sledge could not drag in one load the great weight of provisions which were necessary for the sustenance of men and animals during the months of absence from their base, and the track had to be covered more than once, each mile forward entailing three of heavy marching. After fifty-nine days' journey, at a distance of 380 miles from the *Discovery*, the explorers were forced, by the running short of their food, to abandon their onward march and turn backwards. They were then in sight of the great range which continues the coast of Victoria Land southwards, and of two great mountains, Mount Markham, 15,000 feet high, and Mount Longstaff, 9500 feet high. The march across the ice, which resulted in these valuable discoveries, and which had to be abandoned only because the stores ran short, on the very threshold of what promised to be discoveries of still greater importance, lasted in all ninety-three days. On the return journey all the dogs were lost, or had to be sacrificed, and the three explorers had to struggle back to the ship laden with baggage. Scott's expedition has been the most successful, adding immensely to the geography of the South Pole, and to our scientific knowledge of the Antarctic world.

During the same years of 1902 and 1903 Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld wintered on Snow Hill Island, and made a long sledge journey southward along the broad flat belt of ice attached to the shore of King Oscar II. Land. Nordenskjöld was unfortunate in being obliged to allow his ship, which was badly damaged by the pressure of the ice, to sink in Erebus and Terror Gulf, but he and all his crew were safely rescued by Captain Irizar of the Argentine naval vessel *Uruguay*. The geological discoveries and the other scientific observations of Nordenskjöld and his companions are most valuable, and will cause their expedition to remain as memorable for

scientists as the dramatic fate of the ship makes it for the historian.

Another most valuable expedition which has been recently undertaken was that of the *Scotia*, directed by W. S. Bruce, which spent two seasons exploring and dredging the ocean in Weddell Sea, and wintered in the South Orkneys. This expedition reached 74° 1′ S. in 22° W., and discovered land at the point which was named Coats Land.

The latest expedition has been that of the French doctor, J. Charcot, in the *Français*, which spent a winter on one of the islands discovered by de Gerlache.

Notwithstanding all these voyages and discoveries, the great question of the existence of a continent at the South Pole remains to be answered. The question is an old one, but the recent expeditions have added pages of more immediate and scientific interest to its history, and, actually, the problem to be solved is far more definitely stated than in former times. It is no longer simply a question of learning if the Antarctic continent exists, or if, as Sir Clements Markham supposes, two great islands lie in the unexplored space. Such is no longer the question, for we could not be content now with the knowledge of the contour of this new world to complete the maps of the globe; there must be made a mass of discoveries, answering to the needs of modern geography.

Modern geography requires the knowledge of the bathymetric conditions of the oceans, that is, the relief of the bottom of the sea in every region of the globe; the relief of the continental masses is also as yet very insufficiently known over large areas, and almost nothing is known of the oreography of the Antarctic continent; we must learn not only the alignments of the mountain chains, but also their geological age, the distribution of the existing volcanoes and the rocks from ancient eruptions should receive our full attention, as well as the glacial phenomena, and the aspect and mechanism of the existing glaciers.

The animals and the plants which inhabit the ocean must

be studied, as must the physical and chemical condition of life in the seas, for in these domains there are still many researches remaining to be made in every region of the Southern hemisphere.

Moreover, in the Antarctic regions there is much to be done besides the making of hydrographical surveys. Terrestrial magnetism, atmospheric electricity, meteorology, and climatology are some of the other sciences, intimately connected with geography as it is now understood, which wait new observations and new discoveries in the South Polar regions.

The Antarctic question, then, forms an amount of geographical and scientific problems, intimately connected with each other, the solution of which would make a vast addition to our general knowledge.

This addition must be made to science, because we must know the natural laws which govern the earth to learn the powers which man might control; and it is my profound conviction that a systematic and International exploration of the South Pole should be preceded by a circumpolar and principally oceanographic expedition.

This idea is not new, for it is due to Maury and dates from 1861, but that has not prevented it from being completely and quite wrongly ignored. Every advantage is to be gained by taking it into consideration, and by commencing the work of the new International organisation by circumscribing and reducing the area of the region as yet unexplored, and by becoming acquainted with its borders, learning the conditions of the ice, and the chances of discovering new coasts. Moreover, to use the expression of Maury, it is necessary to commence by seeking "the port where the vessels" of the International expedition "could shelter, and from which they could send out expeditions by land, or over the ice, according to circumstances."

Before entering on the plan of the preliminary expedition, it is convenient to summarise the discoveries of land which have been made up to the present, so that an idea can be

formed of the extent of the sections which are as yet unexplored, or insufficiently explored.

The most practical and the most natural manner of subdividing the Antarctic area is that of making three divisions of it, each one corresponding with one of the three oceans which bound it. The portion towards the Atlantic extends from Enderby Land to Louis Philippe Land; the slope facing the Pacific comprehends Palmer, Danco, Graham, Alexander, Edward VII., and Victoria Lands; the section towards the Indian Ocean extends from Cape Adare to Enderby Land.

It is sufficient to recall the explorations which have been made in each of these sections to determine which are the sectors which necessitate, most particularly, a preliminary oceanographic and coast-line exploration.

To the south of Australia, and in a great part of the north of the Polar circle, numerous land discoveries have been made by Balleny, Wilkes, Dumont d'Urville, and von Drygalski. It would be interesting to know if these lands form a continuous coast, and to learn their geological constitution; but studies on these points would be work for a special expedition, and all that need be previously done in this sector is to make observations along its coast into the conditions of the ice, to make bathymetrical surveys, and to search for a port or a situation where a winter station could be established.

From 85° east longitude to Enderby Land there extends, however, a sector which is still very little explored. By 78° of longitude the *Challenger* advanced beyond the Polar circle, and the observations which the naturalists made on that memorable expedition allow the conclusion to be drawn that the chances of discovering land in this longitude are exceedingly great. It would be particularly interesting to explore this region, more particularly to know if Kemp Land and Enderby Land are accessible, if winter stations can be installed on them, and, finally, if other coastlines, or at least a continental plateau, will not be seen to fill in the existing blanks in that part of the contours of Antarctica.

The Atlantic portion shows a still larger gap. Between 45° E. and 10° W. no land has been discovered, either by Cook, Bellingshausen, Biscoe, or Moore, the navigators who explored the outskirts of the pack, and not a single sounding has been made to the south of 60° parallel, that is to say, to the south of the route followed by the *Valdivia* between Bouvet Island and the longitude of Enderby Land, where the German expedition advanced in December 1898 as far as the 64th parallel.

The sector which comprises Weddell Sea may be considered for the moment as being sufficiently explored by the expeditions of Nordenskjöld and Bruce.

On the Pacific side there remains the space comprised between the regions of the drift of the *Belgica* and Edward VII. Land, recently discovered by Scott, that is to say, the sector 105–145° W., which should be studied by the preliminary circumpolar oceanographic expedition.

The preliminary expedition, which can be organised without delay, must be well equipped for scientific work, and should be able to complete the circumpolar exploration in the course of two or three summer voyages by following a well-arranged plan.

The study of the ice and the soundings must be made systematically all round the South Polar continent, and everywhere efforts must be made to reach the mainland and discover the places where winter stations can be established, and along the coast or the ice barriers the bottom of the sea must be dragged.

There is another problem of a practical order which the preliminary expedition should also solve, that of the possibility of utilising automobiles as a means of locomotion, or at least of transport on the Antarctic glaciers on the flat barrier of Ross Sea, and perhaps on the inland ice of Antarctica.

In 1903 when the *Discovery*, with the scientists and sailors who made up its staff, was bound up in the far south regions of the Pole, I published my views on the subject in the

journal of the Société Belge d'Astronomie, and quite recently I had the satisfaction to learn from Dr. Kettlitz and Lieutenant Shackleton that the staff of the *Discovery*, the pioneers of the farthest South, are convinced so much that motor traction is possible in that region that if they were preparing again for their great journey southward they would try to do it by means of motors.

Now that we already know, I may say with certitude, that the greatest part of the regions as yet unexplored of the South Pole is occupied by land, that Antarctica—the last new continent—exists, the study of the interior of that continent is as necessary as the mapping of its coasts. This study will furnish effectively contributions of the highest importance in connection with our knowledge of the oreography of the new face of the globe, and besides, the questions which can be solved by glaciologists and geophysicians on the unknown Antarctic continent are so numerous and varied that every effort made to penetrate its mystery is justified; every effort that is made by men of science in a purely scientific spirit.

The obstacles which stand in the way of Polar exploration by automobile are numerous, the difficulties in the construction of motors suitable for such work are varied, but none are insurmountable. Of course, it would be perfectly ridiculous to start for the South Pole in a motor carriage of the type familiar to us. It is evident that there must, first of all, be invented, constructed, and experimented with a machine which combines all the requirements of solidity and simplicity, and, preferably, which can be easily taken to pieces for transportation; one which will work in any degree of cold, which will be sufficiently light not to sink too deeply in the snow, and sufficiently powerful to ascend steep slopes.

It is, then, a question of replacing the intelligence and good-will of dogs (which are usually used in Polar exploration with more or less good results) by machines intelligently planned, and more docile than dogs, and, above all, consuming less combustibles, calculated by weight.

The question of the type of machine best adapted for Antarctic uses will be decided by a series of experiments with motor-sledges, constructed according to different principles, and the experiments will be made on the snow-fields of Alpine glaciers.

As regards the general lines of the machine, one might be made preserving the frame but replacing the two front wheels, which only serve for steering purposes, by runners, while the back wheels—the motor wheels—might be made very wide, so as to rest on a large surface. Or, the frame might be dispensed with, and the motor placed on the bottom of the sledge, which it would propel by means of a single wheel placed behind, one very wide, a veritable cylinder, and furnished with teeth to give it a greater grip on the snow plain; or, again, the sledge might be propelled by means of a screw in contact with the snow and working longitudinally behind the sledge. In a sledge propelled in either of these manners, a second sledge trailed behind the motor, could be used as a means of guiding its course.

For the transport of heavy weights, or in the case of steep ascents, cables might be used, for the working of which a simple and practical system can be easily imagined.

The technical difficulties in the construction of the motor-sledges for Polar purposes can be surmounted, beyond any doubt; and for the first attack there is a region which is the most interesting, for it is that through which the nearest approach to the Pole has been made, the region of the immense flat glacier which terminates in Ross Sea, and over which Captain Scott and his companions, Shackleton and Wilson, made their great march southward.

The circumpolar voyage is, thus, the first step to be taken for the elucidation of the geographical problems of the Antarctic regions. The other voyages should be based on the information gathered on this preliminary expedition, to which too much importance cannot be attached, for, in spite of the mass of knowledge newly acquired within the last few years by the

expeditions of the *Belgica*, of the *Southern Cross*, of the *Discovery*, of the *Gauss*, of the *Antarctic*, of the *Morning*, of the *Scotia*, and of the *Français*, complementary information is still necessary regarding the unexplored sections in order to decide on how the work may be partitioned in order to obtain the maximum of result with the minimum of distinct expeditions.

Suppose that it were necessary to reduce the expenses as far as possible, and that all that could be done in the near future was the elucidation of the geographical problems of the South Pole: the solution of the question of the existence or non-existence of the Antarctic continent, for example. In such a case three expeditions should be fitted out, in vessels well equipped, having on board solid and capable workers. These expeditions would profit largely by the information gathered by the preliminary expedition, according to which information the expeditions might be assigned the ground to work on in the unexplored sections, and the places in which to winter simultaneously, either in such suitable localities as might be discovered, or in the pack itself. Such an enterprise could be brought to a successful issue without great cost: it is the very minimum of what must be expected from the resolution of the Congress of Mons.

The resolution voted at Mons, however, embodied a programme more vast than this, and in accordance with the desires expressed in it a more complete project must be devised. The next effort for the exploration of the South Pole must be a great one, and not one confined simply to geographical problems. The solution of certain scientific questions necessitates, in fact, a large number of simultaneous expeditions, which can only be carried out through universal co-operation; and that co-operation must be obtained; a similar enterprise has already been accomplished for the study of the Arctic regions.

In 1875, on the return of the Tegetthof expedition, Weyprecht made a communication to the Naturferscherversammlung, assembled at Gratz, in which it was demonstrated

that for the elucidation of certain laws of nature it was essential to explore the Arctic regions in an intensive manner, that scientific research should form the principal object of new expeditions, and that the geographical discoveries should be attempted in the direction in which they would extend the field of scientific investigation, and that the subjects into which it was necessary to study deeply should determine the location of the observation stations; that the series of observations should be simultaneous, co-operative and continuous. Afterwards Weyprecht and Count Wilezek drew up a plan of the work to be done, which plan was sanctioned by the International Meterological Congress held in October 1879, at Habourg, under the presidency of Neumayer. A second congress was convoked at Berne, in 1880, and in 1882 thirteen Arctic and two Sub-Antarctic expeditions were sent out by England, Germany, the United States, France, Austria, Finland, Holland, Russia, and Sweden and Norway. At the same time thirty-four observatories adopted the scheme of simultaneous observations.

As soon as possible in the future there should be carried out an International enterprise for the study of the Antarctic regions, greater still than the Arctic co-operation of the years 1882–1883; such is the sense of the vote of the Mons Congress.

I say advisedly that the new enterprise should be greater than the ancient one, for during the last twenty-five years the exigencies of science have augumented considerably, and, moreover, notwitstanding all the scientific acquisitions of the expedition which have recently returned, it may be affirmed that our actual knowledge of the Antarctic regions is less extended than our knowledge of the Arctic regions was in 1880, and because the area to be studied is more vast, comprehending as it does all the Sub-Antarctic regions south of the 45th parallel.

It is now some years since, in 1899, on the return of the *Belgica*, I made a communication to the meeting of the

British Association at Dover. In that communication I said the idea of Weyprecht should be adopted on the new and applied to the study of the Antarctic and Sub-Antarctic regions. The possibilities of realising that plan completely is furnished to us by the existence of numerous islands. These islands permit the connection between the Antarctic world, the South American, African, and Australian permanent meteorological and magnetic observatories, by a polygon of temporary scientific stations.

A part of my programme is already realised. The Argentine Government has installed a permanent meteorological and magnetic observatory on Ano Neuvo Island, near Staten Island; it is continuing the scientific observations of the Scottish Antarctic station at Laurie Island, and it has installed another station this year on Wendell Island.

The example being given, it only remains to follow it, and, as I have said, there are numerous islands on which stations could be placed. Facing the Atlantic side of Antarctica, there are Bouvet Island, South Georgia, the Sandwich Islands, the South Orkneys, and South Shetland. In the Indian Ocean there are Prince Edward Island, the Crosets, Kerguelen, Saint Paul, MacDonald, and Neard Island; while, finally, to the south of New Zealand there are Auckland, Campbell, Macquarie, and Balleny Islands. It goes without saying that the expeditions to be sent into the unexplored sectors, as well as the other Polar expeditions, should work simultaneously and make meteorological and magnetic observations at the same time as those made at the Sub-Antarctic stations. Finally, it would be most advantageous to have stations also established in the boreal and Arctic regions.

The International organisation and co-operation must be the work of a conference of explorers. At Dover I was under the illusion that the plan of co-operation was near; it seemed to me, in fact, that the polygons of stations could be worked at simultaneously with the expeditions of the *Discovery* and the *Gauss*. It is fortunate that I was mistaken, for the

experience acquired will now permit of the organisation of all the work in a more systematic manner. The effort will also be more general and more efficacious now, thanks to the resolution of the Congress of Mons, and thanks to the numerous good intentions which have been manifested.

Amongst those who have given their adherence to the formation of an international plan of action, and to united effort, organised under the guidance of the International Association are the Dukes of the Abruzzi and Orleans, Messrs. Bruce, Charcot, Cook, von Drygalski, de Gerlache, Greely, Lecointe, Nordensjöld, Svendrop, Racovitza, Scott, Shackleton, and the writer. The adherence to the plan of united action of those well-known explorers is already a guarantee for the success of that magnificent project; and with their adherence there must now be included that of a great number of scientists who have intimated their approval of the project and expressed their desire of forming part of the Association.

In 1889 Sir Clements Markham subdivided the Antarctic regions into quadrants, to which he gave the names of Ross, Weddell, Enderby, and Victoria, and formed a plan of campaign in which he took account of only two spheres of action, that of the German expedition and that of the organisation with which he was intimately associated. According to this plan all the co-operation was to be confined to two expeditions, each having, as a field to work upon, one half of the unexplored regions.

The enterprise projected at Mons must be otherwise interpreted; all the nations are invited to take part in it, and it must be truly wide and international.

The little *Belgica* was the first to winter at the South Pole, and the accumulated reports of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition prove that the results obtained by it can be compared favourably with all that has been done since. These memoirs form an ineffaceable monument to the honour and enterprise of de Gerlache and the generosity of the Belgian people. The pleasing duty of showing the road to be followed has once more

devolved on Belgium, and in the fulfilment of that duty the organisation of the preliminary circumpolar expedition is clearly the first thing to be done by that country.

In order that the other expeditions to follow may profit as largely as possible by its discoveries, it is desirable that this preliminary expedition should start at the earliest moment possible. Starting from Antwerp about the month of August 1908, the circumpolar expedition could leave the latitude of Cape Horn at the end of November to explore the section facing the Pacific, where, guiding its course with the anticyclonic winds of the Antarctic summer, it could go right to the ice-wall in Ross Sea, with a view to experimenting with the motor traction. Returning to Melbourne for the winter, the expedition could quit Australia early in the season to sail in search of new lands, and of ports for wintering on the coast of Wilkes Land and the unexplored sections to the south of the Indian Ocean and of the Atlantic. During the time that these preliminary expeditions are being made the organisation of the International co-operation can be proceeded with in Europe: that co-operation which, we may confidently hope, shall result in the solution of the great problem of the Polar regions.

HENRYK ARCTOWSKI.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT WORK

THE House of Commons is the supreme authority in this Nation. It should, therefore, be a consoling thought to the people that every sitting of the House is opened with prayers for light and guidance in the exercise of its unlimited powers.

Mr. Speaker stands at the head of the table. By his side is the Chaplain in gown and bands. Standing in files along the benches are the Members—the two great political parties facing each other across the floor. The service opens with the 67th Psalm, with its aspirations for the enlargement of God's Kingdom, to the joy of the people and the increase of God's blessings. "O let the Nations be glad and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth." The sublime maxims of the Lord's Prayer are recited. For social policy: "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread"; and for foreign affairs, "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation." There are prayers for the King and Queen. Then there is an invocation to God on behalf of the House of Commons, at which the members turn to the walls with bowed heads.

Send down the Heavenly Wisdom from above [the Chaplain prays] to direct and guide us in all our consultations; and grant that we, having Thy fear always

before our eyes, and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, the result of all our counsels may be to the Glory of Thy blessed Name, the maintenance of true religion and justice, the safety, honour and happiness of the King, the public welfare, peace and tranquillity of the realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same in true Christian love and charity one towards another, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Strangers are not admitted to the Galleries until this service is over. The first sight of the plain architectural features of the House of Commons must be disappointing to any one swayed by its great associations and stirring memories. If there be any secular institution to which something of divinity attaches it surely is the free Legislature of a Nation.

> The people's voice is odd,
> It is, and it is not, the Voice of God.

At any rate, there ought to be something of religious solemnity about a place where the habits, customs and institutions of the people are moulded, where the morality of the country finds expression in laws.

Is it really in this simple chamber of modest dimensions and severe aspect that the principal House of the Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland, which has so long wielded the sceptre of civilisation, is content to meet? Is it here that since 1852—the year when the Chamber was first occupied—so many exciting and momentous battles over political principles have been fought? Have these plain wainscoted walls really echoed with the potent voices of the great Parliamentarians of the Victorian era—Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, Parnell, Churchill, and Gladstone? From this narrow hall, indeed, influences radiate which are felt to the farthest confines of the world, in the wigwams of savage tribes as well as in the Chancellories of the Great Powers.

Yet there are objects within the Chamber, made sacred almost by history and tradition, which at once catch the eye. The visitor will notice with becoming awe the high canopied Chair, surmounted with an oak carving of the Royal Arms

and will look with fitting reverence on Mr. Speaker in his big grey wig and black silk gown. At the head of the Table, beneath the Speaker, sit the Clerk of the House, and the two Assistant Clerks, all in the gown and short wig of a barrister-at-law, busily discharging their multifarious duties, such as sub-editing papers handed in by Members, containing questions to be addressed to Ministers, amendments to be moved to Bills, and notices of motions to be proposed should opportunity offer, and taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House. The Table is indeed a "substantial piece of furniture," as Disraeli described it on a famous occasion when he expressed his satisfaction that it lay between him and Gladstone, who had just concluded a fierce declamatory attack. It contains pens, ink, and stationery for the use of Members, volumes of the Standing Orders and Sessional Orders, and other works of reference. At the end of the Table, on either side, are two brass-bound oaken boxes. These are the famous "despatch-boxes" on which Ministers and ex-Ministers lay their notes when addressing the House, and, following the traditional example of many great Statesmen, thump to give emphasis to an argument. But of all the objects in the House calculated to awaken historic memories the Mace, perhaps, is the most potent. Made of silver and gilt with gold, its large globular head surmounted by a cross and ball, its staff artistically embellished, it lies a prominent and luminous object, when the Speaker is in the Chair, on raised supports at the end of the Table.

Business begins the moment the Speaker takes the Chair. It is noted, almost every day, for its miscellaneous character. Private Bills—or Bills introduced on behalf of the promoters of commercial or municipal undertakings which interfere with rights of property—are first considered. But the proceedings are formal, and devoid of interest. Petitions are also presented to the House at this stage of the sitting. A Member rises in his place, and stating that he has a petition to present reads a brief summary of its purport. It invariably ends with

the phrase, "And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c." No one has ever seen the sentence completed. What then, can "&c." imply? It seems a slovenly way of completing one's prayers. One is reminded of the backwoodsman, who chalked up his pious wishes at the head of his bed, and, when tumbling in at night, jerked his thumb over his shoulder saying, "Lord, them's my sentiments." "Will the honourable gentleman bring it up?" says the Speaker, referring, of course, to the petition. The Member walks up the floor and drops the roll into the yawning mouth of a big black bag, hanging at the back of the Chair. More often there is no public mention whatever of the petition in the House. The Member to whom it is sent contents himself with privately stowing it away into the bag, without any one being made a bit the wiser in regard to its nature or contents. Through the yawning mouth of this big black bag petitions may be said to drop out of sight and out of mind. It is true that their presentation is recorded in the Journals of the House. But they make no impression whatever on the minds of Members in regard to the grievances they are intended to ventilate, or the administrative evils they are expected to remove; and they are heard of no more, except the Committee on Petitions, before whom, in due course, they come for scrutiny, find that some of the regulations have been violated—that, for instance, a portion of the petitions, instead of being in writing, is printed, or lithographed, or type-written, or that some of the signatures are in the same handwriting, or denote personages whose existence is manifestly fictitious, when the petition is either returned for correction to the Member who presented it, or its rejection is recommended.

The Chamber has now rapidly filled up for "Question Time," which is often the most interesting part of a sitting of the House of Commons. One of the most valuable privileges of a Member of Parliament is the right to question Ministers before the House proceeds to business, in regard to public affairs, matters of administration, or legislation. These interrogations and the replies are an unfailing source of interest and

also of entertainment. The House then wears an animated aspect. The benches on each side are thronged with members, each supplied with a copy of the "Orders of the Day"—a white folio paper of many pages, in which the questions are printed, with other matter relating to business—and one of the most characteristic sights which the House affords is the flutter of these papers on the crowded benches, as the questions on all sorts of subjects—illustrating the freedom of speech of the House, and its unlimited jurisdiction within the far-spreading empire—are put and answered.

Questions are given in writing to the clerk at the table. "A question," according to the Standing Orders, "must not contain any argument, inference, imputation, epithet, or ironical expression." The judge of the propriety or admissibility of a question is the Speaker. He disallows a question when in his opinion it is an abuse of the right of questioning. Questions are sometimes altered or cut down by the clerks on the ground of unreasonable length or impropriety of expression. Members occasionally complain of this censorship. Recently the Irish Party resented as offensive the insertion at the table of the word "Roman" before "Catholic" in a question handed in by one of their Members. But, on the other hand, they rejoiced over their success in passing and having printed upon the notice paper a question in which the word "grabbers"—that term of ill-omen in Irish agrarian agitation—appeared for the first time in the records of Parliament. But however questions may be sub-edited, it is rarely that one is refused by the Speaker. A question addressed to a Minister must, of course, relate to some public affair with which he is officially concerned, or to a matter of administration for which he is responsible. But with these limitations a Member may interrogate a Minister on any subject, no matter how local or trivial, and insist upon the reply to it being read by the Minister at the table. The Minister, however, may decline to answer on the ground of public interest. This salutary rule prevents the unwarrantable interference of Members in the

most delicate functions of the executive which, if allowed, especially in foreign affairs, would be productive of confusion, and, perhaps, disaster.

