

THE FASCINATION OF PARLIAMENT

AT the General Election was witnessed the old and familiar, but ever curious and interesting, spectacle of about twelve hundred men—varying so much in consequence, ability, position and temperament that they may be said to reflect, collectively, the very image of the Nation—engaged in wooing the constituencies which have at their disposal the 670 seats in the House of Commons. How comes such a strange thing to pass? What are the irresistible allurements that compel this large body of men, the majority of them actively engaged in business or professional life, to spend their money and time, their strength and temper, in order that they may be given the chance of making a gift of their professional capacity and business experience to the Nation, expecting in return neither fee nor reward?

Let us hear Macaulay on the subject. Writing to his sister Hannah (subsequently Lady Trevelyan) on June 17, 1833, after a few years' experience of the House of Commons, he says :

I begin to wonder what the fascination is which attracts men, who could sit over their tea and their book in their own cool, quiet room, to breathe bad air, hear bad speeches, lounge up and down the long gallery, and doze uneasily on the green benches till three in the morning. Thank God, these luxuries are not necessary for me. My pen is sufficient for my support, and my sister's company is sufficient for my happiness. Only let me see her well and cheerful,

and let offices in Government and seats in Parliament go to those who care for them. If I were to leave public life to-morrow, I declare that, except for the vexation which it might give you and one or two others, the event would not be in the slightest degree painful to me.

Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Life of Lord Macaulay," not only corroborates his uncle as to the mystery of the charm of the House of Commons, but gives us, from personal experience also, a more forbidding description of what he calls "the tedious and exhaustive routine" of an M.P.'s life during the Sessions of Parliament:

Waiting the whole evening to vote, and then walking half a mile at a foot's-pace round and round the crowded lobbies; dining amidst clamour and confusion, with a division twenty minutes long between two of the mouthfuls; trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw; and sitting behind Ministers in the centre of a closely packed bench during the hottest week of the London summer.

If this were all that was to be said of Parliamentary life it would, indeed, be difficult to understand why a seat in the House of Commons should be regarded as an object to be sighed for, and schemed for, and fought for, and paid for, by thousands of very astute and able men. The constituencies are not engaged at the General Election in fastening this burden upon unwilling shoulders. How incomprehensible, then, is the action of those who, having had experience of the hard and thankless lot of the Member of Parliament, its mental strain, its physical discomforts, yet labour unceasingly, night and day, during the month of the General Election to induce the electors to send them back again to the dreary round of routine tasks at Westminster. Indeed Macaulay himself felt keenly the loss of his seat for Edinburgh in 1847, though at the time he was absorbed in his "History of England"; and in 1852, with his great work still uncompleted, he was delighted to be returned again to Parliament by his old constituency. But the truth is, we have been given only the dark side of the picture. There is a silver lining also to the cloud. The life of

a representative of the people, as we shall presently see, has its compensations.

Still, the tribulations of an M.P. are undoubtedly many. There are, to begin with, the torments of the post. Cobden, in a letter to a friend, early in 1846, when his name as the leader of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was in all men's mouths, gives us an interesting glimpse into the contents, half laughable and half pathetic, of the letter-bag of an M.P. He says :

First, half the mad people in the country who are still at large, and they are legion, address their incoherent ravings to the most notorious man of the hour. Next, the kindred tribe who think themselves poets, who are more difficult than the mad people to deal with, send their doggerel and solicit subscriptions to their volumes, with occasional requests to be allowed to dedicate them. Then there are the Jeremy Diddlers, who begin their epistles with high-flown compliments upon my services to the millions, and always wind up with a request that I will bestow a trifle upon the individual who ventures to lay his distressing case before me. To add to my miseries, people have now got an idea that I am influential with the Government, and the small place-hunters are at me.

Cobden enclosed a specimen of the begging-letters he was accustomed to receive. It was from a lady asking him to become her "generous and noble-minded benefactor." As she desired to begin to do something for herself, she hoped he would procure her a loan of £5000 "to enable her to rear poultry for London and other large market towns." In another letter, written July 14, 1846, after the taxes on bread-stuffs had been repealed, and the Corn Law League disbanded, Cobden says :

I thought I should be allowed to be forgotten after my address to my constituents. But every post brings me twenty or thirty letters—and such letters ! I am teased to death by place-hunters of every degree, who wish me to procure them Government appointments. Brothers of peers—aye, "honourables"—are amongst the number. I have but one answer for all : "I would not ask a favour of the Ministry to serve my own brother." I often think what must be the fate of Lord John, or Peel, with half the needy aristocracy knocking at the Treasury doors.

Things have but little improved, if at all, since the time of Cobden. The ordinary elector fails to see that his representative deserves any gratitude or thanks for his services in Parliament. On the contrary, he thinks it is he who is entitled to some return for having helped his representative to a seat in the House of Commons in preference to another who was equally eager for the honour. The spectacle of so many men competing for the voluntary service of the State in the capacity of a Member of Parliament cannot but make the ordinary elector feel that he is conferring a favour on the particular candidate for whom he votes. This being their state of mind, constituents are naturally exacting. As the representative, on the other hand, desires to retain his seat, he cannot afford to ignore a letter from even the humblest and obscurest of the electors. The General Election may come round again with unexpected suddenness, bringing with it the day of reckoning for the Member. Then it is that the voter, however humble, however obscure, can help to make or mar the prospect of his return to St. Stephen's. But constituents will unreasonably persist in asking for things impossible. In the post-bag of the representative appointments are greatly in demand. There was a time when the M.P. had some patronage to distribute in the way of nominations to posts in the Customs, the Excise and the Inland Revenue, for which no examination was required, should the Party he supported be in power. But that good time, or bad, is gone and for ever. The throwing open of the Civil Service to competition has deprived the M.P. of this sort of small change, which he once was able to scatter among the electors so as to reward past services and secure future support. Now he has absolutely nothing in his gift, except, perhaps, a nomination for any vacant sub-post-office in his constituency. Yet numbers of the electors still imagine there are many comfortable posts which are to be had by their representatives merely for the saying of a word to some Minister. An example of what the M.P. has occasionally to put up with is found in the following blunt and abusive

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epistle, sent by a disappointed office-seeker to the man he says "he carried in on his own shoulders" at the last election:

DEAR SIR,—

You're a fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the money either, but you could hev got it for me if you wasn't so mean. Two pound a week ain't any moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I objekt to bein' maid a fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to bet me that You wouldn't be in the House more than a week before you made a ass of yourself. I bet him a Cow on that as i thort you was worth it then. After i got Your Note sayin' you declined to ackt in the matter i driv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her.

That's orl I got by howlin meself Hoarse for you on pole day, an' months befoar. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't. Yure no man. An' i doant think yure much of a demercreat either. I lowers meself ritin to so low a feller, even tho I med him a member of parlerment.

Electors also argue that as M.P.s are law-makers they should be able to rescue law-breakers from the clutches of the police. Accordingly there are appeals to have fines imposed on children for breaking windows remitted, and even to get sentences of penal servitude revoked. The respectable tradesman on the verge of bankruptcy, who could be restored to a sound financial position by the loan of £100, sends many a cadging letter. He usually declares that he not only voted for his representative, but attended every meeting that gentleman addressed in the course of the election. The best reply the M.P. could make to such an attempt to fleece him is to advise his correspondent to attend more to business and less to politics; but he probably never makes it, for he can rarely afford to speak out his mind to a constituent. Inventors are also of the plagues from which the M.P. suffers. The man who has discovered the secret of making soap out of sawdust writes glowing letters about the fortune to be made if a company were formed to work the process. Almost every post brings bottles of mixtures and boxes of lozenges, calculated to transform the harshest voice into the clearest and mellowest. "Send me a testimonial," said the maker of one mixture,

“that, after you had used my specific, the house was spell-bound by the music of your tones.” Tradesmen are also most importunate. Quite recently the announcement of an interesting event in the family of a Member appeared in the Press. Next day a van pulled up at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament. It contained three different kinds of perambulators; and the tradesman who brought them was extremely indignant because the police refused him admission to the House to display their good points and advantages to the happy father. Poets ask for subscriptions to publish their works, or, enclosing some doggerel verses as samples, appeal for orders for odes for the next General Election.

If you would quote in the House a verse from my volume, “Twitterings in the Twilight,” what a grand advertisement I’d get! [wrote one rhymester to his representative]. You might say something like this: One of the most delightful collections of poems it has ever been my good fortune to come across is Mr. Socrates Wilkin’s “Twitterings in the Twilight.” Could the situation in which the Empire finds itself be more happily touched off than in the following verse of that eminent poet?—and then go on to quote some lines from my book, which I enclose.

Members who are lawyers and doctors are expected by a large section of their constituents to give professional advice for nothing. If one of these unreasonable persons has a dispute with his landlord as to the amount of rent due, or finds it impossible to recover a debt, he expects, as a matter of course, his representative, if a gentleman learned in the law, to help him out of his difficulty; or, if a doctor, he favours him with long and incoherent accounts of mysterious complaints from which he has suffered for years. The M.P. is also expected to throw oil on disturbed domestic waters. Here is a specimen of a communication which is by no means uncommon:

DEAR SIR,—

Me and the wife had a bit of a tiff last Saturday night, and she won’t make it up. If you just send her a line saying Bill’s all right, she will come round. She thinks such a lot of you since you kissed the nipper the day you called for my vote.

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But pity the poor M.P. who receives such a letter as the following :

HONOURED SIR,—

I hear that Mr. Balfour is not a married man. Something tells me that I would make the right sort of wife for him. I am coming to London to-morrow, and will call at the House of Commons to see you, hoping you will get me an introduction to the honourable gentleman. I am only 30 years of age, and can do cooking and washing.

AGNES MERTON.

P.S.—Perhaps if Mr. Balfour would not have me, you would say a word for me to one of the policemen at the House.

During the evening the Member who received this strange epistle cautiously ventured into the Central Hall, and, sure enough, espied an eccentric-looking woman in angry controversy with a constable, who was trying to induce her to go away. But she refused to leave, and ultimately found a sympathetic companion in the crazy old lady who has haunted the place for years in the hope that some day she will induce the Government to restore the £5,000,000 of which she declares they have robbed her.

The Member of Parliament is liable to receive other communications of even less flattering and more exasperating character. Bribes are occasionally dangled before him through the post. Will he allow his name to be used in the floating of a company, or in the advertising of some article of common use or patent medicine? Will he use his influence in obtaining a Government contract for a certain firm? If he will, there is a cheque for so-and-so at his disposal. In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the payment of Members, Mr. John Burns evoked both laughter and applause by reading his reply to an offer of fifty pounds if he obtained for a person in Belfast a vacant collectorship of taxes. "Sir," replied Mr. Burns, "you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot."

But the sane and the righteous give the M.P. more annoyance than the knavish and the crazy. Think of the numerous

local functions—religious, social, and political—to which he is invited. When a meeting is being organised in the constituency, naturally the first thought of its promoters is to try to get the Member to attend. The more conspicuous he is in Parliament, and therefore the more likely to attract an audience, the greater is the number of these invitations, and the more widespread is the disappointment and dissatisfaction among his constituents if he fails to accept them. He is expected to preside at the inaugural meetings of local amateur dramatic societies and local naturalists' field clubs; and "to honour with his presence" the beanfeasts of local friendly associations. The literary institution, designed to keep young men out of the public-houses, must be opened by him. He must attend mixed entertainments of a political and musical character, at which his speech is sandwiched between a sentimental and a comic song.

But perhaps the Member of Parliament is most worried by the appeals to his generosity and charity which pour in upon him in aid of churches, chapels, mission-halls, schools, workingmen's institutes, hospitals, asylums, cricket and football clubs, and in fact societies and institutions of all sorts and sundry. Of course it is only natural that if money be needed for an excellent local purpose the local representative should be included in the appeal. In some constituencies, however, many of these calls on the purse of the representative can only be described as barefaced extortions. Not long ago, Mr. Robert Ascroft, one of the Members for Oldham, in his annual address to the electors, made a remarkable disclosure of the rapacity with which the M.P. is often preyed upon by constituents. He said :

In my hand I hold a roll of paper, which is nearly twenty feet long, and it is covered with the names of applications for subscriptions since I became your member. The late Mr. Fielden, a week before Parliament rose, while we were sitting having a chat in the House of Commons, said to me, "However do you manage in Oldham?" And I replied, "As well as I can." He remarked, "Would you believe it, the first twelve months that I was elected I was asked to give"—and the sums were mentioned—"no less than £27,000."

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Now [continued Mr. Ascroft] I simply mention this because I made a rule to send a cheque when I could afford to send it. But I am not an African millionaire, and I have no shares in Klondike. Therefore you must please to understand that when I do not answer these letters, and do not enclose a cheque, it is for the simple reason that I cannot afford to do so. I think that it is time one ought to speak out, and though one, as a Member of Parliament, is willing to do one's share for every good work in the constituency, do not forget that there are other men in the constituency, and of great wealth, from whom you ought to get a thousand times as much as you ought to get from me.

If a Member of Parliament should refuse to help his constituents in providing themselves with coals, blankets, footballs, cricket-bats; big drums, billiard-tables, church steeples, sewing-machines, he is set down as mean; and numbers vow he shall not have their votes at the General Election. The representative is, by all means, to be commended in resisting these illegitimate demands. But there is something to be said for the constituents. Surely they may very properly ask, "From whom can we more reasonably seek aid for our deserving local charities than from our Member of Parliament?" They recall to mind his accessibility and graciousness while he was "nursing" the constituency. Was he not ever ready to preside at the smoking-concerts of the Sons of Benevolence, to sing songs or recite at the mothers' meetings, to hand round the cake at the children's tea parties, to kick off at the football contests? Did he not regard service in the House of Commons more as a distinction and privilege than as a public duty? His speeches also are remembered.

Did he not tell the electors from a hundred platforms that for all time he was absolutely at their service? Did he not come to them literally hat in hand begging the favour—mind you, "the favour"—of their vote and influence? Yet to this cynical end has it all come, that badgered by requests for subscriptions to this, that or the other, he replies—to quote the prompt, emphatic and printed answer which one representative has sent to all such appeals—"I was elected for — as Member of Parliament, not as Relieving Officer."

In the House of Commons itself some disappointments

also await the M.P. The motives which induce men to seek a seat in Parliament are, perhaps, many and diverse, but there is no doubt whatever that the main reason is an honest and genuine desire to serve the State and promote the happiness of the community. In the first flush of their enthusiasm after election our representatives zealously set about informing themselves of the subjects that are likely to engage their attention in Parliament. They soon find, however, that to do this properly would leave them very little time for anything else. The breakfast-table of the M.P. is heaped every morning during the Session with Parliamentary papers, consisting of Blue Books, Bills, reports, and returns. Blue Books—ominously ponderous and portentously dull—are by universal admission not attractive reading, yet eighty of them are, on an average, issued every year, demanding the attention of the conscientious representative. The Bills are more inviting perhaps, embodying, as they do, the fads and hobbies of the 670 Members of the House of Commons. About three hundred of them are introduced every Session. After the first reading they are printed and circulated among the Members, who are expected to make themselves acquainted with their provisions. Most of the representatives, perhaps, give up the task in despair; and instead of attempting to arrive at independent conclusions by personal investigation and study, they rely on their political leaders to direct them on the right path in regard not only to the measures dealing with the main public questions of the day, but to the Bills of private Members. But it is not all plain sailing even when that lazy course is adopted. "The worst effect on myself resulting from listening to the debates in Parliament," writes Monckton Milnes, "is that it prevents me from forming any clear political opinion on any subject."

So supreme has the Ministry become in the House of Commons that the power of the private Member to initiate and carry legislation has been reduced to a nullity. Only the Bills of the Ministers have any prospect of reaching the Statute Book. That is a cruel disappointment to the M.P. who desires

to be a real legislator and thinks he has an infallible scheme for putting straight some twist in the scheme of things. The M.P. who aspires "the listening Senate to command" also soon discovers that the opportunities for discussion and criticism are outrageously restricted in the interest of the Government. Perhaps he has devoted days to the manufacture of flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate. Night after night he sits impatiently on the pounce to "catch the Speaker's eye," but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb; while he hears his arguments and his epigrams used by luckier men, who had probably got them from the same shelf of the library; and the debate is brought to an end leaving him with a mind oppressed by a weighty unspoken speech. Then his constituents say unpleasant things because they do not see his name in the newspaper reports. They think he is neglecting his duty, or else he is a foolish "silent Member." There only remains for the representative the cold consolation of the old saying that "they are the wisest part of Parliament who use the greatest silence"; or the opinion of his leaders, should his Party be in office, that he is the most useful of Members who never speaks, but is ever at hand to vote when the division bells ring out their summons.

The man who always votes at his Party's call and never dreams of thinking for himself at all is to be found no doubt in the House of Commons. But to many an M.P. it must be a very sore trial to find his opinions often dictated by his leaders and his movements always controlled by the Whips. Party discipline is severely strict, and violations of it are rarely condoned. The speech of the Member, sufficiently sincere and courageous to take up an attitude independent of Party in regard to some political question of the day, is received with jeers by his colleagues, and, what is, perhaps, more disconcerting, with cheers by the other side. Such a line of action is often conclusive evidence of a good patriot. But he who takes it is commonly regarded as a crank and a faddist, and his only reward is to be "cut" by his Party. On the other hand, there are representatives of the people to

whom the House of Commons is but a vastly agreeable diversion. Imagine the feelings of such a Member when, on a night off, a strongly worded and heavily underscored communication from the Whips demanding his immediate attendance at St. Stephen's is delivered to him at some inopportune moment, perhaps as he is just sitting down to a pleasant dinner or is leaving his house for the Frivolity Theatre. If, prone as he is to yield to the temptations of the flesh, he should ignore this peremptory call of Party duty, like the crank, he is held guilty of a grave breach of discipline. His past services in the division lobby—on nights when the proceedings in the House were a regular lark—are forgotten. He gets a solemn lecture from the Chief Whip on the enormity of his offence. Worse still, his name is published in an official "black list" of defaulters, or he meets with a nasty little paragraph exposing his neglect of duty in the local newspaper which most widely circulates among his constituents.

And yet, with all his attention to the desires, the whims, the caprices of his constituents, with all his surrender of private judgment to his leaders, of personal pleasures to the Whips, what M.P. can confidently feel that his seat is safe? It is hard to get into Parliament. To remain a Member is just as difficult. The insecurity of the tenure of a seat in the House of Commons is perhaps the greatest drawback of public life. Many a man with ambition and talent for office does years of splendid service for his party in Opposition. The General Election comes; his party is victorious at the polls. But he himself has been worsted in the fight; and he has the mortification of seeing another receive the portfolio which would have been his in happier circumstances. To such a man, with his keen enjoyment of the delights and exultations of the Parliamentary career, life outside the House of Commons must be barren and dreary indeed. Yet never again may he cross its charmed portals.

But, happily, now that the litany of the tribulations and disappointments of a Member of Parliament is exhausted, there remain to be told many countervailing advantages and

delights which must make a seat in the House of Commons an object greatly to be coveted and well worth the physical labour, the mental worry, the demands on the purse, which its attainment entails. There is the gratification of having won the trust of a large body of the public. There is the sense of power and influence of the legislator. The glittering letters "M.P." after his name are not only a source of natural pride to the representative, but a mark for the deference of others. They add, moreover, to his social consequence. Doors of circles hitherto closed to him are open wide. Even his business is advertised. When we see the name of the Member for Bubblington we inevitably think of his soap. To the lawyer a seat in the House of Commons means briefs. "I wrote books for twenty years and was nobody," said an author. "I got into Parliament and became somebody."

The House of Commons has been called, as every one knows, "the best club in London." But it would seem as if that opinion were no longer entertained. It is said that the House has become a collection of men differing too widely in social rank, pursuits, ideas and principles for it to be properly described as a club. Yet there is no doubt whatever that in regard to one of the purposes of a club, that of ministering to the personal needs and comforts of its members, the House is far better equipped now than ever it was in its socially selected period, before the Reform Act of 1832. At that time hungry Members were able to obtain but a steak or a chop or a pork pie at Bellamy's. Now they have an elaborate restaurant managed by a Kitchen Committee very properly subsidised out of the public funds. It is said that an excellent meal of three courses can be had for a shilling; and that to realise what may be obtained for five would stagger the imagination of a gourmand. No wonder the Kitchen Committee were able to boast that as many as 105,054 meals were served during the Session of 1905. Even the secrets of the cellars have been disclosed. There is the "Valentia Vat," holding 1000 gallons of the rarest Scotch whisky, which was gaily "christened" a few years ago. About five hogsheads of the spirit is consumed

every Session. But our representatives are not stimulated by Scotch whisky alone. We are told that the cellars also contain 1000 dozen quarts of champagnes and 1500 dozen of clarets. In fact, nothing is left undone to provide for the creature comforts of our law-makers at St. Stephen's.

In the old House of Commons, which was swept away by the great fire of 1834, there was but one smoking-room. What it was like Macaulay describes in a letter to his sister, dated July 23, 1832: "I am writing here at eleven o'clock at night," he said, "in the filthiest of all filthy atmospheres, in the vilest of all vile company, and with the smell of tobacco in my nostrils." In the Palace of Westminster to-day there are half a dozen rooms devoted to the enjoyment of tobacco. The engaging spectacle to be witnessed, by all accounts, in the chief smoking-room any night of a Session suggests the question: Is there any reality in party conflicts? Political opponents who have just been raging furiously against each other in the Chamber are to be seen exchanging their real opinion of policies, questions and personalities, with mutual frankness and confidence over coffee and cigarettes. Political animosity in the House of Commons thus ends serenely in a cloud of smoke! Then there is that most agreeable of all the adjuncts, the Library. It consists of five pleasant rooms overlooking the river. The bookcases are of carved oak; the volumes are beautifully bound; Members move about silently, for all sound is deadened by the thick carpets, and the atmosphere is delightfully pervaded with the aroma of Russia-leather. The books are about 40,000 in number, mainly historical, constitutional, legal and political, just the works, in fact, where Members are certain to find the necessary material for confuting each other's arguments.

The Ladies' Gallery, and the development of the Terrace from a lounge for Members, which was its original purpose, into an exclusive society resort, have added greatly to the attractiveness of the House of Commons. They explain the remarkable expansion, within recent years, of what may be called the fashionable side of Parliament. It must not be

supposed that this admission of ladies into Parliament by a side-door unknown to the Constitution has had the effect of making Members neglectful of their duties. On the contrary, the social functions now so common at St. Stephen's during the Session keep Members, and the young Members especially, regular in their attendance, or at least always within hearing of the division bells. In the years when St. Stephen's was practically inaccessible to the fair sex, when the Ladies' Gallery was rarely visited, when there was no "Tea on the Terrace," and when a woman dined there at the peril of her reputation, the young Members were to be found, during the Session, more constantly in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia than on the benches of the House of Commons.

Moreover, many Members of Parliament derive pleasure and excitement even from the experiences which I have set out in the record of their worries and vexations. Their correspondence, with all its manifestations of strange phases of human nature, is a source of entertainment to some, and it ministers to the sense of self-importance of others. There are Members who give an ear of affable condescension to eccentric frequenters of the Central Hall, such as the mad engineer with his scheme for uniting Ireland with Great Britain by a bridge thrown across the Channel *via* the Isle of Man, thus settling for ever the Irish difficulty. They have a smile of welcome and a hearty handshake for all and sundry. There are Members to whom the pressing invitations to attend bazaars, flower-shows, tea-meetings, smoking-concerts, cricket and football matches, are flattering testimonials to their popularity, and who find a rare delight in accepting them. At the last General Election one candidate issued a very interesting card in support of his appeal for a renewal of the confidence of the constituency. It set forth, not the admirable measures he had advocated by his voice and supported by his vote, not the nefarious schemes he had helped to defeat, but the meetings and dinners and flower-shows he had attended on the invitation of electors. Here it is :

1. Political meetings held in every corner of this great division	53
Irrespective of party, at the request of his constituents :	
2. Concerts and dinners	38
3. Friendly Societies meetings	18
4. Bazaars and flower-shows	23
5. Athletic meetings	4
	—
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If you think Mr. —'s efforts, as detailed above, a fulfilment of his pledge to serve the constituency to the best of his ability, please do not fail to record your vote in his favour.

For the young and ambitious among Members of Parliament there is the dazzling prospect of office. The possession of any post in the Administration, even the humblest, carries with it a seat on the Treasury Bench, cheek by jowl with eminent statesmen whose names are household words in the land. It carries also the right, when addressing the House, to stand before the famous despatch-box, to lean elbow on it, and even to thump it, as a relief to the feelings in the very passion of the argument, as it has been thumped by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Balfour. It is true that keen and fierce is the competition for the higher offices in the Administration. The House of Commons, supreme as it is, is weakly human. It is by no means free from the unamiable weakness of intrigue and envy and greed; and the qualities of strength of will and tenacity of purpose are, indeed, necessary in the ambitious young Member if he is to escape being pushed aside in the race for office. Once on the Treasury Bench, however, he has won half the battle for a post in the very hierarchy of the Administration, with a seat in the Cabinet.

But the number of men in the House of Commons without social or political ambition is remarkably large, men who are absolutely unknown outside their constituencies. They are in Parliament mainly for their health. During the day they are engaged in the direction of great industrial and commercial

undertakings or the management of banks, and in the evening they go down to St. Stephen's, which they rightly regard as the most interesting place in the world, for that rest and solace which comes with change of scene and occupation. Many old men, who have spent themselves in trade or finance, take to politics in the evening of their days as a mild relaxation and a means of prolonging life. There is a story told of a great merchant who, when he left for ever his desk in the City, after an association of half a century, found the separation a terrible strain, and seemed likely to pine and mope his way to an early grave. His medical adviser recommended him to take to politics as a hobby, and to find a seat in the House of Commons as a distraction to relieve the monotony of his existence. But the old man did not like the suggestion. He knew nothing of public questions. The financial intelligence was the only portion of his morning paper which he had carefully studied for fifty years. "If you do not go into the House of Commons you will have to go to Paradise," said the doctor; "it is the only alternative." "Then I will choose the House of Commons," said the old City man with a sigh of resignation. To sit silently on the green benches during a debate, save when they cheer a supporter or roar at an opponent, and to walk through the division lobbies, as directed by the Whips, amply satisfy the desire of such men for political thought and labour. It is a soothing existence. They seem to grow younger every day of their Parliamentary life. Disraeli once said to a friend who had just entered the House of Commons: "You have chosen the only career in which a man is never old. A statesman can feel and inspire interest longer than any other man." A seat in the House of Commons does not, of course, make one a statesman. But, as a general proposition, there is much truth in Disraeli's saying. Old men find the fountain of youth in the halls of Parliament.

In truth, Parliamentary life has a fascination which few men, having once breathed its intoxicating atmosphere, can successfully withstand. Its call is irresistible.

I am going into the wilderness to pray for a return of the taste I once possessed for nature, and simple, quiet love. [wrote Cobden from a retreat in Wales, in July 1846, after the object of his Parliamentary career, the repeal of the Corn Laws, had been achieved]. Here I am, one day from Manchester, in the loveliest valley out of Paradise. Ten years ago, before I was an agitator, I spent a day or two in this house. Comparing my sensations now with those I then experienced, I feel how much I have lost in winning public fame. The rough tempest has spoiled for me a quiet haven. I feel I shall never be able to cast anchor again. It seems as if some mesmeric hand were on my brain, or that I was possessed by an unquiet fiend urging me forward in spite of myself.

If the House of Commons may no longer be described as the pleasantest club in London, it is the highest and most dignified legislative assembly in the world; and, however disappointed a Member may be in his dreams of political ambition and social success, there remains for him the consoling thought that he has the honour of serving the State, of helping in the management of national affairs, of guiding the destinies of a mighty Empire. No wonder that most Members quit that exalted and historic scene reluctantly and with the deepest regret. They pine to return to it again, should that great misfortune befall them of being rejected from further service by their constituents at the General Election. Complacently to settle down to the humdrum of private life is for them impossible. Even the old war-worn agitators who have voluntarily resigned, long for the shoutings of the rival political parties and the trampings through the division lobbies. Hannah Macaulay relates that in 1830, while staying at Highwood Hill, the guest of William Wilberforce, she got a letter from her brother, enclosing an offer to him from Lord Lansdowne of the seat for the pocket borough of Calne. She showed the communication to Wilberforce. "He was silent for a moment," she writes, "and then his mobile face lighted up, and he slapped his hand to his ear and cried, 'Ah! I hear that shout again! Hear, hear! What a life it was!'"

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

LORD BYRON AND LORD LOVELACE

LORD LOVELACE has written and published a book, called "Astarte," dealing with the much-vexed question of Lord and Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh. I use the word "published" advisedly, for although the book is not easily accessible to the public, it bears a notice stating explicitly that it has been published and that a few copies have been sold. It has been largely distributed, and is now widely known.

"Astarte" is, in fact, both a Philippic and an Apologia, and it is difficult to discern which is the dominant motive. My remarks here will be confined to that part of the Philippic which deals with members of my own family.

It is well known that from the time of Lord Byron's death in 1824 onwards, my grandfather and my father had been collecting manuscript materials connected with the poet, with a view to preparing and publishing some day a final edition of his works. They were on terms of friendship with certain members of Lord Byron's family, who were constantly applying to them for pecuniary assistance. This assistance was liberally and frequently granted, sometimes in the shape of a gift, sometimes by the purchase of papers and letters. The contemplated work was always regarded as a labour of love and a monument to Lord Byron: in no sense as a profitable enterprise from a financial point of view, which in truth it could hardly be, if done in a worthy manner.

The enterprise might have been put off till the Greek Kalends had not the late Mr. Henley undertaken to edit Byron's works for another firm. One volume of this work only was published, but Mr. Henley had decided to proceed, and I was thus compelled to enter at once upon a task which I regarded as a duty handed down to me.

In 1896 I asked Lord Lovelace to become the editor of this edition, and to this request he gave a ready and most friendly consent. For many months we were in close correspondence on the subject: all proofs of the first five volumes were submitted to him, and many of them were carefully revised by him. In 1899 some coldness on his part was visible, of which I could never explain the cause, and in the autumn of the same year he suddenly ceased all communication except through his solicitors.

No reason has ever been given for this sudden breach of friendship, and of promises; and my repeated requests for some explanation have not even been answered.

I have no idea what is the cause of Lord Lovelace's alienation from me; I presume, however, that "Astarte" is the result of it.

Lord Lovelace's attacks are directed *inter alios* against my grandfather, my father, and myself. I will take these attacks in order.

My grandfather is described throughout as "One-eyed Murray," a phrase applied to him by Hazlitt. One-eyed he undoubtedly was, for, as is well known, one of his eyes was accidentally destroyed by his schoolmaster with a sharp penknife while he was correcting an exercise. Although no one would be surprised at Hazlitt using a bodily misfortune as a weapon of reproach, I confess it surprises me to find such methods still employed by one in the position of Lord Lovelace.

I cannot pretend to repeat all the epithets bestowed on "One-eyed Murray" by Lord Lovelace. So I will content myself with a few, taken almost at random.

He and Moore are described as "the pawner and receiver

of the *Memoirs*," and as possessed of the "vulgarity of a tradesman and the dishonesty of an adventurer" (p. 12).

One-eyed Murray was a trade blend of Lord Eldon, Mr. Wilberforce, and Bowdler. His prejudices were immovable, but the omnipotence of professional interests drifted him into violent fluctuations of conduct.

Lord Byron did not stop at goading Murray from faint friendship into alarm, resentment, and ultimately revenge. In 1816 Murray was handled with strange and savage insolence, as if he were the lowest of blacklegs, by his dangerous patron. It seemed like madness, and perhaps was. But Murray was a long-suffering tradesman. Under his smug acceptance of kicks behind, crass malevolence grew apace, but was not allowed to interfere with business (p. 17).

Murray gratified his taste at no greater cost than becoming a sort of by-word for affectation, cant, hollow professions, trimming, fickleness and effeminate imbecility (p. 20).

One-eyed M. was above all things a bookseller, and in no danger of becoming a martyr to any abstract principle. His ostentatious Toryism, prudery, and godliness were the servants, not the masters, of his worldly interests. His shop was his altar. From head to hoof he was saturated with the rank unction of trade, steeped to the lips in its slime; slippery, oily, and maleficent, he believed himself to be honest (p. 21).

Murray's hollow professions—soon belied by his acts—were a mode of evading the irresistible. He ran away as he could . . . but his instinctive hypocrisy compelled him, without pause, towards his design by a circuitous course of least resistance (p. 26).

The worst letters of Lord Byron that could be begged or stolen were included [in *Moore's Life*]. . . . The best letters were not accessible to thieves (p. 26).

The two principal criminals had burst—Moore in 1852, after lasting for years in a fatuous condition; Murray in 1843 (p. 51).

The foregoing extracts are but a sample of what is contained in the book, and pages might be filled with similar comment.

My grandfather's reputation as a publisher, and the story of his friendship with Lord Byron, have long been, and still are before the world in full detail. To say that resentment, crass malevolence, revenge, ever had place in his mind in regard to Lord Byron is a statement which is ludicrous in its inaccuracy. The dealings of my grandfather with Byron have been judged by the educated public long ago, and I leave the matter in their hands.

I will call only one witness on my side:

I can never think of [my grandfather] without remembering your grandfather, who was no mere fine-weather friend of mine, and an edition of Byron coming from strangers would not be so true a memorial.¹

This was written to me by Lord Lovelace on May 13, 1897, at a time when all the evidence on which the foregoing attack is based was available, and was indeed ancient history; what has altered his opinion since then I do not know.

I would call special attention to the evidence adduced by Lord Lovelace to discredit my grandfather. His principal witnesses for the prosecution are Hazlitt and, of all people, the discredited Medwin! Moore is called in for this purpose, but in other respects is called a highwayman, an adventurer, and generally a worthless reprobate; Shelley is useful, but even he must be taken with caution, when he does not say what is expected of him;² Scott's article in the *Quarterly* is cast aside on the wholly gratuitous assumption that it was so much edited by Gifford that it cannot be counted as Sir Walter's. Scott was not so edited, and I possess several MSS. of his articles as evidence of this fact. Moreover, the article referred to (on the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and other poems, *Quarterly Review*, vol. xvi.) is included, without a suspicion as to its genuineness, in the collected edition of Sir W. Scott's prose works, and was gratefully acknowledged by Byron in his letter to Sir Walter from Pisa, January 12, 1822.

Not one of the many favourable things which Byron wrote of and to my grandfather is alluded to by Lord Lovelace. It is only in his splenetic moods that he is cited.

Lord Lovelace indulges in violent invective against those who collected and published Lord Byron's letters, but he apparently forgets that this collection was avowedly going on, and the publication was contemplated in Lord Byron's lifetime, and that he not only openly sanctioned it, but actually took

¹ Compare with this a passage on p. 19 of "Astarte": "fair-weather friendship slipped into ill-concealed dislike."

² "The crass and egregious suggestions of Shelley in a letter to Peacock which became a favourite quotation for credulous ill-wishers" (p. 12 note).

considerable pains to give a list of persons from whom such letters were likely to be obtained. (See his letter to my grandfather from Ravenna, September 28, 1821.)

I now come to my own father.

Lord Lovelace, in arguing that my grandfather must have been aware of the relations between Lord Byron and his sister, as now maintained by Lord Lovelace, adds :

The true story of Mrs. Leigh must have been known to the son of this "one-eyed M.," for he used to talk about it very freely when Robert Browning came to live in London after Mrs. Browning's death. This was soon after 1860. Later on Browning observed an inexplicable but complete change in that same Mr. Murray's language. He systematically contradicted what for a considerable time he had openly asserted. Browning could not account for this singular conversion of black into white. "One-eyed M." himself probably was one of his son's sources of information.

Of my father's opinions I can speak with confidence and at first hand, for he often discussed the subject with me. I doubt if he knew Browning until after 1876, he certainly did not know him well till after 1880, and I can assert that my father never believed in the story of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh, and was too honourable a man to have concealed his belief from me had it existed.

The bookseller left a duplicate of himself who carried on the shop, and kept up a whole collection of prejudices and grievances. It was a monomania with this second edition of the worthy tradesman, that Lady Byron had balked him, or the business into which he had entered, of £2000, which for some mysterious reason she was expected to pay as a reward for a deed executed without her knowledge or consent. The younger Murray was, according to his own statement, present at the burning of the memoirs. His childish aversion to Lady Byron hardened into a veritable detestation, which furnished the substance of the pages published in 1869 and 1870 under cover of the editor of the *Quarterly Review* and of Hayward.

It may be that such feelings were not cherished till Murray junior's death in 1892, but they were only tacitly recanted, if at all (p. 41).

Whatever faults (if any) may be laid at the door of Lord Lovelace's literary style, ambiguity as a rule is not among them, but I confess that the last sentence of the foregoing extract is unintelligible to me. I cannot understand how

my father could cherish the feelings, or recant them, after his death.

The "childish aversion" for, and "veritable detestation" of, Lady Byron are, however, in truth the baseless fabric of a vision. They never existed in my father's mind, and the attribution of them to him would be wholly amusing were it not for the painful ingredient of the attack upon a man who cannot now answer for himself.

My father lived for many years, till the day of his death, on terms of friendship with Lord Lovelace (then Lord Wentworth) and his sister, Lady Anne Blunt. I have many letters from both of them to him, but will only quote two passages illustrating the relations which existed between them. Lord Wentworth wrote to my father :

February 20, 1884. — I am to be balloted for at the Athenæum on Monday the 25th. I have experienced so much kindness from you at all times that I should neither wish to give you any trouble nor doubt your kind willingness to support me if you should happen to be among those there. I only write because you might not have heard of my candidature.

In 1886 my father had had an engraving of a miniature of Ada Lady Lovelace made for her son, and Lord Wentworth wrote on December 5, 1886 :

The lovely engraving of the little picture of which I am so fond is indeed a kind and welcome surprise, and will constantly remind me of the share my mother had in the three generations of hereditary friendship which (amidst the vicissitudes of more than seventy years) are so pleasant to look back to, with the feeling, too, that we may look forward to a future indefinite continuance of it.

Fortunately there are many persons still living who knew my father well, and I confidently appeal to their recollections of one who was at least incapable of a mean or ungentlemanly act, who never did and never could stab a friend in the back.

Once more I would remind my readers that all the evidence on which the charges against my father and grandfather are based was in Lord Lovelace's hands when he wrote the foregoing letters, and many others of a similar kind both to my father and myself, and when he was willing to solicit and accept

favours from my father. Whence then has this root of bitterness sprung up?

The remarks on my father recall an incident which had almost passed from my memory.

My father owned a large bundle of letters from Byron to Mrs. Leigh, which came into his possession in a manner which I will describe later. Lord Lovelace knew of these letters, and was very anxious to see them. My father allowed him to do so, and on July 16, 1883, he came to 50 Albemarle Street and sat from 11.15 A.M. till after 4 P.M. studying them.

I remember, now, as if it were yesterday, my father coming into my room and saying, "I see Lord Wentworth is making careful copies of those letters. I never gave him permission to do that, and I am afraid I must go and stop it. It is a most painful and disagreeable thing to do, but I want you to come with me as a witness." I did so, and Lord Wentworth had then and there to tear up his copies.

In searching through my father's papers for the purpose of preparing this reply, I came across a long memorandum recording this incident, in my father's own handwriting, and I quote a passage from it :

All Byron's letters written to Mrs. Leigh after he left England were shown to Lady Byron, who kept copies of them, now in Lord Wentworth's possession. My letters of that period are included in the number, but many of them are mutilated and contain erasures. Lord Wentworth's copies supply these gaps. It is evident that Byron wrote some of these letters with the knowledge that they would be read by Lady Byron. Lord W. showed me some of the missing passages; in one Byron says: "She has broken my heart, and I feel as if an elephant were sitting on it," or words to that effect.

Lord Wentworth desired to possess these originals and my father recognising this natural wish, gave him and his sister a considerable number of them. I do not know on what basis the selection was made, but I do know that the recipients appreciated my father's generosity in making this gift.

Before passing to that part of the book which deals with myself I must pause to touch on a very important incident, in which both my grandfather and my father are implicated.

The burning of the Memoirs is frequently referred to in "Astarte." The main incidents are familiar to every one and I need not dwell upon them here.

Lord Lovelace writes :

Without Lady Byron's consent or knowledge, or even suspicion, Murray arranged with Mrs. Leigh the hangman's work of burning the Memoirs (p. 20).

Nothing was done for Lady Byron by either Murray or Moore, but blackmail was expected from her, as if a sacrifice had been made for her sake or benefit. A story was invented that she had offered £2000 reward for the perpetration of the crime, and afterwards broke faith and refused to pay up. . . . This fiction, accompanied by other misstatements concerning Lady Byron or Colonel Doyle, may be found in a letter printed with the signature John Murray in the *Academy* of October 9, 1869 (p. 20).

The passage in the *Academy* referred to is this :

The following persons were previously consulted as a matter of courtesy, and were present at the burning. Mr. Hobhouse, as executor and friend of Lord Byron ; Colonel Doyle, as a friend of Lady Byron (who had actually offered £2000 for the MSS., which she did not pay) ; Mr. Wilmot Horton, as a friend of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh ; my father, and Mr. Moore who alone for some time opposed the destruction.

This I believe to be the sole ground on which the suggestion of "blackmailing" Lady Byron is based.

After the destruction of the Memoirs, a question arose among the representatives of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh whether the £2000—the sum returned by Moore to my grandfather—ought to be reimbursed to Moore by Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

I have the correspondence between Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton and Mrs. Leigh on this subject, including the following minute :

July 11, 1824.

A letter to be written to Lord Lansdowne by Mr. Wilmot Horton requesting him to read the correspondence carefully and then to pronounce whether Moore ought, or ought not, in equity to receive the money back again from Murray.

Mr. W. H. is to state that this reference is made to Lord Lansdowne at the special request of the family of the late Lord Byron and under the advice and sanction of Col. Doyle and Dr. Lushington.

If the money is paid back to Moore by Murray, Lady Byron will

immediately advance it herself with the understanding that Mrs. Leigh is to pay one-half of it in the following manner :

By the payment of an annuity to Lady Byron for seven years of about £170 per annum and by insuring her life to the amount of half the sum, viz., £1000, to be paid as a security to Lady Byron in the event of Mrs. Leigh's death previous to the discharging the debt. Lady Byron would not have wished to pay any part of this sum, if the money had to be paid by the family of Lord Byron to *Mr. Moore*, but as it is intended that the money should be paid to Mr. Murray she lays in her claim to pay half, which claim on her part has the entire concurrence of Col. Doyle and Mr. W. Horton.

This memorandum is signed by Mr. R. W. Horton, who at the same time wrote privately to Mrs. Leigh offering to lend her the £1000 himself.

My grandfather had neither part nor lot in this transaction, and whatever the decision, it made no difference to him, as he was in any case to recover the £2000 paid for the Memoirs.

And so this figment of blackmail on Lady Byron, and of my father's resentment at his business being defrauded of £2000 absolutely falls to the ground.

Owing to bickerings on the part of Moore, the whole question of my grandfather's conduct was again formally submitted to the Marquis of Lansdowne for an authoritative decision in 1825, and on July 25 of that year he wrote :

BOWOOD.

DEAR WILMOT,—

I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of the letter which you find yourself under the necessity of writing to me on the subject of the Byron MS. with a view to ascertain whether any observations I might offer would render any alteration expedient in the terms in which it is conceived.

Although I cannot conceal from you that it is with regret and surprise that I have received the intimation of the view taken of the transaction in its present state by the parties concerned, I am not aware that it is in my power to say anything that should lead to any material change of expression.

There is a sentence towards the end of the letter which I could wish to have altered (or it would require explanation of considerable length in my answer) which seems to imply that I have been authorised to act in this business on the part of Mr. Moore, and that I had pressed the refusal, &c., the fact being that I never asked or obtained any authority from Mr. Moore to act on his behalf, and that I merely stated my conviction from what I perceived

of his sentiments and feelings that no consideration or advice would induce him to receive it back directly from Mr. Murray; the only opinion I gave was that such being the state of his feelings he could not be required by the family to receive it in that particular mode, and in that opinion, qualified as it was, you will probably recollect I was particularly influenced by the fact which was stated to me and remains uncontradicted, of Mr. Murray not only having received the *principal* during what is described to have been a scene of some confusion, but having subsequently and upon reflection reminded Mr. Moore of the interest and received that also.