Questions of an urgent character, or of exceptional importance, may be asked without notice. But as a rule two or three days' notice is given in order that time may be afforded for the preparation of the replies. If an oral answer is desired in the House the question must be marked with an asterisk. The replies to questions without this distinguishing mark are printed and circulated with the Votes and Proceedings. It is not, of course, the Ministers who discharge the task of looking up the information that is asked for. The questions are sent to the different State Departments, to whose heads they are addressed, and the answers are drafted by the permanent officials. In most cases all the Minister has to do with the replies is to read them in the House of Commons. Each day's questions are printed, as I have said, in the "Orders of the Day," with the names of the Members responsible for them. They are also numbered. The mode in which they are put in is this—each Member rises in his place when called on, in succession, by the Speaker, and simply says: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department question No. 1"; or, "I beg to ask the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland question No. 40." The Home Secretary looks up question No. 1, or the Chief Secretary question No. 40, in the bundle of typewritten answers supplied him by the clerks of his Department, and reads it in reply.

The development of this practice of questioning Ministers in recent years has been very remarkable. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that it became an established feature of the proceedings of the House of Commons. In 1849 a special place was assigned to questions in the "Orders of the Day." Before that year they were few in number; they referred mainly to the arrangement and progress of business, and were rarely printed. The first time a question appeared in the "Orders of the Day" was in 1835. But after

1849 questions were printed regularly in the "Orders of the Day," and the subjects inquired about—confined, previously, to pending legislation—extended gradually to public affairs and matters of administration. Still, it was rare to see more than twelve, or at the most twenty, questions on the paper for thirty years subsequently. In the Session of 1860 the number of questions asked was 699; in 1870, 1203; in 1880, 1546; and in 1890, 4407. In the present Session the questions occasionally exceed 120 per day. All this illustrates how this usage of interpellation, like other important elements in the working of the House of Commons, came almost imperceptibly and haphazardly into operation, and now rests immovably on the foundation of custom.

Until 1880 it was the custom of Members to read every question when putting it to the Minister, although it was printed in the "Orders of the Day." On July 8, 1880, after question time, Joseph Cowen called attention to the fact that two hours had been occupied in asking and answering questions. Yet the number of questions put that day was only thirty. The hon. Member added that, having taken the time on his watch, he had found the mere reading of the questions occupied an hour; and he asked the Speaker whether, as the questions were printed in the "Orders of the Day," it was necessary they should be read. Mr. Speaker Brand, in reply, said: "It has been the general practice for many years for hon. Members, in putting questions, to read these questions, and it has been generally found to be a convenient course. There is, however, no absolute rule the subject." From that day, however, the reading of questions was gradually discontinued; and questions were put simply by a reference to the number each bore in the "Orders of the Day." It was only a month later that Mr. Finigan, a Nationalist Member, on reading a question, was received with loud cries of "Order!" The Speaker was asked whether it was not "a great abuse of the rules of the House" for the hon. Member to have read his question. "The matter is not so much one of order as of propriety," replied Mr.

Speaker Brand. "I consider that the hon. Member in reading the question of which he has given notice was, strictly speaking, not out of order. With regard to the propriety of his doing so, I give no opinion." This was the last occasion a question appearing in the "Orders of the Day" was read on being put to the Minister.

Questions disposed of, the House comes to the real business of the sitting. At this stage of the proceedings leave may be asked for to move the adjournment of the House, but even if it be granted action is not immediately taken. The object of such a motion is to obtain from the Government an explanation of some act of commission or omission on their part; of something which, in the opinion of the Opposition or any other section of the House, they have wrongly done or left undone. The matter complained of must be—as the Standing Order says—"a definite matter of urgent public importance" in the opinion of the Speaker, and must also have the concurrence of at least forty members. Therefore, when a member rises after questions and asks leave to move the adjournment of the House, stating at the same time the object of the motion, the Speaker, should he consider the matter definite and urgent, asks whether the hon. gentleman is supported by forty members. Immediately the associates of the member rise in their places, and if they muster forty leave is granted, but the debate stands over until a quarter past 8 o'clock. Forty members make a quorum, without which no business can be done.

Then the Speaker rises and says: "The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day," and the Clerk, with a copy of the Order Paper in his hand, reads the title of the first of the long list of Bills down for consideration. It is the second reading or the third reading stage, at which, on all great Bills, there is usually a big debate. Disraeli is said to have described the House of Commons as a dull place, with moments of emotion. In my opinion, founded on twenty years' experience, it is impossible for the House of Commons

ever to be dull. Its moments of emotion are, indeed, many ; and the largeness and vitality of the questions at issue there always redeems it from tediousness. For Disraeli—as for most of those who have once breathed its intoxicating atmosphere—it always had an absorbing charm. Joseph Gilles Biggar lived in the House and for the House. Outside it he had no interest or amusement. I happened to be talking to him in the Lobby during one dull sitting, when a colleague asked him whether he might go to a theatre for the evening. Biggar was then the Chief Whip of the Nationalist Party, and a stern martinet. "Theatre!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "This is better than a theatre, Mister. It is all real here." Yet he was the man who, by the invention and use of obstruction, did most to outrage its time-honoured and most cherished customs. The House of Commons is, indeed, an interesting place. It has an interest of the highest dramatic intensity on the occasion of a big debate on the chief political issue of the day, which deeply stirs Party passions and prejudices, and brings down into the arena of the floor the chiefs of the parties to fight for principle with the keen and subtle weapon of the tongue.

"Mr. Speaker." So begins each Member who rises to address the House. Of all the speakers in the Chamber Mr. Speaker speaks seldomest, and in the fewest words. The Speaker sits in his high canopied chair, not to talk but to listen to talkers. Hours may pass and "order, order," may be the only words spoken by Mr. Speaker. Yet it is impossible to exaggerate the trying and arduous nature of the Speaker's duties, or the strain, mental and physical, involved in their discharge. He guides the deliberations of the House. He names the Member who is to continue the debate. This is not a matter simply of "catching the Speaker's eye," as it is popularly called. The Speaker does not always name the Member upon whom his eye may first rest. On both sides of the House Members jump to their feet, eager to join in the debate, each straining forward, or shaking his notes to attract

the attention of Mr. Speaker. One and all remind you of the puppy who raises himself on his hind legs and wags his tail to solicit notice. The Speaker's selection of one from among these competitors to fix his wandering orb is careful and deliberate. If a Liberal is talking it is certain that a Conservative will talk next. The object of the Speaker is to secure that, as far as possible, every phase of opinion on the subject at issue shall find expression in the debate. Therefore it is that members on opposite sides, supporters and opponents of the question, follow each other alternately throughout the discussion, the only exception to the rule being that should a Minister, or one of the leading occupants of the Front Opposition Bench, intervene at any stage, he has the right, more or less prescriptive, to be called on by the Speaker.

The Speaker follows the flow of discursive and sometimes idle debate with what appears to be the most absorbing interest. Indeed, it is into his ears that the Member "in possession of the House"—to use the traditional phrase—pours all his views and prognostications, all his fears and expectations. It is "Now, Mr. Speaker, let me say," or "With great respect, Mr. Speaker, I submit." Accordingly, the Speaker may not betake himself, even for a little while, to his own select and profitable thoughts. He must always be seized with the drift of the argument of the Member who is addressing him. At any moment he may be called upon to rule a point of order. His faculties must always be wide awake. At any moment some emergency may arise, without the least forewarning, when all his authority, tact, and wisdom will be needed.

There have been judges of the High Court who possessed the inestimable idiosyncrasy of being able to go to sleep during the speeches of counsel, and waking up at the moment that the gentlemen learned in the law concluded the slumberous presentation of their arguments. The atmosphere of the House of Commons is usually drowsy. Members may be seen asleep on the benches at all hours. Yet it is a remarkable fact that there is only one instance on record of a Speaker

—impassive figure though he be, in a big wig and a flowing gown, reclining in a large Chair under a spreading canopy—having been caught nodding or napping. It was to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the only Speaker over whom tired Nature asserted itself, and whose weighted lids, despite his desperate resistance, were finally closed in slumber, that Mackworth Praed addressed these lines:

> Sleep, Mr. Speaker; it's only fair,
> If you don't in your bed, you should in your chair,
> Longer and longer still they grow,
> Tory and Radical, Aye and No.
> Talking by night and talking by day;
> Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Formerly the Speaker was closely confined to the Chair while the House was sitting. Members might come and go, but he was chained to his post until the adjournment. It was only in his unavoidable absence that the Deputy Speaker—appointed for the first time in 1853—could perform his duties and exercise his authority. Now he may be relieved at any time he pleases by the Deputy Speaker, and though the House now sits continuously, without the former interruption for half an hour between seven and eight o'clock, called "the Speaker's chop," his place is filled for an hour or two midway in the sitting by the Deputy Speaker to enable him to dine at leisure.

The varying aspects of the House during a big debate are surprising. During one speech the benches are crowded. During the next there is but a Member here and there amid the desert of green morocco. All the time Members are restlessly moving in and out of the Chamber. Indeed, the general inattention or indifference to ordinary speakers is very marked. The doors of the main entrance under the clock swing open and a Member, hat in hand, enters and stands at the Bar. One sentence of the speech that is being delivered suffices. Out he rushes again. Here and there on the benches a Member sits apart in a half-dreamy state, his arms folded, his hat over his

eyes, engrossed with his own thought. A good deal of babble is heard in the course of the debate. But it is not the babble of argument and contention. It is the babble of Members chatting and joking with each other, heedless of the honourable gentleman who is wrestling with his arguments, and to whom only the polite Mr. Speaker is attentive. A loud laugh is heard. Nothing could be more serious than the speech which is being addressed to the House. What then is the cause of this misplaced gaiety? A good story is being told in that group of Members yonder making merry among themselves. A few Members listen half abstractedly, with expressionless faces. There are some, however, whose attention is eagerly concentrated on the talker. They seem to hear, but not to heed. Not a gleam of sympathy is to be found in their looks. They are all on an edge to join in the debate. Some of them divide their feverish attention between the talker, the clock, and their notes. Others are mumbling to themselves the favourite passages of their intended speeches. But will the opportunity of delivering these speeches come to them? Time is flying for these Members, impatiently on the pounce. The hon. gentleman on his legs has long ago exhausted all he really had to say. But he is in that curious predicament of the unpractised and self-conscious speaker that he does not know how to stop. So he goes on haranguing, not that he has anything particular to say, but that it seems infinitely easier to go on talking to Mr. Speaker than abruptly to finish and sit down. Mr. Speaker, certainly, is listening amiably, politely, but scarcely sympathetically. The hon. gentleman's arguments seem to bring no conviction to Mr. Speaker. Across the face of Mr. Speaker no smile flutters at his jokes. The object with which Mr. Speaker follows his remarks is to see that he does not offend against the rules of debate. It must be a trying ordeal addressing the House of Commons, that most fastidious or inattentive of audiences, and not the least of its terrors are the sleepless eyes and the vigilant ears of the ever-listening Mr. Speaker. Still, the fate of those to whom was given the

chance of taking part in the debate might have been worse. At any rate they have had the relief and the satisfaction of self-expression. The debate might have closed, and left them, like the unsuccessful competitors for the Speaker's eye, with carefully prepared unspoken speeches lying oppressively on their minds.

In its way a debate in the House of Commons is a very odd proceeding. What is its chief aim and end? Ostensibly, it is to persuade and convert. But really it never effects that purpose. A speech has rarely led to the transference of a vote from one side to the other. Hundreds of great debates, remarkable for the display on each side of eloquence and argumentative power of the highest degree, have taken place at St. Stephen's without affecting the Party allegiance of a single Member. One hears of the triumphs of Parliamentary oratory. But in truth these triumphs are often but vapour and wind. The orator is inspired only to those whose principles his eloquence upholds. The believers on the benches behind him are moved aud kindled by his words: but no light of the faith which illumes his periods goes out to the unregenerate who sit opposite in darkness. By the lure of his eloquence not one of his opponents is entrapped. They see beauty in his passages, but no conviction. In the course of a Parliament a waverer or two may cross the floor of the House of Commons, but it is true generally to say that political opinions are so stoutly built on the foundations of conviction or Party allegiance, that whatever they may be—Conservative or Liberal, Free Trade or Fiscal Reform, Unionist or Home Rule—they stand four-square to all the winds of argument and persuasion that blow in the deliberations of Parliament. The object of debate in the House of Commons is, therefore, not so much to persuade the other side, as to justify the political faith to those who profess it—which, in most cases, is but pushing an open door—and, above all, to disseminate opinion in the country. "Mr. Speaker, Sir," says every Member who rises in the Council of the Nation to give expression to his views. Many of them might more appropriately begin, "Gentlemen of the Press

Gallery," for to reach the country they must first convince the reporters that what they say is worthy of publication.

The Speaker has no power of putting an extinguisher on a tiresome talker. All he can do is to call a Member to order for irrelevance or repetition, and on the third unheeded warning, to direct him to discontinue his speech. The House, however, shows its resentment of the impertinences or inanities of a talker by cries and exclamations. A Member who was once subjected to considerable interruption appealed to Mr. Speaker Spencer Compton to put down the disturbance, saying that he had a right to be heard. "No, Sir," replied the Speaker, "you have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you." A far finer thing was said by Mr. Speaker Lowther in the early days of the present Session in vindication of the dignities and decencies of debate. There had been unmannerly interruptions of an Opposition speech on the part of some new Members who had not time to become acquainted with the traditional courtesies of the House. "One of the great boasts of this House," said the Speaker, in a dignified reprimand of the disorder, "is that we listen to the speeches and reply afterwards."

Nevertheless, Members very properly enjoy considerable licence in expressing their dissent from the views that are being laid before them, or their desire to bring an irritating or superfluous speech to a speedy conclusion, by interrupting cries "No, no!" or "'Vide, 'vide!" without having to fear any censure from the Chair. These interruptions are to some men only an incentive to extend the scope of their unappreciated remarks. "If you don't allow me to finish my speech in my own way I'll not leave off at all," said one Member who was regarded as a bore. The threat had the desired effect. "I am speaking to posterity," said another Member grandiloquently, in reply to his interruptors. "Faith, if you go on at this rate," remarked a voice from the Irish quarter, "you will see your audience before you." "Sir," retorted the talker, "I can afford to wait."

It was not until 1882 that the Government was armed with powers arbitrarily to close a debate which, in their opinion, was being deliberately prolonged for the purpose of causing them embarrassment. Before that period the deliberations of the House of Commons were guided and controlled not so much by written regulations as by customs and understandings that for generations had been universally accepted. Obstruction was the invention, as every one knows, of Joseph Gilles Biggar and Charles Stewart Parnell in the late seventies of the nineteenth century, and the extent to which it was employed by the Nationalists in the early eighties, with the avowed object of dislocating the Parliamentary machine, until their objects were conceded, showed that if the opportunities for its use were not restricted, the due transaction of business might well become impossible.

Accordingly, Gladstone carried a closure resolution on November 11, 1882, in an Autumn Session held specially for the purpose of considering it. The new Standing Order gave power to the Speaker, or the Chairman of Committees, when it appeared to him that "the evident sense of the House" was in favour of an immediate division, to so inform the House, or Committee, and, on a motion being made, to put the question under discussion forthwith. Henry Bouverie Brand was Speaker at the time. Early in the preceding year, at nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, February 1, 1881, he had terminated a sitting which lasted forty-two hours, or from the preceding Monday at four o'clock, debating Forster's motion for leave to introduce a Bill for the Better Protection of Person and property in Ireland, by refusing to call upon any more of the Nationalist members who still desired to speak, and thereupon peremptorily putting the question. This was admittedly an arbitrary and coercive proceeding. There was no rule, written or unwritten, to justify it. But that it was in accordance with "the evident sense of the House" was indisputable. Mr. Brand, however, never had occasion to apply the new Standing Order, which was designed to render un-

necessary any repetition of his high-handed action. The closure was employed for the first time on February 28, 1885, close on two and a half years after it had become a rule of the House, by Mr. Speaker Peel, against the Nationalist members. In the division on the motion "that the question be now put" the ayes, on the first application of the closure, were 207, and the noes 46. The rule provides that the closure must be supported by more than 200 members, if the minority is over 40, or by 100 members if the minority is under 40. A reduction of the majority by seven votes would therefore have rendered ineffectual this invocation of the closure by the Speaker. Thus Mr. Peel narrowly escaped a serious rebuff, which would certainly have impaired his authority and might have been followed by his resignation. It was unlikely that any Speaker would ever again put his position to this hazard. Moreover, the application of the closure, on the sole initiative of the Speaker, should tend to embitter the relations between Members and the Chair. A wise move it was, therefore, on the part of the Conservative Administration in 1887 to relieve the Speaker of this onerous and personally invidious responsibility, by giving power to any Member—private or official—to attempt to put an end to obstructive discussion by moving the closure, leaving, however, to the Speaker the discretion of putting, or refusing to put, the motion to the House. He is empowered by the Standing Order to refuse the closure should it appear to him to be an abuse of the rules of the House, or an infringement of the rights of the minority.

The benches, deserted for the most part during the dinner period, fill up again about ten o'clock for the two concluding speeches of the debate—the final attack by the leader of the Opposition, and the defence by the spokesman of the Government. It is then that the Chamber, full of warmth and glow and animation, looks its very best. The illumination comes from the ceiling. The original lofty oaken roof was so acoustically defective that to hear was most difficult, while its hanging clusters of gas-jets made the atmosphere intolerably stuffy.

Then a novel ceiling was designed which not only lighted and ventilated the Chamber, but served as a sounding-board. The ceiling is of glass of the hue of the primrose, divided by carved oaken ribs into panels with delicate floral decorations, through which the gas-jets on the outer side send a flood of light that fills the Chamber with radiance, soft and mellow. The lights also bring out the fine carving of the oak wainscot of the Chamber, and the panels emblazoned with the coats-of-arms of the Sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria, which decorate the railings of the surrounding galleries. It is on such an occasion, too, that the debating advantages of a small chamber are seen and appreciated. The House is crowded. Every member present may not be comfortably seated, but all can command a complete view of the scene and hear the speeches distinctly. This tends to keep the debate at a high level. The orator may speak in his ordinary voice. The audience are compelled to follow him with strained attention. They can give full play to their feelings. The House accordingly is moved by great excitement. Cheers are answered by cries of defiance. Statement and denials, charges and recriminations, hurtle through the air. There is also seen the rhetorical aid to invective, afforded by the arrangement of the rival political parties on two sides of the chamber, separated only by a narrow floor. The opponents gaze at each other straight in the face. They see each other's flaming eyes, or curling lips, their looks of dejection or triumph. In moments of passion they add fuel to each other's wrath. Moreover, with the enemy straight before him, the orator can point the finger of scorn with tremendous effect. This was a favourite gesture of Gladstone during his passionate and emotional speeches. Flinging himself almost half-way across the table, and shooting out his right arm, he would point the extended forefinger at the occupants of the front bench opposite, his face ablaze with righteous indignation and infinite disdain in his voice, while they—alas, for the futility and impotence of Parliamentary oratory!—more often than not beamed with

satisfaction that they should be thought worthy objects of the great orator's fiery rhetorical exasperation.

But the last word has been said. The great debate is closed. Now comes the division, which is often the most dramatic episode. There is no summing-up of the rival cases. The clash of so many conflicting arguments in the course of a heated debate must be most distracting to any one who desires to come to a calm and unprejudiced conclusion on the questions in dispute. Would it not be well, then, if the Speaker—the only member of the House who hears the entire discussion, who is raised above personal likings, above party interests and passions, above class animosities—were to endeavour, at the close of the debate, with the cold neutrality of the impartial judge, to make straight the confusing entanglement of thought, to weigh nicely the many antagonistic opinions, to estimate in its true proportions and according to its proper value the issue at stake for the guidance of the whole House. Fantastic thought! Nothing of the nature of a judicial element can be introduced into the Legislative Chamber of the nation. No representative of the people desires to be helped to a disinterested judgment in the division lobbies. The triumph of Party is the sole consideration. Besides, the art of the Speakership is not concerned with sagacious and logical conclusions. It is not concerned even with the passing of sound legislation. The art of the Speakership lies solely in the preservation of order and the regularity of the proceedings.

Therefore, when the debate has concluded, Mr. Speaker rises in his chair, and simply puts the question, "The question is that this Bill be now read the third time. As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye.'" A shout of "Aye" arises from the Government benches. "The contrary, 'No,'" continues Mr. Speaker, and a volley of "Noes" comes in response from the Opposition side of the House. "I think the 'Ayes' have it," says Mr. Speaker. He always decides in favour of the side supported by the Government, unless the motion be of a non-party character, when he is guided by the volume of

sound from the "Ayes" and the "Noes." But in most cases the decision of the Speaker is not accepted. The Opposition again roar out, "The 'Noes' have it," and thus a division is challenged.

The Speaker then gives the order, "Clear the Lobby," and at the same moment the electric bells in every corridor and in every room of the Palace of Westminster ring out a summons to members to hurry to the Chamber for the division. The policemen who are on duty in the lobbies and corridors also shout "Division!" with all the strength of their lungs, and so, amid the clanging of the bells, cries of "Division" answer other cries of "Division" in every part of the Palace. This ringing and shouting continues for two minutes, measured by a sand-glass in front of the Clerk at the table, which takes that time in its flow. Into the House the Members come rushing from dining-rooms, library, and smoking-rooms, while the sands in the glass are running their course. Formerly, when the two minutes had passed the Speaker made a sign to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the doors of the chamber are locked. The doors could not be opened again until the division was concluded. Every Member in the chamber had to vote. Visitors in the distinguished Strangers' Gallery, or Peers in the Lords' Gallery—whose way out lay through the lobby—could not leave until the division was over, and the doors were again unlocked. Gladstone has an interesting note in his diary in reference to the visit of the Shah of Persia to the House of Commons, on July 1, 1873, which is worth repeating, as the state of things to which it refers has now come to an end. "A division on a trifling matter of adjournment took place during his Majesty's presence, in which he manifested an intelligent interest. The circumstance of his presence at the time is singular in this view (and of this he was informed, rather to his amusement) that until the division is over he could not be released from the walls of the House. It is probably, or possibly, the first time for more than five hundred years that a Sovereign has been under personal

restraint of any kind in England." The present plan of taking divisions, invented by Mr. Harcourt, First Commissioner of Works in the present Session of 1906, did away with the old system, of locking the doors during the counting of the votes. It is, therefore, no longer necessary for a Member who does not desire to vote to leave the chamber when the division is challenged.

At the end of the two minutes interval the Speaker puts the question a second time in the same form. The declaration of the Speaker, "I think the 'Ayes' have it," is answered again by a shout from the Opposition benches, "The 'Noes' have it." The die is now cast. The division lobbies must decide the issue. The Speaker accordingly adds, "'Ayes' to to the right and 'Noes' to the left," and names the two chief Government Whips as the tellers for the former, and the Whips of the Opposition as the tellers for the latter.

The Members then pour into the division lobbies, which are two wide corridors on each side of the Chamber. The supporters of the "Ayes" come up the House and enter their lobby by the door behind the Speaker's Chair; the "Noes" go down the House and file into their lobby by the door under the clock. In each lobby clerks sit at a desk, each with a list of Members alphabetically arranged before him. At one side of the desk there is a large card marked "A to M"; and on the other side of the desk another card marked "N to Z." The Members pass this desk in single file—each on the proper side, according to his initial letter—giving their names to the clerks, who tick them off on the printed list. In this way a record of the Members who take part in each division is taken. As the Members pass out of the division lobbies they are counted by two tellers, one representing the the Government and the other the Opposition, and each acting as a check on the other in the reckoning.

Thomas Creevey, in his diary, under date January 29, 1810, writes in reference to the publication in the newspapers of the way in which certain Members had voted:

A damned canting fellow in the House, Mr. Manning, complained of Members' names being printed as a breach of privilege, and so it would have passed off if I had not showed them that, so far from it being a breach of privilege, it was a Vote in King William's time, "that Members names should be printed that the Country might know who did, and who did not their duty."