I think I fully admitted that Mr. Moore was entirely mistaken as to the bearing of the legal instrument, the terms of which therefore cannot occasion any alteration in an opinion founded upon all the circumstances of the case taken together, and upon the conversations stated to have taken place between Mr. Murray and Mr. Moore.

If Mr. Murray, in his recent conversation with you, has alluded to a supposed condemnation of his conduct by me pronounced at the University Club, I should hope he also mentioned a letter subsequently written by me to Mr. Hobhouse (who had mentioned to me what you now mention), which I had every reason to believe at the time did satisfy, and ought to have satisfied, him on that subject.

In that letter I stated myself fully convinced of his honourable and disinterested conduct in the proceedings, after attentively considering his statement, a conviction which I retain now, though I have been only since made aware of the only circumstance in that conduct, to which I have before alluded, which appears to me an act of inconsistency.

I will add nothing further (as I must write again when I receive the letter) than that, if this apprehension of Mr. Murray's as to the inference which might be drawn from his conduct formed the only obstacle to the repayment to Mr. Moore in the mode suggested and there was a real disposition to effect it, nothing could be more easy than to guard, in the mode of doing it, against that consequence.

I am, always yours truly,

LANSDOWNE.

On receiving this letter Mr. Horton wrote to my grandfather asking categorically if it was true that he had applied to Moore for interest after the burning, and on August 5, 1825, my grandfather wrote :

My answer to the following question put to me in your letter, viz. :

Did you make an application to Mr. Moore for interest upon the principal repaid by him to you, at a period subsequent to the payment of that principal ?

Is:

That the interest was paid at the same time that the principal was forced upon me by Mr. Moore and his friends, and that I *never* made any application to Mr. Moore for either interest or principal.

Which view are we to adopt of my grandfather's conduct; Lord Lovelace's, based on an acquaintance with only a part of the existing documents; or Lord Lansdowne's, based on a careful investigation of first-hand evidence?

But enough of the Memoirs. I have several unpublished letters and documents bearing on the subject, but my answer is already growing longer than I could have wished, and I must now turn to events in which I have personally played a leading part.

Lord Lovelace's method of dealing with the living differs from that which he adopts towards the dead: my name is not mentioned, but I am there all the same.

In 1896 the edition of Byron edited by the late W. E. Henley was announced. I saw the announcement with great regret, for I knew that even he could not produce a really good work without the documents which I possessed, while it would seriously interfere with the prospects of the edition for which my grandfather and father had been collecting materials for over sixty years. I did not wish to bring out my edition then, and when it was prepared I was anxious that it should be done deliberately, and above all with the general sanction and approval of Lord Byron's living descendants, with whom I was on terms of personal friendship; but, as I have already stated, my hand was forced.

On Easter Day, April 5, 1896, Lord Lovelace wrote to tell me that a well-known man, a M.P., a friend of his and of Mr. Henley's, was anxious to come and see me about the rival editions. "He was lamenting the possibility of two hostile editions which must injure each other considerably, and prevent the attainment of a really good and final edition." He asked if I would grant an interview to this friend, and added: "I did say to him, though it was hardly necessary, that I felt I must avoid any appearance of encroaching either on your time or your freedom of action." I saw the friend and after-

wards went to see Mr. Henley ; but no basis of amalgamation could be arrived at, so I determined to go on.

On May 12, 1896, I wrote to Lord Lovelace and asked him to become the Editor-in-Chief of the new edition. On the 13th he replied :

I shall be very glad if my co-operation can be of any use to the object we both have so deeply at heart, and so far as my very limited abilities will take me, there is no work to which I could devote my time and my thoughts so gladly as this labour of love and justice towards my grandfather. I can never think of him without remembering your grandfather, who was no mere fine weather friend to mine, and an edition of Byron coming from strangers would not be so true a memorial. I am, however, going abroad almost immediately till the end of September ; I will try and call on you before I leave. After my return in October, I shall be free to give whatever time is likely to be necessary.

Believe me, ever yours very truly,

LOVELACE.

On June 1 I wrote telling him that Mr. Coleridge was engaged on the preliminary work of collating, &c., and that I hoped that this would almost be completed by the time he returned. I continued as follows :

Not only will your name, as associated with the new edition, arouse especial interest among the reading public and be a guarantee that it is authoritative, but your advice as to what should be published and what omitted will help to relieve me of a responsibility which I feel that I have inherited and which has caused me much anxiety.

If you will allow me to announce your name as editor of the new Byron, we will do all in our power to relieve you of the mere drudgery of the office, and to execute for you such work as can be done by subordinates and amanuenses.

I believe I understood you rightly when you said that you were disposed to allow us to include in the work such unpublished letters and fragments of Byron as you may consider suitable for publication.

To this he replied from Innsbruck, June 7, 1896 :

. . . *Of course you make any use of my name that seems desirable.*¹ I am rather sorry I came abroad without leaving accessible such manuscripts of the poems as I possess. I do not know that they are very important. The principal ones are a copy of "The Giaour" and one of "Lara," besides a number of shorter ones—Hebrew melodies, &c.

¹ The italics are mine.

With regard to unpublished letters and fragments that belong to me or depend on me, so far as they contain matter that ought to be published at this period of time (rather an important reservation) they may certainly be included. My only doubt is whether their quantity and quality would be worth so considerable a sum as you are inclined to think. I rather think the greater part of the best materials I have got could not be published to every one's satisfaction till a hundred years from the events to which they relate—say a hundred years from the time Lord Byron went abroad for the last time. Then I think anything that it would be a pity to suppress for ever had better be published. But I have not any fixed determination as to that. In deciding what may be published now I am anxious to secure unanimity of opinion among those who are acquainted with the materials. Those who are of one opinion should keep an open mind, to listen to the opposite view, and may sometimes be convinced the other side is right.

When it comes to the actual consideration, letter by letter, of what to include and what to postpone, we must bear in mind, on the one hand, to make your new edition of the prose works good enough to last another twenty years, and also give as little regret as possible; for though twenty years is a long time out of any one's life—and it is very doubtful whether I, at least, shall live to see it—you will, I hope, yourself, then, both as an individual and an institution, fill up the last gaps. Though I may not live to see this, a great responsibility will rest upon me which causes me also much anxiety.

I hope in the next years to put together my grandfather's unpublished letters, and, what is still more difficult, such documents written from an adverse point of view to him as I may be able to make up my mind I ought to produce at the same time.

Believe me, ever yours very truly,

LOVELACE.

I give these letters *in extenso* because they set forth in full detail the conditions on which Lord Lovelace definitely undertook the editorship of my edition of Byron.

There follows a long series of letters, all in the same friendly tone, describing the available MSS. which he proposed to include in the work; approving of specimen pages; revising the prospectus which bore his name as editor, and adding to it; welcoming the co-operation of Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, "whose skill and experience will be of the greatest value in editing the letters" and asking about matters connected with the revision of the proofs.

On February 5, 1897, he wrote criticising Moore's choice of letters to be published :

Your position is a little different by the fact of your grandfather having trusted Moore—as I think—more than was justified by the result. . . . *I do not seek to impose my own views altogether, or indeed at all, beyond being personally committed to anything specially distasteful.* I should have liked best to make an entirely new selection of old and new material fittest to last for future time, *but I know it is impossible*, and only seek to make what can be done the best that present circumstances allow. *Only there is a line outside of which Lord Byron's descendants must not be caught by critics badly disposed towards them or their ancestor*, and I think it would be rather better, both for you and the subject, that I should be free to avow to the world that I cannot absolutely identify myself with Moore in taste or discretion.

February 25, 1897.—I have not quite finished the first proofs, so I have not begun the revised ones you have just sent me.

February 28.—I am sending back the revised proofs, having carefully gone through all your notes.

March 23.—I quite understand that there must be a limit to the sacrifices you make to the object we both have in view.

On November 9, 1897, Lord Lovelace writes :

I am very glad to hear that Mr. Prothero is willing and able to do so much, and indeed I am sure far better than I can. . . . I admit that such a work as I should wish is quite impossible without use of Lady Dorchester's papers, and I do not wish to stand in the way of the plan now suggested, and will continue to give the utmost assistance in carrying it out, but perhaps it may be well to consider whether, to the public, Mr. Prothero's name had not better be given as responsible for the principle adopted about the letters, rather than mine, feeling as I do some regret that circumstances force the publication of letters which I think were wrongly included. . . . I see the force of Mr. Prothero's objection to anything that would raise a presumption that Lord Byron's friends do not dare to publish his letters.

January 14, 1898.

Are you including in the early letters those from B. to his sister, which Lady B. describes as "by no means sensible, but interesting from their affectionate character"? *I see no objection, though I should not wish to be responsible for them.* . . . I meant also to write a short preface to submit to your criticism for the first volume of poetry—this I will try and do if you think desirable.

This preface was written, was submitted to Mr. Prothero, Mr. Coleridge, and myself, and approved—nay welcomed—but was afterwards withdrawn, as were so many other of Lord Lovelace's promised contributions. It is now embodied in the pages of "Astarte."

All continued to go on smoothly, so far as I was aware, until February 1898. On the 21st Lord Lovelace wrote :

I am very uncomfortable at seeing myself now advertised as editor, as I thought that project had fallen to the ground when you found it necessary to press on with the publication of letters—including not a few which I must have excluded if I had had a voice in the matter. I thought you also felt it impossible to entrust any share of power to me such as would have frustrated what you found indispensable. For the public it ought to be enough that I am allowing quite as much use of material (without any of the responsibility of selection) as I could have done at the present time if in the office, and I do not like the use of a word that would give any idea that I had actually done any of the work or altogether adopt the plan of it.

This letter is important as giving us the first hint (1) that there was any idea of the "project having fallen to the ground," or (2) that Lord Lovelace had had no voice in the matter. There had been friendly differences of opinion, and the usual give and take, but his opinion had been followed whenever it was possible, and his constant delays had been borne without complaint.

The correspondence went on steadily till the autumn of 1899, exhibiting some differences of opinion and many friendly remarks, but a constant desire on the part of Lord Lovelace to recede from the promises of assistance which he had given, until in September we were told to communicate with his solicitors only, from whom we received definite instructions to suspend the printing of all materials given us by Lord Lovelace in accordance with his promises.

I wrote to Lord Lovelace on hearing of this from Scotland, as follows :

WARTHILL, ABERDEENSHIRE, *September 2, 1899.*

DEAR LORD LOVELACE,—

I hope that the letter which I wrote to you in July, in reply to your letter from abroad to my brother, duly reached you. I left London last week for my holiday, and have just heard from my brother that he has received a visit from your solicitor, Mr. Francis Smith, with reference to future publication of letters in your possession.

I have no written statement from Mr. Smith, but only a memorandum of his conversation with my brother.

Mr. Smith's visit would naturally appear to indicate a wish on your part that our communications should now be carried on through a legal intermediary, but I cannot bring myself to believe that this is really your wish, or that you would suppose that I regard any assurance given in legal form as in any degree more binding on me than the personal assurance, which I have repeatedly given, that my chief desire and aim has always been to bow unhesitatingly to your wishes in every instance in which they have been communicated to me.

In regard to the letters about which you wrote to my brother in July, they were printed from copies in your own handwriting, given by Lady Anne Blunt and yourself to my father as some recognition of certain documents which he had the pleasure of handing over to you. This favour was all the more appreciated by him in that it was unsought and unexpected. The circumstances in which they were given appeared to preclude all shadow of doubt as to their genuineness, or as to their being intended for use in his long-contemplated edition of Lord Byron's works.

Every word which we have published (and these letters along with the rest) has been submitted to you in proof, as being the easiest and most convenient form of reference, and every extract or comment to which you have expressed objection has been cancelled or altered in accordance with your wish. My object in recalling what has passed, or in recapitulating the lines on which we have hitherto acted, is merely to ask you—as I now do most earnestly—to tell me in what I have transgressed, and to afford me definite instructions (either directly or through your solicitor, whichever may seem the most convenient or desirable method) as to the course which you would desire me to pursue in the future.

I admit, with the deepest regret, that I have done wrong, for I have failed in a very honest endeavour to act in accordance with your wishes, but in asking you to accept my apologies for this failure I would beg you to tell me what my mistake has been, that I may do my utmost both to make reparation for the past and to avoid such transgressions in the future. I am not aware that the materials for the future volumes contain anything coming from your own or Lady Dorchester's collections, but when I return to town I will assure myself on this point.

Believe me, yours very truly,

J. M.

To this letter I received no reply, nor have I from that time forward received any direct communication from Lord Lovelace.

In my last letter to him, and on a previous occasion, I alluded to Lord Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh. These allusions require a few words of explanation, which I quote from an unpublished Preface written by Mr. Prothero for vol. iv. of the letters.

The whole of the Augusta Leigh correspondence was at one time in the possession of Mr. Murray's father. In 1849 Mrs. Leigh deposited with the late Mr. Murray, in a sealed box, as security for a loan of £600, all the letters from Lord Byron to herself. Mrs. Leigh died in 1851 without having redeemed these letters. In 1864 her daughter was anxious to recover the correspondence, but could not repay the loan. Mr. Murray therefore, without breaking the seals of the box, remitted the debt and returned the letters to Miss Leigh. She on her part executed a formal document giving a list of the letters and promising that, if published, they should only be published through Mr. Murray. At a later date some if not all of the letters were sold, a large number being bought back by Mr. Murray. A considerable part of these letters he subsequently gave to Lord Lovelace, who thus owes his possession of any part of this correspondence to Mr. Murray's generosity to his family or himself.¹

As each successive volume of Lord Byron's Poems and Letters was published, and this extended over a period of five or six years, I sent to him a copy of the *édition de luxe* and of the ordinary edition as a gift. After the whole set was complete, the twenty-six volumes were returned with a brief note written by an amanuensis stating that they were sent in Lord Lovelace's absence or they would have been returned sooner.

I will now take some of the specific statements in Lord Lovelace's Preface and "Repudiation" and compare them with the facts.

¹ Lord Lovelace's singular lack of generosity is shown by his allusion to this transaction on p. 128. He there makes no mention to my father's remission of the debt of £600 due by Mrs. Leigh to him, although he has been told all the circumstances.

Preface, viii. Nothing has appeared [during the last fifteen or twenty years] that I should have sanctioned or condoned.

In the absence of acknowledged power to prohibit I did not care to examine.

I am not familiar with things published about [Lord Byron] for some fifteen or twenty years past . . . it is unnecessary for me to investigate the character of books made up by strangers with uncertain ingredients, therefore I do not read them.

viii. On receipt of applications to edit poetry or prose of Lord Byron, I intimated that I would endeavour to deal with the materials that might be forthcoming if they were placed unreservedly in my hands.

Of course I declined to engage myself specifically whilst unacquainted with the MSS. which must have been submitted to me before I could formulate a scheme.

As will be seen by the foregoing correspondence, Lord Lovelace himself accepted the post of editor of my edition and revised a considerable part of the proofs. I have these proofs and his letters with his MS. corrections.

Lord Lovelace did not ask for full power to prohibit; he did examine, and a good deal was "prohibited" by his desire.

Dear Mr. Murray,—I have now to thank you for the second of your very handsome volumes. *I have not been able to read them through, but am much struck with the mass of interesting information which the knowledge, industry, and judgment of the editors has (sic) brought together.* The outside also, and especially as of course ought to be the case of the quarto issue, has been made by you as attractive as possible.

Lord Lovelace to J. M., May 17, 1898.

The foregoing correspondence shows that Lord Lovelace made no such stipulation—indeed he expressly admitted that it was not practicable.

Lord Lovelace did not sign and was never asked to sign a formal deed. He did engage himself specifically, and I have already shown how he kept his engagement.

Everything he asked to see was shown to him unreservedly.

p. 334. It has been reported that passages purporting to be extracts from Lord Byron's letters to his future wife, Miss Anne Isabella Milbanke, have been printed, and that they were attributed to me. But I never made any such extracts.

Had these fragments belonged in any way to me they would have been governed by *my refusal to allow any of the correspondence I had inherited from ancestors to be included in a printed collection* decided upon by a business firm (the Messrs. Murray) with solid inattention to my emphatic dissent. This final and explicit refusal and prohibition by me was recorded in writing on March 11, 1898, but long before this I had declared that I would never sanction a work that included either any letters at all of Lord Byron's earlier than 1812, or the numerous letters of later date that are intrinsically worthless.

I never knew much about the publisher's scheme referred to or had access to the materials out of which it was constructed.

I have these extracts in Lord Lovelace's own writing. On most of them the word "extract" is also written by him.

They were given by him, unasked, to my father, as some recognition of his gift to Lord Lovelace of the originals of the Leigh letters. No suspicion of the genuineness of these extracts was then suggested by him, and the nature of the gift precluded all suspicion of such an idea on his part. Their genuineness is not denied in his book.

Lord Lovelace at first promised to contribute some of his MSS. to the work; afterwards he withdrew from his promise, as the foregoing correspondence shows. Far from solid inattention to his wishes, a good deal of material was omitted in deference to his wish.

He never declared that he would not sanction a work including letters before 1812.

After the preparation of our work had made some progress, he said he would prefer to omit the early letters, but from the first admitted that we must decide this point, and in fact he assented without consenting.

Until Lord Lovelace requested that no more proofs were to be sent to him, proofs of everything were sent to him by the printer at the same time as to Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Prothero.

He was consulted about every step in the proceedings, and was shown everything he ever asked to see.

Other absurdities have been circulated orally and in a shape not tangible enough to be dealt with so definitely.

If I remember right there was a suggestion that I had assisted to prepare for the Press compilations of Lord Byron's letters. I did no such thing. Some printed sheets were at one time sent to me and by two different and mutually hostile firms of publishers, but I did not look at these proofs further than a few hasty glances, and made one or two energetic but futile protests against what little I did see. I made no friendly suggestions and never changed from a neutral attitude which was quite unmingled with benevolence.

Lord Lovelace revised and sanctioned the prospectus which bore his name as editor; the specimen pages were submitted to him and approved in a long and very friendly letter; all proofs of the first five volumes were sent to him until he asked that this should cease, many months later. I have the proofs with Lord Lovelace's MS. corrections, as returned to me by him. I also have many of his letters making friendly suggestions and corrections. His benevolent attitude will be seen from the letters quoted above. I have many more of the same kind.

His repudiation of his previous promises does not cancel their existence.

Considerations of space forbid my wandering into other topics on which I might say a good deal. Gifford, Hayward, Croker, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and Sir William Smith, amongst others, come under the lash, and to inquire into all these charges would involve a book almost as large as "Astarte."

Had Lord Lovelace these violent resentments against Moore (and his biography), against my grandfather, and my father in 1897? The evidence and Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion of December 18, 1887, were then in his hands; if so, how could he write to me as he did? If not, whence this change?

There is one opinion expressed by him (on p. 63) with which I fully agree. It is that: "The only knowledge to be gained out of . . . incautious letters is the old but rarely learnt lesson of the extreme danger of communications with those who say what they do not mean, and mean what they do not say."

I have only been able to deal with some of the more

salient attacks on my grandfather and my father, and if I have in any way succeeded in throwing the strong light of fact into the dark covert of reckless accusation, I would ask my readers to believe that I could treat every charge brought against my family in the same way if space permitted.

If Lord Lovelace had desired merely to arrive at the truth, he would have come to me, for he knows full well that I possess papers without which he could not and cannot arrive at the whole truth. I am therefore forced to the conclusion that a Philippic and not an Apologia was his aim.

I do not know the reason of his change of attitude towards myself; I cannot even conjecture a cause sufficient to account for the perversion of friendship into bitter resentment. His personal opinion of myself is a matter of supreme indifference to me, and a man who has spent years of labour and research in an endeavour to prove, against his own grandfather, a charge which was gradually fading from the public memory, is one whose praise must always be regarded with suspicion.

To Lord Lovelace's Apologia; to his desire to exculpate his grandmother, I desire to refer only with profound respect; every one must sympathise with this laudable desire, but I am confident that he has exaggerated both the charges, and the interest which the public takes in Lady Byron. For every single living person who had ever heard of those charges there will be hundreds who will now take a prurient curiosity, not only in them but in much besides which had better have remained secret.

He has felt the pain of having to make such an Apologia himself, but has disregarded the certainty that the introduction of much irrelevant matter into his book would force the same painful duty on others.

I have declined more than one advantageous offer to publish a new Life of Byron, because it seemed to me impossible to bring out such a book without prying into questions which had better be allowed to pass into oblivion. I had hoped that in future Byron would be judged by his works and

not by his private life, and I have received from all parts of the world testimony to the increased interest in and admiration of Byron's writings which have been aroused by my new edition. I cannot conclude my defence better than with a quotation from a MS. poem in my possession :

Think ye to tear the laurel from his brow ;
To him ye had not dared the thought avow. . . .
To Byron's name a cenotaph refuse,
Reserve it for the sager laureat Muse ;
Your pious zeal should decimate the crowd
To whom immortal honours are allowed.
In Milton mark the regicidal stain,
And banish Dryden, profligate, profane. . . .

O could I bring to light the unconfest,
The deep dread secrets of the human breast,
How many hearts a kindred pang must own
And who would feel in grief, in guilt, alone !
Judge not but weep for one who never knew,
The blessings that descend on some like dew :
Stern o'er his childhood Calvin's spirit lowered,
And every hope of mercy overpowered.

These verses were written by Lady Byron on the refusal to place her husband's statue in Westminster Abbey, and were sent by her to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leigh, in a letter, dated Clifton, September 28, 1828, beginning, "My dearest A.," and ending, "Yours most affectionately, A. I. B."

JOHN MURRAY

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL¹

FORTUNE is never so cruel as to those who have seemed especially her favourites. A few times in every century a man is chosen from his fellows; all good gifts are his in profusion; fame comes freely to him; whatever his hand touches turns to gold; he knows all the ways and by-ways of success: then there is a mistake, a step too far has been taken. The goddess suddenly withdraws her patronage; then failure! Just such a favourite and plaything of fortune was Randolph Spencer Churchill. Up to a point the skies shone on all his efforts. There were battles to be fought; but their trend was always towards victory. At an early age he was an accepted leader. A stripling was admitted to the council of the chieftains. Then the point allowed by Fortune having been reached there was decline—rapid decline, full of rebuffs and disappointments—ending, after years of loneliness and bitterness, in breakdown and death.