It is the fact, however, that not until 1836, four years after the passing of the Reform Act, did the House of Commons adopt the wise and popular plan of recording the votes of every Member, and publishing them day by day as part of the proceedings of the House. The votes of Members who joined in the debates—at that time a very small number—might be guessed on the publication of their speeches in the Press, but the votes of the silent majority was an absolute secret. Who were present at a division and how they voted could not be ascertained by the constituences. All that was publicly known were the numbers on each side. At that time there were no division lobbies. The usual mode of taking a division was that one side went out of the House; the side that remained was counted; and the number of those that went out was ascertained as they returned to the Chamber. The Press Gallery was always cleared when, on the challenging of a division, the Speaker said, "Strangers will withdraw." These words were continued in use until the present Session, though in recent years they applied only to visitors in the seats under the clock, which are generally used by Government officials, and who are now, under the new plan left undisturbed. Old Members regarded the method of taking a division, introduced in 1836, with considerable disfavour. The tellers who at first took the record often found it difficult to obtain the names of some of the Members as they intentionally rushed past them in the lobbies,

The average time a division occupies is ten minutes, but some big divisions, for which there is a full muster on each side, take a quarter of an hour. But at length all the members have returned from the lobbies, and the counting is over. The tellers appear in the Chamber, and report to one of the clerks

at the tables their respective numbers. The victors will now be known in a moment. The clerk writes the figures on a slip of paper, which he hands to the principal teller of the side that has won. Immediately, a shout of delight arises from the triumphant majority. They do not wait for the announcement of the exact result. They know they have won—by what majority does not for the moment concern them—and they rejoice accordingly. Now we shall hear the numbers. The four tellers meet in a row in front of the table; the tellers for the victors to the right facing the Speaker, the tellers for the vanquished to the left, and when they have bowed to the Chair, the principal teller for the majority reads out the numbers in a loud voice:—"'Ayes' to the right, 398; 'Noes' to the left, 190." The Ministerialists again lift their voices in exultation and the Opposition answer back with mocking laughter. "Order, order!" is heard from Mr. Speaker. The result of the division must be announced from the Chair. The paper containing the figures has been passed on by the clerk to the Speaker, as the tellers return to their places. "The 'Ayes' to the right were 398; the 'Noes' to the left, 190," says the Speaker, and he adds: "the 'Ayes' have it." Once more the triumphant cheering and the shouts of defiance are renewed.

Does a Bill on its third reading really represent the reasoned and deliberate opinion of the Majority who have carried it? Would the Majority have come to the same conclusion if—instead of being Members of an Assembly dominated by Party interests, depending on the uncertain chances of popular election, and anxious, therefore, to conciliate and stand well with the electorate—they could have considered the question independently and impartially, in the calm seclusion of their cabinets and come to a conclusion upon it, solely on its intrinsic merits? Having put these fascinating, because somewhat perplexing, questions, I must leave them to be answered by every one as he pleases.

But listen! "Who goes home?" This cry echoes through the lobbies and corridors of the House of Commons

when the House has concluded its sitting and is about to shut its doors. Surely, a quaint and curious question to ask of our legislators every night. It had its origin in the far-off time when an M.P., wending his way homewards alone at night, was liable to be attacked and robbed, and so the door-keepers of the House made arrangements for parties of members, living in the same district, to go home together for mutual protection. Centuries ago the representatives of the people streamed out of the dim vastness of Westminster Hall, and separating into groups, followed the link-boys carrying flickering torches, through the dark and intricate streets between Westminster and the residential quarter of Covent Garden, catching fleeting glimpses on the way of footpads skulking in the shadows. These dangers are things of the remote past. Yet, such is the reluctance to part with old forms and ceremonies at St. Stephen's that in these secure and orderly times of open thoroughfares, and electric lights and vigilant police, the question is still nightly asked: "Who goes home?"

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

A RIDICULOUS GOD

I

THE founder of Positive Philosophy offered to the faithful the prospect of being officially included in the Human Race seven years after death if at the end of that period their contemporaries judged them worthy of that intoxicating, if belated, honour. Then they were also entitled to the collective adoration of their successors, who had never so much as heard their names. This was perhaps to make up for having been consistently held of small account by their contemporaries.

Comte has conquered. We are living under the shadow of his thought. Positive Science, or what claims to be such, is the governing influence of our lives. Science is asserting her claim, and certainly her intention of forcing her rule of life upon those who are so foolish as to be of another opinion ; and here she is but following the precepts of Auguste Comte, who approved of "free inquiry" only in pre-positive times, since it was the sole means of establishing his philosophy. But once that final event was accomplished, there must be no more free inquiry. What would there be to inquire about after that ? [1]

[1] "Indispensable and salutary as it (free inquiry) has been, this dogma can never be an organic principle, and moreover it constitutes an obstacle to re-organisation now that its activity is no longer absorbed by the demolition of the old political order. . . . Systematic toleration can exist only with regard to opinions which are considered indifferent and doubtful." . . . "This philosophy (Positivism) alone can indicate the final term which human nature will be for ever approaching, never attaining."—"Philosophie Positive" (Auguste Comte).

This Grand Inquisitor of the Holy Positive Church is the original mover of the present drift of opinion towards the coercing of unbelievers and the sacrifice of the "unfit." Nature, we are reminded, brings about her ends by the destruction of those less well-equipped beings; therefore advanced opinion cavils against allowing them the means of protection and healing provided by their century, lest these should lead to the defeat of Nature's beneficently murderous intent. Science discovers a new serum, and long before there is time to judge of its ultimate action, her admirers ask impatiently why the stupid sceptics should not be forced to use it in the name of the common weal. Even in the baffling question of heredity, and its obscure and complex laws, the "thinking public" is eager to intervene, and urges the forcible prevention of marriage between persons who fail to satisfy the latest theories as to "fitness," and there are not a few who would place the matter in the hands of a medical supreme court, wherein couples could be suitably paired off according to racial suitability.

Thus the State, guided by science, would superintend the people's morals and all personal relationships, and prescribe their very heroisms, in the same fashion as a watch-maker, by a cunning arrangement of wheels, will cause a clock to strike at chosen intervals.

The process would give us a population punctually heroic, each citizen performing his good deeds under the same irresistible impetus that induces him to pay his taxes, and we should thus achieve an automatically virtuous humanity. Moreover, as virtue leads to happiness, would it not be also automatically happy? Some such clockwork Utopia was undoubtedly Comte's dream when he created his new God, the *Grand Etre*, as he christened him, this monstrous hybrid that we call Humanity; composed, so to speak, of its own Past, Present, and Future rolled into a unified being and established in the imagination as a vast personality.

The doctrine of the Trinity is child's-play compared with

this mystery of the racial Three-in-one, this Being who is, yet is not, nor ever can be; who exists at this moment, who was in the moment that is past, and yet neither was nor is nor ever can be fully Itself, since it consists also of all the unknown millions of the Future.

And yet there are not three Gods but one God!

It is to analyse and to bring into full daylight the true nature of this mystic being that the present article has been written, for, absurd spectre of the Brocken though he be, his is the power and the glory of to-day. Comte himself unconsciously discloses the character of the Idol in his famous three-fold division of human progress into the theological, the metaphysical and the Positive stages. The *Grand Etre* belongs unmistakably to the metaphysical category.

When some advanced primitive man began to harbour rationalistic doubts as to a personal Fetish, he gradually abandoned theological beliefs and attributed to the Idol (and to other objects), in place of a personality, a "power," an "essence," a "virtue," a "quality"; and later, these metaphysical conceptions became the occasion of the famous Realist and Nominalist controversies of the ancients and of the learned in the Middle Ages.

"It is one of the puzzles of philosophy," says J. S. Mill, "how mankind, after inventing a set of mere names to keep together certain combinations of ideas and images, could have so far forgotten their own act as to invest these creatures of their will with objective reality and mistake the name of a phenomenon for its efficient cause."

This attribute of the mind is the source of half our convictions and well nigh all our controversies. Once this mental act has been performed (of endowing a linguistic device with objective reality) education, conscious and unconscious, begins to weave the idea into the "cerebral tissue" and it takes a big revolution of thought to dislodge the usurper. So it is with the Religion of the *Grand Etre* which grows stronger every

day. Where the teachers of our fore-fathers exhorted obedience to the Gods, our priests and prophets bid us adore the Race, in whose knowledge and fear we are being religiously brought up: and an awesome, ungrateful, ungracious deity he is! While he claims more ruthlessly, and devours more greedily than any fetish of Central Africa, he has nothing to give to his starving votaries, no material from which wise or simple can derive any guidance, or thought-centralising support. The Idol who now sits on the throne of the Gods has none of their attributes except their astounding odiousness!

They at least were personalities, generally detestable indeed, but capable of touching the emotions of mankind, since from human emotions they had sprung. But the modern deity has no personality, and has not sprung from the emotions of men but from their grammatical conventions. He is a mere collective term, with no more individuality or life than a glorified verb, or a bedizened preposition. He has no pedigree, no psychological status, no character of any kind, for indeed he is a nullity, a mere Noun of Multitude, and not even in disguise!

The elder dynasties might well feel jealous of their upstart successor, this *nouveau-riche* among the gods; for while *they* had to be content with such general malevolence as contemporary superstitution enabled them to gratify, this new Croesus sweeps in contributions from all points of the compass, levies toll on almost every power and instinct and sense that man possesses, the artistic sense and the sense of humour alone refusing tribute.

The imagination dares scarcely contemplate the personally-conducted Cook's-tourist sort of world, which the new Moralities are preparing for us, an existence as metallic and bleak and respectably dreary as that preposterous Race in whose phantom interests every suffering creature, human or otherwise, is to be sacrificed, from generation to demented generation. But not even the mechanical Utopias, with their population of marionettes, can turn the feet of the faithful

from the shrine. One hears always more and more, and from persons less and less able to realise what they are saying, that in all problems affecting human life, the one thing that ought to be considered is the "Social Organism," whose health has to be tended very much as one might tend a sick Mastodon or some other gigantic invalid whose appetite must be gratified at whatever cost of private martyrdom.

Does the great Mastodon really enjoy himself after all that is being done for him?

Perhaps it is the prevalence of absurdities of this sort which goaded the writer of a large volume on modern life entitled "Ignorance" to speak of his comtemporaries as "rational idiots."[1]

The idea of aggregate humanity as an organism must not be confounded with the very different idea of the essential unity of the individuals constituting the "race" and with the still truer and larger idea of the kinship of the whole creation. But this conception makes of each unit a self-existent being not a mere part of a whole; and the notion of sacrificing any one unit for the good of the "others" would seem at once sacriligeous and absurd. The doctrine of unity supposes a meeting-place of all conscious spirits—so to put it — beyond the region of ordinary consciousness, in that "sub-consciousness" whose curious manifestations are beginning to be more and more studied by modern psychologists. In this region (as telepathy alone seems to indicate) the mind is in communication with other minds; with *all* other minds it is asserted, so that, if this be true, the loneliness and "separateness" which we at once cherish and suffer from is a sort of illusion. We are really companioned in our most desolate moments, if we could but realize it, since (according to this doctrine) we belong to the great ocean of life and consciousness, and are one with all the essential "selves" that exist.

What could be really farther from this idea (which implies the most developed and intense existence of the unit) than the idea of the *Grand Etre* who devours his constituent elements

[1] "Ignorance." By Marcus A. P. Dorman.

and grudges them their lives and their happiness lest he should be insufficiently fed with the flesh and blood of sacrifice?

The radical difference becomes clearer if we think of two possible ways of regarding the beads of a necklace, for instance. The Comtist philosopher would crush any single bead without mercy, because in his strange confusion of thought (as it seems, at least, to his opponents) he sets his heart upon the glory of the necklace and despises its individual pearls. The individualist, on the contrary, deeply values each separate pearl as a precious and beautiful thing *for its own sake*, knowing, too, that the necklace can well take care of itself so long as each bead is safe and sound.

But the converse of this would not hold true, for it would involve a direct contradiction, since it is impossible that the necklace should be safe and sound unless its individual pearls are so. In fact, it all resolves itself into the veriest truism; yet almost every "thinking" mind of to-day is trending in the direction of the doctrine which thus reduces itself to rank absurdity.

It is a doctrine that, in reality, in spite of first-sight appearances, leads farther and farther away from the conception of brotherhood and essential unity. As the human being grows more and more individualised (that is, developed) he becomes capable of more and more relationships with other units, for he has, so to speak, a larger surface of possible contact and so a greater recognition of kinship. The *personal* man grows less restless, less assertive, as the unity of life is increasingly realised, but the *individuality* grows stronger.

False, then, is the philosophy that would depress this attribute of developing man in favour of a supposititious "organism" of society.

Surely if ever there was a glaring instance of that metaphysical superstition which Comte attacked and founded in his turn, it is this attribution of an organic reality to a mere aggregate. If this aggregate be in any serious sense an organism, the amazing fact has not been proved, or brought within

sight of reasonable probability. And even if it *were* proved, why is one organism so very much more precious than any other, that millions of these others should be incessantly sacrificed to it? Moreover, supposing that it *is* more precious, by what just ordinance can it demand the immolation of its inferiors? On the contrary, *noblesse oblige*. A dangerous pretention indeed that of the right to annihilate all whom one considered to belong to an inferior category! How many of us would live a day under that dispensation? Finally, it is an organism whose sensations no man has ever experienced, whose real life (granted the mad hypothesis that it has one) no man can never know. Why, then, this quixotic devotion to an unknown and unknowable organism? But the cheap analogy finds ready welcome, and—pushed to lengths beyond all reasonable uses of analogy—gives birth to a thousand fantastic and disastrous beliefs.

To worship humanity and despise the human unit is truly a cross-grained manner of thinking, though the strange creed wins apparent support from the doctrine of Evolution, with its inspiring idea of an ever-developing human type, an idea which forms a fine sub-structure to a system of ethics based upon Nature's sacrificial methods—the sacredness of racial duty, self-renunciation *à outrance*, general martyrdom for the sake of general beatitude. Such is the noble pile that has been hastily run up on the basis of Evolution, such its lofty, but jerry-built conclusions. For man is not "Nature,"[1] though he may be her child, and he is progressive and civilised and human, exactly in proportion as he deserts her methods, refuses to copy her ruthlessness and her indifference. Civilised society regards a man as a dangerous lunatic who follows too closely the example of his Mother Nature. What sane being takes the tempest and the earthquake for his teacher of ethics? Why, then, should he cite Nature's carelessness of the individual as a justification for man's cruelty towards him? Why

[1] Nature is not here used as including man's conscious will and possible developments, but in the ordinary sense of external phenomena.

should he seek to hurry his "unfit" fellow to destruction, or to doom his sensitively-organised brother to life-long sacrifice on behalf of the "Race" claiming for such conduct a moral sanction? All moral sanctions are founded on something opposed to or beyond the mere crude dictates of mechanical Nature. Therefore the popular theories of the day, which propose to assist "Nature" in making her "selection" are entirely retrograde, showing a movement in the direction of barbarism—*evolution backwards*, if the phrase be permitted.

II

There are passages in the works of some of the most ardent apostles of this Religion of the Aggregate which, if read elsewhere, would be taken for a brilliant caricature of their own doctrines. The wind is thus completely taken out of the sails of the opposition. Professor Drummond, for example, is so in love with the idea of sacrifice and renunciation, that he believes the universe from the beginning to have been bent on producing beings whose dominant attribute was the instinct of self-immolation.

"Is it too much to say," he asks, "that the motive of organic nature was to make mothers? . . . In as real a sense as a factory was meant to turn out locomotives or clocks, the machinery of Nature is designed to turn out mothers."[1]

And the reason why Nature was so anxious to make mothers would seem to be that they are no sooner made than they proceed to unmake themselves in favour of their offspring. Always the principle of sacrifice so dear to the human heart since the first savage tortured some weaker brother on the altar of his God! That a finer idea may at certain epochs and under the inspiration of particular minds have been woven into the primitive barbarism of the idea of sacrifice is not denied; there are few ideas that cannot be so

[1] "Ascent of Man."

treated. It is merely the primitive barbarism and its survivals to-day that are here dealt with.

Mothers are quite a modern luxury, as Professor Drummond makes us realise, and it has taken Nature incalculable eons to produce them, and their special instinct. The Professor looks back with a shudder to the earliest imperfect forms of life when there was no maternal being to be sacrificed; he contemplates with dismay those comfortless innumerable ages during which "motherless cryptogams" had to fend for themselves in an ill-managed world which made no proper provision for maternal immolation! Like the ill-fated lion in the Roman arena, who alone among his comrades had not got a Christian, these orphan cryptogams, alas! in their millions and tens of millions, had not so much as a mother between them!

But such hardship has no longer to be faced: mothers can now be obtained by the meanest cryptogams (or their evolutionary successors), and no matter how mean her cryptogam may be, the appointed mother must be ready to obliterate herself on its behalf without unworthy repining. This important change in the arrangements of the universe, incomparably greater in its results as regards comfort and convenience (barring perhaps that of the mothers) than the greatest material advancements of civilisation, leads Professor Drummond to the natural conclusion that Love is the final result of evolution. Such consideration for the general welfare does seem to show amiable intentions on the part of the universe. All has gone well if slowly. The cryptogam is not for ever orphaned: he has got his mother; the Lion has found his Christian, and the *Grand Etre* is about to secure his Individual!

That this is no mere caricature can be proved up to the hilt by the multitudinous writings of the school, for instance those of Professor Drummond, just quoted. Take, for example, his eloquent praises of a flower, in its freshness and beauty. But not because of its beauty is it blessed. It is because it offers another example of self-effacement.

After clothing itself with a beauty which is itself the minister of unselfishness, it wastes, it lays down its life. [Why?] Because within this death is life . . . there in a cradle of cunning workmanship are a hidden progeny of clustering seeds, the gift of the future which this dying mother has brought into the world at the cost of leaving it. No one reverences a flower like the biologist. He sees in its bloom the blush of the young mother, in its fading the eternal sacrifice of maternity.[1]

The author chooses his example tastefully, but Nature offers other examples of reproductive processes of which he could hardly make so ornamental a picture. One is cited by Benjamin Swift, who speaks of the

midge whose cells begin to prey upon the body, which is their common parent, devour it, leave it a heap of waste-products, and issue from the *débris* to become, in their turn, victims of the same strange method of propogation.

This image is the same in essence with that of the young maternal flower: it is the same in essence with all the glowing sentiment that pervades society and literature on the subject of motherhood and its beautiful self-abnegation. It has at the heart of it the identical principle that lies at the heart of the new religion; the ever-fascinating world-old idea of sacrifice. There is a strange ancient delight in the notion of making someone suffer that another may enjoy. In ancient times, as we all know, it was thought that no city could prosper unless some living man or woman (generally woman) was built into the walls as a sacrifice to the *Grand Etre* of the day. And the sufferings of that one being were counted as nothing by the many who desired to be saved at his expense. Until that savage taint disappears from human sentiment man has not placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder of happiness and spiritual progress.

We have the same grim old gospel once more in its bare and prosaic form in the writings of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, but it comes as a relief to the reader of the "Ascent of Man"; "clustering progeny" and "dying mothers" seeming to add a sickly horror to an already sufficiently gloomy picture.

[1] Ascent of Man.

Dr. Hutchinson approves of monogamy solely because

it looks to the benefit not of the individual but of the race, not of the life which is, but of that which is to come. . . . Neither of the parties has any individual rights which are entitled to half the consideration of those of the children.[1]

In the light of this doctrine, therefore, no human being existing at the moment has any importance worth considering, unless, indeed, he is lucky enough to be still in his bassinette. The one supreme claim on the conscience of regenerated mankind will be the somewhat negative merit of not having yet been born, and this in spite of the intense anxiety to check any tendency to decrease in the birth-rate. The potential human being thus ranks far above the actual, and the more etherially potential he can manage to be, the higher his claims to consideration. The longer, therefore, he can postpone what may be called the indiscretion of his birth, the better for him. For once entered upon the perilous path of existence, once beyond the stage, during which his mother must renounce everything for his sake, he must rapidly proceed to disgorge all the spoils that he has been allowed to accumulate (in virtue of his previous non-existence), and must begin to renounce in his turn—not for *her*, indeed, for mothers, as we have seen, have been especially evolved for non-reciprocal sacrifice and are understood to find in it what is called their "crown"; not for her must he renounce, but for other potential beings, the date of whose birth has been so far successfully postponed. It is a strange destiny and a strange doctrine! Scarcely has the human unit become aware of his own existence, with all its mystery and its tumult of pain and longing, than he is asked to dedicate it to an Unknown Quantity, a great vague abstract Being, with whom he does not and cannot come into real relations. He must, nevertheless, pay back the huge debt which unconsciously he has incurred to the usurious Monster.

[1] "Evolutionary Ethics of Marriage and Divorce."—*Contemporary Review*, September 1905.

"Without being a party to the bargain" he might retort.

But the high-priests of Humanity pay no attention to mere individual repartee. As a Possibility he was sacred, as an accomplished Fact he is a negligeable quantity. His fate recalls the anecdote of the gardener who found among his early cabbages a luckless toad which he promptly flattened out with his spade, remarking severely as he did so: "*I'll* larn yer to be a toad." "*I'll* larn yer to be an individual!" is the cry of the modern reformer, and, in the days to come, the truly circumspect will do their best to conceal, as far as possible, all traces of the unfortunate fact of their separate existence, and many of the more sensitive will feel a sort of shame in it and a desire to apologise for what, after all, is not their fault. *L'individu malgré lui*—he will learn to crush out the promptings of an unusual nature by the force of his own trained conscience; by the might of his will disciplined and pledged from birth to the will of the majority.

Thus the system would end by destroying all initiative and individuality, not only because these qualities (per hypothesis) would tend to be suppressed as being out of line with the ideas of the aggregate, but because the conditions of life must on that account become more and more unfavourable to their production, so that fewer and fewer persons of original type would be born. Whether this would be for the eventual good of humanity it is for its worshippers to decide.

It is they who yearn to drill mankind into virtue and wisdom (as they themselves conceive of virtue and wisdom) at any cost of personal rights and liberty. If they succeed as to drill, they cannot expect from the drilled the attributes of a free people. It is vain to hope that in these untoward circumstances when the real "fire from heaven" descends it would be recognised by others if not by the possessor of the gift. When it appears it is always so utterly unlike anything that is expected or has been seen before, it burns up so much cherished *débris* of worn-out systems, opens up such startlingly wide avenues running clear and straight into sun-lit far-away lands,

that the first instinct aroused is to stamp out the revealing flame, to pile up the old barriers and to turn the frightened eyes away from the great vistas of the new vision. A social system which treated the individual as a mere brick in a great edifice whose fate was of no moment, must expect to be taken at its word; its units, would, in the long run, *be*, in very truth, of no moment, and then what becomes of the Great Edifice?

But, ignoring all this, ignoring everything but his Idol, the social reformer goes bravely on his way, with uplifted banner. He sees nothing comic but everything virtuous in the proposition to build a happy world out of miserable individuals: he does not smile at the picture of meritorious men and women going figuratively hungry and naked, age after age, in order to feed and clothe future beings who, by the very nature of the case, can never succeed to the bequest, since they too must starve and shiver for the sake of their equally doomed successors. After what eons of toil is the happy residuary legatee of all this sacrifice to come into his fortune?

Meanwhile the units are to be counted as nothing in comparison with the great All. The Present is to be a mere nursery garden for the Future wherein everything is to be arranged in ordered rows; myriads of neat little plants equal of height, of girth, of stretch, extending in trim quadrangles and parallelograms and stripes to the uttermost ends of the earth!

The ever-neglected Present is like the lady who spends the live-long day with her hair in curl-papers because she is going to a party in the evening. Only with Humanity, the evening party never comes off! We all wear our curl-papers in vain.

The whole mad scheme is a sort of distorted, rationalistic form of eternal punishment, with its terms confusingly transferred to the wrong side of the equation, so to speak, so that the sum comes out bewilderingly, ironically wrong; for the just are especially punished, in a system where all is punishment and all is essential tragedy. The punishment is modified, it is true; for the penalty of having been brought into existence, in this case, is eternal only in the sense that

the painful renouncements must be made for ever (for if there is one thing of which the agnostic is more "cock-sure" than another it is that the grave is the end of all things). But though the savage injustice of dooming a soul to unending anguish is removed from the new dogma, it requires that soul to suffer and renounce in a fashion almost abject during the few years of its existence, whether it has done well or ill, or rather it has to sacrifice its little moment and chance of happiness and self-expression with more than ordinary heroism if it has greatly developed its moral sense, for in that case it better understands its responsibilities and its own nothingness. Thus the old idea of the connection between sin and suffering is transposed and confused in the new Inferno, in which a less lurid, less obviously horrible, but a truly heart-breaking fate awaits both saint and sinner—but especially saint!

Many indeed testify to virtue's "own reward," but that is of the inner and subtle kind, and the fact that it exists is no justification for making so very sure that (as the cynic complains) it is the only reward it ever gets. Virtue under this system becomes in fact its own eternal punishment. Certainly to give the doctrine (and the Devil) its due, the virtue demanded is of a magnificently undiluted kind. All the more tragic therefore this ruthless trampling of the faithful under the ponderously stupid feet of the Great Mastodon!