I have vivid recollection of the first and last times that I saw Lord Randolph Churchill. The contrast was significant, poignant, pitiful. The first was in 1887, after the opening of the People's Palace by Queen Victoria. The royal procession was returning through Stepney, along the Commercial Road. In a carriage immediately after it came Lord Randolph Churchill. He was no longer a member of

¹ "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. (36s. net.)

Lord Salisbury's new government; but was still at the height of his fame. His personality was already deeply impressed on the minds of the democracy. The crowd knew him, and—on that day—in that year of jubilee, the roar of applause that greeted him almost equalled the welcome to the Empress-Queen.

The second occasion was in May 1893. The Home Rule Bill was being mercilessly forced through the House of Commons by the ruthless use of the closure, despite all efforts and arguments of a powerful minority. Randolph Churchill, finally reconciled to his Party after years of misunderstanding and difference, rose from his place on the front Opposition bench, to protest against the abuse of the new weapon. The force and confidence of the old days were gone: it was difficult to recognise in the bearded man who stood there excitedly banging the table, while the words jerked spasmodically, laboriously, from his lips, the Randolph Churchill who, at the head of a little party of four, had audaciously and successfully braved the full force of the Liberal Party in its earlier day of power.

His career falls naturally into three divisions. There was the period of promise, when he was the happy free-lance of the Conservatives, the maker and leader of the Fourth Party. Then, the brief time of responsibility in office. Lastly, following his resignation, the years of political solitude, restlessness, and decay. In all these phases, despite outer seeming contradictions, the man was consistent, true to his own progressive ideals. He was the first and the last of the Tory Democrats. And how near he came to the possibility of great power! What might have happened if he had been a little less masterful, a little more patient, can only be left to conjecture. However, history has to do with what men have done, not with what they have omitted to do. Had Randolph Churchill been less precipitate and more pliant, so that he and Lord Salisbury could have worked together in a ministry, he might be remembered now as an effective and successful statesman. As it is—

Let us make some examination of this man of meteoric career and melancholy destiny as he is presented to us in his son's admirable biography,

The child is father to the man. The Eton boy was true parent to the Parliamentary free-lance. How vividly some member of the "old gang," smarting under his irreverent raillery and mocking nicknames, would see the Randolph Churchill he knew in this amusing school-day story. There was a certain spacious fruit-garden, celebrated for the size and flavour of its strawberries, which disappeared, as strawberries do, when boys are about.

As a consequence Mr. Austen Leigh was despatched to watch, and, if possible, to catch the offenders *in flagrante delicto*. That representative of the highest Eton authority very soon flushed a large covey of juvenile depredators. All of them, however, got away except Randolph Churchill, who jumped as far as he could towards the road with his pursuer close upon him. They both fell together into the ditch, Mr. Austen Leigh uppermost. Lord Randolph seeing that any further attempt at escape would be useless, crawled out, much scratched and bruised, into the middle of the road, where, incensed at his own discomfiture, he deliberately sat down, crossed his legs, glared at Mr. Leigh, and with all the vehemence of enraged fourteen exclaimed, "You beast!"

Is not that indignant small boy precisely the same person as he who dubbed Mr. Chamberlain "a pinchbeck Robespierre," and Mr. Gladstone "an old man in a hurry"; who invented innumerable epithets which "stuck"; who lavished ridicule on his political opponents, and even more profusely on those of his own party whose ponderousness and self-sufficiency blocked the way of progressive Conservatism?

Lord Randolph Churchill's advance was rapid. He had the good fortune to enter the House of Commons early, through a pocket-borough; he made a wise and happy marriage; and had many useful and admiring friends. Fortune gave him generously of her very best. What was next needed was an effective position in Parliament; and that he made for himself. The history of the Fourth Party has now been told, told not only by Mr. Winston Churchill but by Mr. Harold Gorst, the son of its second ablest member—a man who has had more

than his fair share of the ingratitude of political life. Here was one of the smallest organisations ever constructed for a particular purpose; yet entirely successful in fulfilling that purpose. Its object was not only to trouble and oppose Mr. Gladstone's ministry, but, through example and insistence, to impart some energy and enterprise to the official Opposition, then, as led by Sir Stafford Northcote, effete enough! Lord Randolph, and the notable three who, by criticism and obstruction, worked with him, found their opportunity. Many of the Conservative leaders frowned upon and ignored their efforts; and even on some occasions, through the mouth of their official chief in the Commons, directly disowned them, but they kept to their self-imposed duty, like inspired statesmen, or wilful schoolboys, and worried the Government—and incidentally their own leaders—with splendid effect. Lord Salisbury openly sympathised with them. The Earl of Beaconsfield, who, remembering his own early struggles, had faith in the power of youth, gave them hearty benediction. There was plenty of good encouragement to go upon.

Randolph Churchill was equally successful outside Parliament. He became an effective platform speaker, attacking men and movements with vituperation and ridicule, hurling rhetoric at opponents with all the audacity and ability of confident genius. He had a keen scent for the ludicrous, a keen tongue for expressing it to others. He pestered solemn importance with stinging phrases, and set the world laughing at the objects of his irreverent satire. Yet he could be serious, too, when the cause called for it, and in his best days, when the purpose required it of him, was an orator.

The test of success in politics, however, is office: the light of more than one effective free-lance has been extinguished by an under-secretaryship. The fall of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1885 brought in Lord Salisbury's "Ministry of Caretakers," in which Lord Randolph Churchill became Secretary of State for India. He was then thirty-six; and *ex officio* had to preside over the Council of India—a body of fifteen elderly

men of very high distinction and reputation. Lord Randolph himself described his first experience in that function. "I felt," he said, "like an Eton boy presiding at a meeting of the Masters." He went to the ordeal untried and proved himself no mere irresponsible free-lance. He passed through the test of office with complete success. He was painstaking, eager, quick to discern the merits or weakness of a case, prompt to promote reform. Sir Arthur Godley contributes to this book a glowing tribute to Lord Randolph's qualities as administrator; just as, a little later, Lord Welby praises his faculty for finance and belauds his skill as Chancellor.

Randolph Churchill, during his few months of office, was put to a severe test in two difficult and responsible departments; and, so far as the experiment went, did well. His budget was democratic enough and most far-reaching in its principles; yet he induced the Government which, as a whole had little sympathy with his liberal ideals, to accept it generally. "But you should have seen their faces." He was, however, baulked in a comparatively small matter: looking at the details of dispute now we cannot think Churchill anything but wrong in the attitude he took up. Yet, as Mercutio would say, it served. He resigned, not in the most fortunate manner; and—the only Chancellor who never presented a Budget to Parliament—willingly passed from that position of responsibility which he had reached after so much pains to a place in the background, where, for his seven remaining years of life, he wrought, and watched, and spoke, his usefulness blunted, often in bitter antagonism to his Party, frequently in unpopularity, and alone, eating his heart out in failure. He had had his hour—an hour so brilliant that the after years were all the more dull and clouded in contrast with it.

It is unlikely that men will ever agree in anything approaching exactness as to Churchill's character. Those who knew him well liked him; those who knew him very well loved him; yet no one could know him really well enough to

prevent misunderstandings and, on occasion, bitterness. Many who knew him but slightly disliked him. He had manners which could on occasion be decidedly disagreeable; and many stories were floated which told of acts of rudeness done by him, and—what is worse—forgetfulness of services rendered.

Sir John Gorst certainly at one time, and not without some justification, considered himself badly treated; while Louis Jennings died heart-broken, after giving himself with devoted loyalty to the service of his friend. But when a man has lived, served, and died, it is best only to remember his more generous aspect. Randolph Churchill was not far from being a great man. He was, during the few years allowed him, a real power, though in large part a wasted power in the political world. His life is a standing illustration of the irony with which the gods regard ambitious man. So many gifts, so much force given for—what? That is the lasting riddle. Is the reward of such ambition only dust?

There can be nothing but cordial praise and admiration for this biography, the tribute of a son. It is written well, in good spirit, and with surprising self-suppression. Naturally, Mr. Winston Churchill is his father's advocate; but certainly no living person can be wounded or aggrieved by the manner in which he has championed the cause. A noble monument to a father, it will, in no small measure, add to the fame of the son, being a brilliant contribution to modern political history.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS AS INSTRUMENTS OF EDUCATION¹

Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. *Then* he comes to understand how it is, that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival.

THE quotation is probably well known to many of you, though all may not recollect where it is to be found. It occurs in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent." It is not unfitting, perhaps, that an Oxford man like myself, in speaking of the ancient classics, should have recourse to one of the most eloquent voices and profound natures that Oxford has ever produced, one to whom literature appealed most deeply, and not least deeply in its educational aspect, and who was one of its sanest judges.

¹ An Address delivered to the Modern Language Association on December 21, 1905.

But, indeed, I might find many witnesses, from many countries and creeds.

The present age makes great claims upon us. We owe it service; it will not be satisfied without our admiration. I know not how it is, but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience. They are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live.

Such is the pronouncement of Matthew Arnold.

His father, taking a wider range, dealing less with style and more with substance and spirit, had written before him no less impressively.

In point of political experience, we are even at this hour scarcely on a level with the statesmen of the age of Alexander. Mere lapse of years confers here no increase of knowledge; four thousand years have furnished the Asiatic with scarcely anything that deserves the name of political experience; two thousand years since the fall of Carthage have furnished the African with absolutely nothing. Even in Europe and in America it would not be easy now to collect such a treasure of experience as the constitutions of 153 commonwealths along the various coasts of the Mediterranean offered to Aristotle. There he might study the institutions of various races derived from various sources: every possible variety of external position, of national character, of positive law, agricultural states and commercial, military powers and maritime, wealthy countries and poor ones, monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies, with every imaginable form and combination of each and all; states overpeopled and underpeopled, old and new, in every circumstance of advance, maturity, and decline. Nor was the moral experience of the age of Greek civilisation less complete. This was derived from the strong critical and inquiring spirit of the Greek sophists and philosophers, and from the unbounded freedom which they enjoyed. In mere metaphysical research the schoolmen were indefatigable and bold, but in moral questions there was an authority which restrained them: among Christians the notions of duty and of virtue must be assumed as beyond dispute. But not the wildest extravagance of atheistic wickedness in modern times can go further than the sophists of Greece went before them; whatever audacity can dare and subtlety contrive to make the words "good" and "evil" change their meaning, has been already tried in the days of Plato, and, by his eloquence, and wisdom, and faith unshaken, has been ut to shame.

So speaks Dr. Arnold.

Let us turn to a very different authority.

Rousseau is accounted the most modern, the least classic, the most independent and individual of writers. He is the arch-anarch, the originator of the Romantic upheaval in European thought and letters. Yet the celebrated return of Rousseau to Nature is a return to Plato.

Would you form a conception of public education [he writes]? Read the Republic of Plato. It is not a political work, as those think who judge of books only by their names. It is the finest treatise on education that has ever been written.

One more quotation, and I have completed my array of testimony. This, the utterance of the late Mr. Frederick Myers, bears rather on the language of antiquity than on its ideas.

No words that men can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together—language itself, and the first emotions, and the inconceivable charm of song. When we hear one single sentence of Anticleia's answer, as she begins :

οὐτ' ἔμεγ' ἐν μεγαροῖσιν ἐύσκοπος ἰοχέαιρα—

what words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys? And what a language! which has written, as it were, of itself those last two words for the poet, which offers them as the fruit of its inmost structure and the bloom of its early day! Beside speech like this, Virgil's seems elaborate, and Dante's crabbed, and Shakespeare's barbarous. There never has been, there never will be, a language like the dead Greek. For Greek has all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It has the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability; the copiousness and flexibility of the German without its heavy uncommonness and guttural superfluity; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness; the force and reality of the English without its structureless comminution.

Such are a few out of the many testimonies which might be cited as to the value and potency over the mind of the Greek and Roman classics. Could any similar claim be put forward for the modern classics? Can they in particular take the place

of the ancient as instruments of education? Can they teach the same moral and mental lessons, exercise the same elevating and formative influence on the style, and on that which we all know is the style, the man himself? It is a question of present and pressing importance.

The monopoly of the ancient classics has been broken into. What some might call "their ancient solitary reign," even in their most "secret bowers," is molested and disturbed. Utilitarianism, the self-consciousness and the self-confidence of the modern spirit, both combine to aid the substitution of the modern for the ancient tongues in education.

"With all its obvious advantages," says Cardinal Newman, speaking of the current literature of our own day. But are its advantages so obvious? From the point of view of culture and education there are many obvious advantages attaching to the ancient classics. Greece and Rome offer to us two great compact literatures. In a sense, the two may almost be called one body of literature, so close is their alliance. They are the sun and moon illuminating us with a common light. Greece gives us examples, great examples, of almost every *genre*. Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Gnostic, Bucolic, Idyllic; Tragedy, Comedy, History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Critic, Logic, Physic—their very names are Greek. If anything is wanting in the oratorical, epistolary, or satiric vein, the deficiency is supplied by Rome. Again, every style and mood is represented by some author, by some great author. The classic, the romantic, the *précieux*, the decadent, the rude and primitive, the euphuistic and artificial, the simple, the elaborate, the laconic, the diffuse, the Attic, the Asiatic, the Corinthian, the Dorian, the turgid, the spare, the golden mean, of each and all, in the range from Homer to Nonnus, from Thucydides to Procopius, from Plato to Lucian, from Ennius to Apuleius, examples may be found, and examples so great, so well defined, as to furnish norms and canons. It is the same if we take the various departments severally, the grandiloquence of Æschylus, the perfection of Sophocles, the romance of Euripides, the grace of Lysias, the

masculine reasonableness of Demosthenes, Isocrates' florid decoration, Theocritus' melodious murmuring, Menander's silver wit, the intellectual passion of Lucretius, the emotional and personal passion, the *odi* and *amo* of Catullus or Sappho, the worldly wisdom and the elaborated felicity of Horace, the easy *causerie* of Ovid. Each is an example in its way. They are firm standards, for they have

Orbed into the perfect stars,
Men saw not when they moved therein,

and become fixed constellations.

By them modern lights can be measured and estimated. They give us a base for literary triangulation.

Can we find parallels to them in modern literature? We can find parallels, perhaps, if we take all modern literatures, if we add to Shakespeare, Racine and Calderon, and Molière and Lessing and Goethe, if to Rabelais we join Heine, if with Bossuet we couple Burke, if we combine Froissart and Macchiavelli and Gibbon, Pascal and Addison and Ruskin in one list.

But we cannot get them from one modern literature alone, and it may be claimed that by learning the two languages, Greek and Latin, we get what would involve learning three or four modern languages. Nay, I may put it more forcibly. If I may assume that Latin is necessary for all really educated persons, then I may claim that by learning one additional tongue, the literary student will acquire an acquaintance with a wealth or variety of masterpieces which he could only acquire by learning two or three modern tongues.

Further, not only do Greek and Latin furnish a fixed standard, but they also furnish a common standard. Without the classics, literary Europe would be broken into a set of provinces with no *lingua franca*, no common international heritage. This criticism, indeed, applies to the whole classical tradition, the whole of our envisagement of Greek and Roman antiquity.

The great names and events, the great characters and situations of antiquity stand out detached, and even denuded,

sifted, concentrated, by time. Much they have lost, but something they have gained, by the falling away of local and temporal detail and environment.

We do not know too much about them, as we do about so many things modern. The achievements of Marathon, of Salamis, of Cannae and Pharsalia, the characters and careers of Aristides, Alcibiades and Alexander, of the Gracchi, Catiline, Cæsar, Nero, Belisarius, of "Plutarch's men," as they are called, these are the commonplaces of all time.

And they start with the advantage of greater simplicity. I know not where this is so well put as in a short poem by a poet too little known, but of the highest culture, and at times singularly discerning, the late Lord Houghton. It is called "The Men of Old."

"To them," to these "men of old," he sings :

To them was life a simple art
 Of duties to be done,
 A game where each man took his part,
 A race where all must run ;
 A battle whose great scheme and scope
 They little cared to know,
 Content, as men at arms, to cope
 Each with the fronting foe.

Man *now* his virtue's diadem
 Puts on and proudly wears,
 Great thoughts, great feelings came to them
 Like instincts, unawares ;
 Blending their souls' sublimest needs
 With tastes of every day
 They went about their gravest deeds
 As noble boys at play.

Modern history, modern nations, have their great examples too, both good and bad, Charlemagne, Cœur de Lion, Hildebrand, Joan of Arc, Tell, St. Francis, Borgia, Elizabeth, Frederick the Great, Catharine the Great, Nelson, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck.

But, again, they are sporadic, they are scattered up and

down the nations, and even yet there clings to them something of national or ecclesiastical prejudice or association, a halo or a haze, which refracts our vision and affects our judgment.

So it is with the modern classics.

A few, the very greatest, have acquired the fixity of the ancients. Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, about these there is no doubt.

But if they are as great as the ancients, they do not replace the ancients, or enable us to dispense with them, any more than Canova, or Thorwaldsen, or Rodin himself, even were their genius yet greater than it is, could enable us to dispense with Pheidias and Praxiteles. This is in the nature of things. There is only one Homer. There can never be another. The miracle of his poems generation after generation of scholars have endeavoured to explain, but vainly. A miracle it is. They combine primitive naturalness with consummate art, absolute freshness with absolute finish. I quoted Mr. Myers just now about the language of Homer. The same paradox is to be found in the substance. The character of Achilles, his almost savage fury, yet his heroic knightliness; his splendid imperiousness, yet his artistic self-restraint and magnificent compassion; or, again, the maidenhood of Nausicaa, her girlish grace and her royal dignity, natural as Pocahontas or Ayacanora, yet as true a lady as any out of the most glittering court of chivalry's most golden day: is there anything like it elsewhere? I have a very faint idea of the "Nibelungenlied" or the "Chanson de Roland," but I believe it is only here and there that they rise to anything like this symmetry and harmony, this fusion of strength and beauty, of force and form.

Can we get the same effect from the other greatest of the great, from Dante, from Shakespeare?

Dante would not have thought so.

Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
 Che vien dinanzi a' tve si come sire,
 Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano!

Much we get from Dante that we do not get from Homer, lessons of civil virtue and high philosophy, and faith higher still, but not just what Homer gives.

And Shakespeare, much again we get from Shakespeare, abundantly much, that Homer has not. But there is not even in Shakespeare's native wood-notes wild, that purity, that clarity, that youthful bloom, that divine simplicity which mark the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is the renaissance of the world we feel in Shakespeare, in Homer it is the nascence. Often, too, in Shakespeare is found that renaissance element of the extravagant and the "conceited" which made Matthew Arnold say that "Homer was as far above Shakespeare as perfection above imperfection."

Virgil, again, the inspired country-carrier's son, the Celtic provincial swept into the spreading citizenship of the newly founded empire of Rome: Virgil, in whom all the old lore of woodland, lake, and mountain, is brought into touch with the last word of the science and mysticism of the Pagan world as it trembles on the threshold of the new era, "*le tendre et clairvoyant Virgile*," as Renan writes; "*qui semble répondre comme par un écho secret au second Isaïe*"; Virgil, that strange, pensive spirit, yearning for immortality "*tendens manus ripae ulterioris amore*," proudly patriotic and imperial, yet feeling the pathos of the conquered, and steeped in the tears that lie so close to every mortal action, can we get the effect of Virgil anywhere but in Virgil? Again we must say "No." Something of it we may get in Tasso or in Tennyson, and much we may find in these that is not found even in Virgil, but just Virgil, "No."

Or Plato, the only philosopher, as it has been said, who possesses a really great style, the greatest prose-poet of the world, whose philosophy incarnates itself with form and colour, and speaks in a living voice: Pascal, Berkeley, Kant, Coleridge, Ruskin, all have Platonic elements, but in none of them, nor in all, can we find all that is in Plato.

Or take History. How many styles the ancient classics offer, and what signal specimens of each! There is the prattling

chronicle of the born story-teller Herodotus, which yet contains far more of art than appears upon the surface, and the shrewd, cynical, political philosophy, the scientific logicity, the intense dramatic skill and glow of Thucydides. Do you remember how the poet Gray writes about the description of the Retreat from before Syracuse? "Is it or is it not," he says, "the finest thing you ever read in your life?" There is the smooth, insinuating ease of Xenophon, or again the masculine and military brevity of Cæsar, his own war correspondent, the decorative, Rubens-like pictures of Livy, the pungent epigram of Tacitus.

Partial parallels doubtless we may find in Froissart, in Macchiavelli, in Gibbon, but we must travel from land to land to find them.

Yet, as has been already implied, the modern languages and literatures have also their character, their wealth, their force, above all their individuality.

Culture needs, then, both, alike the ancient and the modern. If from the Greek and Latin languages and literatures we can draw the lessons we have indicated, from the modern tongues we can learn lessons, too. From French we can get lucidity, logic, lightness, *justesse*, *finesse*, *verve*, *plaisanterie*. How many good qualities there are so peculiarly French that there are for them only French names! From Italian come lessons in flexibility and music, from Spanish in humour and dignity. German can show us sincerity, depth, thoroughness, science, and scholarship, piety both of the heart and the head; our own rich literature, poetry, colour, the play of free individual and free national life, masculine force, public sense, patriotism.

So with the writers. What lessons may not be learned, not to recite again the authors already named, from the great French tragedians, from the French critics, from Montaigne and La Bruyère, from Villon and Ronsard and Béranger, from Boileau and Voltaire, from Hugo, and Leconte de Lisle, from the great preachers and *savants*, from Bossuet and Buffon; or, to turn to other nations, from the scholarly philosophy of Lessing, the scholarly piety of Herder, from the

mockery of Heine, the melancholy of Leopardi, from Milton and Dryden, from Burns and Wordsworth, from the "rainbow radiance of Shelley and Byron's furious pride"?

They are classic these moderns. It has long ago been admitted; I need not labour the point to an audience like this. But why are they classic? For the same reason as the ancient are classic.

Many here will remember how, in that beautiful, central, magistral essay entitled "What constitutes a Classic?" Sainte-Beuve quotes Goethe. When these two agree in an opinion there is not much room for a third.