And what a process of "natural selection" will be thus brought about! The unselfish natures, the souls readily responsive to the claims of the ideal will answer soonest to the hunger-cry of the Sacred Beast and so they will be picked out to minister to its appetite, and thus we find the system reducing itself to utter absurdity: to a vast machine for rewarding with martyrdom the beings who answer most closely to the type demanded and obey most faithfully the high priests of this strange religion.

MONA CAIRD.

(*To be concluded*)

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON ENGLISH AND GERMAN EDUCATION

WHEN we are told it would be a good thing to "see ourselves as others see us" we are usually intended to understand that the spectacle would not be flattering. And in few things have the words been more quoted than in discussions on education. We are constantly reminded of foreign criticisms of our system—usually uncomplimentary, of course—and we are even more often adjured to copy our neighbours in this, that, or the other point, sometimes with only imperfect knowledge of what it is we are to copy, and mostly with an entire disregard of the conditions of life which prevail abroad. The result has been that we English are somewhat inclined to take a despondent view of our schools, and to call at random for some violent change which will transform in a moment our national system into something that is to be thorough, efficient, and above all, money-making.

Little wonder, then, if we turn with pleasure to anybody who can lighten the gloom. There are some of us who have a lurking confidence that the picture is not so black as it is painted, and that there may possibly be some points in which we are an object of envy to our rivals. But it is hard to make a true comparison. We may read books about curricula and class management in other lands without being much the

wiser; even those who go abroad to make inquiries cannot see all that is going on, and what they do see is too often specially selected for exhibition purposes. The personally conducted Mosely commissions are excellent in their way, but they do not penetrate below the surface; and, as a rule, the inquirer only brings back such information as is supplied to him, which may, or may not be, the whole truth. In order to get a trustworthy account of two rival systems, it is essential that we should consult somebody who has had experience of both, and has sufficient judgment to be able to criticise both impartially. The present writer lately had that opportunity, and the criticisms that he then heard form the subject-matter of this article.

The facts are these. A German schoolmaster, who has had a long acquaintance with our English public school system, and proved himself during his stay in this country a careful and a successful teacher, and moreover, a shrewd observer and good judge of character, returned to his native land to take up a responsible post in a similar school there. He could not help being struck with the difference between the two national conceptions of school life, and his verdict is not always in favour of his countrymen; indeed, in what some consider to be the highest ideal of education—the formation of character—he admits that we are very far ahead. But he sees our defects, too; and, though many of the points that are now touched upon must have been made before, it is worth while to put them together for purposes of comparison, even though we may not presume to decide which is the better system as it stands. We can each learn from the other, and it is a matter for thankfulness that both nations seem willing to try.

Usually, in discussions of this kind, the chief bone of contention is the curriculum; but this point of view leaves out human nature to a large extent. To talk and write about the lessons taught is only an imperfect means of getting a clear idea of a country's progress in education; there are the teachers

and pupils to be considered, and it may be that they are the main factors in the question.

For a moment, however, it will repay us to digress into the vexed question of what ought to be taught, chiefly for the purpose of removing a misapprehension that exists in many minds in England to-day. We are told with wearisome repetition that our chief failing is due to technical education being inadequately provided for commercial people (which is to a large extent true) and that we ought to disregard all other subjects save those which render the path to that department of study easy (which is utterly misleading). Our German friends are fully conscious of the value of such training as is useful in the development of trade, commerce, and special industries; but it would probably surprise some of our critics if they heard what is the minimum which must be learned in that country before technical education may even be begun. It has been long recognised that it is waste of time to attempt to teach backward pupils anything of a technical nature: the only possible method is to build upon a wide, general knowledge. This is essential for developing the intelligence, and the parent who objects to literature, for instance, because all he wants for his son is "a business education," would be treated with very scant courtesy in Germany. So when we hear reformers prating about the necessity of relieving our educational system of its literary "trimmings," let us bear in mind that this is not the method by which our rivals achieve their success, but quite the reverse.

And now we may pass on to the other divisions of the subject; but before we do so we ought to premise that the schools discussed are secondary schools, and the masters are those who have had a University education. Though the line is not drawn in Germany so distinctly as here between secondary and elementary schools, it is as well to remember that there is almost as sharp a division between the two classes of masters there as in England, even though they do, in certain cases, work in the same school; so that those who think the elimina-

tion of column B from our register will establish a teachers' millennium will not find much support for their view if they go to Germany for their evidence. But, be that as it may, our comparisons shall be confined to similar conditions in both countries.

It is a commonplace remark that German teachers are better than ours. On the whole, there can be no question that they are; and the reasons are not far to seek. They are better trained in the first place, and, moreover, they have a greater interest in their calling; their position is practically secure, so that the fear of the workhouse does not hang perpetually over their heads; no wonder they can do better work. Briefly, the stages by which the schoolmaster arrives at his enviable position are these. He begins with a nine years' course in a public school, for every step of which he has to fight his way. Promotion is not a mechanical process; he must earn it, and about one boy in five in the lower forms fails to do so. Should he fail twice in the same class, out he goes. The higher the pupil gets the keener is the competition, though it is fair to add that rejections are not so common in the highest classes, because the lame ducks have been left behind before this eminence is reached. When the end of his school days is come, probably about the age of twenty, the aspiring candidate goes on to the University. His career there extends to four or five years. But he is not yet a teacher. He must do one year of training at a recognised centre, which is followed by another year of probation. Only when this is finished is he qualified to apply for a properly constituted mastership, though it is possible for him to earn money beforehand by doing temporary work, or filling places as a substitute. Nevertheless, he may have to wait some time before being finally admitted into the charmed circle, and Professor Paulsen has stated that a man cannot expect to have secured a competence until he is thirty years of age. Rather a long time, it is true; but think of the sifting process that has been going on throughout it.

Now let us look at the career of our own secondary school-

master, and let us face it frankly. The average man has had an education in one of our public schools, to begin with, but with all deference to our time-honoured system, there is very little of the "sifting process" in it. He jogs along happily, is promoted or "shoved up" in the ordinary course of events year by year, and finds himself possibly at the end of it in the sixth form. But even if he does not, what is there to prevent him going to the University? Nothing. Dozens do so every year who have failed ignominiously to secure a higher certificate from the Joint Universities Board—which ought surely to be the minimum qualification insisted upon from students before matriculating. But let us suppose that our budding schoolmaster has a fair amount of intelligence, as he probably has. He is a scholar, say, of his college; he has hopes of a first, perhaps two. But hope is proverbially delusive, and he finds too often that he scores a second and a third, or it may be even less. What is to prevent him becoming a schoolmaster? Again, nothing: and if he is a "poll" man with a taste for athletics, there is not only no obstacle, but every inducement. It was hoped, some little time ago, that the register then established would in time ensure that a schoolmaster should know something of his business before he undertook actual teaching work, and it may yet be that something will be substituted for the machinery which has been so ruthlessly destroyed. But as things are just now, and as they have been for long enough in the past, no previous experience or training is required. Our teacher emerges like the butterfly out of the chrysalis, and the only wonder is that he is not worse than we find him. Contrast this with the equipment of the German master; to teach at all he must pass his examinations with considerable distinction, and unless his attainments are of the first order he must confine his efforts in the way of instruction to the lower half of the school.

Why are our English masters, then, amateurs while the Germans consent to undergo such a searching test of ability before they are qualified? Plainly because the bait held out

is very different in the two cases; it is largely a question of salary. Our own countryman takes to teaching because he has failed in attempting something else, or because he doesn't want to go in for the Church after all, or, in short, because there is nothing else that he can turn his hand to, without experience and without capital. The resources of his parents have been strained to see him through Oxford or Cambridge: there are probably others of his family coming on, and it is time he began to earn his own living. And it may be remarked, in passing, that the addition of a year's training, unless it is subsidised by some outside agency (the State for choice) is not likely to prove an attraction in the future; until recently it was talked of as a *sine quâ non*, but up to the time of the abolition of the register its only effect was to scare away hundreds from the profession. It costs money, and it is hard to spend money when you ought to be earning it.

To return to our newly appointed master. At first he is pleased with his lot; he gets £150 a-year, it may be, with board and lodging thrown in, and he is in clover. But wait a bit. He does ten or possibly twenty years of sterling service, the best years of his life, only to find at the end that his market value, if it has not gone down, is not a penny per annum higher than when he began. He has had no opportunity of saving money; to have thought even of marriage would have been considered insanity (sometimes the statutes of his school lay it down that as long as he is on the staff he must "be a bachelor or live as such"); and he may be thankful if he does not encounter a new headmaster of strenuous views and half his age who will dismiss him without a qualm. At the best, then, he must be content to plod along on a bare living wage, carefully shutting his eyes to what may be in front of him. True, it is conceivable that he may become a headmaster, but these "plums of the profession" do not grow on every bush, and would not always be worth picking if they did. So well is this state of affairs known now that the schoolmaster is almost the last profession to

which a University graduate in England will turn for a living.

Meanwhile, what of the pay in Germany? A teacher begins with a salary which, including lodging allowance, may be estimated at about £175 a-year. Not much difference to begin with; but after twenty years' service it is probably double that sum. It is something to have an annual increase, but more important even than this is the pension that the schoolmaster can count upon at the end of ten years. If he retires then, he retains one quarter of his salary per annum; but if he goes on, as he usually does, he continues to add one-fortieth to it for every extra year of service until the maximum is reached. This takes place when forty years have been completed, and though it may be contended that a pension at that age is not worth much, at any rate it is a comfort not to have to worry about provision for one's declining days. Now for the headmaster. He is naturally paid more than an assistant; probably his first appointment, including his house, will be worth £260 a year, so that it is not unusual for him to have authority over subordinates who are earning larger incomes than himself. In how many English schools is this the case? However we look at it, the position of the German master is better than ours; undoubtedly so in respect of salary. But we are members of a wealthy nation, and why should this thing be?

So much for the position of the teachers, but what of the teaching? Well, it must be admitted that the work of instruction is better performed on the average than it is with us. We have mentioned the weeding-out that takes place each year, and the necessity for the pupils to work hard to earn their promotions. This means a more uniform class and better results. But we must also allow that the German teacher is more *au courant* with the subject that he teaches than his English rival. To take an instance that will be recognised by any practical schoolmaster in England. The Mathematical Association some years ago initiated certain changes in the teaching of their subject, but, unfortunately, in their reforming

zeal they failed to take account of the men who have to teach it, and the result is that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in our public schools in getting teachers capable of carrying their recommendations into effect. It has happened that in geometry, for instance, the teaching has insensibly swung back to the old Euclidean model, chiefly because so many young men who were not mathematicians had to undertake its exposition, and Euclid was the only thing they knew (or if they did not, there was always the book to fall back upon). And, worst of all, the examining bodies have pandered to this weakness. No doubt the Classical Association will find a similar difficulty in its efforts at reform. The fact is that we have not yet in England fully realised that a curriculum is one thing and the teacher another—and the latter is the more important factor of the two.

It would seem, therefore, that in the *technique* of imparting instruction we have much to learn. This will hardly be disputed by anybody who has studied the subject; but, after all, the acquirement of knowledge is not everything in education. Unfortunately, the other aspects of it are less tangible, and not so easily understanded of the people; and yet they may be, from a national point of view, more important. We must consider along with other things the effect of his severe course of training upon the person of the German teacher. Some startling statistics at once confront us, which go to prove that he comes to his work jaded and depressed. A return recently made, which called forth the intervention of the Kaiser to lessen the possibility of its recurrence, showed that the proportion of those rejected by the military boards for the minimum (one year) of service with the army (a concession granted to those who do well enough in their final examination) was no less than 60 to 70 per cent. The cause of their unfitness was certified in the majority of cases to be affection of the nerves or of the heart, due to over-study; and it has also been remarked that the university student in Germany is inclined to show less energy and interest in his work than he does at

school. So it looks as if the tremendous effort of preparation may defeat its own object, if it tends to dull the freshness and energy of the teacher when he is trained. Whatever we do in England, we at any rate provide a type of man whose eagerness and cheerfulness are a perpetual stimulus to his pupils. A buoyant nature, with a ready wit to back it, is a powerful educational instrument; and they are not to be found in a tired man.

There is one more aspect of teaching that we must touch upon before we pass on. In Germany no master has the elbow-room that his English compeer is allowed in dealing with his subject; we may go even further, and say that the headmaster himself is restricted in the way in which he has to run his school. Every small item in teaching has been carefully thought out and arranged beforehand; in grammar or history a definite course must be followed. Even in literature the very poems to be read are specified. It happens, therefore, that in schools of the same type we may almost assume that a particular subject will he presented in a practically identical way. To those of us who believe that the study of literature, for instance, is best stimulated by a free lance who is inspired with a genuine love for his subject the success of such a policy is unthinkable. Our Board of Education has set a good example by suggesting, instead of prescribing, courses of reading, and we should not be far wrong if we attributed this excellent idea to the system that has borne good fruit in some of our public schools. Children who hate a "walk" will jump at the offer of a ramble through the fields, and so it is with older children in their progress through "the realms of gold." Whatever may be the merits of a stereotyped syllabus, and from the point of view of examinations they are many, it has a cramping effect on both master and pupil. This has been recognised in Germany, and of late years the tendency has been to give much more freedom to boys in the later stages of their school life, so that some advance is being made in the direction of "specialising," and the encourage-

ment of private reading which prevails in our sixth forms in England.

There is all the difference in the world between being told to do a thing, and doing it because your inclination has been drawn in that direction; and this antithesis is not an altogether inaccurate description of the two national points of view, at any rate in connection with the handling of older boys. And it brings us, almost insensibly, to the main point of difference between schools in the two countries—the relation of master to pupil. The advantage of a young man's enthusiasm has been noted, but it does not appear solely in his doings in the class-room; it is of infinite value outside. In this respect England has an enormous lead, which is regretfully recognised by every European country that competes against us. So much so, that great efforts have been made in France and Germany to induce the master to take more interest in his pupils in their leisure hours, and it is gratifying to be able to record that the attempt is meeting with some success, Nowadays it is not an unheard-of thing for a master in France to interest himself keenly in the amusements of his class; and in Germany, too, we have heard of some of the younger men taking their pupils out for the day on the occasion of a holiday—not officially, but as friends. But such *camaraderie* is by no means universal, and it will be admitted that it is the exception, and not the rule, as it is with us. Such a consummation cannot be brought about by a stroke of the pen; it is the outcome of generations of mutual confidence and good-fellowship, and to expect it where a boy has been disposed to regard a master as a sort of special constable is to fly in the face of human nature.

The connecting link between master and boy which most surely binds the two together is some system of monitorial responsibility exercised by the older pupils in a school. All who have been through the mill will be ready to admit that there have been occasions when a word in season from one of the prefects has had a much more lasting effect than "common-room ragging" from a master. If the monitorial authority is

not exercised properly, or not put into force at all, it is the fault of the masters, because those of them who mix freely with their boys can detect without much trouble that something is wrong; and it is then their duty to intervene promptly and decisively. School stories, of which we have had many lately, which depict the master as standing by and looking on while the prefects battle (often unsuccessfully) with overgrown athletes of inferior moral tone, are untrue to life—in a well regulated establishment, at any rate.

Yet the athlete, or perhaps we should say athleticism, is the pivot on which the authority of the older boys rests. The careful organisation, sometimes overdone, of school games gives to the captain a well-nigh autocratic power, which is never effective or popular unless it is founded on fair dealing. "To play the game" has become a part of our English phraseology, showing to what an extent the spririt is abroad in the land. And it is just here that the foreigners' system of education breaks down. They know it, and are striving by all the means in their power to make up the leeway; but it will be long before our lead in this particular direction is challenged. Nothing that is here urged can be construed into an adulation of the athletic spirit, which contains some real dangers; but it would be running to the other extreme to shut our eyes to the good which is admittedly inherent in the proper admixture of games in the school career, and to class as "futile" those whose sporting energy is so often translated into useful administrative action in after life.

German school games are only poor imitations of the real thing. There is exercise to be got in pursuit of them, but the vivifying factors of honest sportsmanship and disinterestedness are as yet only beginning to peep above their horizon. They will come in time, no doubt, because our neighbours are keenly alive to their deficiencies in this respect, and are enthusiastic believers in education and everything that pertains to it; but it is a hard thing to implant this instinct into a country where the authorities are inclined to regard everything of the kind

from a military standpoint. We have so long been accustomed to the spirit of keenness without undue partisanship that we sometimes do not make the proper allowances for those whose lines have not been laid in such pleasant places. But it is rather pathetic to find that our greatest rivals in education, to whom we attribute the possession of all that is desirable in school management, would willingly exchange half their pre-eminence in dexterity of teaching for the indescribable tradition that seems to be the exclusive product of our public schools.

Can it be developed? The Germans may succeed in doing so, in a rather roundabout way. The latest theory of their educational experts is that the true object of school training is to foster the national spirit. Within limits this is true; and when they recognise that citizenship, liberty, and the kindred rights of man are not the exclusive possession of any one people they will have arrived at a proper conception of what a national spirit is. Ultimately, perhaps, it will be possible to assume that when a thing is described as being an outrage upon the national feeling, the real meaning is that it is contrary to ideas of fairness all the world over. We have been accustomed always to regard our national standard of justice as perfect; this does not imply that other countries are unjust, but it serves as an ideal to which our citizens may refer their own conduct in after life. As we have seen it expressed elsewhere, the word "un-English" conveys to our minds the notion of something unmanly or unfair. Let us hope that the same spirit may animate all our neighbours: the sooner, the better for everybody.

There is no surer way of creating it than by making it one of the first impressions of educational life. England has succeeded in fostering it far beyond the stage reached by any of her rivals in the educational world; and, if she had failed in all else, she would still deserve to be ranked with the first for that reason.

R. B. Lattimer.

THE POSSIBILITY OF AN INTELLIGENCE IN THE PLANT

IT is no exaggeration to say that within the last few years revolutionary changes have taken place in the sphere of human knowledge. More than one orthodox belief has been shaken almost to the point of overthrow by the assaults of our tireless investigators in their search after truth. Startling have been the discoveries of the past, still more so will be those of the future, and at this intermediate stage in the elucidation of nature's problems it were well to cultivate the habit of the open mind.

There are few more fascinating propositions than those which have been advanced in connection with the possibility of an intelligence in the plant. To most people the suggestion may seem to be scarcely worthy of consideration; the point having been settled long ago, to their way of thinking—so fondly do we cling to the traditions of our forefathers. Yet when one comes to approach the matter unhampered by any prejudices, it must be admitted that, far from being settled, the question of plant intelligence, until very recently, has never been the object of any serious inquiry at all. It is now an established fact that plants can feel, in so far as the phenomenon of sensation is understood to be a response to external influence; this being so, there is nothing unreasonable

should we go still farther and seek for evidence of something approximating to a discerning power in the vegetable world.

It is always wise to keep before one the near relations of the great living kingdoms. As is well known, the exact line of demarcation between the two worlds has not been, and probably never will be, definitely fixed; in a sphere of life of which we should be quite unconscious were it not for our microscopes, plants and animals appear to blend imperceptibly together. Higher up the scale it is sufficiently obvious that the organisms have developed on very different lines, although one can never forget the extremely close connections at the start. To animals we freely grant a limited amount of intelligence, and it does not appear that there should be any vital objection to making a similar concession to plants, if due allowance be made for the differences of structure. It is the purpose in the present paper to gather together a few instances which seem to point to the presence of a limited intelligence in the vegetable kingdom; each one of these is either the outcome of personal observation, or else gathered from the record of an indisputable authority. In all cases they are selected as being examples which it is not easy to explain as direct response to any special stimuli, and cannot therefore be referred to as plant sensation.

The interesting group of plants, almost world-wide in distribution, which have developed carnivorous habits, has always attracted a good deal of attention. Each one of the many species offers an infinity of fascinating problems, but for the present purpose it will be sufficient to confine our observations to the Sun Dew group—*Droseraceae*. Our indigenous Sun Dews are attractive little plants, found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs, and a fly settling amongst the tentacles is immediately enclosed by these organs; meantime, a peptic fluid is exuded from the glands of the leaf. An interesting experiment may be conducted with the Sun Dew,

proving that the little plant has a certain discriminating power. Place a tiny pebble amongst the tentacles; these at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive liquid. How does the Sun Dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable were some investigations conducted a few years ago by an American lady, a Mrs. Treat. She proved conclusively that the leaves of the American Sun Dew were actually conscious of the proximity of flies even when there was no direct contact. Pinning a living insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, we are told that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles. A member of the same natural order as the Sun Dews—the Venus Fly Trap (*Dionaea musciplua*)—is quite one of the strangest plants in the world. The species, a native of South Carolina, is sometimes grown in glass-houses in this country, and the general form of its leaves must be fairly familiar. Designed in two bristle-fringed lobes, both hinged together, the leaf, when fully expanded, bears a striking resemblance to a set spring trap. On the upper surface of each side of the leaf are arranged three sensitive hairs, and should any object touch one of these, no matter how lightly, the lobes snap up together, the bristles interlock, and the catch, should there be any, is a prisoner beyond any hope of escape. It is not surprising to find that such a highly specialised plant will give us an incontrovertible instance in support of the theory of plant intelligence. The leaf of the *Dionaea* will enclose anything which irritates its sensitive hairs, and to induce the plant to accept a small piece of cinder, for instance, is a simple matter. But it does not take very long for the plant to find out—how, it is not easy to suggest—that its capture is inedible, and, acting upon this impression, it slowly open its leaf and allows the substance to roll away. Now try the same leaf with a fly, or even a morsel of raw beef; so tightly clenched are the two lobes that nothing short of actual force will separate them until after the interval of

several days, when the plant has drained the fragment of the desired nitrogenous elements. Unless one admits the presence of some kind of discerning power on the part of the *Dionaea*, it is not easy to explain its behaviour.

At first sight the study of roots may not appear to be one of entrancing interest, and yet it is likely that these organs exhibit some of the most striking instances of intelligent action to be found in the vegetable kingdom. It was for long a matter for speculation as to the manner in which growing rootlets are always able to direct themselves towards the dampest situations. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the fact that roots are inclined to take the line of least resistance. Thus, place a plant in a pot which is kept constantly standing in a saucer of water, and it is surprising how soon the roots will appear through the hole at the bottom. We may perhaps take it that the roots have not grown downwards thus quickly in order to get to the water, so much as that the soil softened by the capillary attraction of the water upwards has encouraged a speedy development in that direction. On the other hand, in the case of a Calla plant, the pot of which was entirely immersed in water, the roots grew upwards almost against the law of gravitation, so as to disport themselves freely in the water. In the last instance it seems to be only half an explanation to say that the roots grew upwards, as they did in the greatest profusion, simply because it was possible that the line of least resistance lay in that direction. Other root phenomena are even more difficult of explanation. Take, for instance, the following typical example so well described by Dr. Carpenter that one cannot do better than give his own words. He says:

> In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (on the outer layers of which however the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mould formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that they do not subdivide until they reach the ground; they

look like so many small trunks. In the soil however towards which they directed themselves there was a large stone, about a foot square, and had their direction remained unchanged they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard from the ground they divide, part going to one side and part to the other . . . so that on reaching the ground they enclose the stone between them, and penetrate on the two sides of it.

Now here is a puzzle indeed; the growing root points were aware of the obstructing stone eighteen inches before they could have come into contact with it, and acting upon this knowledge, they took steps to get over the difficulty. Eighty odd years ago the account of a young Scotch fir upon a wall sending down its roots many feet to the ground was treated with incredulity, but this is now known to be a not uncommon achievement; such examples are not easy to explain if we discount the idea of some kind of root intelligence. Again, the aerial roots of the tropical *Lianes* seem to possess a wonderful cunning, and cases have been recorded in which these plants, growing under artificial conditions, have sent out their organs to a tank twenty-five feet beneath, evidently with the knowledge that they would find water at the end of their journey.