For me [says Goethe] the poem of the Nibelungen is as much classical as Homer, both are healthy and vigorous. The writers of to-day are not romantic (he uses the word in a temporary and limited sense) because they are new, but because they are feeble, sickly, or even sick. The ancient masterpieces are not classical because they are old, but because they are energetic, fresh, and lively.

What is the moral? That if we are to give a classical education in the modern languages, it is the strong modern classics, to a large extent the great, difficult, distant, modern classics, we must employ, not the feebler and more fleeting and easier authors.

They have their natural advantages, these modern classics. They come home to the modern mind. They have for it an appeal, an allure, all their own. The great classics of antiquity are unrivalled. But to appreciate them requires, excepting for the rare genius of a Winckelmann or a Keats, an immense effort, a long labour.

To lure forward the sluggish or inattentive mood of the average boy or girl, of the ordinary "average sensual man," the modern writers, speaking the language of their own day, are far more potent.

I am under no illusion. There are "many men, many women and many children," to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, in England at any rate, whom no classic, ancient or modern, will attract. Poetry has for them no voice, for they have for it no ear, as some have no ear for music.

But there are many more for whom the modern classics may do much. If there are hundreds who may learn, and learn to love, Greek and Latin, there are thousands who may learn, and learn to love, English, French and German. Teach them first their own tongue. Be it remembered that the Greeks learnt no other. The French, the most literary of modern nations, till the other day learnt no other. Teach them next some one other great European language and literature. Begin, if you will, with easy and familiar pieces. But sooner or later in all these languages let the real classics be taught, and taught as classics by scholars or the pupils of scholars. Use the same methods which have proved successful in giving the highest education in the ages gone by, only making sure that they have really proved successful.

Let there be at the top of your profession real scholars, real *savants*, vowed to learning, transcribing, commenting, correcting, comparing editions, ransacking libraries, sifting glosses, drudging in dictionaries and grammars, thinking nothing too small or irksome, like Browning's grammarian, giving their lives to settle the business of a particle.

Let us honour these *savants* even if we have not time or means, or ability, to follow their example ourselves.

Let our millionaires found professorial chairs for them, no less than for the ancient tongues, or for the abstruser and less lucrative portions of natural science. Let them have their learned societies and their erudite journals. Let them seek and discover the *vraie vérité*, in philology and philosophy; without this, the study of modern language in its more ordinary walks will have neither dignity nor the best educational value. Let us beware, of course, of those very dangers, those defects of its qualities, which too often have impaired the effectiveness of classical education in the past, formalism, convention, dry-as-dust pedantry, abstraction from living human interest. Do not let modern literature and modern languages throw away their natural, their obvious advantages.

They are living languages, and can be taught as such.

Our pupils must learn to speak as well as to write them. But not merely to speak nor merely to write them for business purposes.

Let our teachers aim at teaching style as well as knowledge. Do not count this as of little importance. If Buffon's celebrated phrase, which I have quoted already, is true, and "the style is the man," or essentially "of the man," then let us remember that if we can teach, can modify, the style, we are teaching, modifying the man himself. And there is no doubt that it is so. The conscience and the taste of the real scholar find their reflection, if not always clearly, in his character.

And more—think well! Do well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood,

And since thought and words are most subtly connected, and expression reacts on ideas and sentiments, we cannot be too careful of expression.

Who shall say how much of the superiority of the ancients depends on the immense pains which they took with their expression?

Plato wrote the opening words of his "Republic" over and over and over again, many times. At the age of eighty he was still polishing up his dialogues. Isocrates spent ten years on one, by no means lengthy, composition. Demosthenes, as both the legends and the more sober stories about him show, took similarly infinite trouble with expression, with the cadence and rhythm, almost with every syllable of his great speeches.

Julius Cæsar wrote a treatise on the correct use of Latin while engaged in conquering Gaul. The advice of Horace as to the "nine-years pondered lay" is proverbial.

It is here that French can help us so much. The French are the only modern people who really, as a nation, take pains about writing, who have a national sense of style, a national conscience as regards solecisms. Is it not significant that they

are the only modern nation, perhaps the only nation, that has ever legislated about grammar?

In England and in Germany there are cultivated classes, there are literary coteries. We have, in poetry especially, poets who are consummate and careful artists: Chaucer, Spenser, Milton before all, Pope, Gray, Keats, Tennyson; but we have, too, the caprice and the eccentricity against which Matthew Arnold was ever flashing the rapier of his railery, we have the negligence of Byron, the lapses and *longueurs* of Wordsworth, the freaks and roughnesses of Browning.

Goethe, that noble and classic artist, a literature in himself, Goethe said that he had had nothing sent him in his sleep, no page of his but he well knew how it came there. Lessing writes prose like a scholar, and Heine with a brilliancy which reminds us that Paris was his second home. More recently, Helmholtz, Mommsen, not a few others, have written excellently, not to name the living.

But who can say that while it has made great advance and shows promise of yet more, the average German prose does not still need much improvement in point of arrangement and diction? It is to France that we and Europe turn for the model of lucid order and logical disposition, of crystalline form and brightness, of nicety and *netteté* of expression. *Le mot juste, une belle page*, these are ideals of every French writer, of how few English! Here and there a genius arises like that of Bunyan or Burns or John Bright, trained mainly on its own tongue—though Burns knew some French and some Latin—a natural genius, which expresses itself with incomparable felicity; but the majority of good European writers have been reared on the ancient or on the modern classics, practically on Greek and Latin, on French, or Italian.

And in truth, style could be taught through these last languages as well or nearly as well as, probably to many pupils even better than, through Latin and Greek. But the same steps must be taken to teach it, the same high standard must be set. The young classical scholar is asked not merely to

compose in Latin and Greek, but to compose in various manners and styles, in the oratorical, in the philosophical, in the epistolary manner, in the style of Thucydides or Plato, of Cicero or Tacitus. He is required to write not only prose but verse, and in many metres, Hexameter, Elegiac, Alcaic, Anapaestic. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit.* It is thus that the fine flower of English scholarship is grown, thus that such a genius as that whose loss is so late and lamented among us, the genius of Sir Richard Jebb, with its Attic grace and lofty humanism, was prepared and polished and perfected. The modern language teacher, with his most advanced pupils, should aim at no less.

But he has a yet higher vocation. The old classical education, let it always be remembered, gave a training not only of the head but of the heart. It produced for several centuries in England, and indeed in Europe, a type of character with some defects but with many merits,—sage, sane, masculine, public-spirited. I see it passing away, or greatly narrowed in its influence, and scientific education more and more pressing in and spreading. For training in observation and reasoning from facts, scientific education is admirable. It gives what the classical education did not. For training in character, in patriotism, in heroism, it is not so potent. It requires them to be supplemented by a discipline in the humanities, if not the ancient then the modern humanities.

I hope and believe that an interesting and not inglorious future lies before the modern languages and literatures in the field of education. One obvious advantage they have. They are still alive, still growing, every generation adds to their wealth.

When, in the sixteenth century, that fine scholar and poet, Du Bellay, compared the forces of the old and the new tongues; when even in the eighteenth century, men in England and in France made the same comparison, the glorious and divine array of the ancients was nearly what it is now. How many great authors did that eighteenth century itself add to the host

of the moderns, in England, in France, in Germany! How many more has the nineteenth added, in every country of Europe, and in America! Yet the ancients, as we have seen, can never pass away. Nay it is strange but true, that the rise of new modern types often make us understand and value the ancient more fully. Molière long ago taught the world a larger appreciation of Plautus and Terence. Racine and Goethe illustrate Sophocles. Lady Macbeth and King Lear make Clytemnestra and Œdipus more intelligible. Tennyson helps us to appreciate Virgil, and Ruskin reflects light on Plato. It may even be said that Ibsen has brought out with new force the realism in Euripides, so strong, so strange is the *solidarité* of humanity, and of its expression, the "humane letters."

All, then, who really love literature and wish to give their lives to it should study both. The teachers of modern languages in the future should, if possible, be brought up themselves with a knowledge of the ancient. If this cannot be, at least they should be scholars and humanists in their own tongues. Thus only will they be able to hand on to their pupils through either medium, the older or the younger, those high lessons, that discipline and culture and inspiration of the human soul, which mathematics and physical science alone, all potent and all necessary as they too are in their own region, cannot give, and with which our race cannot, and in the long run will not, be content to dispense.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

SOCIALISM AND THE MAN IN THE STREET

“**I**N such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want, and cowardice; and for the rest carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full.”¹ These are the words with which Froude sums up the conditions of English social life in the beginning of the sixteenth century; at the end of the period which has been called “the golden age of the English labourer in town and country.”² In the country the labourer could earn the equivalent of twenty shillings a week. He had at least four acres of land with his cottage, while large ranges of unenclosed common and forest land furnished him with pasturage for his cow and pigs. The artisan was a craftsman educated in the “feat or mystery” of his craft and skilled in the use of its instruments. He was protected in his rights by the guild to which he belonged, and by the action of the law was guaranteed a living wage. In one direction the law was specially solicitous. Any attempt to introduce capitalism was strongly resented. “No manner of person shall take any several farms more than one whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks”³; “no person using the feat or mystery of cloth-making shall have in his house or possession any more than one woollen loom at a time—nor shall by any means take any

¹ Froude, “History of England,” i. p. 46.

² Marx (Smart), “Capital,” 692.

³ Froude, i. p. 32.

manner of profit by letting any loom"¹; so that both in agriculture and in trade as many persons as possible should be in the position of farmers or manufacturers. The evident intention of the law was to create in the interest of the State a large class of prosperous and independent men working in their own homes and not labouring for others as hired men or journeymen. "Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England" that the country "be well inhabited with English people for the defence as well of our antient Enemies"² as of other parties.

Home work still exists among us, but it is now regarded as the cause of the worst evils of our industrial system. It produces the "garret cabinet-maker," and "the sweating den of the little middleman" where the most wretched and ill-paid of workers are found. "It is the prevalence of home work which hinders the progress of the industrial evolution and keeps these backward industries from advancing to higher stages of organisation. Home work is therefore the real cause of sweating."³

Home work is a survival of a worn-out system which has been superseded by the factory. The outburst of energy and invention at the end of the eighteenth century, with the accompanying division of labour, extension of commerce and introduction of power-driven machinery, made it impossible for the home-worker to accumulate stock or acquire tools sufficient to maintain his independent position, and as plant, stock, and tools became the property of the capitalist, the power of the capitalist over the labourer increased, so that when in the beginning of the nineteenth century the reign of *laissez faire* took the place of the old mercantile system this power seemed to have become absolute. As a matter of fact the working class who were overborne in the first part of last century have been endeavouring ever since to go back upon the system of *laissez faire*, and have been making continuous advances since the passing of the Factory Acts. The political changes of the last half

¹ Froude, i. p. 58.

² *Ibid.* i. p. 32.

³ Fabian Tract, No. 50, p. 7.

of the century have made this easier for them and the insistence with which their claims are now being urged is only the natural outcome of increased political power. The Unemployed Act of last year and the appointment of the Poor Law Commission are premonitory symptoms of a coming discussion or struggle, whichever it is to be. And as people are now alive to the evils of our industrial system they are asking on all sides what is to be done? That there is no lack of counsellors does not make a decision more easy. The latest writer on the subject tells us that "the problem of riches and poverty is of the simplest."¹ Mr. John Burns, on the other hand, warns us against "social freaks, economic charlatans, and settlement quacks, each with his Morrison's pill,"² as well as against the late Government's Unemployed Bill, which he regards as among the obstacles to the real organic changes required.

The "essential reasonableness of English public opinion," however, will set a limit to any exaggerated or visionary proposals, for after all it is to the man in the street that the final decision must be referred. It is the habit of Socialist writers to speak of the profligate rich, the idle shareholder and *bourgeois rentier*, mannequins which they construct in order to pummel at their pleasure; but the man in the street, the average man, is neither profligate nor idle. He is honest and industrious, and endowed with the ordinary qualities which have made our country successful. He is at the present time more than ever perplexed over the problems of unemployment and poverty: problems which arise from faults in the distribution of wealth, and he is doubtful and hesitating as to the remedies to be applied. Parson Dale, in his sermon in "My Novel" pleading for sympathy between classes, exclaims, "I say also to the poor, in your turn have charity for the rich," and some consideration may be claimed for the perplexity and fear of untried remedies which make the owner of property advance at a pace unbearable to the impatience of enthusiasm.

¹ Chiozza Money, "Riches and Poverty," p. 327.

² *Daily Chronicle*, December 1, 1905.

The reaction against the extreme doctrines of *laissez faire* is at the present moment strong, and there is a tendency to revert to older systems, especially in the matter of State control of industry. Can this reaction be carried so far as to reinstate the workman in a position as regards production analogous to that which he held in the sixteenth century, having regard to the altered conditions of to-day? Every one would gladly welcome any just and feasible plan of reinstating the working man in the possession of the means of production if this will cure the faults of the distribution of wealth and bring peace between employer and employed. But first of all the average man will probably inquire at what particular point in the distribution does the dispute arise? The followers of Marx would reply that disagreement arises about the division of the "surplus value": that is, the addition made by living human labour to the value of a commodity after replacing the cost of the capital consumed and the wages paid in producing it. In other words, the profit. Marx's view is well known. He holds that all value in a commodity is due to labour. For it is human labour, and nothing else, working upon a rude product of nature which produces the commodity, and which gives to the rude product its form and usefulness, and therefore its value. Capital which expresses itself in some form or other of goods is itself only labour crystallised, or, as Marx calls it, "congealed." The very machine which ousts the labourer is itself only a form of labour—labour congealed in the rude and valueless ore to which it has given form and utility. There is nothing novel in this. It is laid down by Adam Smith in the first sentence of his "Wealth of Nations." It is the clearness and vigour of his demonstration, and also his animus against the capitalist, which has caused Marx's book to be termed "the Bible of the working man." Marx was a "humanist" and an active revolutionary. He took part in the risings of 1848, and was in part the composer of the "Manifesto of the Communist Party"¹ published in that year,

¹ Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 144.

which declared amongst other things that the "*bourgeoisie* exploited the labourer of political power, and exploited him of property, for they treated him as a ware, buying him in the cheapest market for the cost of his living and taking from him the whole surplus of his work after deducting the value of his subsistence."

In 1852 Marx came to London disappointed and disenchanted by the failure of the revolutionary spirit, and began his great literary work. As he studied in the British Museum the reports of Government commissions and inspectors and read the horrors which were being perpetrated in the workshops and factories of the employers, a man with his antecedents would have been more than human if he had treated the capitalists with strict impartiality. Every one who looks on capital with complacency is attacked by him. Bastiat is a "bagman of Free Trade,"¹ Edmund Burke "a sophist and sycophant,"² Bentham "an insipid, pedantic, leather-tongued oracle of the ordinary *bourgeois* intelligence of the nineteenth century,"³ and our friend the *Spectator* is a mere "Philistine paper."⁴ It is only grudgingly that he will even allow the capitalist the function of a directing authority, making it a matter not of merit but of mere privilege. "The leadership of industry is an attribute of capital just as in feudal times the functions of general and judge were attributes of landed property."⁵ He seems wanting in the historic sense. He does not trace the growth of the capitalist, as Adam Smith does that of the merchant in the Middle Ages, but brings him on to the scene like a stage fiend from a trap. He does not point out that the causes which produce the capitalist are inherent in human nature, for "the principle which prompts to save" is "a desire which comes with us from the womb and never leaves us till we go into the grave." This desire of accumulation is common to man with squirrels and bees, and is one of the instincts of nature for the preservation of the species, and

¹ Marx, "Capital" (Smart), p. 80.

² *Ibid.* p. 312.

³ *Ibid.* p. 622.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 321.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 323.

it has to be taken with the fact that every man of full age and strength can by his labour produce more than enough for his own sustenance.¹ Man has invented the practice of exchange when he has a surplus. The lower animals have not; and from the instinct of accumulation and the practice of exchange is bred the capitalist. A journalist the other day visited the Pigmies and found their chief sharpening a spear blade on his nose. He was informed that spear blades were employed by these interesting savages as their money or medium of exchange; that when one of them by superior industry had accumulated a surplus of ground nuts or whatever might be in demand, he exchanged it for spear blades, and when he had a sufficiency of these he exchanged them for one or more wives, by the produce of whose labour he acquired more spear blades. We have in this exchange of spear blades into wife's labour-produce, and wife's labour-produce into more spear blades, a complete example of Marx's capitalistic formula: $M-C-M$ ¹ (money—commodities—more money) in a society that is as far removed from the factory system as can well be imagined. But Marx is not content with resolving all value into labour; he adds the corollary that the labourer is entitled to all the value, including all the profits, and treats the appropriation of profit by the capitalist as an act of spoliation. He has had many opponents, and naturally the corollary has excited the most lively criticism. The critics generally direct their attention to the relation between capital, value, and interest or profit, but they have not shaken the central position that all value is derived from labour.

The writers on the subject of capital and the capitalist's profit or interest have been very numerous. For the most part they seem to be engaged in vindicating the right of capital to earn interest, which had been denied by the canonists, rather than in considering the claims of labour to share in the profits. They occupy themselves with the meaning and functions of capital and its relation to interest, and in their desire to justify

¹ Rodbertus, quoted by Boehm Bauwerk, "Capital and Interest," p. 330.

the taking of interest they have endeavoured to set up capital as an independent element of production. They have produced a dozen theories and a dozen definitions of capital, and almost as many of the origin and nature of interest. They have succeeded in showing that capital is in the highest degree useful to production. But, says Boehm Bauwerk, "I am much afraid that this is the only proposition on which our economists are quite agreed."¹ Nor is there much more agreement among the authors of interest theories from the "use" to the "Agio" theory. But though the writers have analysed it with the greatest nicety and copiousness, they have not shown that capital apart from the rude products of nature is derived from anything but labour, or that interest is anything but a form of payment made to capital by labour. For nature and labour "form the double source from which all our goods come, and the only source from which they can come."² Therefore, when capital is defined as "a group of products which serve as means to the acquisition of goods,"³ if the products are the result of labour acting on nature, so must capital be, and if "the much talked of and much deplored dependence of labourer on capitalist" rests on "the loss of time which is bound up with the capitalist process,"⁴ this can only mean that the labourer cannot get the fruits of his labour, because "the group of products" which would enable him to tide over the interval are in the hands of the capitalist, and if capital is important by reason of making possible "round-about production" (that is to say, production involving a number of successive processes extending over weeks or months), and if interest is the reward which capital receives in return for this service; if, in the language of the "Agio" theory, interest is explained by "a difference in value between present and future goods,"⁵ the follower of Marx may say that he agrees with the definition and recognises the importance of capital, but that he wishes to

¹ "Positive Theory of Capital," p. 74.

² *Ibid.* p. 79.

³ *Ibid.* p. 38.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 83.

⁵ "Recent Literature on 'Interest'" (Boehm Bauwerk), p. 6.

transfer it from the hands of the private capitalist to the State in order that a portion of the interest may find its way into the pocket of the labourer.

The extreme complexity and subtlety of the arguments and the internecine strife of the philosophers over subjects which touch the every-day life of the practical man may account for the distaste which the man in the street shows for learned discussions contained in lengthy volumes about such things as capital, profit, and interest, or the principles of business generally, which he thinks he understands without them. To such an extent is this carried that when a dozen or so of eminent authorities explain their views on the question of Free Trade it is sufficient for their opponents in the Press and on the platform to stigmatise their utterance as the opinion of "professors." It is not easy at first to see why a man of conspicuous ability who has spent the best years of his life in acquiring knowledge of a subject should be debarred from expressing an opinion on that subject because he has received an honourable appointment on account of his knowledge. But the antipathy which commonly exists between the man in the street and the philosopher may, perhaps, be traced to the fact that while the philosopher is analytic and vocal, the man in the street is synthetic but inarticulate. The latter is doing while the former is talking, and the philosopher, as a general rule, only puts into form what the man in the street has already put into action. When we have been using our voices for forty years the philosopher informs us that we have been talking prose. When Adam Smith taught that wealth consists in goods, not in money, and denounced "the mean and malignant expedients of the mercantile system,"¹ he put into words what the men of commerce were endeavouring to put into practice. When the House of Commons took the view that there should be "no interference of the legislature with the freedom of trade or with the right of every man to employ the capital he inherits or has acquired according to his own

¹ "Wealth of Nations," Bk. iv. c. 7.

discretion," and the reign of *laissez faire* was inaugurated, the philosophic economists discovered that the law of supply and demand was a law of nature, and proclaimed it as a law of God; and when Marx by his analysis of capital brought out the oppression wrought by capitalists under this system he was only putting into the form of words what the philanthropist had put into practical shape in the Factory Acts. The man in the street is apt to resent the schooling of the philosopher, and may not recognise that analysis of the past is a useful guide for the future; while the philosopher may not be alive to the fact that the man in the street is his friend and patron. For after he has enjoyed a flight through the regions of speculative analysis he has to turn to this friend, who all the time has been at work weaving new problems and producing fresh provender for analysis. Were he not to do so the old theories might hold good, and the philosopher of to-day would no longer have the chance to criticise the philosopher of yesterday.

The man in the street accordingly is not very much interested by the various apologetic pleas which, whether under the name of the "Use Theory," the "Abstinence Theory," or the "Productive Theory," seek to justify the appropriation of profit by the capitalist. He does not see that they are needed. But he is impressed by the fact that the labourer's normal attitude as regards his employer is more or less one of antagonism, and in his practical fashion he is willing to consider any means of curing these grievances. He finds advocates of Socialism, trades unionism, legal enactment, and co-operation each ready with a remedy, and as he knows that he is master of the situation he will examine each with calmness and test it with deliberation. He is at one with the economists on "the only point in which they are quite agreed," namely, "that capital is in the highest degree useful to production," and he will be against any violent or sudden interference with this useful thing. He probably has a notion that the capitalist exists for the sole reason that he is useful to the community, like the feudal princes and nobles of the middle ages, who

passed away when they ceased to be needed. If he has read his Adam Smith he will point out that the feudal lord was a judge in peace and leader in war; that he became so, because he alone could maintain order and execute the law within his demesne. That as a rule he was a worthy person who exacted his dues of "passage, pontage, lastage, and stallage,"¹ but who in return kept open the roads, repaired the bridges, and made it possible for the merchant to hold his fair; in a word, like the capitalist, rendered great service to the community. It was he who protected the merchant when he settled on the land, and by granting him freedom from dues invented the honourable name of "Free Trader," though by doing so he signed his own death-warrant, for in time, "having sold his birthright in the wantonness of plenty for trinkets and baubles, he became as insignificant as any substantial burgher or tradesman in a city."² Thus the feudal lord passed away, and so may the capitalist in course of time, but it will only be when the community no longer has need of him, and this will not be for some time yet; for if he is a necessity of the time his domain is to be conquered rather by peaceful penetration than by violent aggression.