The opening and shutting of the floral envelopes is largely dependent upon the action of the light. In various species the degree of illumination operates in a different manner. With some flowers it is only the failing light towards evening which causes them to shut up, whilst in others the cloudiness of the sky during the daytime, which may herald rain, exerts a similar influence upon the blossoms, and thus the delicate essential organs are protected from the damaging moisture. As a rule the blossoms which have acquired the power of closing up at the threatening downpour are those which are quite, or nearly, erect in their bearing. On the other hand, in a general way the blooms which cannot gather their petals together are pendulous in their habit. A remarkable change in the pose of a flower under artificial conditions is that of the Gloxinia, a case which has been the subject of a good deal of

comment from time to time, although it appears to the writer that few people realise the important bearing which this instance has upon the subject of plant intelligence. As is well known, the wild ancestor of the fine florist's variety is an insignificant South American species, with small drooping blooms, the corolla of which is open throughout the whole life of the flower. The aim of the gardener in connection with the Gloxinia has been to enlarge the bloom and also to cause these to be erect in their bearing. His efforts have been completely crowned with success, and we now have varieties with huge flowers borne in a perpendicular fashion—the whole plant forming a strange comparison with the early type. The point upon which, in the present instance, one would wish to enlarge is the fact that this has to a great extent been made possible owing to the culture of generations of Gloxinias under glass; it appears to be doubtful whether such a radical change in the bearing of the flower could have been brought about in the open, even in a tropical climate. It must be remembered that ever since the introduction of this species into our greenhouses—now many years ago—the plants have never known what it is to experience rain, and finding out that the principal reason for the hanging of their flowers has gone, have been willing models in the hands of the florist. Much the same kind of thing is taking place amongst the South African *Streptocarpi*, the members of which genus are rapidly becoming much more erect in their bearing as a result of their cultivation under glass. There seems to be something more than a mere adaptation to environment in these changes under artificial surroundings; the plants appear to have become aware of the fact that as far as they are concerned it will never rain any more, and that the former precautions against falling moisture are no longer necessary.

It is very much to the interests of some plants to display their blossoms at night, in that they are dependent upon the offices of insects which fly after dusk for the fertilisation of their organs. In most cases of this kind the flowers are white

or of a very light colour, and show up in the dark quite clearly. Here we see that the failing light has exactly the reverse effect which was noticeable in the examples of day blooming species. Our indigenous Campion droops its pretty flowers all through the long summer day, and only displays them to advantage at the approach of evening. In some of the Cacti the flowers are never open at all except in the hours of darkness—a typical instance, *Cereus grandiflorus*, opening its blossoms about ten, and these lasting only a few hours are crumpled masses of petals before the morning. Another typical nocturnal plant is the white Tobacco, a species commonly grown in gardens on account of its fragrant blossoms. Within the last few years hybrids have been raised between this and some of the coloured *Nicotianas*, and it is very strange that most of the forms possessing coloured blooms open their flowers during the day-time, although their past ancestors were night-blooming species. One may say that the plants seem to know that colours do not show up during the hours of darkness. As a matter of fact it is very doubtful whether any of our British Hawk Moths, an exotic relative of which fertilises *Nicotiana*, ever visit the plants in this country, as it is certain that their probosces would not be sufficiently long to reach the end of the tube. Still, this does not alter the significance of the action on the part of the hybrids mentioned above. In the whole question of the opening and shutting of flowers there seems to be something evidenced which is akin to an intelligence. All students are aware of many instances in which plants open their flowers and emit perfume at certain times, and on examination it is found that this is just during the hours when a particular insect—often the only one which can assist the fertilisation of the organs—is abroad.

The whole subject of the relation between plants and insects is one which is full of mysteries: it is not always easy to see just how these relations have been established, even though one admits that they must have been developed side by side. In hundreds of cases plants have specially adapted their

floral organs for the reception of one kind of insect, often so arranging the processes that others are excluded.

Even more remarkable are those instances in which a definite compact seems to have been arrived at between the plant and the insect; the former tolerating, and at times even making some provision for the latter. The case of a species of fern is a typical one. This plant provides little holes down the sides of its rhizomes for the accommodation of small colonies of ants; the exact services which these insects render to their host is not very clear. The following instance of a Central American Acacia is quite romantic in its way, but it is vouched for by good authorities. This tree (*A. spherocephala*) grows in districts where leaf-cutter ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. The Acacia has, however, hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against the assaults of these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces "small yellowish sausage-shaped masses, known as 'food bodies.'" Now these seem to be prepared especially for the benefit of certain black ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their homes in the Acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not very difficult to see how this arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting ants, the hordes of black ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defence of a home is bound to inspire, with the result that the attacking enemy is repulsed, and the tree escapes unscathed. Explain it how one will, it is impossible to deny that it is very clever of the Acacia to hire soldiers to fight its battles in the manner described above.

When plants find themselves in extraordinary positions they often do things which seem to be something more than jnst cases of cause and effect. There really appears to be such a thing as vegetable foresight, and by way of illustration reference may be made to the manner in which plants in dry situations

strive to come to maturity as soon as possible. Specimens growing on walls are most instructive in this connection. It is almost always noticeable that plants in such positions run into flower and produce seed much in advance of their fellows living under more normal conditions; by so doing they have made certain the reproduction of their kind long before the hot summer has arrived, at which time any active growth on a wall becomes an impossibility. It is willingly conceded that shortage of water discourages a luxuriance of growth, and tends to induce an early maturity, but to any one who has watched the habits of plants under these circumstances there seems to be something more than this. Something which enables the plants to grasp the fact that their life can only be a very short one, and that it is their duty at the earliest possible time to flower and produce seed ere they perish.

Generally speaking plants are most desirous to obtain as perfect an illumination as is possible of their foliage. Of course, light is so necessary to bring about the formation of perfect green tissue, that it is not surprising to find that it is a sufficient stimulus to cause vegetables to move their organs to the direction from which the illumination is coming. But there are parts of the world in which plants find that the direct rays of the sun, where this orb is nearly vertical as in Australia, are more than they can stand. The Blue Gum trees, for instance, find that the solar heat is too great for their leaves, and accordingly adopt an ingenious way out of the difficulty. As young plants growing under shelter, the Eucalypti develop their leaves in lateral fashion, fully exposing their upper surfaces skywards. Later on, however, as the plants grow into trees and rise above any screening shade, the Blue Gums turn their leaves edge-way fashion, so that no broad expanse is exposed to the scorching sun. Some plants direct certain organs away from the light, as is seen in the case of the Vine, where the tendrils always seek dark corners. The value of this tendency is very apparent, for it must be seen at once these organs, whose sole object is to obtain a hold somewhere,

would be much more likely to do so in some cranny, than if they took their chance by growing out into the open. This habit is exceedingly interesting when we remember that the tendrils are modified shoots, parts of the plant which certainly do not shun the light. Indeed, these tendrils seem to be working against their inherent tendency.

The instances which have been detailed above might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have only been selected out of an immense mass of evidence which is at the disposal of any student who will take the trouble to watch the members of the great vegetable kingdom. To say that plants think, as has been suggested by an enthusiast, is probably carrying the matter too far; the word used in its accepted sense scarcely conveys a right impression of the mysterious power. Rather would one refer to the phenomenon as a kind of consciousness of being, which gives to each plant an individuality of its own. It is likely, and indeed highly probable, that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp just how much a plant does not *know*, but in the face of proved fact the existence of some kind of discriminating power in the vegetable kingdom will scarcely be denied.

S. Leonard Bastin.

LEGENDS OF THE ABRUZZI

BY ANTONIO DE NINO

THE unlettered peasants of the Abruzzi talk about Our Lady, her Son, and the Saints, in a familiar and homely fashion which sounds strange to our northern ears. In the long winter evenings, when the wind roars and the snow falls thick on the mountains, they sit round the big, open fire-places, and while the men make baskets or mend their tools, the women spin and weave, and listen to the old grandmother's tales. These have been collected by Comm. de Nino, himself an Abruzzese, who has the rare gift of recounting them in a quaint and simple style. His eight volumes of "Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi," from which I have translated a few of the legends, are a mine of wealth to many a poet and novelist. Antonio de Nino lives at Sulmona, and the few English travellers who explore that out-of-the-way part of Italy will not soon forget the old-fashioned courtesy with which the scholarly old man does the honours of the birthplace of Ovid.—JANET ROSS.

OUR LADY BY THE WAYSIDE.

Herod, hoping to kill the Infant Jesus, ordered the massacre of the Innocents. So Our Lady and St. Joseph fled, she bearing the Child in her apron. After walking a long way they met some Pharisees, who asked:

"Beautiful woman, what have you in your apron?"

She replied: "I am carrying the Great Master."

But they understood Grain, O Master, and told her to take it to the mill, and grain dropped from the apron of Our Lady, so that the Pharisees called after her to have a care, for she was losing her corn. After some time they met more Pharisees, who said:

"What are you carrying in your apron, beautiful woman?"

"A nosegay of flowers," she answered.

"That is not our affair," replied the Pharisees, and went on their way. Our Lady was right, for Jesus is a great Master and a nosegay of flowers. But it was a miracle that the Pharisees should have taken one thing for another.

How the Olive turns into a Hut.

So many companies of Pharisees were about the country that they were to be met with at every turn of the road. Our Lady saw one troop close by, and gave herself up for lost. Not a house, not a hut, not a cave could be seen. St. Joseph and Our Lady hurried towards an olive grove, while the Pharisees behind them shouted: "Stop! Stop!" Our Lady then prayed an olive tree to have compassion upon them, and its trunk opened wide, let the wayfarers in, and then closed. It was not at all dark for there was oil in plenty. The Pharisees, who had seen the fugitives and yet could not find them, were very angry. They explored the whole grove, not leaving an inch of ground untrodden. All night they searched, and at day-break, disheartened, they turned back. Then the tree opened. Our Lady with her Child and St. Joseph came out, and she said to the olive: "May thy fruit be holy."

That is why we say holy oil and why we anoint burns, wounds and sores, with oil, saying:

> Oil of the Olive,
> Who didst illumine once Lord Jesus Christ our Master,
> Take from this baptized flesh all hurt and grave disaster.

How St. Peter steals a Ham.

Whilst Our Lord was talking to a vendor of hams, St. Peter stole one and hid it under his cloak. When they were some way from the village St. Peter said:

"Master I have found a ham. Shall we eat it?"

Our Lord answered:

"We are forbidden to take what is not ours. Shall I tell you what to do? Turn back, walk through the village crying, 'Who has lost this ham?' If the owner does not claim it, we will then eat it."

St. Peter turned back, and when he reached the village he began to cry aloud: "Who has lost"—and then continued in a low voice—"this ham." No one replied, and he went back to Our Lord and told Him no one had appeared to claim the ham. Then Our Lord, who knew everything, said:

"Let us go back together, then we shall perhaps discover the owner."

They returned to the village, and Our Lord commanded St. Peter to cry with a loud voice, and St. Peter shouted: "Who has lost this ham?" The owner heard and came forward to claim what was his, and St. Peter nearly wept.

Why Poverty is always with Us.

In those days Our Lord and St. Peter were wandering on the earth. One night they lodged in the house of an old woman whose name was Poverty.

Poverty said to Our Lord:

"Goodman, lodging I can give you, but no food; I am myself dying of hunger."

Our Lord replied:

"The lodging will be enough, give no heed to the rest."

St. Peter's face lengthened and he muttered:

"Nothing to eat again to-day. I almost think I had better go and steal another ham."

St. Peter could not sleep all night. How can any one sleep

with an empty stomach? So at daybreak he rose and whispered in the ear of Poverty:

"You must know that He who is with us is the Master who works so many miracles. Ask Him for a boon."

As Our Lord was departing the old woman came out and kneeled before him.

"What do you want?" He asked.

"I wish," she said, "to say that it grieves me not to have been able to lay food before you."

"That is no matter, the lodging was sufficient," answered Our Lord, "do you want anything?"

"I have," continued the old woman, "three roods of land behind this hut, and there is a pear-tree, which every year is laden with fruit, but the pears are all stolen before they are ripe."

"What can I do?" replied Our Lord, "am I to stand guard over your pear-tree?"

"O no," answered the old woman, "but I would that whosoever climbs up my tree should be unable to get down without my leave."

"It is granted unto thee," answered Our Lord, and went on His way.

The pears were ripening when Death, armed with his scythe, came to the old woman.

"Poverty, prepare thyself, for thine hour is come."

"Thanks be to God," said she, "I have called thee many times, I have waited long for thee and I come willingly. But first do me a service. Pick me a pear from off that tree, I have not tasted one for so many years."

Death climbed up the tree and could not get down again, and Poverty laughed at him. Then Death saw that everything depended on the old woman and began to pray to her as to a saint. But she turned a deaf ear, so that Death remained as one bound to the tree for years and years.

Meanwhile the population increased beyond all measure. No wonder, for no new-born babe died, old people dreamed of

Methusalem, and the yearly crops no longer sufficed. All this time Death could not move, and at last he began to treat with Poverty.

"If thou wilt let me come down I swear that I will never touch thee."

"Thou hast sworn?" she asked. "Then be free."

And Death descended and began his usual slaughter. But he never came near the old woman Poverty, and that is why we have poverty ever with us.

The Little Thief.

Catanella was a little thief. He stole everything he could lay hands on from his sisters, who were always saying:

"Go away, leave our house."

One day he answered: "I am going; but you must make for me a good cake."

The sisters did not wait to be asked twice. They made a cake and Catanella put it into his pocket, and as he turned to go said:

"Devil take me if ever I enter this door again."

After walking some way he felt hungry and took out the cake. At that moment Our Lord and the twelve Apostles came by, and St. Peter, hungry as usual, begged Catanella to give him a piece. Catanella did so and he ate it, and asked for more and more, and then again for more, until Catanella was left with no cake and with much hunger. So he turned back intending to get another one from his sisters.

On the doorstep of their house stood the devil, and Catanella asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," answered the devil.

Catanella took a sack and said:

"If you do not want to come to harm, get in here."

And the devil got into the sack which Catanella tied up tight and took to a smith near by, to whom he said:

"Just soften for me this hard lump."

The smith hammered with a will, and Catanella picked up the sack and went on. He then said to the devil:

"If I let you out, will you promise to go everywhere with me, wherever I want to go?"

"How can I?" answered the devil, "all my bones are broken, I can't stand on my feet."

"Never mind," replied Catanella, "I'll soon teach you how to walk."

Saying this he threw the sack into a deep river and every nasty smell in the world disappeared.

Catanella walked on and came to where two roads met. One was very broad, the other was very narrow, and he took the broad one. At the end of the road he came to the door of hell, and that is why we say that the road to hell is so wide. The little devils seeing him approach cried out:

"Fasten all the bars and bolts for here comes Catanella."

Hearing such ugly sounds Catanella turned on his heel and never once looked back.

When he reached the narrow path he walked until he found himself at the gate of Paradise. He knocked and a voice answered:

"Who is knocking?"

"I am Catanella."

"What do you want?"

"Just call that gentleman who made me fast and ate all my cake."

"I am he."

"Glad to see you, let me in, please."

"I cannot."

"Well, at least allow me to look through the keyhole."

"That you may do."

Catanella put his eye to the keyhole and saw the angels walking in procession after their band, and he said to St. Peter:

"Do let me see better. Open the little wicket in the gate through which I can just put my head."

St. Peter opened the little wicket and Catanella threw his cap inside. All the angels ran forward to pick it up and give it back to him, but he cried out:

"Don't touch my cap. It belongs to me, cannot I do what I like with mine own?"

"Certainly, good sir," replied the angels.

"Very well, then I mean to pick it up with my own hands."

St. Peter opened the gate wide and said to Catanella:

"Pick up your cap and be off with you."

But Catanella went in and sat down on his cap. St. Peter, seeing he had been tricked, tried to pull him towards the gate whilst Catanella continued to say:

"It is my cap. I do what I like with mine own and I mean it to stay here."

All the angels laughed. St. Peter was about to beat the lad on the head with his keys, and there was great confusion and noise, when suddenly the Eternal Father appeared.

"What has happened?"

"Catanella, his cap being in here, refuses to leave it and go out."

"Then let him stay in."

"But he is a thief."

"Ah, Peter! so many thieves have entered here by mistake that surely Catanella can remain? Remember, too, he gave you his cake."

This convinced St. Peter and he hastened to shut the gate, for other thieves might have got in.

JANET ROSS.

COUNTY MAGISTRATES

THE Justices of the Peace Bill, introduced by Government last Session, and passed early in July, after short debates in both Houses of Parliament, is the natural sequel to a Resolution moved by Sir Charles Dilke and adopted by the House of Commons thirteen years ago. The ostensible ground of complaint against the system which has just been superseded was the great preponderance on the County Bench of the members of one political party. This was attributed to the fact that the Lord Chancellor received recommendations for the magistracy from the Lord-Lieutenants alone, and that, as most of these were Conservatives, the natural result followed. It was proposed, therefore, that he should attend to recommendations from other channels as well; and a Resolution to that effect was, as we have said, agreed to in 1893. Since that time, however, it seems to have been found that, to give full effect to the idea which lay at the bottom of this proposal, it would be necessary to abolish the property qualification limiting the area from which the Lord-Lieutenant was free to select his candidates. If this were repealed, and the Lord Chancellor can throw open to the public in general, it was thought that the desired object would be secured. The property qualification has accordingly been abolished, and there is nothing now to prevent the Lord Chancellor from appointing any one, however ineligible, if recommended by some local busybody who has either private or party purposes to serve.

Whether the inequality complained of was productive of any practical evil which the removal of it is likely to prevent or whether, if it was, we may not be only exchanging one class of abuses for another, are questions which deserve perhaps more consideration than they have hitherto received. Our provincial magistracy is an institution with the prescription of six hundred years in its favour; and leading statesmen belonging to both political parties have borne witness to its excellence. Such a system is not to be frittered away with a light heart merely because it involves some abstract anomalies from which hardly any human institution is entirely free. It lies with the Lord Chancellor, for the time being, to say whether the new system shall work well or ill. The Act has opened the door, but the Lord Chancellor is not obliged to invite outsiders to come in. And it is satisfactory to know that in the debate on Sir Charles Dilke's Resolution in 1893 Lord Herschell was said to be decidedly opposed to any departure from the established usage, to which nothing should induce him to consent but a strongly worded Resolution of the House of Commons. He felt no doubt that it would cause pressure to be brought to bear upon a great state official which it might often be difficult to resist and equally dangerous to obey. And it is certain that if ever magisterial appointments should be made the reward of political services, then indeed we might say farewell to the integrity of the Bench.

However, "a strongly worded Resolution" was adopted in accordance with which the Bench had already been, to some extent, overturned, and how far the process will extend, now that the only check upon it is removed, is a question which those who are best qualified to judge regard with considerable misgiving. The advocates of the change suggested in 1893 did not, of course, ground their case exclusively on the abstract wrong done by the unequal representation of parties on the County Bench. They complain that it was accompanied by political partialities in the administration of justice. But it was pointed out at the time that if the Lord Chancellor was

to be guided by recommendations forwarded to him "through other channels," the political complexion of the Bench would be considerably heightened. It seemed an odd way of modifying the political character of the Bench by transferring the functions of the Lord-Lieutenant to the wire-pullers of a political party; for these, as Mr. Balfour said, would be the "other channels." Whatever might be charged against the former on the score of political proclivities, recommendations coming directly from a wavering constituency on the eve of a Parliamentary election must necessarily be far more heavily laden with the same virus. Nobody well acquainted with provincial politics could view without apprehension the transfer to obscure individuals, or to petty municipalities, of the responsibilities which have so long been exercised by a great public functionary much more accessible to public opinion than the Tadpoles and Tapers, of whom many varieties are to be found, both high and low, in every political party.

As far as numbers are concerned, more magistrates are not required, except it may be in one or two exceptional districts, where the want, we should think, could easily be supplied without the intervention of the present Act. As to the competence and impartiality of the old race of magistrates, Mr. Asquith himself, when Home Secretary, bore ample testimony. If, while the property qualification was in force, a great majority of that class from which magistrates are selected were Conservatives, as Mr. Asquith acknowledged, it was not the Lord-Lieutenants' fault if a large majority of the magistrates were Conservatives also. It is absurd and unfair to accuse them of political partiality when they were obliged to select candidates from a class of whom the great majority belonged to one party.

If then before the late Act was passed the County Magistrates were sufficiently numerous, sufficiently competent and sufficiently impartial; and if, as admitted all round, politics ought to have nothing to do with such appointments, what ground was there for interfering with them? We have quoted

Mr. Asquith as a witness of the high character of the County Magistracy, let us now quote Mr. Gladstone. He spoke of

> the discharge of that immense mass of public duties bearing upon every subject of political, social, and moral interest without fee or reward, which has honourably distinguished for so many generations the landlords of England.

He spoke with warm admiration of this "fixed and happy usage, a just relic, and true descendant of the feudal system." The position of the English landlords he said was one

> marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live; by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested, be it as to the administration, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants, be it for any purpose whatever that is recognised as good or beneficial in a civilised society.

Such is the class from which, as a rule, the County Magistrates had hitherto been taken; and a statesman, one would think, might well have paused before tampering with a system bearing such credentials as these.

But then the advocates of the change go on to say that the County Bench being comprised of Liberals and Conservatives in such unusual proportion does not possess the confidence of the public. What signs were there before 1893 that it had lost the confidence of the public? None whatever; beyond such trifling rumours of dissatisfaction as may be heard in turn, against every institution in existence. Englishmen as a body must be very unlike what they are usually taken for if there is any general or national discontent with a magistracy, composed of gentlemen who merit such a description as Mr. Gladstone has given of them.

In the debate of 1893 some particular subjects were mentioned as to which, it was alleged, that County Magistrates were not impartial. Licensing, game laws, and disputes between employers and employed were among the number. But supposing these assertions to have been well-founded, is

there any reason to suppose that the new class of magistrates will be any better. Brewers have many staunch friends whose fortunes are invested in the trade outside the circle of the squirearchy; country gentlemen are not the only, nor, indeed, the strictest, game preservers, and the harshest theories with regard to employers and employed, labour, wages, and poor relief, are certainly not to be found among Conservatives. Mr. Balfour was quite right in saying that country gentlemen, as a rule, deal more leniently with poaching cases than a stipendiary magistrate would. The reason is that the country gentleman is master of the subject, can distinguish between degrees of guilt, and being acquainted with the neighbourhood and with the people, can tell the casual offender, who only snares an occasional hare or rabbit from the professional criminal who belongs to a gang and lives by plunder.

And it is this familiarity with the people among whom they live; this local knowledge not to be acquired but by long habitude, which so eminently qualifies the country gentleman for the office of magistrate. And not only does he know the people, but the people in turn know him, and submit to his jurisdiction more readily than they would to that of a total stranger. The prestige of the County Magistracy has been lowered as it is by the infusion of *ex officio* magistrates and others quite recently appointed. It is complained that they had their judicial position for the furtherance of their special crotchets; and what is worse than this, that they interfere at Quarter Sessions with matters of which they know nothing, and clothed with a little brief authority, assume to revise or reverse decisions and sentences which have been carefully considered by competent and experienced judges. A strong chairman can keep these gentry in order to a certain extent; but with the addition to their ranks, promised us by the recent Act, it will become an increasingly difficult task. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is well worth attention, that the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions should be limited

to a few members, instead of decisions and sentences being left at the mercy of any number of justices who may choose to attend, whether cognisant of the matter in hand or not. This would be only doing, on a smaller scale, what the House of Lords find it necessary to do when it devolved its appellate jurisdiction on a few qualified members. The change in the composition of the County Bench, brought about by recent legislation, makes some such limitation of its judicial functions a matter of public policy. There is no reason why a small committee of Quarter Sessions should not be appointed for this particular purpose; and there are those who think that if the duty were entrusted to a single individual it would be still better.

The "residential qualification" provided by Clause 2 makes even such restriction doubly necessary.

> A person, if in other respects the law allows of it, may be appointed a justice of the peace for any county, notwithstanding that he does not reside in the county, if he resides within seven miles thereof.

The influx of outsiders possessed of still less local knowledge than magistrates before the Act was passed, and eager also to justify their appearance at the Bench by putting themselves forward on every possible occasion should be guarded against by placing decisive authority in the hands of a few members resident in the district, acquainted with all its circumstances, and trained to the exercise of judicial functions. This residential qualification is objectionable, also, on another ground. The abolition of the property qualification is an additional reason for retaining the county qualification. If we admit to the Bench persons who have no property in the county, let us at least confine the favour to those who have some actual interest in it. As the Bill stands the voice of the County Bench in a Leicestershire or Warwickshire division might be effectually drowned by the importation of half a dozen justices from Northamptonshire or Derbyshire, created for the express purpose of over-ruling the local vote. With the old

property qualification in force men could not have been found to do this.

As it is the Chancellor may go out into the highways and hedges to flood the Bench with a set of men who are not wanted, who are strangers to the district, and who only obstruct the transaction of business by those who understand it better.

That the motive for such a policy does not lie exactly on the surface may readily be surmised. But in the debates of both 1893 and 1906 it was more than glanced at. Jealousy of what is called a privileged class, and a desire to ensure its prestige, its influence, and its power to the greatest possible extent may not have inspired the actual framers of the Bill. We are willing to acquit his Majesty's Ministers of any such ulterior design. But it is one which their followers and supporters openly avow. That the Bill will lead to any improvement in the administration of justice seems scarcely to be pretended. That it is very likely to have the opposite effect is the opinion of many who have the best opportunities of judging. And we have good authority for describing it as part of that organised attack on our territorial system which has been gradually developed during the last quarter of a century, and the object of which was frankly avowed by a well-known Liberal member to be the "disestablishment of the squirearchy."