The Socialist remedy, even if complete, has in the eyes of the man in the street the disadvantage of being too peremptory. That it "materially alters the institution of the family" and opens up "the deanery of Westminster" to "an avowed Freethinker" will not specially recommend it in his eyes, even though these alterations be part of the "merely humdrum programme of the practical Social Democrat of to-day," and do not involve "guillotining, declaring the rights of man, or swearing on the altar of the country."³ But the man in the street will not be frightened by such generalities as "the common holding of the means of production and exchange,"⁴ from allowing a municipality to own the waterworks or purchase its tramways if he finds that these essays in Socialism add to his comfort. He is

¹ "Wealth of Nations," Book iii. c. iv.

² *Ibid.*

³ Fabian, "Essays in Socialism" (1889), p. 200.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 212.

more likely to ask whether human nature under a Socialist *régime* will not remain what it is at present, whether the experiences of every-day life in business warrant him in thinking that it would be safe to entrust vast powers of promoting and directing commerce to fallible men in the expectation that the bureaucrat would be proof against the arts of corruption which influence other classes of human beings.

Nor is there anything in Socialism which is likely to endow Civil Servants with virtues they do not already possess. The country is fortunate in having in them at present a body of men of high honour and great assiduity, but it would be useless for any one who has worked in a Government office to deny that they have certain defects—want of initiative, timidity, a tendency to regulate action by fixed rules which produces the over-organisation known as “red tape.” These defects may be more than compensated in some cases by the assurance of honesty and zeal, but they would be found fatal in cases where the stress of foreign competition requires audacity and invention. When, therefore, the Socialist writer says “there is no practical difficulty in the way of the management of the ordinary productive industries, large or small,” and that “an able and highly trained manager can now be obtained for about £800 a year,”¹ he has left out of the account the one thing needful—the moral quality: the energy, courage, and willingness to take risks which no education can give. As the man in the street is well aware of this, he will probably ignore all demands for State management based upon theory, and will content himself for the present in applying it to business, chiefly of a routine character, where the risks of failure are small; gradually extending the sphere as he finds he can do so with safety.

While Socialism does within its sphere reinstate the labourer in the position of producer by making him indirectly the owner of means of production, and handing back to him the profits of production, trade unionism is content with demanding a share

¹ Fabian, “Essays in Socialism,” pp. 158-197.

in the "surplus," leaving to the capitalist possession of stock, plant, and machinery as before. It leaves commerce free from the deadening influence of Government administration, and keeps open among the employers a corner for the man who has the indefinable sixth sense called business aptitude, a rare and priceless combination of resolution, enterprise, tact, and administrative power; but it retains the division of employer and employed into two camps with opposing interests, though not of necessity in active hostility. No one who has studied Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb's "Industrial Democracy" can fail to be struck with the degree in which trade unions, as they get older and more powerful, tend to change their attitude towards the masters from enmity to friendly agreement, or to note how the round-table conference takes the place of the strike, until the common rule established by collective bargaining becomes a treaty which is helped in its administration by the daily discussions of friendly agents and secretaries on both sides. If all the labour of the country were organised into unions as rich and powerful as those of Lancashire, the problems of employment would be infinitely easier to deal with. No one can question the usefulness and importance of these unions, nor can the majority of us wish to supersede their free self-governing organisation by any agency of the State; least of all would the unions themselves desire it if it be true that while the unionists of Northumberland and Durham are mainly Liberal and those of London Socialist, the unionists of Lancashire are largely Conservative.

"But the unskilled labourers, the operatives whose organisation is crippled by home work, and the women workers everywhere can never," say Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, "in our opinion, by mere bargaining obtain" ¹ satisfactory terms, and to obtain for them a share of the "surplus" in the shape of better conditions of life and higher wages, their efforts must be supported by the strong arm of the law. The example of New Zealand and the Australian Colonies is cited to show that this

¹ Webb, "Industrial Democracy," Introduction to 1902 edition, p. xli.

can be done with effect, while it has the merit of bringing special advantages to the weaker and less organised trades. The system has been for some years in force, and is stated to have hitherto worked well. In New Zealand the authority of the court in such matters has been gradually developed, so that now it has power to "extend an award so as to include any employer or union not a party thereto, but engaged in the same industry as that to which the award applied";¹ while in New South Wales the Court would appear to have even greater powers of imposing a "common rule" on an industry. Mr. Pigou in his work on "Industrial Peace" reviews the system of coercive intervention by the State, and discusses various objections which have been, or might be, made to it. The principal among these seem to be "the immense practical difficulty in determining the lengths to which extension should be carried; for the similarity between the products of different districts in an industry is often more apparent than real"²—especially in a country of highly specialised industries such as England. Again, serious difficulties seem to be contemplated in enforcing the court's decree amounting almost to civil war, when "police power, backed at need by military power"³ must be called in. More serious still is the danger which Mr. Pigou points out that "the general political situation may be detrimentally affected"⁴ by the suspicion of, and the actual existence of, political bias—for a suspicion in the minds of the people that their executive officers were influenced by political pressure, and that their judges were biased or corrupt, would outweigh almost any conceivable advantage. It is therefore not surprising that the utmost Mr. Pigou can say in favour of coercive reference of disputes to the decision of a court is "that, cautiously introduced, it offers a prospect of direct and indirect advantages sufficient to outweigh the dangers it threatens."⁵ At the same time it must be borne in

¹ Pigou, "Industrial Peace," p. 176.

² *Ibid.* p. 178.

³ *Ibid.* p. 191.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 204.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 208.

mind that "Wage Boards" with Parliamentary powers have been in existence in Victoria since 1896; that their powers have been greatly extended since they began to work; that they have succeeded in determining standard minimum rates of wages in numerous cases, and in oppressed trades, such as tailoresses and shirtmakers, have considerably raised them, and this without any diminution in the volume of trade, of employment, or of the employers' profits.¹ With such an example as this, the man in the street will certainly not refuse the method of legal enactment in the future, any more than when the Factory Acts were passed, as a protection for the oppressed and a means of dealing a blow at "sweating."

"Co-operation is a more seductive means of escape" from the evils arising from the faulty distribution of wealth, says Fabian Tract No. 15 (p. 8), though the author will have none of it. Mr. Rae in his "Contemporary Socialism" (p. 337) takes a different view. "If the general acquisition of private property," he says, "and not its universal abolition, is the demand of the working class ideal, then the business of social reform at present ought to be to facilitate the acquisition of private property," and his way towards peace lies in multiplying the opportunities of industrial investment open to the labouring class, and in enabling them to participate in industrial capital and to become capitalists as well as labourers. At least he regards this as the most obvious solution of the problem. If this could be brought about, the labourer would at last be restored to the possession of stock and plant, and by peaceful penetration into his domain might gradually supersede the capitalist. That this is no impossibility is shown by the fact that

in the town and neighbourhood of Oldham there are 100 co-operative spinning mills, with a capital of close on £8,000,000. They are managed entirely by working men, their capital is contributed in £5 shares by working men, and they have during the last ten years paid dividends varying from 10 to 45 per cent. They are joint stock companies of working men, and they furnish to

¹ Webb's "Industrial Democracy," p. xxxix.

working men in an effective and successful way that participation in the industrial capital of the country which is really wanted.¹

Under this system room is left for individualism and the strife of competition which seems a necessary element of progress, at least so far as material wealth is concerned; while it gives the working man a voice and interest in the management of commerce and by bringing home to him the difficulties which the capitalist has to contend with, has had a moderating influence in the discussions between employer and employed.

The Fabian tract² says: "Even the most enthusiastic believer in the virtues of association will not expect salvation merely from a *régime* of joint stock companies." Why not? More unlikely things have happened. "What all the violence of the feudal institutions could never have effected the silent and insensible operation of commerce and manufactures gradually brought about," namely, the destruction of the power of the feudal lords, the capitalists of the day. The greed of the territorial magnates made them part with privileges which the industry of the burghers and artisans acquired without either knowledge or foresight of a social change.

A revolution of the greatest importance to the public happiness was in this manner brought about by two different orders of people who had not the least intention to serve the public. To gratify the most childish vanity was the sole motive of the great proprietors. The merchants and artificers acted merely from a view to their own interest, and in pursuit of their own pedlar principle of turning a penny wherever a penny was to be got.³

To look for a social change from the prosaic action of the Companies Acts would be no more extravagant than to have expected one from "the pedlar principle of turning a penny."

The man in the street to whom all changes having as their object to reinstate the working man in possession of those

¹ Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 338.

² No. 15, p. 9.

³ "Wealth of Nations," Book iii. c. iv.

means of production which have passed into the hands of the capitalist, or to give him a larger share in the "surplus" of production, must be referred, will probably decline to adopt any one remedy to the exclusion of all others. He will not be deterred by the rather vague term "Socialism" from trying "Socialistic" methods where they suit his convenience. He will acquiesce in the growing power of trade unions. He will approve of the "coercive intervention" of the law to protect the weak and oppressed, and he will look with complacency on the spread of co-operative industry. Nor does he think that the present *régime* is altogether to be despaired of when private capitalists inspired by Christian charity can produce such industrial organisations as the firms and model villages enumerated by Budgett Meakin and such industrial officers as the Social Secretary and the Welfare Manager.¹ He is not a pedant or even extremely logical. He is willing to try various methods, for "in the present situation of affairs variety of experiment is desirable, for only out of many experiments can we eventually discover which are most suitable to the conditions and fitted to survive."² He is master of the situation, and he knows it, for he is the doer of things, the great constructive force, and by virtue thereof is master of the world.

The great words never were writ,
 The great songs never were sung;
 They that were greatest did their deed
 Without the pen or tongue.

Instead of the word—a deed,
 Instead of the song—a man!
 The things that are greatest were fashioned thus
 Since the world began.³

These lines are a hymn to the man in the street whose ascendancy is gained by his daily toil. He knows his power

¹ "Model Factories and Villages," 1905.

² Rae, "Contemporary Socialism," p. 338.

³ Harold Johnston, *Daily News*, October 7, 1905.

and he knows his limitations. He will not be inveigled into any short cut to the promised land. He knows that the way is dark, the path uncertain, and the guides untrustworthy. As he cannot see beyond his nose he goes like a man groping in the night, putting forward first one cautious foot and then the other, making sure of his ground as he goes, not knowing whether the path is taking him towards Socialism or Individualism, nor greatly caring so long as he can make life more easy in its course. But he is well aware that he is the master. He pays the price and sits in the stalls while the Protectionist, Socialist, and Collectivist strive together on the stage for his edification and amusement, and as he contemplates their play he is apt to say to himself with Will Waterproof:

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood,
There must be stormy weather ;
But for some true result of good,
All parties work together.

At least he can hope so.

W. R. MALCOLM.

FROUDE AND FREEMAN

WHEN Jowett said, "Froude is a man of genius; he has been abominably treated," he summed up the public life history of one of the most brilliant men of letters of the last generation. No biography was needed to persuade those who knew anything of Froude's career or writings how true were both assertions. And Froude had made it difficult—he hoped he had made it impossible—for any biography of him to be written. His own experience as Carlyle's biographer had been more than enough for him. It had convinced him that no just and discriminating "Life" of a public man could be published in England without giving offence in one quarter or another; and he wished to prevent the possibility of exciting afresh, in connection with a narrative of his own life, the angry and discreditable wrangles that had raged round the biography of his master. So he left instructions that the greater part of his papers should be destroyed at his death, and the injunction was, of course, scrupulously obeyed by his family.

But had Froude been a less modest man than he was he would have realised that however many letters and private memoranda might be committed to the flames, his desire that no biography of him should be written could not be long respected. Carlyle had cherished the same wish till reluctantly convinced of its impossibility; and although Froude was a star of lesser magnitude than Carlyle, he ought to have known that the same reasons which he himself sets out as imperative in

the case of Carlyle would also in his own render unavoidable a biography of some kind. He had himself declared in an essay on the "Life of Macaulay" that "We desire to know, and we have the right to know, the inner history of every man who has played a distinguished part in life and has largely influenced either the fortunes or the opinions of his contemporaries." The judgment was scarcely less applicable to himself than to Macaulay. He had occupied too high a station in the republic of letters for curiosity to remain satisfied with what might be gathered from his published works about his thoughts and conduct in private life. He had been more or less intimate with all the best-known people of his time, with several of whom he was connected by blood or marriage; his letters were in the possession of many of them; his name would be found frequently in their correspondence and memoirs. He should have remembered that from such sources materials for a biography would be forthcoming, and have realised that sooner or later they were sure to be drawn upon for that purpose.

Under the circumstances an "authorised biography" of Froude there could not be; but from the scanty materials available Mr. Herbert Paul has written a brilliant sketch,¹ which, in spite of the disadvantages with which he had to contend, is a successful "attempt to tell the public something about a man whose writings have a permanent place in the literature of England."

Mr. Paul has wisely refrained from saying anything that need provoke a reopening of the defunct controversy over Froude's conduct as biographer of Carlyle—a controversy which, as Mr. Paul says, "flickered out and died an unsavoury death" twenty years after the Sage of Chelsea was buried at Ecclefechan. He makes no reference to the Wilsons, Brownes, *et hoc genus omne*, who have sought literary notoriety by defaming after his death a brilliant and conscientious man of genius. But he gives all the facts of the case clearly and

¹ "The Life of Froude." By Herbert Paul. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

correctly, by which the curious in the future may judge for themselves how much truth there was in the preposterous pretence that Froude disobeyed Carlyle's injunctions, disregarded his wishes, blackened his memory, or was negligent in discharging his trust.

There was, however, an earlier and not less venomous attack on Froude, the true circumstances of which Mr. Herbert Paul has now for the first time fully disclosed; and they form one of the most curious, and, it must be admitted, one of the most discreditable chapters in the history of English literature in modern times. Not discreditable to Froude—far from it; but to his fellow historian and predecessor in the chair of Modern History at Oxford, E. A. Freeman. Those who have studied the charges preferred against Froude in relation to his "Life of Carlyle" must have been struck by the assumption underlying them that his inaccuracy and carelessness of truth as an historian had been already so completely demonstrated as to render superfluous any further proof of his general untrustworthiness. It was taken to be a matter of common knowledge, and any argument on the point was waste of time and breath. The "inaccuracy" of Froude was a characteristic of his work as unquestionable as the "obscurity" of Browning, or the irony of Swift. It was not a charge which the average reader, if he were bold enough to doubt its justice, was in a position to test for himself. The great "History," which "inaccuracy" was supposed to have made valueless, was a work in twelve large volumes, and it is not many who have the time or the ability or the knowledge which would enable them to investigate alleged errors in an immense book full of countless details of European diplomacy and intrigue in the Reformation period. Moreover, was it not enough that Freeman, whose scrupulous accuracy was popularly supposed to be as far beyond dispute as the weight of his historical erudition, had pronounced judgment and had found Froude wanting in all the qualities essential to the historian?

Freeman had declared that Froude "does not know what

literary honesty and dishonesty are ;” that his “utter carelessness as to facts and utter incapacity to distinguish right from wrong” deprived his work of “any title to the name of history”—and so on *ad infinitum* in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, which were placed at Freeman’s disposal for the purpose of “belabouring Froude,” as he himself described in private what purported to be a scholar’s criticism of a fellow historian. One would have imagined, indeed, that some at all events, even of the least learned readers of the *Saturday Review*, would have had some qualms about accepting Freeman’s violent diatribes as pure gospel. Some of the examples he gave in support of his attack were ludicrous on the face of them. It was absurd to suppose that Froude, who was as good a classical scholar as Freeman, could have broken down in construing a simple Latin sentence; that he could have been ignorant of an elementary point of law in the period covered by his history; or that he did not know what a Bill of Attainder was! It is surprising to think that the most casual reader can have been taken in by “criticism” like this, or by Freeman’s ponderous “belabouring” of what were obviously mere misprints. “When Froude allowed *Wilhelmus* to be printed instead of *Willelmus*, Freeman shouted with extravagant glee,” says Mr. Paul, “that a man so hopelessly ignorant of mediæval nomenclature had no right to express an opinion upon the dispute between Becket and the King.” Froude was always a bad proof-reader—it was the most serious of his failings—and this pouncing on misprints as if they were substantial errors was a distinguishing feature of all the attacks made on his veracity and accuracy from first to last, as every one knows who has looked into the complaint against his editing of Carlyle’s “Reminiscences.” Nevertheless, as Mr. Paul remarks, “by dint of noisy assertion, and perpetual repetition, Freeman did at last infect academic coteries with the idea that Froude was a superficial sciolist.” Mr. Herbert Paul has now shown how ill-qualified Freeman was for the task of correcting any mistakes which Froude may have fallen into—and mistakes, of course, there are in his history as in

every other that ever was written. "If any one wishes to form a correct judgment of Froude as an historian he can scarcely begin better," Mr. Herbert Paul asserts, "than by reversing every statement that Freeman felt it his duty to make." One of the statements that Freeman "felt it his duty" to make was that Froude was incapable of research, and was hasty and superficial in consulting original authorities. He was the originator of the myth, as malicious as it was ridiculous, to which the *Times* gave renewed currency not long ago, that Froude spent no more than a single day in examining the Hatfield collection of papers. Mr. Paul is enabled to quote from Froude's correspondence with Lady Salisbury enough to show the thoroughness of his methods.

I am unwilling [he wrote in March 1862] to trouble Lord Salisbury more than necessary. I have therefore examined every other collection within my reach *first*, that I might know clearly what I wanted. Obligated as I am to confine myself for the present to the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign, there will not be much which I shall have to examine there, the great bulk of Lord Burleigh's papers for that time being in the Record Office—but if I can be allowed a few days' work I believe I can turn them to good account.

A few days later he wrote that after examining the catalogue he found there were eight volumes of papers bearing on these ten years of history which he wished "to read through." Two years later, when dealing with another period, he again writes to Lady Salisbury:

I cannot say beforehand the papers which I wish to examine, as I cannot tell what the collection may contain. My object is to have everything which admits of being learnt about the period—especially what may throw light on Lord Burleigh's character. I have been incessantly busy in the Record Office since my return to London [he says in another letter]. The more completely I examine the MSS. elsewhere the better use I shall be able to make of yours. I have still two months of this kind before me, and my intention was to ask you to let me go to Hatfield for a week or two about Easter.

In a word, no historian could be more thorough than Froude in his research of original documents. His assailant, Freeman, never attempted to use such stiff materials in preparing his

own historical writings, and one of the most egregious of the many blunders he fell into headlong when presuming to correct Froude's "inaccuracy" was the result of relying on Camden—"who in Freeman's eyes represented the utmost stretch of Elizabethan learning"—whereas Froude had searched the manuscripts in the Rolls House, and had made no mistake whatever. Indeed, every chapter in the twelve volumes of Froude's "History" bears, as Mr. Paul truly observes,

ample proof of laborious study. Froude neglected no source of information, and spared himself no pains in pursuit of it. At the Record Office, in the British Museum, at Hatfield, among the priceless archives preserved in the Spanish village of Samancas, he toiled with unquenchable ardour and unrelenting assiduity. Nine-tenths of his authorities were in manuscript. They were in five languages. They filled nine hundred volumes.

For the reign of Henry VIII. alone he read and transcribed six hundred and eighty-seven pages in his small, close handwriting. That there should have been errors in a work of this magnitude and complexity was of course unavoidable. But what did they amount to? In the twelve volumes there were five mistakes which Froude admitted required correction; and when preparing a revised edition as recently as 1890 he was "fairly astonished," as he wrote to Lady Derby, to find how little he would have to alter, although since the book was written "the libraries and archives of all Europe had been searched and sifted." "None of his mistakes were due to carelessness. They proceeded rather from the multitude of the documents he studied, and the self-reliance which led him to dispense with all external aid." And yet one of the minor historical writers of the present day, presuming on the idea that Froude's untrustworthiness was *res judicata*, has asserted that in traversing part of the ground where Froude had gone before, he had found him quite unreliable! In this instance the *odium theologicum*, which played so large a part in the dead set against Froude in his lifetime, had probably a good deal to say to the judgment, and at all events it is interesting to note that more competent critics held a very different opinion.

Stubbs spoke of Froude's "History" as "a great book" and "a work of great industry, power and importance." Skelton bade his readers remember that Froude

was to some extent a pioneer, and that he was the first (for instance) to utilise the treasures of Samancas. He transcribed from the Spanish masses of papers which even a Spaniard could have read with difficulty;

and the same scholar, whose speciality was Scottish history, says that

only the man or woman who has had to work upon the mass of Scottish material in the Record Office can properly appreciate Mr. Froude's inexhaustible industry and substantial accuracy . . . his acquaintance with the intricacies of Scottish politics during the reign of Mary appears to me to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled.

Burton was not less emphatic to the same effect; and Freeman's learning and judgment, as Mr. Herbert Paul forcibly remarks, were to Burton's "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

But to appreciate the completeness of Freeman's discomfiture the reader should study the exposure which that quondam idol of Oxford suffers at the hands of Mr. Herbert Paul. Some of the great man's mistakes were amusing in themselves, and still more amusing from the presumptuous airs of superiority with which they were committed, in the belief that they were "belabouring Froude"; and the story loses nothing in the telling by Mr. Paul, whose pungent and epigrammatic pen evidently undertook a congenial task in describing the downfall of arrogance, and establishing the justification of a great man of letters whose temper was generally too proud and too calm to permit him to descend into the arena of controversy in his own defence. But Freeman was not merely unequal to the task of correcting Froude's work. He did not set about it in good faith. It was bad enough that a writer of his pretensions should persuade the public to regard the historian of the Tudors in the light of a dunce, while acknowledging in private that he himself was "profoundly ignorant" of the sixteenth century; it was worse

that he should have done it to gratify personal spite. He "belaboured Froude" not because he loved historical truth and sincerely believed Froude to have outraged it, but because he hated Froude personally; and it is this fact that justifies one in calling his attack a discreditable chapter in the history of literature. On this point Mr. Herbert Paul leaves no shadow of doubt. The happy thought struck him of looking into Freeman's own copy of Froude's "History," which was to be found with the rest of Freeman's books in the Library of Owens College, Manchester, whither they had been transferred after the Professor's death. Mr. Herbert Paul can hardly have expected to find in the book such a tell-tale exhibition of its former owner's temper as was there disclosed—an exhibition of which it is difficult to say whether the vulgarity or the puerility is the more marked. Here are a few of the comments to be found in the margin of the pages, scribbled, not by an exceptionally silly schoolboy deserving the birch, but by a Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford: "*A lie,*" "*Beast,*" "*May I live to embowel James Anthony Froude,*" "*Froude is certainly the vilest brute that ever wrote a book.*" And yet the writer of these choice marginal notes vowed there was "no kind of temper" in his assaults on Froude; and his biographer, Dean Stephens, assures us it is quite a mistake to suppose "that his fierce utterances were the outcome of ill-temper or of personal animosity. He entertained no ill-will whatever towards literary or political opponents." Mr. Herbert Paul is to be congratulated on his discovery at Owens College, for it would be difficult to find a similar specimen in the history of literary criticism. But it is sad to reflect that the personal spite of this truculent Professor should have been able to tarnish for a generation the reputation of a more learned historian and an infinitely more brilliant writer than himself.

It is natural to ask what was the cause of the rancorous animosity that impelled the historian of the Norman Conquest to confide to his books his desire to embowel the historian of

the Tudors. Froude's biographer supplies the answer to the question. Froude had given dire offence to two powerful sections of opinion, both of which found a representative and a spokesman in Freeman. These were, first, the party of the Anglican revival, which reached the zenith of its influence at Oxford about the time when Froude's earlier volumes were published; and, second, the Benthamite Radicals, whose political views were in the ascendant at the same time. Froude, whose elder brother had been a leading light among the Tractarians, made his *début* in literature as the pupil and assistant of Newman. Further study quickly convinced him of the historical and philosophical unsoundness of the principles he had set out to support, and he had abandoned—so far as was then legally possible—his deacon's orders, and had written a book the tone of which was held at Oxford to be too heretical to admit of the author's remaining a Fellow of his College. His "History" was a powerfully reasoned defence of the sixteenth-century Reformers, and the ecclesiastical policy of Henry VIII., whom the High Churchmen looked upon as an agent of Satan. It was not likely therefore that men who refused to acknowledge Milton as a poet because they disliked his theology, would tolerate the historian who at the height of the Tractarian movement proclaimed to the world in twelve volumes of exquisite prose the benefits conferred on mankind by the Protestant Reformation. At the same time the academic Radicals, then as always the slaves of formulas, failing to understand that it was love of liberty in its highest form that made Froude the eulogist of Henry and Thomas Cromwell, of Luther and Knox and Murray, and for this very reason had laid him under the Puseyite interdict, took offence because he appeared in their eyes to be deficient in enthusiasm for democratic shibboleths and to be the apologist of autocratic power. Both these offended parties found a champion in Freeman. He was, as Mr. Herbert Paul points out, "historically if not doctrinally a High Churchman." He "shared Gladstone's politics in Church and State," and his

hatred of the Tory leader of his time "struck even Liberals as bordering on fanaticism." The *Saturday Review* was the property of a Puseyite, who was only too glad to place its columns at the disposal of the Radical swashbuckler itching "to embowel" the impious apostate who would bow the knee neither to Newman or Bentham, and who had learnt from Carlyle to abominate priestcraft and every other imposture.

That a prejudice hostile to Froude arising from these causes was intensified in the case of Freeman by jealousy of Froude's matchless style and consequent popularity with the general reader, would not be altogether incredible even without the evidence afforded by those marginal notes that Freeman's character was not above meanness of the most puerile type. "Freeman's style," says Mr. Herbert Paul in a sentence which is a good example of his own lively manner of handling the pen, "was the sort of style which Macaulay might have written if he had been a pedant and a professor, instead of a politician and a man of the world." It was mechanical and rhetorical, and Freeman must have been conscious of its literary inferiority to the polished ease and grace which distinguished the writing of his detested rival. Jeffrey might have been as puzzled to explain where Froude got his style as he was by Macaulay's. Mr. Herbert Paul is of opinion that he derived it from Newman.

Too original to be an imitator, he was, in his handling of English, an apt pupil of Newman. There is the same ease, the same grace, the same lightness of elastic strength. Froude, like Newman, can pass from racy, colloquial vernacular, the talk of educated men who understand each other, to heights of genuine eloquence, where the resources of our grand old English tongue are drawn out to the full.

It may be doubted whether a style so perfectly pure and limpid, and so entirely free from all trace of mannerism, could be acquired even by the aptest of pupils from another; and whether the undoubted similarity in some general respects between the prose of Newman and the prose of Froude is due to anything more than the coincidence that each was a born master of literary art. Mr. John Morley would probably be

surprised to find himself spoken of as "an apt pupil" of the late Dean Church, yet there are similarities in the styles of these two writers not less marked than the resemblance between Newman and Froude. But if it be true that Froude owed anything to the Cardinal in the formation of his style, a curious set of cross influences is brought to light. The two greatest thinkers and men of letters with whom Froude came in contact in the course of his life were Newman and Carlyle. From the former, if Mr. Paul is right, he learnt his style while vehemently rejecting every particle of his teaching; from the latter he assimilated all the main elements of his thought, but escaped the appearance of the smallest influence in his handling of the language.

Froude once said he had no "philosophy of history." But he had a clearly defined idea of how history should be approached by any one who aspired to make the past intelligible to the present. He did not belong to the "scientific" school, or the school of Dryasdust. He told Tennyson that the most essential quality in an historian was imagination, a saying which, as Mr. Paul observed, though "a true and profound remark," is peculiarly liable to be misunderstood. "People who do not know what imagination means are apt to confound it with invention, although the latter quality is really the last resort of those who are destitute of the former." Froude knew that history, if it is to be understood in any real sense, requires interpretation no less than narrative; that mere naked facts and dates and occurrences make no impression on the mind worth retaining. The requisite interpretation is given when a picture of past times is presented through the temperament of a writer gifted with the historic imagination—and it was this Froude had in mind in speaking to Tennyson—which alone possesses the magic to clothe the bones with flesh and blood and to breathe life into the corpse. A hundred volumes on the French Revolution may be studied without gaining anything like the vivid realisation of the scenes and sensations of revolutionary Paris to be obtained from the thrilling cinematographic pictures thrown on the screen by

Carlyle ; though Carlyle made a mistake about the distance to Varennes which Freeman would perhaps have avoided. And in this respect, though their styles were so diverse, Froude was Carlyle's pupil. Mr. Herbert Paul, in reference to Froude's alleged "inaccuracy," gives an admirable illustration of this difference in the methods of treating history.

Accuracy is a question of degree. There are mistakes in Macaulay. There are mistakes in Gibbon. *Humanum est errare*. An historian must be judged not by the number of slips he has made in names or dates, but by the general conformity of his representation with the object. Canaletto painted pictures of Venice in which there is not a palace out of drawing, not a brick out of place. Yet not all Canaletto's Venetian pictures would give a stranger much idea of the atmosphere of Venice. Glance at one Turner, in which a Venetian could hardly identify a building or a canal, and there lies before you the Queen of the Sea.

Mr. Paul does not mean that in Froude's picture of the sixteenth century you "could hardly identify a building or a canal"; but that to Canaletto's fidelity to fact, which by itself is almost worthless, he added the art of Turner, which gives life to the portrait.

The scantiness of the materials at Mr. Herbert Paul's disposal has made it impossible for him to paint so intimate a picture of Froude's private life and intercourse with family and friends as we possess of several of his contemporaries. There are but few of such private letters as reveal the workings of the mind in irresponsible moments, or the unconsidered actions behind the curtain of home. But the recollection of surviving acquaintances, and evidence here and there obtainable from other sources, make the character of the man sufficiently clear. "His mind was intensely practical"—as Carlyle knew and recorded in his will—"though in personal questions of self-interest he was careless and even indifferent." It was this latter trait, no doubt, that accounts for his almost uninterrupted silence when attacked, first by Freeman, and later by Carlyle's niece and the persons she instigated, which led many people for a time to suppose that the charges brought against him had some foundation. His personal charm is attested by all who knew him.

In company he talked better than almost every one else, and he had a magnetic power of fascination which men as well as women often found quite irresistible. Living in London, he saw people of all sorts, and the Puritan sternness which lay at the root of his character was concealed by the cynical humour which gave zest to his conversation.

Like Carlyle, it would have been difficult to attach to Froude the label of any political party. He detested the doctrine of *laissez faire* which dominated English political thought during most of his life, and he anticipated the movement of to-day in deploring the Cobdenite neglect of the Colonies, between whom and the Mother Country he strove to promote warmer feelings and closer relations; and he pointed to the fact that "our colonists take three times as much of our productions in proportion to their number as foreigners take," as showing that the over-sea dominions of the Crown had an importance and value which were too little realised by people at home. In this connection it is of particular interest to observe that while Froude spoke scornfully of Disraeli and had a deep and insurmountable distrust of Gladstone, he wrote to Lady Derby in 1882: "I like Chamberlain. He knows his mind. There is no dust in his eyes, and he throws no dust in the eyes of others." Froude, in fact, judged politicians on their merits as individuals, and not according to what party they belonged to. His butler on one occasion, in reply to a canvasser, said, "When the Liberals are in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives are in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal." But if this was true it was not from mere love of opposition, for Froude was not one of the cantankerous sort; but probably because he was disgusted by the contrast between professions of principle by the "outs" and performance by the "ins." For in politics, as in his teaching of history, it is true, as Mr. Herbert Paul insists, that "the secret of Froude's influence and the source of his power is that beneath the attraction of his personality and the seductiveness of his writing, there lay a bedrock of principle which could never be moved."

RONALD McNEILL.

A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS

NO family has afforded more occupation to biographers or deeper interest to students than the House of Stuart. Of this fact the latest evidence, if such were needed, may be found in the appearance during the last year of substantial volumes dealing with the fugitive days of Charles II., of James II., and of the two Pretenders; whilst from the last emerges a pathetic and rather novel portrait of "Henry IX.," the Cardinal.¹ Every schoolboy—not Macaulay's myth, but the real creature—knows of the execution of Charles I. and the exploit in an oak-tree of Charles II.; he is aware of the untimely end of James II.; and even if his propensity for novel-reading has not introduced him to "James III." through the pages of "Esmond," yet he has been familiar from his nursery days with the legend of Prince Charlie. Readers of biography have extended their acquaintance to the earlier adventures of Arabella Stuart, and students of history have traced the influence upon contemporary English policy of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. It is not safe to be positive; but one may assume that nobody is quite so ignorant as to be unable to account for the presence on our throne of Edward VII.; at all events, if there be any period of history which appeals to the great Unread, it is that which began in 1625 and ended when the last embers of "the '45" were extinguished in the collapse of Charles Edward.

¹ "A Court in Exile," by Marchesa Vitelleschi.

Amongst the romantic, a faithful few still pay homage to the Bavarian Princess who is to them the lawful sovereign of these realms: the more prosaic amongst us takes things as we find them, and regard all descendants of the ruined Line, except those who happen to reign over us, as heirs to nothing but a picturesque and melancholy tradition.

In the long catalogue of princes and princesses, one has almost entirely escaped attention. She has no place in history: she had no part to play. She makes no contribution to romance: her existence was so short and so unhappy as to admit not even of an enlivening love-affair. She can scarcely be said to have met with one adventure. A maiden, denied the gaiety of youth; a princess, shut out from the glamour of a court; not beautiful; there was little enough in her career to attract notice; but for these very reasons her story has an interest of its own. Misfortune seems to have been the birth-right of her race: with the exception of Charles II., who ended his days in the cynical and profligate enjoyment of the amenities which were lacking in his youth, the presentiment of evil which is said to have been stamped upon the features of Charles I. seems to have come to fulfilment in most of his progeny; and amongst them none was more completely, more undeservedly, the victim of misfortune than Princess Elizabeth.

Charles I. was the father of three sons and five daughters: Charles and James, who succeeded him on the throne; Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who was born in 1640 and lived long enough to witness the restoration of his brother, and of whom we shall hear again; Mary, born 1631, who married the Prince of Orange and became the mother of our William III.; Elizabeth, born 1635, the subject of these observations; Anne, who was born in 1637 and died in 1640; Catherine, who was born and died in 1639; Henrietta, born at Exeter 1644 on the eve of her mother's flight, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, and herself the mother of queens.

The date of Princess Elizabeth's birth is "wropt in mystery"

only less profound than that of Mr. Yellowplush. The day usually indicated was December 28,¹ and some congratulatory odes make due reference to the occasion of the day of the Holy Innocents; but inasmuch as they go on to refer to the exquisite beauty which she certainly never possessed, this evidence is not conclusive. Amongst the Harleian MSS. there is a list of the children of Charles I. written and signed by Elizabeth herself, in which appears, "Princess Elizabeth, born at St. James, December 29, 1635." The Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapels Royal, who quotes this authority, says that she was born on "December 29, 1635, at ten in the morning during a heavy fall of snow";² but later on³ he speaks of her as having been born on "the Festival of the Holy Innocents, Monday, December 28." Probably the latter is the true date; not inappropriate to one whose days were to be spent in rigid seclusion from the contagion of wickedness. Certain it is that she came into the world during a heavy fall of snow, no unfit welcome to one whose experiences were to be forlorn, whose natural affections were to be quenched, and who was to go down to posterity with the curt and chilling record, "died of grief."

The few extant portraits of Elizabeth are decidedly prepossessing. A miniature in Windsor Castle, which recommends itself as a faithful likeness, gives her a broad forehead, fine eyes, rather melancholy, but full of character and spirit; a small well-shaped mouth and a delicate chin. In the groups of Van Dyck she appears only as a child; and indeed at the time of her death she was not so old as this miniature would represent her; but all authorities are agreed on the meagreness of her physical endowments. One writer describes her as "weakly and deformed," and says she died of rickets.⁴ Accord-

¹ "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," J. H. Jesse, ii. 250; "Lives of the Princesses of England," M. A. Green, vi. 336, &c. &c.

² "Memorials of St. James' Palace," ii. 5.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 42.

⁴ "Letters Archaeological and Historical," Rev. E. B. James, ii. 151.

ing to Clarendon she had a sickly and deformed frame; whilst another tradition avers that a *post-mortem* examination proved her to have been hump-backed, knock-kneed, and altogether deformed.

Notwithstanding these infirmities, she was "the most gifted of the children of Charles I., and the darling child of her unhappy father";¹ according to Clarendon, she was "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and excellent understanding." Elizabeth's career began under the governorship of the Countess of Roxburgh, to whose care her elder sister Mary had already been entrusted. Each princess had a personal suite of dressers, watchers, nurses, and grooms, besides instructors in various fields of learning and deportment. The appearance of plague in London drove the establishment temporarily to Richmond, whence they were again conducted two years later to visit their mother, who happened to be at Hampton Court. There the younger child is said to have exhibited a precocious sensibility on being shown a picture of our Saviour in the Judgment Hall, suffering the indignity of the scourge; at which the Queen's approval was excited, but whether from religious or maternal emotions one can only guess. At this tender age—she was but two years old—Elizabeth made her one approach to matrimony. Her grandmother, Mary de Medicis, came to England at the end of 1637, and took the opportunity of proposing an alliance between her and the young William of Orange. Charles, however, considered the proposal derogatory to his daughter's rank, and there the matter ended. But, before many years had passed, gathering dangers had warned the King of the necessity of friends outside his own dominions, and he had no scruples in accepting Prince William as a suitor, not for the little Elizabeth but her elder sister Mary. This marriage took place in 1642, and henceforth Elizabeth's principal companion was her youngest brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

St. James's Palace was the usual abode of the royal family

¹ Jesse, *op. cit.* ii. 250.

in childhood, and, with occasional excursions prompted by divers motives, here they continued to reside. Charles and James were allowed to share the vicissitudes which now beset the fortunes of the King, but Parliament kept a jealous eye on the two younger children, and already "shades of the prison house began to close" upon them. That she was not denied the advantages of efficient teachers is made manifest by the qualifications subsequently claimed by Mrs. Makin, of Tottenham High Cross, who appealed to the public as having been formerly charged with the instruction of the Princess:

By the blessing of God [so her prospectus ran] gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion and all manner of sober and virtuous education, more especially in all things ordinarily taught in schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts: half the time to be spent on these things, the other half on Latin and French; and those that please, Greek, Hebrew, Italian—in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge. Those that think this thing impossible or impracticable . . .

are to inquire at Mason's Coffee House on Tuesdays, or the Bolt and Inn Coffee House on Thursdays, to interview her agent.

But even if she were given the benefit of so gifted a teacher, her domestic comforts were not always complete. Lady Roxburgh was forced to protest to Parliament against the neglect to pay the allowances for her wards; and presently an edict against association with all but those who were willing to accept the solemn league and covenant required the dismissal of every one whose sympathies were royalist. At this indignity Elizabeth was moved to address the House of Lords, to whom she sent the following letter through Lord Pembroke, her Parliamentary guardian:

MY LORDS,

I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will shew it, in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my Lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you and to rest.—Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH.

To the Right Honourable the Lords and Peers in Parliament.

The result of this epistle was beneficial. The Peers demanded an inquiry: the Speaker declared that the poverty into which the royal children had been plunged was such that he should be ashamed to speak of it: a compromise was reached: certain members of the household pocketed their scruples for loyalty's sake, and the changes were not so drastic as had been threatened. But Lady Roxburgh retired, and after Lady Vere's selection had miscarried, the Countess of Dorset assumed the duties of governess.

The object of Parliament was to prevent intercourse with the King's headquarters at Oxford, and an oath to prevent anything of the kind was required of each member of the establishment at St. James's. The situation was anomalous: at one time overtures were received from Oxford for the exchange of the children against certain prisoners of war: to which a refusal was returned on the ground that the children were not prisoners, and therefore not liable to exchange.

Prisoners to all intents and purposes, however, they continued to be. At the age of eight Elizabeth fell and broke her leg: the recovery was slow, and perhaps never perfect; whence the *post-mortem* assertion that she was knock-kneed may have arisen; but in all emergencies change of domicile was only permitted by Parliament grudgingly and under strict supervision.

By this time Elizabeth had acquired proficiency, thanks, presumably, to the redoubtable Mrs. Makin, in French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. This sounds like a "puff oblique" on the part of Mrs. Makin herself; but there is further evidence to show that the poor child had been seriously investigating the original sources of Holy Scripture. One author dedicated a volume to the "peerless Elizabeth" by reason of her attainments in Hebrew and Greek.

In 1645 an important transition affected the narrow limits of their confinement: Lady Dorset was dying; and the children were handed over to the custody of the Earl of Northumberland. Much of their time now was spent in the more healthy

and congenial precincts of Syon, and with so much consideration were they treated that we find Elizabeth writing to promise her sister at the Hague a present of venison from her guardian's park.

A year later existence was further enlivened by the arrival of the Duke of York, who found his position in the Royalist camp no longer tenable, and, with his father's consent, sought refuge with his brother and sister. But it was not a whole-hearted surrender, and the Earl of Northumberland, who had already trouble enough with the finances of his wardenship, was beset with illicit negotiations between his newest charge and the King. With curious indifference to Parliament, he announced that he would not hold himself responsible for intrigues of this kind; and in this determination he not only persisted, but was apparently sustained.

In 1647 Charles was at Caversham, and, in response to his urgent entreaty, his children were permitted to visit him. They met at Maidenhead. It must have been at best a sorrowful affair. Elizabeth had not seen her father for five years; Henry did not know who he was. "I am your father, child," said the King, "and it is not one of the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you and your brothers and sisters into the world to share my miseries." Whatever his shortcomings may have been, nobody can find much fault with King Charles in respect of his devotion to his wife and children. General Fairfax was present at this interview, and appears to have been so much pleased with the Princess as to kiss her hand. The children returned with the King to Caversham, where they were permitted to remain two days, and, after a harrowing parting, were carried off by Northumberland, who was to receive from Parliament several contradictory orders as to their place of abode, and very little money for their maintenance. He protested that he was out of pocket to the extent of £2000 a year.

Charles had now removed to Hampton Court, and taking the law into his own hands, as it seems, he became a frequent visitor at Syon. The children were not prevented from going

in turn to visit him; and these seem to have been comparatively cheerful days. The King took this occasion to impress upon his daughter that, in the event of anything happening to him, she must transfer her loyalty and allegiance to her brother Charles. In one respect, moreover, she was to be absolved from obedience to her mother: under no circumstances was she to adopt the Catholic faith. But the Queen was a refugee, and little enough was the communion ever destined to exist between the mother and daughter.

Here once more was the courtly Fairfax, followed by Cromwell himself, and in later years the Duke of York used to aver that, whereas all the officers were wont to kiss their hands, he alone bent the knee.¹ So demure and discreet was Elizabeth's demeanour that she now acquired the soubriquet of Temperance.

But interruption was at hand. Princess Elizabeth had been allowed to sleep at Hampton Court: she complained that the presence of the sentries in the corridors kept her awake at night. Upon a renewal of this grievance, the officer in command exacted a promise from the King that he would attempt no escape—to which Charles replied with a lofty call to remembrance of his honour—and withdrew the guard. Elizabeth returned to London, to hear that her father had escaped; had been retaken; and was now practically, if not avowedly, a prisoner at Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight. It has been suggested that Elizabeth was privy to this scheme: it would invest her story with an added interest, but it is probably not so. It is not wonderful that a delicate, sensitive girl should find her night's rest disturbed by the close attendance of soldiers in rattling accoutrements with no punctilious regard for the convenience of neighbouring sleepers: it is not past our powers of belief that a Stuart should fail to resist the temptation to break a promise, given in all sincerity, when the advantage of the moment was against its observance.

James, Duke of York, was now nearly fifteen years of age.

¹ Green, *op. cit.* vi. 360.