Oh, but it will be said the composition of the County Bench was an "anomaly." Well we know there are persons to whom an anomaly of any kind is like a red rag to a bull. There is a passion for uniformity, equality, and symmetry, not certainly the virtues which produced the British Constitution, among a certain class of politicians at the present day, which in an old country like our own governed by institutions, the growth of centuries, and more conspicuous for the combination of liberty and order, the two great ends of all government, than any other country in the world, savours rather of a priggish pedantry than of practical common sense. Still we grant

that anomalies may rise to such a pitch that even when they work well it may be necessary to remove them as creating a popular prejudice against the whole system of which they form a part, and weakening public confidence in its efficacy. . . . This—and again we quote Mr. Gladstone—was the case with the Reform Bill of 1832. The old system worked well. The country, he declares, was better governed before the Reform Bill than it was afterwards. It was overthrown because of the flagrant anomalies which it presented. Now, if it could be shown that any such anomalies existed in our magisterial system as to necessitate changes which instead of improving its machinery were rather calculated to impair it, we should, of course, admit the full force of the argument relied on by Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Asquith, and others. But we doubt if even these gentlemen would press the argument from anomaly to such lengths as this.

The admission of solicitors to the County Bench, as provided by Section 3 of the Act of 1906, has been objected to. But as they already sit upon the Borough Bench, and as the Section aforesaid also declares that no solicitor "being a justice may practise before the justices for that county or any borough within the county" perhaps we need say no more about it.

Probably no reform of any kind whatever, social, political or professional, ever turned out either so well or so ill as its friends and its enemies respectively predicted. The present writer was told the other day by an ex-judge of the High Court who was one of the ablest on the Bench, and a strong Conservative to boot, that he did not think the Act of last Session would "make much difference." From other quarters, and from equally competent witnesses he has, as the above remarks testify, heard very different opinions. It must be remembered too that in a country like England, where tradition and prescription, the love of law, custom and order are still powerful influences, the consequences of even sweeping changes are not felt all at once. We would hope, however, that in spite of the language indulged in by the more

rampant class of destructive, the admissions to the County Bench of men who hold similar opinions may in many cases have the opposite effect to that which was contemplated. Instances may be quoted in which men who entered the County Magistracy as violent Radicals have become in time confirmed Tories. As such men get to know the country gentlemen better, they may become useful allies instead of jealous antagonists. The American grocer, in little Lord Fauntleroy, when he came to England became acquainted with Earls, and liked them so well that he declined to return to his native country in which there were none. Should some such process of conversion be a frequent result of Sir Charles Dilke's Resolution, and the present Home Secretary's Bill, we may have cause to be grateful to both. Well—Θεῶν ἐν γουνάσι κεῖται. But we cannot profess to feel very sanguine of any such happy consummation. Those who are interested in preventing it, though they may be few in number, are able and resolute, and are at present in a position to extort further concessions from the Government, which will increase their influence and authority with those who regard them as leaders. These are not favourable omens for the stability of our county system. Yet it contains elements of strength within itself which if rightly understood and wisely used may defy for many years the forces set in motion against it.

FOOTBALL OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

A COMPARISON

In the season of 1888–9 the number of spectators at the English Association Football Cup Ties aggregated 200,000, last season saw at least 1,200,000 enthusiasts present. In 1888–9 the First League matches were witnessed by 602,000 spectators, in 1899–1900 by 3,000,000, while in the course of last season the throng must have numbered close upon 5,000,000.

From these figures it is apparent that football was never more popular than at the present time; and that the popularity of the game is not confined to spectators can be gathered from the fact that the London County Council alone prepares over 200 "pitches" in the parks under its control; that there are over 1000 Association Clubs in London alone; and that it has been estimated some 50,000 players turn out on each Saturday during the winter within the boundaries of the Metropolis.

Although the game as an attraction has never found greater favour with the nation at large than at the present date, it is a moot point whether the extremely scientific manner in which it is now played has added to its charm. The game as played twenty or thirty years ago was decidedly more provocative of incident; indeed, in all probability, football as played to-day as a pastime (not as a business) would gain not a little if it was imbued with a modicum of the spirit prevalent in the early days of its popularity.

THE above paragraphs form a somewhat lengthy extract from a circular letter that was recently forwarded to a number of prominent men who have shown by the interest they still take in the game by kicking off on occasions of note, or by public utterances, that their youthful enthusiasm for the sport is far from moribund.

By an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances it so happened that the majority of the political footballers invited to compare the football of the present day with the football they played in their youth shortly after they received the circular were themselves engaged in a political match that left them very little leisure in which to treat of so harmless a pastime as the national winter sport.

On this account, perhaps, that eminent League player, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour—did he not kick off for Stoke in that club's match against Manchester City early in the season of 1900–01 on the ground of the latter, propelling the ball about twenty yards amid plaudits loud and lusty?—withheld his opinion of League football of to-day, and to this reason is also doubtless due the fact that the Rt. Hon. W. R. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office during the Balfour *régime*, failed to refer to that extraordinary reminiscence of his first international match, when, having made a magnificent and unaided run down the field on behalf of England, he was seemingly hypnotised by the basilisk eye of the Scots goalkeeper, who was permitted to take the ball from the future minister's toe in the tamest fashion, when the latter had the goal apparently at his mercy.

When at the Final Cup Tie of 1904 the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton presented the Cup and Medals to the winning team he requested Mr. Balfour, who was present, to discover who scored the goal for England in the Roses' Association Match with Scotland in 1877. Had Mr. Balfour, who remarked in the course of a congratulatory speech that while Mr. Lyttelton spoke to those assembled as an expert, he (Mr. Balfour) addressed them as an admiring ignoramus, looked up the details of the match in question he would have found in a contemporary account of the fixture the following sentence:

> After the ball had been restarted the English made desperate efforts, and making a brilliant onslaught on their adversaries' home, Lyttelton, with a well-directed shot, drove it close under the bar, amidst prolonged cheers from his delighted partisans

To have obtained Mr. Lyttelton's opinion upon the question of the football of the past *versus* the football of the present would have been fortunate indeed, in view of the fact, to quote his speech at the Palace, that he had scarcely seen a good match until that day, since he played for England against Scotland twenty-seven years before, a circumstance that would have assisted him greatly when making a comparison. But it was not to be; the ex-Secretary for the Colonies, writing to the effect that the spirit was willing but the flesh was too busily occupied in business affairs, both public and private, to permit of his following his inclination, preserved a sphinx-like silence.

Fortunately the member for the Newport Division of Shropshire, Colonel the Right Hon. W. Kenyon-Slaney, P.C., had more leisure at his disposal in which to set down on paper his opinion about football past and present, an opinion that is here presented with the foreword that the Old Etonian possesses an international qualification to speak about football, inasmuch as this very strenuous player represented England against Scotland in the encounter under Association Rules that ended in a victory for the Rose by four goals to two on March 8, 1873.

Though I may perhaps claim to have known something about Association football as played from forty to thirty years ago [he writes], I hardly see enough of it to justify me in criticising it as played now.

The main change that strikes me as having come over the game is that the dashing and audacious individual play of former times has given way to a strategic combination of the whole side, which perhaps tends to reduce the opportunity of the unit, though it demands more discipline, and so more practice as a team.

The result, necessarily, is that the player of to-day when in difficulty seeks to overcome it by passing the ball away from himself, when the player of my date would have relied far more on his own powers to defeat his adversary and to retain command of the ball for himself.

This has done away with those exceptional feats by individual players which were such a feature of the game and which used to delight the spectators, and I may be forgiven for thinking the game suffers in consequence.

I fancy it is rare now to see a player keep command of the ball for more than a few yards at a time, and that the old long "runs down" when one man

took the ball half the length of the ground, dodging back after back, foe after foe, but never losing the ball, always keeping up his pace, and always racing for the goal, are hardly made up for by the clever "passes" and returns which now take their place.

I fully acknowledge the skill and beauty of the combination game of to-day, but I may be allowed to regret some of the changes which that combination has entailed.

Further I cannot reconcile myself to the "heading" which has now been brought into such vogue: I don't like it, and I can't believe it ought to obtain in a game which should be played with the foot alone. I well remember the first time I ever saw "heading" was in an international match—I did not know that it had been sanctioned, and I can recall now the summary vengeance I took on the first Scotchman who "headed" into my face a ball I was waiting to go on with as soon as it reached the ground. Again, I don't like this modern custom of hiring players for clubs who have no connection with the locality for which they play, and I wish rules similar to those which govern cricket professionalism could be introduced into football.

However, whatever may be thought on minor points there is no question that when played straightly, honourably, fairly, football is a fine game, and deserves its prominent place among British popular sports.

When at the beginning of the season 1904–5 the Channel Fleet arrived in the Tyne, a football match was played between Newcastle United and Sunderland, in the presence of 20,000 spectators, for the diversion of the visitors, who were massed on one stand at the end of the enclosure, where the contrasting colours of the sailors and Marines greatly added to the picturesqueness of the scene. When the time arrived for the kick-off there stepped forward to the centre of the field, attired in orthodox frock coat and top hat, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who, having survived the ordeal of being photographed in proximity to the ball, walked back a few paces, then with a running kick despatched the sphere well down the field, and, amid the cheers of the throng, beat a more or less rapid retreat.

Although the popular admiral wrote, "I wish it were possible for me to write to you on the lines you desire, but as I am on full pay, in command of a fleet, I make it a rule not to write for publication," his opinion concerning football, given in the course of an interview, was to the effect that he set a

high value on the game or any other sport. Said he on this occasion, "Anything which makes men get into condition is for the good of the nation, as it makes them healthy, cheerful, more manly, and more unselfish, because when they feel fit and well they take the 'downs' of life more cheerily." Probably in this opinion of his superior officer, the Rev. Frank Jones, brother of the Notts Cricket captain, who, before he became a naval chaplain, was a prominent member of the Leicester Rugby team, fully agrees.

When more than a quarter of a century ago a football critic summed up in few words the capacity of each member of the Charterhouse eleven, he said of the defender of Mafeking, "R. S. S. Baden-Powell, a good goal-keeper, keeping cool, and always to be depended on." The coolness and trustworthiness of "B.-P." need not be referred to here, for these characteristics of the old Carthusian have been as familiar to the world in general as "household words," these half-dozen years. "Always to be depended upon"—this sentence came back to the writer on receipt of the following opinion as vividly as the incidents referred to by the Mafeking goal-keeper will to those who were contemporaries of his at Godalming, to which town the old Metropolitan school had removed three years prior to the above criticism being penned.

Many thanks for your letter, from which I am glad to learn that there are some 50,000 players at football on Saturdays within the metropolitan area. I only wish I could still be one of them as I used to be.

The game in former days had, as you suggest, more unexpected incidents than nowadays. I know I used to have a rather improper method of securing an "incident" by throwing myself down, by a clown-fall, in front of a player, and though actual tripping was not allowed, the runner generally went down. I luckily had rather a strong set of ribs. (This is a desirable if not necessary outfit for such tactics.)

I once played it off with considerable success, when keeping goal, against a brilliant run down by Lord Kinnaird, and I hope that in the years that have elapsed since then he may have forgiven me. I have never quite forgiven myself, especially as I still gloat over it with some of the impish delight that possessed me at the time.

As regards the numbers of spectators showing so large a yearly increase, I

cannot say that it gives me any great pleasure. Five million Englishmen paying to look on reminds me too forcibly of the ancient Romans who got into the way of paying other people to play their games for them and eventually fighting their battles for them, until the inevitable end came, and a stronger nation arose and demolished them. What has happened before will happen again, unless we look out.

If every man who attends football matches were to give up even one quarter of the time and money he spends in doing so to preparing himself to defend his country in time of need, we should have a force that would ensure our safety. We have not got it at present.

Apropos of the above opinion it may as well be pointed out here, as it is sure to be by those interested in the game from the spectacular point of view, that the old Carthusian in his enthusiasm for the creed of "playing the game" has obviously fallen into an error that is very prevalent and very natural among those—and, thank goodness, their number is not small—who believe in the strenuous life. The old (in a football sense) goal-keeper regrets that millions watch football being played—in parenthesis it may be wondered if his regret was very poignant on the occasion of the Tottenham Hotspur v. Army match he was asked to referee in December 1901, when he saw the huge crowd assembled and thought of the monetary benefit that would accrue from its presence to the new Yeomanry drill-hall at Tottenham—and he also regrets that he is not now reckoned among the thousands of Metropolitan players who turn out each Saturday. Surely there is one cause contributory to these regrets that is common to both—namely, "Anno Domini," that bane of footballers; is it not Anno Domini that compels men to retire at an early date on what football laurels they have earned in a comparatively short career on the field and relegates them to the ranks of the ever-growing army of spectators?

It is not, of course, pretended that all the spectators at League matches are veterans, but a good proportion are, while of the remainder—and it may here be pointed out that five million spectators spread over a League season is far from being equivalent to five million individuals—it is to be feared

but a small proportion could be accommodated upon the already congested space in the vicinity of our great cities dedicated to sport.

The regret that professionalism has attained its present vogue expressed by the old Charterhouse boy is also shared by another old Carthusian, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Lowther, D.S.O., brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

His Majesty's Military Attaché at Paris, who recalls Mr. J. F. M. Prinsep, about 1883, kicking the ball when clearing his own goal from an onslaught of the Charterhouse forwards, through the whole length of the ground, less about ten yards, has for a number of years played a prominent part in encouraging football within the Army. Himself a sturdy and effective back, who assisted the 2nd Scots Guards when that battalion won the Army and Middlesex cups, he has at various times played for the Casuals, Old Carthusians, and the Army, in addition to serving for several years as hon. secretary of the Army Football Association and as the representative of that body on the Council of the Football Association.

To my mind [he writes] the interest in watching a game of first-class Association football to-day cannot compare with that which a Cup Tie or other good game provided in the eighties. The lamentable commercialism which permeates the professional game has reduced the large majority of clubs to money-making machines, with a very small number of playing members. Players are bought and sold like cattle, and the number of regulations and by-laws which have gradually become necessary testify to the fact that football is ceasing to be a game and is becoming a business.

The amount of money put into the business enables professional players to be trained for three-quarters of the year, and makes competition on the part of amateurs, with whom football is only a bi-weekly amusement for half the year, almost impossible. The combination of professionals is the result of continuous and assiduous practice; it is marvellous, but the spectators are certainly not the gainers by the change from the dashing play of the old days, which we, alas! only see now in the Old Boy teams.

Certainly no pair of backs ever gave such consistently fine exhibitions as the two Walters, and at the same time they combined in a way which was rare in those days, and which has seldom, if ever, been equalled since. W. N. Cobbold's style with his grand dribbling, fine bold passes to the wing and lightning shots, set the style for his contemporaries, and long passing and

dash was the order of the day. We never saw a forward facing his own goal and finicking about with little two-yard passes—a series of which often leaves the ball no nearer the opponents' goal than it started—which is now such a common sight, but the ball was up and down the ground in a way which would leave many of the short-legged brigade panting. We were, moreover, allowed to charge then (now the opposed must be treated as a piece of glass and not approached except with gentle care and courtesy), and I remember a collision with Parry, a dashing player whose weight carried him through many a tangle where a lighter man would have been turned over, which left us both swearing never to meet again except in the way of kindness.

I had the privilege of learning the game under the ægis of Cobbold, Walters (A. M.), A. Amos, and later of C. Wreford Brown, and many others of equal distinction. It was a fine school for boys to see such players performing regularly, and fine teams were brought down to play against us. The best team probably that ever set foot on the Charterhouse ground was brought down by Dr. Smith (Miller). If I remember right he brought it down to avenge a defeat by the school of a team in which he had played a short time before.

The team contained practically only Internationals and Blues, also F. Bickley, the former Secretary of Casuals, an admirable secretary and the best of fellows, but *not* a first-class footballer. As far as I can remember both Walters, Amos, Blenkiron, C. A Smith, Dr. Smith, and the late A. T. B. Dunn were playing. It was a splendid game, and the only goal was scored by Bickley, who came out of goal for a few minutes to get warm!

In days of yore when one got an injury one used to go on as best one could or else retire, and there were no contributions of flat bottles from the crowd, followed by ridiculous applause on resuming play, which are now customary. Half-time was not a signal for a ten-minute interval, with futil rubbings and advice from a ridiculous trainer. A minute's blow and perhaps a suck at half a lemon constituted the whole of the rest and refreshment, and it was sufficient, for the good players of the eighties lived clean lives of their own accord, and one did not hear of a team being disorganised by one of the number having when off the field lost his sense of self-control.

Such reports are now, alas! far too common, and to hear the conversation of those in the know one might imagine the trainer to be chiefly employed as a sentry on public-houses.

Possibly betting has much to do with the moral deterioration of football, but that cannot be stamped out of the British character; all that can be done is to stamp out professionalism root and branch, and to allow the game to be really a game once more and no longer a money-making affair.

Although it is scarcely to be expected that those who hold opinions for and against professionalism in football will ever be persuaded to see eye to eye on this subject of contention,

which, of course, comprises one of the greatest differences between the game of yesterday and to-day, nevertheless it is pleasant to observe that whatever their opinions on this feature of the pastime may be, so far as football as a sport is concerned, the sportsmen appealed to agree with the opinion, expressed below, of the grand old man of Welsh sport, Sir John Llewellyn. Sir John, who was for some years captain of the South Wales Cricket Eleven, and is now president of the Welsh Rugby Union, though he applied a very lusty toe to the ball when called upon to start a Swansea v. Llanelly match a year or so ago, is content as a general rule to occupy a seat in the pavilion when on football thoughts intent.

As befits one who has ever had the future of football at heart Sir John makes an appeal to those who have in hand the tuition of the young idea in the art of shooting at goal:

The figures you quote respecting attendances at football matches are distinctly interesting, as showing the growing public interest in the game.

I cannot speak so much of the Association code as of Rugby, which is the more popular game here in South Wales. I should, however, like to say that the support of all manly games, such as cricket in the summer and football in the winter months, whether Association or Rugby, must, in my judgment, depend upon the organisation which inculcates and maintains self-control and discipline among the junior players.

It is difficult to over-estimate the value of precept and example by past masters of the game.

Some little time ago the Rev. W. H. Wright remarked at a meeting held in Tottenham, that in the first year of his ministry he used to play football on Saturday afternoon, until he discovered that the relaxation was contrary to the wishes of an old lady, a member of his church, who forthwith prayed that he might break his leg, whereupon, for her sake, he temporarily gave up a game which, but for "a show in the flesh," he would still play. That the rev. gentleman is not alone in his thorough approval of the game is testified to by the fact that the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Ryle, some little time ago, kicked off on the occasion of a local Cup Tie at Farnham, while the Bishop of

St. Asaph recently gave voice to the following opinion, in which all football enthusiasts, whether players of yesterday or to-day, will find themselves in accord: "I am not afraid of defending cricket or football. I think them most admirable things in their place, and I should be sorry to see them tabooed or to hear of teachers of religion saying they were not good things."

"Most admirable in their place" is a very happily chosen phrase that in all probability expresses the opinion held in respect to the great game by nine-tenths of the public men of to-day. The danger, however, lies in excess (this risk is not confined to football), and it behoves us as a nation to give pause to think ere we lightly encourage players and spectators to draw upon the time that should legitimately be employed in work for the sake of following football. *Apropos* of carrying things to excess, Mr. A. Richardson, the Labour M.P. for Nottingham, quite recently lifted up his voice in warning. Said he, "When you find 20,000 men spending a shilling out of their wages of 30s. to watch a football match—not to play, mind you—but to watch a mere spectacular display, and then go home and buy an evening newspaper and spend another hour in reading the self-same match over again; then on Sunday morning to see young folks discussing the match they have seen on a Saturday afternoon, I think it is time to say to young men, 'Halt!!!'"

Better far to spend a shilling (sixpence usually suffices) on a football match than upon brain befogging drink; better far to spend an hour at home with an evening paper than support the wall of a public-house at the corner of a street; but best of all to play the game oneself, whole-heartedly and unselfishly, with no thought of gain other than that which naturally accrues from the pursuit of a health-giving pastime calculated to keep both body and mind robust, in those hours that can legitimately be claimed for relaxation.

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

ON THE LINE

THE present month of October will witness the completion and opening of **St. Deiniol's, Hawarden**; and we can use no more appropriate page in the MONTHLY REVIEW than this in which to welcome its addition to the literary treasure-houses of the nation. St. Deiniol's will be a characteristic monument to the fame and patriotism of its founder.

Mr. Gladstone was, we know, a man of extraordinary versatility. The heavy burden of State affairs, which for an unusually long period he bore, did not diminish one whit his eager interest in many spheres of scholarship and intellectual inquiry. He was, while the most eager advocate of the Christian religion, an authority on Homer, on Dante, on Butler, on a thousand subjects in literature, religious and profane; ancient, mediæval, and modern. He would with the angry fire of love defend the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture, champion Mother Church, wax eloquent in advocacy of the rights of peoples to be well-governed and free; and then, with keenness undimmed, would turn to lighter matters, and be ready to discuss the details of the latest novel, the points of last night's play. His wide range of interest was the secret of his extraordinary powers of work. He was, in truth, an old man marvellous. His honoured memory is a national possession, a legacy to our children; and no more appropriate means of perpetuating it could be found than the splendid library with which he and his children have enriched the nation. St. Deiniol's exists to fit a national need. It is open for the use of students. May the best hopes of its founders in regard to its usefulness be fulfilled!

An attractive and illuminating volume is **From St. Francis to Dante** (Nutt, 10*s.* 6*d.* net), the translation,

excellently well done by Mr. G. G. Coulton, of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene, who lived from 1221 to 1288, and saw and recorded much that is curious in the period known to history as the Middle Ages. That was, indeed, an extraordinary time! Sweet St. Francis of Assisi had lived his life of splendid simplicity; out of barrenness and poverty had formed a Brotherhood with which to cleanse the world; yet—so soon do human ideals decay!—even while some of those who had known the saint were living, the evil influence of the age had been mischievously effectual: not only was the general community very little better, but the Order itself had drifted far away from the white ideals of its founder. It openly ignored the plain requirements of its Rule, and witnessed the example of Francis becoming dimmed in many unhelpful legends.

Salimbene di Adama was born at Parma in the year of St. Dominic's death. His family was noble; and probably the future Franciscan would have lived the ordinary life of the Italian aristocrat, consisting mainly of quarrelling, politics and love, if it had not been for one of those Revivals—this one known as "the Great Alleluia" of 1233—with which the immoralities and infidelities of those extravagant years were temporarily checked. Salimbene was twelve at the time: young for conversion, no doubt; but the effect on him of the Alleluia was considerable. It appealed to his heart and mind at the most impressionable period of childhood. Four years later the revival found practical effect. Salimbene suddenly fled from his home, braved his father's wrath, resisted his appeals, and became one with the Franciscans.

This autobiographical chronicle indirectly sheds much light on the character of Salimbene, who was no saint. He enjoyed comfort and good living, had a rich sense of humour, was very curious about the facts of his times, hoped for improvements in government and manners; and, because they failed to come, did not, therefore, wear and fret his soul with virtuous disappointments. Rather he delighted in the jovial and the marvellous; and, to the advantage of readers of a later and

more prosaic day, wrote for his niece—who, we hope, read without blushing the passages which Mr. Coulton has judiciously deleted—this racy, informing narrative. The value of the book lies in the luminous exposition it affords of the condition of Church and State in the crowning period of the Middle Ages. It comes as a literary link between the wonder-tales of St. Francis and the fierce, magnificent satire and condemnation contained in the "Divine Comedy."

The few righteous men living in those times longed for a good Emperor and a good Pope. The lay and religious worlds demanded both. Yet nothing came of the appeal. A voice cried in the wilderness; and the wilderness answered. "The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed." The age was picturesque and rotten. Crowns and jewelled robes adorned—decay! Mummery and superstition displaced religion and virtue. There were no limits to popular credulity, to priestly arrogance, to princely vice. Relics of questionable authenticity were extravagantly adored; saints were venerated who only a few years before had been openly bad men; but as a bitter contemporary—a friar—remarked "At Rome there is no relic half so efficacious as the bones of St. Gold and St. Silver." Indeed, the same angry reformer—he was Catholic and Reformer too—Hugh de Digne, found the courage to denounce the Cardinalate at one of their assemblies, and in the same words condemned the overwhelming majority of those who wore the white and ornate robes of the Church. He spoke of them to their faces as sluggards, eating and drinking sumptuously, sporting with hounds and hawks—and worse; while the poor lacked clothes and bread, and lay in prison unvisited. The wonder is that the Cardinals listened without checking him. There was evidently some grace in the times. Yet religion was in sorry case, often a mockery. A mistake in the saying of Mass roused the church to laughter; monks and nuns joined in the ribald revelry which the customs of the times sometimes allowed, to riot with the sacred vessels and vestments before the altars. Conscience slept. Faith was helped by tricks. Priests juggled with their opportunities.

Miracles, with the object of impressing the vulgar, were forged. Here is an instance culled from many:

> One of the greatest men of Salimbene's century, Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, relates with approval an equally false miracle of a priest who slipped a bad penny instead of the Host into the mouth of a miserly parishioner at Easter Communion, and then persuaded the man that the Lord's body had been thus transmuted, for his punishment, into the same false coin which he had been wont to offer yearly at that solemnity.

Sad—terribly sad—is the indictment of his fellows and his times which Salimbene's pen all unconsciously was making. And as the Church was, so were the laity. How could it be otherwise? Every city and state in Italy was a pit of tyranny, treachery, hideous cruelty. Princes and prelates alike were blood-guilty. It needed a hundred examples such as that of St. Francis to cure and cleanse that age. The best method of realising what progress means is to compare the Church and the State in Italy to-day with what they were during the period of magnificence and anger, which Brother Salimbene describes. This volume epitomises the most curious chapter in human history.

Quite a number of good novels have already been published during the present autumn season, early as that still is. Space only permits us very briefly to mention one, **Suzanne** (by Miss Valentina Hawtrey, Murray, 6*s*.). This is a story of mediæval France, placed in somewhat different setting from the usual historical tale. It is a romance of love and anger, told with admirable definiteness and force. Mathieu, Miss Hawtrey's hero, loves—shall we say unwisely? He woos and wins at the sword-point, and gains and loses like a chevalier. The plot—too intricate in construction to be epitomised—develops speedily and naturally; and is still not the chief strength of the book, for we cannot too highly commend the manner in which this story is told. Miss Hawtrey's pen paints pictures, and though occasionally she uses words which are not quite appropriate to the period, they do not detract from the interest and mediæval atmosphere of the tale.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XI

THE CONCERT

ON Wednesday afternoon Jeanne drove round the Park as usual, until it was time for the Duchess to be At Home.

The weather had become suddenly and severely cold, so that the place looked almost deserted.

The icy breath of the east wind swayed the topmost branches of the bare black trees; the benches on the frost-bitten paths were whitened over; the drooping shrubs hung their shrivelled leaves, and the scanty grass was hard and crystallised.

The children of the poor remained prudently away; and only the children of the upper classes were sent forth as usual, to brave the bitter cold; with purple cheeks and little scarlet noses they trotted along, wrapped in cloth and velvet; sometimes gaitered, sometimes with bare little blue legs that had much ado to keep pace with hurrying nurses and governesses.

Jeanne, in the comfortable close carriage, shivered in spite

of black fox rug and carpeted foot-warmer; and in spite of the excitement of anticipation which made her cheeks burn. But Buckam and William on the box, each burying a scornful nose in the depths of his broad fur tippet, appeared unconscious of the inclemency of the weather.

Frost is pleasant enough when the sun shines brightly over snowy land and glistening bough, but Jeanne found it depressing indeed in this grey chill atmosphere, with a heavy pall of yellow fog visibly suspended above; grimly waiting to descend upon London the moment the east wind should cease whistling among the chimney-pots, and sink to frozen sleep.

A long line of carriages was slowly passing before the front door of the Duchess of Monaghan's house in Park Lane, and Miss Marney's brougham took its place in the rank, with its frightened occupant; who descended in her turn, and went into the warm and brightly lighted hall, and up the staircase, which was thronged but not crowded, with a goodly number of ladies and a very few gentlemen.

Among the velvets and silks and sables surrounding her, Jeanne in her plain black jacket and crape *toque*, looked, as she was, a little alien to fashion; and began to wonder, rather miserably and nervously, why she had come at all, as she looked round her in vain for a friendly face.

But her name, or the garbled version of it which must pass muster when a foreign appellation is in question, was announced with the others, and she found herself shaking hands with her hostess in her turn.

Her awe of the Duchess amounted to terror, but her alarm was wasted; the Duchess smiled at everybody and recognised nobody, for she was short-sighted to blindness; and her glasses, without which she was helpless, had become entangled in the ruffles of her Mechlin *fichu*.

Jeanne had, happily, no time to utter the greetings and explanations which she had composed and rehearsed in the carriage, before finding herself seated on a little gilt chair in a

row of other little gilt chairs, and behind several large picture hats, through the chinks of which she ventured to peep; and beheld a grand piano, a group of palms, and a gentleman with long hair clasping a violoncello.

Where was the Duke? Where, oh where was kind cousin Denis?

Regardless of the fact that the hats and bonnets around her were stationary, Jeanne's little black *toque* bobbed up and down in the hope of discovering him.

Her efforts were presently rewarded, and she beheld him—though in the surrounding hum of conversation she could not hear him—politely conversing with another long-haired gentleman who was preparing to take his place at the piano.

As she looked, there jumped up and spoke to the Duke a young man so like him in face and colouring that Jeanne concluded it must be his brother. A tall, broad-shouldered young man, with the same fair hair and straight features, but as burly in figure and florid of colouring as Cousin Denis was slight and pale.

Jeanne suddenly realised, as the brothers stood side by side, what the Duke ought to have been like had it not been for the accident which had spoilt his life.

It *must* be his brother, she thought, and in the warmth of her heart, she addressed an interested inquiry on the subject to the lady who occupied the little gilt chair next to her own, on the left.

The lady—having paused to overcome her dismayed surprise at being addressed at all by a total stranger—answered rather shortly that the young man in question was Lord Dermot Liscarney, and turned her right shoulder to Jeanne as a sign that she was not prepared to continue this illicit intercourse. Thus another lesson found its way home to the timid soul of Jeanne, who knew not, that although in most civilised countries a stranger in a friend's house is the friend of your friend, and consequently your own, [at least during your sojourn under the same roof,] yet in England a stranger

in such circumstances—far from being treated with the extra courtesy due to his solitary position—must be solemnly and severely ostracised until the magic words of introduction have been spoken.

But Jeanne was as young in spirit as in appearance; and she presently recovered from this rebuff, in the excitement incidental to rusticity, of beholding a face she recognised in an unknown crowd.

Mrs. Wheler, smarter than ever, was seated at right angles to her in the middle of another row of gilt chairs, and Jeanne could not help bestowing upon her a timid, but friendly glance, which somehow managed to express recognition, greeting and apology for past errors, in one fleeting smile.

Mrs. Wheler's mechanical head bowed politely, before her dormant intellect had time to grasp the fact that this was a person whom she had no intention of admitting to her acquaintance at all; but Jeanne, happy in the salutation obtained, was spared the contemplation of Mrs. Wheler's after expression; for her attention was attracted elsewhere. The violoncello now began its plaintive song, and the well-bred crowd was instantly hushed into attentive silence.

Jeanne's experience of music had been hitherto confined almost entirely to the efforts of the choir at Pen-y-waun; the harmonium, played with tormenting inaccuracy by Mrs. Davies, and Cecilia's remarkable performances upon the pianoforte, diversified by variations upon the concertina executed by John Evans on Saturday nights, when Uncle Roberts could be persuaded to put up with the noise.

The brilliant exception to these deplorable experiences had been the visits of a strolling Welsh harpist to her uncle's farm, and the unaccompanied part-singing of the men in the village, whose souls were musical within them, though their voices lacked training, and who consequently sang a great deal better without Mrs. Davies and her harmonium than with them.

Thus the music of Schumann's *Träumerei*, played by a master-hand, took Jeanne unawares, and charmed her into an

utter forgetfulness of her surroundings, her nervousness, and her isolation in the midst of a crowd.

Breathless and entranced she listened, the tears dropping unheeded from her brown eyes on to the little black-gloved hands tightly clasped in her lap.

The great 'cellist, playing his little selection of the Kinderscenen, had no such thrilled and absorbed listener, had he known it, as that ignorant country maiden, in all the musical and cultivated audience assembled before him.

When it was over, she came to herself with a start, and dried her tears and looked anxiously around her to see if any one had noticed them.

But when the audience had applauded the performer with subdued and regulated enthusiasm, the hum of conversation was renewed, and Jeanne found she might cry at will, for her neighbours were far too much absorbed in each other to observe her.

Impatiently she awaited the next item on the programme. A lady sang three German songs, one after the other, allowing a short pause for encouragement between each; but this time, though the applause was more enthusiastic, Jeanne remained unmoved; neither the voice of the singer, nor the words of a language she did not understand, appealed to her. She became conscious that the room was insufferably hot, in spite of its size; or was it only that she was shaken by her emotion, and needed fresh air to recover herself?

At the end of the third song she heard a voice behind her saying:

"Is the Duke going to play?"

"Oh, I suppose so," was the answer.

"He plays so delightfully."

"Quite charming. But I hope it will be Chopin."

"Oh! he plays his own compositions, sometimes, doesn't he? Aren't they good?"

"Excellent! But I prefer Chopin."

A laugh.

Jeanne felt aggrieved on her cousin's account. Why should Chopin be preferred?

Perhaps she understood presently, when (with quite a glow of cousinly affection and sympathy) she saw the Duke mounting the low platform, and heard the slight demonstration of polite applause (in which poor Jeanne joined with all her might, indignant it should be no louder), as he took his seat before the piano. The long-haired gentleman shut down the music-holder, and propped open the top of the instrument.

The Duke had no affectations and no mannerisms; yet he played brilliantly.

"Chopin," whispered the lady behind Jeanne.

And again Jeanne forgot where she was.

She thought of Louis sailing away over far seas, bound for the desert of Somaliland, full of hope, and youth, and courage; this strange new Louis of the photograph, lean and soldierly in his khaki uniform; grown from a merry boy to strong and serious manhood.

She thought how much she loved him, and of the days when they had climbed the Pen-y-waun Hills together to Coed-Ithel, and ridden the cart-horses to water, and hunted in cowsheds, hay-lofts, and barns, for hens' eggs; and beaten the orchard trees to shake down the cider apples.

She thought of the first time he had left home, and gone, in the care of the headmaster who knew his history, and had taken a fancy to him, to live at the grammar-school at Tref-goch. A little chubby fellow of seven and a half; even then determined to get the best education in his power; even then master, though he knew it not, of his stubborn uncle's heart.

She remembered that she had walked five of the seven miles to town with the boy and the man, knowing that she must return alone to Coed-Ithel; that the master had chanced to be looking another way when the little boy stood on tiptoe (for Jeanne was taller than her twin until they reached their teens, when he shot up far above her), and put his arms round his sister's neck, and said wistfully, "Good-bye Jenny"; an

embrace which took her so by surprise—for Louis was at the age when kisses were displeasing to his manly dignity—that she had hardly responded at the time, though she wept at night afterwards when she recollected it.

The scene came back to her now with a vividness that surprised herself; the long white road by the river; the little boy with his dusty boots and cherub face; the small figure trotting into the distance by the big man's side; and occasionally turning to flutter a grimy little handkerchief . . . Louis, bravely trudging into the unknown, with a heart full of courage; and yet always that sweetness of regret for the sister he must leave behind, in that long vanished time, even as now. She was surprised at the force and strength of her imagination—until the Duke's music died away, and her emotions with it; and left her pale and quiet, realising that it was Chopin, after all, who had inspired and glorified her tender memories of the past.

She wished that the concert might last for ever, and was too much absorbed to notice that here and there were gaps in the audience now, where a few of the guests had melted away during the intervals; their places sometimes being filled by newcomers, and sometimes not.

Thus she did not perceive that the vacant chair on her right had been quietly taken, and she started violently as a voice in low tones addressed her by name,

"How do you do, Cousin Jeanne?" said the Duke.

He saw, immediately, the traces of tears on her long black lashes, and the perception made his voice especially gentle.

She instinctively lowered her own clear tones to correspond.

"Oh, Cousin Denis, I never heard anything like it. And *you* played Chopin."

"Are you particularly fond of Chopin?"

"I never heard of him. They said it was Chopin. But I shall always like him now. *Like!* What a tame word. I

shall always wonder at him, and love him, and reverence him—since he wrote music like that. I even forgot it was you who were playing."

"I am very glad you forgot that," he said simply.

"Is it nearly all over?"

"There is an instrumental quartette; and I am afraid that is all."

"Ought I to go?" said Jeanne ingenuously.

"I hope every one will stay for that," said the Duke, politely.

"It was very kind of the Duchess to invite me; do you think I ought to thank her? I am sure it was you who put it into her head."

"She has these little concerts chiefly to please me," said the Duke; "she does not care much for music herself."

"And you—but I need not ask if *you* care——"

"I am afraid I care too much," he said.

"Can one care too much?"

But the quartette began; and he only smiled at her, and said nothing.

She had no opportunity for thanking the Duchess, though she waited timidly for some moments, trying to do so; hovering on the outskirts of the little group who stood talking and laughing round their hostess, and who were evidently intimate friends.

Her cousin Denis waited at the head of the staircase for her, as she made her little efforts to approach his mother; and then smiled and made her a gentle sign, which she instantly obeyed.

She followed the down-stream, and watched his slow progress through the hall, and his courteous response to the greetings and compliments from one and another; then she heard him order a servant close to the hall door, to call her carriage; and he came back to her side.

"When may I come and see you again, cousin Jeanne?" said the Duke.

"Whenever you like," said Jeanne, happy in the recollection of her sensible uncle's permission.

"Then I will come to-morrow," said cousin Denis, with the little bow that half amused and half embarrassed Jeanne.

At home she found her first letters from Louis in Somaliland awaiting her; and the hopefulness and good spirits which inspired the writer immediately communicated themselves to her as she read.

. . . "*Here we are at last on terra firma. The country is open sandy desert, not nearly so hot as I expected, as there is a strong steady N.E. wind always blowing, so the nights are cool. We have a nice roomy camping-ground with good wells, and we are all in tents, a luxury we enjoy here for the last time, as no tents will be taken on the march . . . Saturday I rode out and shot a buck, there are plenty to be got about six miles inland; they are a kind of gazelle, and very good eating . . . This morning I wandered along the beautiful sandy beach, and watched the great green waves flinging their white manes about and felt all the love for the sea which I always experience when I'm on shore . . .*"

Then followed a spirited description of the ingenuity and handiness of the blue-jackets in swimming the horses ashore through the surf, which Jeanne only skimmed in her eagerness to arrive at the more personal parts of the letter.

. . . "*We are busy working out our transport—cheeseparing and weighing everything, and wondering what we can do without, and what if anything, we can possibly take . . . 500 camels arrived yesterday from Berbera, and some African boys for work—and another 500 are expected on another transport soon; they are swum or dragged ashore in the same way as the horses . . . My best chum writes congratulating me on coming here, and says what lots of fellows say, who have gone home, that England is a happy goal in the abstract, but a little disappointing in the realisation; he advises me to stick to every bit of active work I can get till I'm forty. This I am*

perfectly willing to do, but all his wisdom doesn't prevent from me sighing for a glimpse of you, my Jeannie, and I'm a bit impatient to be up and off. . . . For from the day we leave Obbia I shall feel I am trekking towards you—and happiness."

"It is really almost as though he had started on the journey home," cried Jeanne, beaming with joy, and oblivious of the long stretches of waterless burning desert yet to be traversed before Louis could set sail for England.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm glad indeed, and when does the young master think to be at home?" said Dunham, who now evinced more interest in Louis than in any other human creature.

"He says he hopes probably in the early summer, so far as can be foreseen. Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I have had such a delightful afternoon, and now these letters to keep me company all the evening," said Jeanne. "And—that reminds me," she added nervously, "that the Duke said he would come and see me to-morrow. And I wanted to ask you—*do* you think Mrs. Pyke would mind very much if the pictures were uncovered? The Duke said he would like to see them. If it would not be giving too much trouble, and if you think Mrs. Pyke would not mind?"

"It's you that's mistress here, ma'am, not Pyke, I hope," said Mrs. Dunham, with a sudden access of deference for which Jeanne was at a loss to account. "And if she's not well enough to see to it—and what can be expected at her age?—I'll speak to the housemaids myself. It's time everything in the galleries was uncovered again, for poor Miss Marney always had it done from time to time; and since we had the electric light put into the house, she used to like to see the saloons all lit up now and then. I'll send round to Storr and Warner, the furniture people, at once," said Dunham, suavely. "When did you say his Grace would be here?"

"To-morrow; I think—about tea-time," said Jeanne.

"Then I daresay you'll wish tea served in the music-room for a change; and the fires lighted. I'll speak to Hewitt and

to the head housemaid. We can easily get it done in time, Miss Jane, between us."

It needed but the approval of Dunham to fill the cup of the lonely lady's felicity full, to overflowing.

CHAPTER XII

THE PARTY IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY

HEWITT mounted the echoing stone staircase with considerate deliberation, and ushered the Duke into the middle of the three communicating saloons on the drawing-room floor.

The tapestry chairs and sofas had been uncovered; and the great folding doors had all been thrown open, so that a long broad gallery was formed; brilliantly lighted, and hung with pictures from end to end.

The music-room was the largest of the three lofty and spacious saloons; and the little figure in black, seated behind a low table and a steaming urn, at the far end of the gallery, looked quite a long way off, and very solitary.

But Jeanne came hurrying forward between the long lines of full-length portraits, and greeted her cousin warmly on the threshold of the music-room.

"I had the furniture uncovered, and the curtains drawn, and the lights turned on, all for you," she said, delighted, "so that you can look at the pictures, or play on the piano, or whatever you choose. Mrs. Dunham was so kind about it; she said everything should be arranged properly just as though we were giving a party."

"It is very kind of you to invite me to your party," he said, laughing, "though I am afraid, now I come to think of it, that I invited myself!"

"I am At Home, like the Duchess," said Jeanne, seriously, "and I am very glad you have come. Do you know," she looked round her a little fearfully, "it was rather ghostly before you came, with these ladies and gentlemen watching

me from the walls, all lighted up and looking so life-like. I felt a little as if I were *really* giving a party, and as if only dead people were at it. You may imagine how nice it was to see a real live human being come in. It feels quite different now, even if one's voice does echo through the rooms more than one could wish."

"You must be very lonely indeed, living by yourself in this big house," said the Duke, wonderingly.

"I am getting used to it, and I do not mind nearly so much now that I sleep on the top floor close to the maids. When first I came they put me in the corner room *there*," she pointed to the closed doors behind her, "quite by myself on this storey. I was dreadfully nervous at night; though less nervous than I should have been if I had known that all the Marneys of Orsett who ever lived were lining these walls, trying to stare through their shrouds," she shuddered slightly.

"I am sure it is bad for you," said the Duke. "Isn't there some one, who could come here and take care of you; you look much too young to be here all alone?"

"It is my duty to take care of the house and the furniture —and I am only alone till Louis comes home," she said wistfully, "I am waiting--waiting—always waiting for him. Sometimes it seems very long."

"How do you occupy yourself?" said the Duke, accepting the tea and cake she offered.

"I *don't* occupy myself very much," she answered, honestly. "You see I am accustomed to a very different kind of life, Cousin Denis. I have always lived on a farm, and helped in all kinds of household work; and here there is nothing of that kind to be done. So I am very dull and unoccupied."

"But there are other kinds of work besides farm work," said the Duke, in a tone of gentle raillery.

She shook her head.

"I have found none."

"You read?"

"I tried," said Jeanne, "as soon as the book-cases were

unlocked. But you have no idea what dull old books they are. All f's instead of s's, and most difficult to understand. Mrs. Dunham says Aunt Caroline used to subscribe to a circulating library, but Uncle Roberts would be so shocked at my reading novels; and I felt, too, I might be getting the wrong ones without Louis to guide me. He used to send me books sometimes. But I know those almost by heart. He sent me cheap editions of what he says are classical standard works, and yet delightful to read, and poetry. And when he went mad over 'Cyrano de Bergerac' (he is always enthusiastic over some book or other) he sent me a copy of that, and implored me to read it. But my French is so *very* bad."

"You could improve it," he suggested.

"I finished my education at sixteen," said Jeanne, quite seriously. "You see," she explained, "I shared Cecilia's lessons at the Rectory till she was eighteen, and then she married; so, of course, the governess went away, and I could learn no more. I don't believe she knew French very well herself, either."

"Then I should be the more inclined to take lessons now," said the Duke, always with the same sound of raillery, half amused, half tender, in his voice.

"But I am twenty-five," said Jeanne.

"So am I—but I am still very busy learning things I don't know."

She smiled.

"I never thought of it, I never heard of people taking lessons at twenty-five!"

"Think of it now; and I will, if you like, find somebody who will be very glad to give you lessons."

"Thank you, Cousin Denis. It is an excellent idea," said Jeanne, gratefully, "and it will help to pass the time till Louis comes home. Do you think I could learn to speak it really well before June?"

"I think you could learn a great deal."

"How glad Louis would be. *He* knows it very well

indeed, but then he is so clever at languages. He worked at French and German with all his might when he was cramming for Sandhurst. But I am clever at nothing, and though I boast of my French descent I can scarcely speak a dozen words of what should be my native language."

"London affords plenty of facilities for most studies," said the Duke, "if I were you I should lose not a moment, but begin at once whilst I had so much time on my hands. I noticed yesterday you were fond of music. Can you play?"

"Not a note."

"I'm afraid I'm rather glad! It is so much better not to play at all than to play a little," said the Duke, whimsically.

"But you can sing?"

"Oh yes, I can sing; but not like the lady who sang at your concert."

"Heaven forbid," said the Duke, with great fervour. "Still, as I played to you at *my* party, I hope you will sing to me at yours."

"I know more hymns than songs," said Jeanne, "but I can sing *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*, and *We are coming, Sister Mary*, and one or two songs like that, if you don't mind my singing without an accompaniment?"

"I hope you will let me accompany you."

"But I have no music."

"I think I can manage to improvise, if you sing nothing very difficult," he said smiling.

She looked at him respectfully, now feeling sure that he must be a genius.

"It is very easy to sing in an empty room, I find," said Jeanne, when the last echoes of her clear soprano voice had died away.

The Duke sprang from the music seat, and took her hand impetuously.

"Cousin Jeanne, promise me you will never take any singing lessons."

"I did not know I needed any," said Jeanne astonished, and without any idea of the depths of ignorance she thus naïvely revealed.

He laughed, and laughed again; but always with the same kindness—almost tenderness, in his blue eyes, which made his laughter pleasant to hear.

"Is it bad, my singing?" she asked, laughing in sympathy, and without any anxiety as to his reply. To Jeanne there were but two kinds of singing. One was in tune, and one was not; and she knew she sang in tune.

"It is charming. That is why I should be so sorry to see you learning to make faces, and produce your voice properly. You sing like the peasants in Italy—naturally (only not through your nose, as they do); you sing like a thrush in the fields, or a lark in the sky—without an effort or a thought. And your voice is as sweet and as true as—your heart."

"Oh, Cousin Denis!" said Jeanne, rather shocked, and yet half-pleased.

"I could not have said all that, you know—if I had not been your cousin," said the Duke, with his funny little bow. "You are not angry with me for saying it, I hope?"

"How could I be angry? It sounded very—very nice, only rather poetical," said Jeanne, blushing.

He did not answer this, but turned to the piano again, and his fingers presently wandered into an old melody, which he took as the theme of an improvisation—and played rather stormily throughout the removal of the tea things, by Hewitt and William on tip-toe.

"And now for the pictures," he said.

"I cannot tell you much about them," said Jeanne, rather sadly, "for though the names of the people are written on the backs of all the portraits—luckily—they are much too heavy to move. And no one is left who knows anything about them, now Aunt Caroline is dead, except Mrs. Pyke, and Mrs. Dunham thinks *she* is getting rather childish. They didn't dare tell her even about the uncovering of the pictures."

"If I were you I would not have them covered up again. It is not usual to cover up pictures. Suppose one of the more valuable ones were cut out of the frame; why, no one would be any the wiser. Such things have happened."

"I will certainly keep them uncovered," said Jeanne, in alarm. "Aunt Caroline had a mania for covering up everything, even her hands;" she thought of the white kid gloves. "Mr. Valentine said that some of these paintings were very valuable indeed, but that some were only copies of great pictures."

"Here are two fine Van Dycks," said the Duke, pointing out a cavalier Marney and his dame, "and that must certainly be a Sir Joshua. I saw some wonderful Dutch landscapes as I came in."

"Did you like them?" said Jeanne, surprised. "I thought them very ugly."

Though she could tell her Cousin Denis so little about the pictures, it presently appeared that he could tell her a great deal.

He recognised the work of various artists, and was evidently delighted to examine it in detail. She followed him from one picture to another in great amaze. Louis knew nothing about pictures!

"Do you really mean you don't like this Dutch merry-making?" he cried. "This is Jan Steen. Look at his peasants' homely faces, overflowing with satisfaction. Or this old schoolmaster by Van Ostade. Or this charming courtyard with the light streaming through the doorway, of de Hooghe?"

"It is all Greek to me," she said honestly. "But I see that when one looks into them they grow more interesting. I like better the pictures in the last room. Oh, this painting of a village street is one of those which Mr. Valentine told me was so valuable."

"It is a Hobbema," said the Duke, instantly.

He tore himself away, but reluctantly, from the Dutch collection; and followed Jeanne to the last room, which

contained a few fine copies of famous Italian works, and a landscape of Corot's, on the end wall. It was not, however, to these that Jeanne directed his attention, but to the pictures which crowded both sides of the gallery.

Here were displayed examples of English modern art in oil and water-colour; *genre* pictures and landscapes, painted by the most famous artists of the day, and crowded together in very inartistic confusion.

True to her principles, poor Miss Caroline Marney had spent all her superfluous income, in bringing the family collection of pictures up to date.

"I like these by far the best," said Jeanne, lifting her brown honest eyes to the Duke's face, "and more especially do I like the landscapes; because they seem real to me, and true to nature, and I can understand them."

She showed him the miniatures of her French ancestors, and told him the sad little story of their lives and deaths; and the time sped so quickly that when Cousin Denis at last remembered to look at his watch, he found it almost dinner-time, and rose full of confusion and apology to take his leave.

"Time flies so fast in company," sighed Jeanne.

"What shall you do now—when I leave you?" he asked.

"I shall go down and have my dinner. I am obliged to have late dinner every night," said poor Jeanne, "or Mrs. Dunham says it would give the servants nothing to do, and be very bad for them."

"You dine alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Are you always alone at meals?" he cried, compassionately.

"Up to the present I have been; but on Saturday Cecilia and her husband are coming to dine. They could not come before," she explained, "because Mr. Hogg-Watson had not a free evening."

"Is that Hogg-Watson, the lecturer? I heard him the other night. He is very clever."

"You seem to know everything and everybody," said Jeanne, with great admiration. "I cannot think how you came to know so much about pictures?"

"I know very little; but you see I am debarred from the active amusements fellows of my age usually have to distract them, so I've had to find my interest in other things; travelling, art, music, and so forth," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, but Jeanne divined that the subject of his infirmity was a painful one.

"I suppose you would not—I wonder if you would—is it proper to ask *you* to come and dine on Saturday too?" said Jeanne, wistfully. "You are so kind you would tell me if I were making another mistake in asking you. But when I told Mrs. Dunham about the Hogg-Watsons coming, she said I ought to have a fourth, and make the table even. I was afraid she would be rather annoyed with me for letting them come, so soon (comparatively) after poor Aunt Caroline's death; but she said nothing under six people could be counted as a dinner-party; it *could* only be a little dinner, and it would be a relief to her to think Hewitt and William had something extra to do."

"I think it would be exceedingly proper to ask me," said the Duke, promptly, "and I will certainly come. Thank you very much."

"Thank *you*," said Jeanne, joyfully. "I was so afraid you might be engaged like the Professor; but I suppose you are not celebrated, as he is. I will write you a little note, and tell you about the time and everything. Now I shall look forward to it. I *was* feeling rather nervous, for I have never been used to late dinner at all, till I came here, far less asked any one to dine with me. But now you will sit at the head of the table in Louis' place; and perhaps you will be kind enough to frown at me if I do anything wrong."

"With pleasure," said the Duke. "And I shall like to get the little note. Be sure you don't forget to send it."

"I never forget anything," said Jeanne, in simple good faith.

As the Duke drove home to dress, as fast as a hansom could take him, he noted in his pocket-book the necessity for telegraphing his excuses immediately to the country house where he was engaged to stay, for the approaching week-end.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LITTLE DINNER

"You had best wear black grenadine, ma'am," said Dunham. "That is light, yet not too light. It is well over the two calendar months now, and you need not mind having an evening dress made simple, without any crape at all. We can go to the dressmaker in Mount Street, who did plain things for my poor lady. She would have liked to know you was employing her. And if I passed her the word as it was something special, she would make you up a plain gown in two days."

"I thought I should like black velvet," said Jeanne, but diffidently. "It has been almost the dream of my life to have a velvet dress,"

"Well, 'm, I suppose it's a dream as comes to every woman sooner or later, gentle or simple. Years upon years I used to wonder if I'd ever get a silk gown, and no sooner had I got it, than I couldn't keep my thoughts off velvet myself, though unsuitable. But you're too young for it yet, Miss Jane, or too young-looking, which comes to the same thing."

"I want it to be as nice as possible," said Jeanne, anxiously. "As it's my first real evening dress, you know."

"And who would make up a Genoa velvet, as it should be made, in two days? Besides it's being nothing at all without good lace—which I daren't give you out (though your poor aunt had plenty put by)—without the young master's leave, for it's worth its weight in gold; and he'll be wanting it for *his* lady one of these days; as is his right, Miss Jane," said

Dunham, who always spoke as though she were safeguarding the interests of Louis from any possible inroads his sister might be tempted to make, during his absence. "No, it must be grenadine, and nothing else."

So it was grenadine, and when Jeanne looked in the glass and beheld herself for the first time in an evening gown, she was not inclined to quarrel with the result.

In accordance with the Duke's advice, and after consultation with Mr. Valentine, she had induced the servants to refrain from re-covering the pictures, and then and thereafter Jeanne passed no inconsiderable portion of her endless leisure in the saloons, where she became familiar with the Dutch landscapes so much appreciated by her cousin Denis, and began to like them a little, after all.

"You must receive your guests in the morning-room ma'am, and after dinner it will be something to do to go up to the galleries and look at the pictures, especially as his Grace is so fond of them; and to play the piano in the music-room, said Dunham, anxiously instructing the frightened hostess. "I'm sure nothing could look nicer than you do, Miss Jane. It would please Mrs. Pyke if we asked her to step up and see you. When my poor lady was dressed for the Opera or the Drawing-room, they was all let to come and look at her."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I shall never be worth looking at like poor Aunt Caroline must have been. Even in her sick room she was just like a picture," said Jeanne, humbly.

"That was nothing to what she *could* look, when she had the family jewels on."

"Are they very beautiful?"

"They're very valuable, 'm, and it was always a load off my mind when they was safe at the bank as they are now. For many's the time I've shook in my shoes thinking how easily we might have our throats cut in our beds if evil-disposed persons knew what was in the house."

Jeanne submitted nervously to the ordeal of being exhibited by Dunham to Mrs. Pyke and the four housemaids, who

walked round her in a solemn and awestruck silence; not so much afraid of her, as of Mrs. Pyke and Dunham, whose eyes were upon them.

Pyke, in her thin tremulous voice, expressed her pleasure and admiration; but the housemaids knew their place too well to speak at all. They made up for this discretion by imparting their opinions afterwards to each other, with the utmost freedom.

"Nothing but a plain black evening dress, hardly even cut low to speak of—an old-fashioned grenadine!" said one disappointed maiden.

"The young ladies in my last place wore the same every night of their lives, and we never took any notice. But I suppose that old Dunham thinks anything is a treat to us," said another.

"Poor thing," said the youngest housemaid. "She's pretty, isn't she, with her neck and arms so white, and her eyes and hair so dark?"

"She has a lovely colour," the first housemaid agreed; "but she's no way with her, not a bit. Just a simple little thing! Any one could tell she came out of the country and never been nowhere nor seen nobody."

"You take care what you say, Eliza; for Mr. Hewitt told William it's his belief she'll be Duchess of Monaghan one of these days."

"I'm sure I hope she will, then," said the youngest housemaid sympathetically; "for she always looks kind and gentle at me as if she'd speak if she dared. But that Dunham's got her under her thumb. I wouldn't be ordered about in my own brother's house, if I was in her place; no, I wouldn't."

Meanwhile Jeanne—unconscious of the calmness with which her person, and the possibilities of her future, were being discussed by the younger inmates of the household—took her place on the hearthrug of the morning-room and anxiously awaited her expected guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson were the first to arrive,

and she stepped forward, with some trepidation, to greet them.

Her alarm was not diminished by Cecilia's first communication, made with that rapidity and secrecy which is peculiar to intimate female friendship; and quite unsuspected by the tall spectacled gentleman following in her wake, who merely beheld a tender prolonged embrace between his wife and her hostess.

"He is in one of his worst moods," breathed Cecilia in Jeanne's ear; "be very careful what you say."

Jeanne shook hands with Mr. Hogg-Watson, after this warning, without daring to lift her eyes to his face; and was relieved that he said nothing worse than, "How do you do?" and thankful that he immediately turned his attention to the Romney portrait over the mantelpiece, leaving his wife to make as much or as little conversation as she chose.

"I declare, Jeanne, what a delightful room! Crammed with hothouse flowers, you extravagant creature! And all this Louis Quinze furniture, or is it Louis Seize? I never know the difference. Isn't it charming, Joseph?"

Receiving no response but a grunt to this incautious appeal, she nodded and winked expressively at Jeanne behind the professor's stooping shoulders, and continued her cheerful remarks.

"I do think you are the luckiest person in the whole world. Never did any one's past contrast so vividly with their present as yours. When I remember what you were at Coed-Ithel farm in your early days—and look at you now!"

Jeanne could not help thinking that Cecilia presented quite as remarkable a contrast to what she had been in early days, as she did herself.

Whether she recalled her as a prim little girl in a blue cotton pinafore, with a fair pigtail, feeding the Rectory fowls; or as a tall young person in a home-made blue merino and a plain straw hat, leading the choir in church, and walking with her father to visit school and cottages, setting a demure

example in neatness to the village girls; it seemed equally impossible to connect the memory with the Mrs. Hogg-Watson of the present.

Cecilia's golden hair was now elaborately waved, dressed, and perfumed; and ornamented by a large diamond star.

She wore the black velvet of poor Jeanne's dreams; but far from thinking it necessary to shroud herself in the old lace which Mrs. Dunham had declared to be an indispensable adjunct—she had boldly courted the contrast between the severely cut tight-fitting black velvet, and the snowy white of her neck and shoulders.

Modest Jeanne blushed when she perceived so large a proportion of Cecilia's charms unveiled; and she thought of the horror which would overcome poor Mrs. Davies could she behold her daughter thus excessively *décolletée*. But Cecilia mistook her friend's anguished glance for envy, and smiled inwardly at the contrast presented by her own highly finished *toilette*, to the quiet unornamented gown of the little rustic Jeanne, who appeared quite unable to rise to the opportunities afforded her by her brother's fine house and ample fortune.

"I have invited my cousin to meet you, Cecilia," said Jeanne, timidly, "to make a fourth."

"Your cousin! What cousin! I did not know you had a cousin!" said Cecilia, with lively curiosity. "Who is he?"

"The Duke of Monaghan."

"The Duke of——!" Cecilia opened her mouth and was yet speechless.

"He is a very distant cousin, but he was related to poor Aunt Caroline ——," said Jeanne, hastily, "and he has heard the prof—your hus—Mr. Hogg-Watson lecture."

At the word lecture, the great man turned round, and brought his eyes slowly to the level of Jeanne's countenance as she sat, nervously perched on the extreme edge of her aunt's low chair, by the occasional table.

"Where was that?" he said.

"I do not think he said where."

The Professor emitted another slight grunt and returned to the picture.

"Isn't he just what I told you?" asked Cecilia, in mute pantomime of eyes and fingers.

Jeanne made a gesture signifying that it was too early for her to offer an opinion of the professor's character. So far she must be content to own, that from his appearance, Cecilia was justified in having described him as an ugly and powerful man; of his fascinating qualities he had, as yet, certainly afforded her no evidence.

The entrance of the Duke relieved Jeanne of much embarrassment.

Cousin Denis was at once so quiet, so self-possessed, and so helpful, that she felt her heart expand in sudden grateful recognition of his good breeding.

He recalled the subject and the occasion of the Professor's lecture so pleasantly, that the great man's brow cleared; for the compliments of a Duke, even though he be but a young one, are usually acceptable to the average Britisher; and Mr. Hogg-Watson, his learning and celebrity notwithstanding, was but an average Britisher after all.

Far from being too much shocked by the scantiness of her bodice (as Jeanne had almost feared Cousin Denis might be), to even look at Cecilia, he offered her his arm with an engaging smile, when Hewitt announced dinner, the instant he perceived that Jeanne was at a loss; and remarking that in the absence of his cousin Louis he had been requested to take his place, led her across the hall to the great dining-room, where the table laid for four persons appeared but as a small island in the midst of a wide sea of *parquet* flooring.

Jeanne followed with the Professor, observing thankfully that his glance at her, when he gave her his arm, was not an unkind one.

After all, she was by no means so certain of his ugliness.

A very fine pair of intent grey eyes shone behind his

glasses; a shock of hair, between grey and flaxen, fell over his broad forehead; and if his nose were surprisingly long and beaky, so were the noses, she reflected, of many great men; whilst his massive uneven profile, and wide mouth, even though rather grim, were not destitute of humour.

Long before the end of dinner Jeanne found herself wondering why he had married Cecilia.

If Mrs. Hogg-Watson had been content to be herself—lively, talkative, inconsequent, and more than a little vulgar—it is possible she might have succeeded in amusing the Duke of Monaghan very well. But though this end was the object of her constant endeavour throughout the meal, she unfortunately missed attaining it; through her assumption of a personality which did not belong to her.

Jeanne—who did not know that Cecilia was trying to play the *rôle* of a smart woman of society—listened to her affected, coquettish, and sometimes *risquée* conversation, with a countenance more expressive of surprise and dismay than she knew.

She did not recognise the type which Cecilia was endeavouring, from the most superficial observation, to emulate; and in her simplicity, was heartily ashamed of her friend.

Every now and then the Professor broke in upon his wife's statements with a flat contradiction; but these interruptions, however they might embarrass the Duke and his cousin Jeanne, appeared not to ruffle the complacency of Cecilia in the slightest degree.

"My husband is never happy except when he's travelling, Duke. And I am afraid I am a shockingly old-fashioned wife," said Cecilia, archly, "for I often go with him, instead of staying at home, where I should have a much better time; now shouldn't I?"

"I dislike travelling more than anything in the world," growled the Professor, breaking off his remarks to Jeanne, and casting a look of positive dislike across the table at his communicative spouse.

"Ah! so you say. But 'facts is facts' and though we have

but just returned from South America, we are going to spend the summer in Berlin."

"I am not going to Berlin," stated Mr. Hogg-Watson; "or if I do go, I shall go alone."

"We shall see about that when the time comes," said Cecilia, more coquettishly than ever. Perhaps it was her affectation which made her seem less handsome in Jeanne's eyes to-night, than she had appeared in her own house.

"Your name is French. It is historical. There have been great men of that name," said Mr. Hogg-Watson to Jeanne, abruptly. "Have you not relatives in France? Or is it Jersey that you come from?"

"No, we have nothing to do with Jersey. My ancestors were French," said Jeanne, delighted at his choice of a subject.

"You speak French very well, I suppose?"

"I can scarcely speak it at all. And I have never been in France," said Jeanne, rather sorrowfully.

"I am sure, Jeanne, you know French almost as well as I do," said Cecilia, with encouraging patronage. "Your little cousin and I were brought up together, you know," she said, turning to the Duke.

"At least you know enough to be aware how little you know," said the Professor, ignoring his wife. "That is a preliminary to learning more. Your name is familiar to me, because a man of that name was killed in the Boer War."

"Are you sure?" said Jeanne, much excited. "My brother was in the Boer War, but he was certainly not killed. Not even wounded, I am thankful to say. Surely Louis would have heard of it."

"It is as I say," said the Professor, shortly.

"Please tell me about it," said Jeanne, abashed. "We always hoped there might possibly be descendants of Charles de Courset, my great-great-uncle who stayed at home when his brother emigrated. Louis hoped some day for time and means to search them out. He would be so interested to know. But how came a Frenchman to be fighting for us?"

"He was not fighting for us, but for the Boers."

"For the Boers!"

"Early in 1900." said the Professor, "the French volunteer, General de Villebois-Mareuil—in command of the foreign legion—was killed at Boshof. You heard of that, I presume?"

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, breathlessly.

"I was present at his funeral, He was a brave man. He was buried with military honours. Some of his companions were killed, some wounded, and some taken prisoners. I helped to attend a wounded prisoner, because I happened to speak French fluently. His name was de Courset. This conveyed nothing to me at the time, of course, for I am not aware that I had ever heard your name mentioned."

She thought he cast a withering glance across the table at Cecilia, who reddened slightly, but was obliged to be silent; for the Duke had turned towards Mr. Hogg-Watson, and was listening with obvious interest to his recital.

"I remember," said the Professor—he looked only at Jeanne's eyes—"this poor fellow interested me more than the others, by his courage—heroism indeed, in bearing the pain that I—" She turned so white that he skilfully changed the ending of the phrase—"cut as short as possible by placing him under anæsthetics. He was devoted to his leader; in fact they all were. I saw a little gold medal worn by poor de Villebois-Mareuil inscribed, 'To a great Frenchman, from the companions of his daughter.' De Courset told me that his own daughter had been one of these companions, and the friend of the poor General's child."

"Did he die?" said Jeanne, hardly above a whisper.

"It was impossible to save him," said the Professor. His gruff voice was quite kind. "He was laid by the side of de Villebois-Mareuil, as he wished, at Boshof."

"I must write and tell Louis," said Jeanne. "He will not lose a moment when he comes home, in following up such a clue. We will never rest till we find our family. Did he tell

you where his daughter lived? Or give you messages or letters for her?"

"He confided everything of that kind to his comrades, no doubt," said the Professor. "His things were sent to Pretoria with the rest."

"Thank you very very much for telling me about it, Professor," said Jeanne.

She forgot her shyness, and awe of Cecilia's husband, and spoke as earnestly and naturally as though she had been addressing Louis himself; or Cousin Denis, with whom she was quite at her ease.

Mr. Hogg-Watson was by no means insensible to the charms of simplicity; he thawed completely; or perhaps the excellence of the dinner had softened his mood.

"Where is this brother, may I ask?"

"In Somaliland." Jeanne could hardly forbear a reproachful look towards her friend. Had she not thought it worth while to mention to her husband, that Louis was now, perhaps even at this moment—risking his life in the service of his country?

The Professor looked grave.

"It is not a nice place."

"He had only just arrived when he wrote. He was at Obbia; and he said it was not nearly such a bad climate as he expected. Quite the contrary," said Jeanne, anxiously. "He is used to India, you know, and he has been all through the South African War. This will be quite a short expedition, Louis thinks."

"I hope you will get him home very soon," said the Professor, and this time his voice sounded more cheerful.

All the smiles and signs of Cecilia failed to explain to Jeanne that the moment had now come when a move must be made, and that it was upon her that the duty of making it devolved.

Hewitt—too stupid to whisper to his young lady the hint that Mrs. Dunham, in his place, would not have scrupled to bestow—brought in coffee; and they drank it; he handed

round cigarettes and cigars—and still Jeanne sat quietly on; until the tact of her watchful cousin was again exerted on her behalf.

"Perhaps, Cousin Jeanne, you will give us leave to smoke down here, when you and Mrs. Hogg-Watson withdraw the light of your presence," he said, smiling at her across the table.

"Oh, yes, certainly," she cried in confusion; and Cecilia, rising very thankfully, put her arm through her friend's, and led her playfully out of the room; the Duke politely opening the door, and closing it behind them.

"My dear! Didn't you see me? I couldn't catch your eye. You should have bowed to me long ago. But however, it doesn't matter"—cutting short Jeanne's distressed apologies for her unwitting omission. "I was dying to get away and talk to you. I am simply *pining* to know what you think of Joseph. He was quite *épris* with you. But that is his way You mustn't think anything of it. He is always taken with every fresh face he meets; and then people think him charming! I only wish they knew what he was like at home. I assure you he was like a bear in the brougham. But I suppose men are always like that with the women they really care for," said Cecilia, with a sharp glance at Jeanne's innocent face.

"He seemed very kind," was all poor Jeanne could reply; for Cecilia's tones made her uncomfortable, though she could not tell why.

"As for your poor little lame Duke," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, condescendingly. "He is a nice little thing. I quite liked him, though he was rather heavy in hand. I remember all about his family now. One way and another I get to hear most people's history. I believe he was mixed up in some Gaiety scandal; but I may be confusing him with somebody else. Anyway, I know he doesn't get on with his mother. I believe she quite hates the sight of him, on account of his club foot."

"Oh Cecilia, not really," cried Jeanne, without pausing to consider whether this item were more likely to be accurate than the rest of Cecilia's intelligence.

"No wonder, when the others are such fine athletic men," said Cecilia, tossing her head. "I saw one of them play in a cricket match once. That is why I inquired all about the family. Lord Brian something was his name."

"But he was not born with a club foot," said Jeanne, bethinking herself. "He fell downstairs in this very house, and injured his spine—when he was a little boy. And Cecilia, I think you must be mistaken, for nothing could be more friendly than his mother's manner to him when I saw them together."

"Do you know the Duchess?" This time the jealousy in Cecilia's voice was unmistakable.

"I can't say I *know* her, but I have been to her house—to an At Home; and she left a card here, but she did not ask to come in," said scrupulous Jeanne.

"Well, then of course you know her. I wish you would get *me* an invitation to her house," said Cecilia. "Bless me, Jeanne, if only I had your opportunities I should be at the top of the tree in no time, and know every one in London."

"I thought you had so many friends."

"I said—'of a kind,'" said Cecilia, discontentedly. "And I have trouble enough to keep even them together. I wasted a guinea on that announcement in the *Morning Post*, hoping it would bring in a few invitations; and all that came of it was a shoal of letters for Joseph, which he won't let me so much as open."

She looked enviously round the music-room, into which Jeanne now conducted her.

"All these pictures must be worth a mint of money. You will see, Joseph will go straight to look at them the instant he comes up here, and we shall get no more fun out of him at all. However, there will be the Duke for you and me to talk to. It is a pity he is so young. Do you see much of him,

by the bye?" with an elaborate carelessness of manner and that sharp side glance of which Jeanne was becoming acutely conscious. "Does he come often?"

"He has only been twice before," said Jeanne, coldly.

She was vaguely offended by the meaning tone which Cecilia adopted in speaking of her kind Cousin Denis.

Oh, why had she asked Cecilia here? Why had she ever sought her out at all? Would it not have been wiser, remembering her as an odious little girl, to have shunned her altogether as a woman?

"Well, I warn you, I shall monopolise him when he comes upstairs, just as I did at dinner," said Cecilia, with an exasperating laugh. "If he wants to talk to *you*, you know, he can very easily outstay us. Joseph never stops up late if he can possibly help it."

The entrance of the Duke and Mr. Hogg-Watson came as a relief; and his wife's prophecy was fulfilled, for the Professor was immediately absorbed in the Dutch landscapes.

Cousin Denis went straight to the piano, and began to play, unasked.

He saw Jeanne's troubled brow, and his music presently charmed the shadows from her downcast pensive face; but he did not ask her to sing to-night; he played quietly on and on.

Nevertheless, he did not outstay Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson, but rose from the piano at half-past ten, and bade Jeanne good night in a very kind and gentle tone.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson, on the tapestry settee, was yawning unrestrainedly. She cared neither for pictures nor for music, and thought it very rude of Jeanne to attend more earnestly to her cousin's playing than to her friend's whispered confidences.

"Of course she is doing her best to catch him; but I do not feel sure she will succeed, though he is evidently a dreadful prig," reflected Cecilia, as she shook hands warmly with the Duke and begged him to call upon her.

"Thank you very much. You are exceedingly kind," he

said, and Jeanne learnt with surprise that Cousin Denis could be frigid as well as polite when he chose.

When they had all gone, she sat alone in the silent gallery among the dead Marneys of Orsett, the sombre Dutch pictures. and the modern landscapes which filled the wintry night with visions of summer skies, and woods and streams and poppied fields, and cried a little, softly, over the failure of her dinner-party.

"I think I never, never hated anything so much," she thought, miserably. "What was the good of my pretty frock, or the beautiful dinner that kept Mrs. Pyke and the cook awake all night planning it; or the trouble poor Hewitt took to arrange the daffodils on the table, or kind kind cousin Denis coming to help me, or anything—when Cecilia was so horrid. Oh, poor Aunt Caroline, this just shows how very unfit I am to entertain anybody in your beautiful house. But it will all be quite different—when Louis comes home."

(*To be continued*)