His subsequent failure in the business of kingcraft does not alter the fact that he was a capable sailor and a brave soldier, and it may be believed that he was a youth of spirit. Means of communication between father and son were discovered: discovered in a double sense, for letters were intercepted. Northumberland was again taken to task by Parliament, and the vigilance of the children's custodians was redoubled. But the children outwitted them, and in the stratagem which was successfully employed, Elizabeth undoubtedly played a part. For the amusement of the evenings in St. James's Palace games of hide-and-seek were arranged on an elaborate scale. Great store was set upon a prolonged and successful immunity from detection, and the young conspirators cunningly prepared for the coup which was to follow. On April 21, 1648, the Duke of York persuaded a friendly gardener to lend him a bunch of keys so that he might eclipse all former efforts at elusiveness. The gardener consented. James lost no time in escaping through one of the garden doors, where he was met by an accomplice, with whom, disguised as a female, he made good his escape.

So well accustomed were the attendants to these lengthy concealments that it was not until Northumberland paid a visit at bed-time that the Duke's absence became a matter of suspicion; but the bird was flown and already out of danger of recapture.

Northumberland made his report to Parliament, again protesting his unwillingness to be responsible for the persons of his wards; and Parliament, conscious it may be that he was still its creditor for household expenses, was pleased to grant him pardon and permission to retire to Syon or Hampton Court. At the same time the leaders turned their thoughts towards the Duke of Gloucester as a possible successor to the throne in case Charles and his two elder sons should incur irrevocable condemnation.

Charles was at Carisbrook, "very melancholy and retired," according to contemporary accounts; but if tradition is true

he at least enjoyed the liberty of "hunting the buck" in the pleasant forest of Parkhurst. Elizabeth wrote to her "most dear father," declaring that "her greatest terrestrial joy is to hear that you are in health and prosperity"; but this innocent pleasure was to be denied her, for the letter was intercepted, and part of it being written in cypher, to which Parliament had no key, her correspondence was terminated, and with it the twin joys of family affection and writing in cypher.

Encouraged, perhaps, by his partial success at Hampton Court Charles again attempted to escape from Carisbrook; but for him there was to be no more freedom, and Elizabeth was to hear, to her dismay, that her parent was a prisoner in London awaiting his trial. Sentence of death was passed on January 27, 1649, and two days later leave was granted him to see his children: and here follows one of the most dramatic and touching incidents in history. The pleasant days of Maidenhead and Hampton Court were more than a year gone by; the King was changed; his hair had become grey and was left unkempt; but the children had been with him recently enough to meet him with overflowing hearts, the happiness of reunion albeit overshadowed by the terror of death. Charles, ruined and alone, reveals the tenderness of an affectionate man who has no more earthly hopes and aspirations.

Here is Elizabeth's own account of the interview:

What the King said to me January 29, 1648-9, being the last time I had the happiness to see him. He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he could not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that would be a glorious death which he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He bid me read Bishop Andrews's sermons, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commended us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal, he commanded me and my

brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So, after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave. Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and he desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

ELIZABETH.

The leave-taking does not appear to have been so simple a matter as this narrative would suggest. It is on record that the loving child gave way to paroxysms of grief, and that Charles returned more than once from the door to endeavour to console her anguish by ineffectual caresses. So complete, indeed, was her prostration that it was rumoured she was dead.

To little Henry the King gave these parting commands: "Sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee King; but mark what I say, you must not be a King so long as your brothers Charles and James do live." Finally he divided between them such jewellery and things of value as he still possessed. The children returned to Syon, where Elizabeth was attacked by a tumour and debility, declared to be the consequence of her recent suffering and agitation; and at this juncture Northumberland's patience broke down. He finally declared to Parliament that the anxiety and expense of his commission were no longer tolerable, and he begged to be relieved. Elizabeth renewed a petition to Parliament which she had made some time before her father's death, to be allowed to join her sister in Holland. This proposal found favour in some quarters, but it was negatived on a division by twenty-nine votes to twenty-four. The guardianship was offered to Sir Edward Harrington and his wife, who speedily intimated that at their time of life they could not be bothered. The Countess of Carlisle was next approached; she hesitated; and suddenly choice was made of the Countess of Leicester.

Their lives seemed for the moment to be cast in pleasant places: the captives were despatched to the beautiful Penshurst in Kent. The governess appears to have entered into the arrangement with more spirit than her lord. Parliament voted £3000 for maintenance; upon which Leicester immediately reduced his wife's allowance from £700 a year to £300, shrewdly observing that he would be put to some expense for "washing and household stuff," and undoubted restriction of personal convenience.

Lady Leicester was more loyal. Parliament had indeed appointed nearly a dozen servants to wait on the children, but had enjoined none the less that all royal observances were to be waived; that they should not be served at separate tables, but sit amongst the young Sydneys, sovereignty being abolished, and they of no higher rank than the children of a noble family. Lady Leicester was a patrician of principle: she ignored these instructions, and when Speaker Lenthall paid a "surprise" visit to see how she was obeying her instructions, she flouted and drove him out.

A certain amount of public attention remained fixed upon Elizabeth and her brother. Royalist papers asserted that they were to be poisoned or sent to some charity school as Bessy and Harry Stuart—an alternative not without humour. Royalist authors offered her dedications addressed to the "sorrowful daughter of our martyred King," or spinning verses around the "gloom of her attire": for she never ceased to wear mourning for her father.

Lady Leicester was a considerate and sympathetic friend; a member of her own family was selected as tutor to her wards, and their circumstances must have been as happy as under such conditions could be possible. But there was to be no peace: Parliament was intolerant, and a proposal was in the air for the transfer of the young people to the sterner discipline of Cromwell's family circle. Meanwhile Charles II. was putting his fortunes to the test in Scotland: the presence of any members of his family on English soil was represented

as a public danger : it was declared to be imperative that they should be removed "outside the limit of the Commonwealth," and in accordance with this pompous resolution they were duly committed to the care of Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight.

It has been alleged that they were to be apprenticed to tradesmen in the island ; that, in fact, deeds of indenture are still preserved in the records of Newport. This legend has been definitely discredited by an official denial from the Town Clerk. It can easily be believed that there was a party in Parliament disposed towards severity ; but upon the whole a reasonable spirit seems to have prevailed. Suitable furniture and plate were provided ; and for Elizabeth "a gentlewoman, a laundress, a groom of the chambers, and a gentleman usher." But titles were no longer to be recognised nor hands to be kissed : the Princess became the Lady Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester plain Harry Stuart or Mr. Harry.

The secret sting, whether accidental or intended, lay in the sending of a delicate girl, prostrated by the horror of her father's doom, to the very spot where he had enjoyed the last remnants of liberty and hope. We need not attribute so sinister a motive ; but unquestionably in choosing Carisbrook for Elizabeth's abode Parliament sentenced her to death.

The journey was not auspicious : Elizabeth was ill. Although they reached Cowes on August 13, it was not until the 16th that the travellers passed into the custody of Anthony Mildmay, who had officiated as carver to King Charles during his residence. Elizabeth appears to have lost no time in repeating her petition to Parliament for leave to go to her sister in Holland, and on this occasion the proposal had been accepted as the best solution of her difficulties. Henry at the same time was to be consigned to his cousin, the Elector Palatine, with a pension of £1500 a year. But the decision came too late.

Carisbrook Castle is no better known to the majority of Englishmen than many another place of equal interest

and charm. It stands near the centre of the island, a mile or so from Newport, on undulating ground. A mile and a half to the north the beautiful forest of Parkhurst stretches almost to the shores of the Solent. To the south a good walker can, on a summer's afternoon, easily reach the high bluff which rises over Ventnor and the Channel Sea. The castle itself is but a shell, with one living house preserved for the Governor's quarters; and from the ruined tower one looks down upon an open bowling-green. Here upon August 22 Elizabeth was helping to amuse her brother by playing a game for which one may suppose she had little inclination and still less aptitude. A storm broke over them, and before they could get under cover the Princess was drenched with rain. Her frail body could endure no more: fever and exhaustion super-vened, and on September 8 she was dead.

It is not easy as one passes through the empty rooms, satisfied so long as they appeal to all the senses of picturesque-ness and romance, to imagine how they affected the imagination of a girl of fourteen, broken-hearted and sorely stricken in body, who was not an archæological *dilettante*, but a contemporary, an involuntary inhabitant, whose predecessor had been her own father, a king, about to pass under sentence of his subjects, and suffer an abject death at the hands of a common headsman. We admire the venerable walls, snugly covered over with spreading ivy; the graceful moulding and the elegant proportions. We have not to consider the fevered limbs, the aching heart, the loneliness and desolation of the English princess, who was nearing the completion of her bitter knowledge of the fallibility of earthly possessions.

Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had been Court physician, and had tended Elizabeth through her early childhood, was at once appealed to when serious symptoms appeared. He was now an old man, and apparently not equal to undertake a journey "out of the Commonwealth"; but he at once despatched a colleague. Meanwhile Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, had been called in, and there seems no reason to suppose that the patient

lost anything by neglect. Mayerne, indeed, pronounced afterwards that she died "procul a medicis et remediis"; but beyond the lack of his personal attendance she seems to have had the benefit of every available resource.

Nor can any fault be found with the conduct of Parliament. Orders were given for a suitable funeral and for proper mourning to be supplied to the dead girl's playmate. The body lay in state for sixteen days, and was then removed for burial in the Church of St. Thomas at Newport. Here it would probably have remained in utter obscurity and oblivion had not Queen Victoria repaired a long neglect by erecting a memorial to the forgotten Princess as "a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes."

Baron Marochetti has at least rendered a fitting tribute by carving an effigy worthy to rank with those at Worcester and Ashbourne—a child asleep and at rest; her cheek presses an open book; the Bible, which tradition alleges was the gift of her father and lay upon her pillow when she died.

REGINALD LUCAS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CANOSSA

SOME twenty miles south-east of Parma, just where the serrated ranks of the Apennines are broken by the outrush of the *Enza*, an advanced guard of craggy hills is thrust forward on to the Lombard plain. On the most precipitous of these, some 1500 feet above the valley of the Po, stands all that is left of the Castle of Canossa. For 650 years it has been a ruin, but it is still an imposing relic of feudalism, as indeed it should be, seeing that, in the eleventh century, it was the most famous fortress south of the Alps. Strong it is, and superbly placed, with a view bounded only by the feebleness of human eyes. Yet it is not by its heroic aspect alone, nor by the marvel of its prospect, that Canossa arrests and holds one, but because there the seal was set on the most prodigious victory that intellect ever won over force, where—to use the phrase of the proudest of the successors of St. Peter—"the subjection of every human creature to the See of Rome" was made manifest to the eye of Christendom.

At Canossa the appeal to the historical imagination is no less powerful than the appeal to the æsthetic sense, nor, outside Rome, is there, in all Italy, any other spot where two such appeals are thus united. Yet hitherto pilgrims to this *sacro monte* have been astonishingly few. Dean Stanley came here some fifty years back, but had few imitators. So completely was the very name forgotten, that when Mr. Augustus Hare, for the purpose of one of his charming, if inaccurate, guide-

books, sought information from the professors of the neighbouring University of Palma, he was told that they knew nothing of it, unless it was the same as the Castle of La Donna Matilda. For such neglect, the obliteration, wrought by time and the spoiling hand of the peasant, is, no doubt, to some extent, responsible. Probably, however, the more efficient cause has been, that quality which endeared it to its owner and her Papal guest—its inaccessibility. But this excuse will no longer serve, for it is no longer inaccessible. The revived interest of the Government in the antiquities of Italy has led them to place it among the protected national monuments, and it has been made easy to reach, either by *vettura postale* from Reggio, or from Parma by a *ferrovia economica*. Travellers who enjoy the thrill of vivid historical association, or who delight in a prospect of unique splendour, will soon find out the way. But up to last September the list of visitors was meagre, and the register in the Castello, while it showed that a few Germans and several Italians had been there, did not disclose a single English name.

On a glorious September morning, soon after seven, the writer, bent on this pilgrimage, made his way from the centre of the town of Parma to the halting-place of the light railway at the Barriera Vittorio Emanuele. The Via Æmilia, the great Roman road running from east to west through Gallia Togata, cuts "the city of Correggio" exactly in half, and the Barriera is at its eastern exit. There was not a cloud in the sky, but, even in the plain, the first hours after sunrise are cool, and, at Parma, the nearness of the Apennines lends a certain mountain freshness to the morning air. The gate was crowded with wood waggons, drawn by oxen, cream-coloured or russet, long-horned, with towering yokes, attending the leisurely visitation of the urban *doganieri*. Some twenty passengers were waiting for the train, round the cabin, where an old lady was dispensing tickets and light refreshments. But trade had not been brisk that morning, for she was unable to cope with a ten-lire note. As, however, the twelve-mile ride to Traversetolo, the first

stage on the way to Canossa, costs only a few *soldi*, that difficulty was easily got over. When the little puffing engine arrived it was found to be pulling only one carriage, and that was already half full. Naturally there were complaints, in sonorous Italian, about the folly of bringing *una sola carrozza*, but Italians are accustomed to make the best of official shortcomings, and, by dint of standing on the outside platform and sitting on one another's knees, not one of us all was left behind. It was a picturesque assemblage. A couple of priests fingering their breviaries, three or four Italian "Tommies," fine, manly looking fellows in fatigue suits of holland, four or five mechanics, a score of peasants of both sexes, and a few *signori*, made up the tale. Probably they fairly sampled the Parmesan countryside, and a careful count of complexions showed the fair, grey-eyed, and blonde to be in a majority of three to one, and, though here and there the brown-bearded, cruel-eyed brigand type was in evidence, not one pair of black eyes was discoverable. Nor is it surprising that the Northern strain should prevail in this broad and fertile valley, where the Ostrogoth and the Lombard were lords for three centuries.

In a little more than an hour, Traversetolo, the "township by the ford," was reached. There, a light carriage, with an excellent horse, was readily found to convey the pilgrim the six further miles that have to be traversed, before Ciano d'Enza—the starting-point of the mule path to Canossa—is reached. The road crosses the stony bed of the Enza, and, in its descent to the river, commands a good view of the hamlet of Quattro-castella, lying on the hills opposite, and the scanty remains of the outlying forts that kept the road to the central stronghold of the Donna Matilda. The Enza is a typical Apennine river, three furlongs or so in width, for the most part shallow, and, late in summer, absolutely dry, though the steep ups and downs of its bed, that make you tremble for the carriage springs, are reminders that in winter, when they are filled with icy water, this crossing is completely barred. Once on the other side, the road mounts gently to S. Polo d'Enza, and thence to Ciano

along the cultivated foot of an upland, covered with thin brush and scorched grass that, in colour, recalls Dauphiné. Thence, with a clearly engraved Italian map, if such a thing exists, it were easy to find the way, but a barefoot peasant boy, who knows the short cuts and the names of the landmarks, is a very cheap and agreeable substitute.

From Ciano d'Enza the path starts with an abrupt turn to the left, just beyond the rustic Albergo, and mounts rapidly, over sharp, broken stones, to the shoulder of a moorland, where turkeys might be profitably exercised, but sheep would starve. Canossa is not in sight, but another great castle, the pilgrim's way-mark, here lords it over the country. This is Rossena, perched on a reddish rock, from which it is supposed to take its name, precipitous towards the north, but, on the south, sloping down to a green saddle, which, further out, becomes a promontory crowned by the solitary keep of the Castel d'Asso. The path, which runs diagonally along the curving crests of the hills, passes between the two fortalices, touching the very rocks of Rossena, and through the tiny village which nestles comfortably enough at its base. It is hereabouts that the pyramid of Canossa comes into sight, conspicuous on the ridge that now shows against the northern sky. A mile or so from Rossena tillage ceases, and the wild vegetation becomes scantier and scantier, so that one passes through a veritable wilderness before reaching the curious system of ravines that guard Canossa on the Apennine side. These are extraordinarily deep and steep, and with their desolate sides furrowed by the melting snows of spring and scorched by the blazing sun, they look strangely like moraines. Their colour, a strange black and grey, gives a savage note to their desolation, which is a thing by itself. Not a blade of grass, not a lizard, not a living thing can find subsistence in these arid gullies, and inquiry suggests that the foxes, with which an imaginative visitor peopled them, have no existence. The largest ravine of all, runs up to the grey rock that supports Canossa—*alba Canossa*, as in its youth it was called. It has not grown less

hoary with age, but time has softened its original sternness. The green grass has grown between the lower rings of its fortifications, and shrubs and briars and a few trees have obtained a settlement among the crumbling stonework, with the result that, by comparison with the surrounding country, the rock presents an almost *riant* aspect. The ravine being quite impassable, a *détour* has to be made to reach the ridge, whence access is gained to the triple tiers of defence described by the early chroniclers. Just where the keep is seen towering above your head, you enter the castle through the lowest of these. A new zig-zag, touching no doubt in places the old path, mounts to the second line of defence. This it seems was once defended by a chasm, crossed by a drawbridge, but chasm and drawbridge have both disappeared. On one side below the path a hut stands, labelled *il custode*, but, as neither English nor Italian shouts brought any response, guide and pilgrim passed on. A closed iron gate filled us with alarm, but yielded to persuasion, and continuing to mount, we arrived at the ancient well. This well, three hundred feet above the foothills, and fifteen hundred above the plain, evidently relies on some secret reservoir in the rocks, for it never fails, and at the end of a hot summer was full to within a few feet of its stone mouth. A second iron gate proved more intractable, and my barefoot Mercury had to be despatched for the custodian. She, however—and it seemed only right that one should owe admittance to Matilda's castle to a woman—had spied the *forestiere* from afar, and, with the trustful courtesy of her sex and country, sent us the keys by her little boy. They were a fine bunch, worthy of the Lady of Loch Leven, but the boy knew neither the right key nor the way to use it, and it was not till an exhaustive series of experiments had taught us that one key, if placed upside down in what did not appear to be the key-hole, would shoot the bolt, that we obtained entrance. A few steps and we were within the final *enceinte*, and stood on the actual stage where the world-drama was played, more than eight centuries ago—stood in the shadow of the very

stones that witnessed the Emperor's wretched humility—the Pope's superb arrogance.

Before attempting briefly to describe the play, it is perhaps in order to say a few words about the actors. First, there is the lady of the castle, Matilda of Tuscany, that *domina inclita comitissa Matilda ducatrix*, whose domain stretched from the Mincio to the Po, from the Lombard plain to the mountains of Umbria. Pure as was her life, and noble as was her character, these virtues were less wonderful than her more than virile energy. The great ruler, warrior, and justiciar of her vast possessions, when not engaged in resisting her suzerain, she was administering justice, with men like the Uberti, on the steps of her throne, or watching the storming of the strongholds of her rebellious barons. But a woman's fanatical devotion to the head of her religion, and an Italian's dislike of the German Cæsar, coloured the whole of her political career. In her girlhood she gave herself to a hunchback, as the price of the rescue of the Pope, and, as an old woman, became the bride of a boy, whose attraction was his congenital hatred of the Emperor. The Canossa incident was an interlude in her strenuous life, in which she played the noble rôle of intercessor.

The second of the great actors was Henry IV., King of the Germans, and by election, though yet uncrowned, Cæsar Augustus, Emperor of the world. Among the Royal families of Germany, the Franconian claimed a sort of primacy, and Henry, the third in direct male descent of the Imperial Franconian house, boasted, besides, the blood of the great Otto in his veins. He was a child of six when his father died, and brought up by a doting mother, under the tutelage, now of harsh, now of licentious churchmen, he grew to manhood strong and handsome in person, but feeble in will, dissolute, haughty, and tyrannical. This weakling was called upon, in his teens, to rule a Germany seething with revolt, and an Italy which had only yielded the most reluctant homage to the strongest of his predecessors. When he came to Canossa, a suppliant crying for mercy, he was barely twenty-

seven. Nor can any contrast be more dramatic than that between the futile youth, with his golden hair and martial figure, and his grey antagonist.

That antagonist, the third and greatest of the actors in this memorable scene, was of low birth. Hildebrand was, in fact, a *contadino*, the son of the carpenter of Soano, a village belonging to the father of Matilda. A peasant in a Tuscan village, then a novice in Santa Maria on the Aventine, a monk in Clugny, for years Archdeacon of Rome, and saluted there as Lord of the Lord Pope, he had now mounted the Papal throne. He had won his way slowly to that great position without help of fortune or circumstance, by sheer force of intellect, and the leverage of an iron will. About the first time that one hears of Hildebrand was some thirty years earlier, when Henry III., the reformer of the Papacy, the father of the penitent of Canossa, had annulled the election of Gregory VI. for flagrant and confessed simony. Hildebrand was Gregory's chaplain, and followed his master into the exile which the austere Emperor inflicted on the simoniac Pope. Up to that time the Imperial prerogative to control Papal elections had been hardly disputed, and when Hildebrand was called by acclamation to the Popedom, he had himself applied to Henry for his consent to his elevation. But, that this act of submission rankled, is shown by his choice of a Pontifical title. By calling himself Gregory VII., he announced, *orbi et urbi*, that Gregory VI., though deposed and his election annulled by the Emperor, remained a legitimate Pope. His own election was pure enough, but he obviously thought it was better to replace the tiara on the brows of a simoniac, than to miss a chance of flouting the Imperial prerogative. That he should have sounded this note of defiance so instantly, is only one of the many proofs of his intrepidity, because at the moment Rome had much to fear—not only temporal foes to face, but mutiny within her own walls. The married clergy, a strong party on both sides of the Alps, were in revolt. Great prelates lived openly with

their wives, and the Gallican and English Churches were unwilling to accept the law from Rome. It was the dream of Gregory, not only to make the Pope a spiritual despot, but wholly to cast off the Imperial yoke, and to place his foot on the necks of all temporal sovereigns. This dream was accomplished. The Pope was victorious all along the line, and Canossa was the first step on the road to victory.

Henry was weak, tyrannical, and unpopular, and, within a year of Hildebrand's accession, the German princes, led by the Saxon Duke, rose in revolt. But the name of king and emperor still counted for something, and, despite the tacit encouragement they received from Rome, within the year the rebels were crushed at Hohenburg. They had already appealed to Gregory, and now they poured into his willing ears long tales of feudal and other grievances, many of which were probably true, and accusing Henry of all sorts of personal crimes, many of which were probably false. The Pope realised his opportunity. He peremptorily summoned him to appear in Rome, there to answer the accusations of his subjects and submit to the Papal judgment. This monstrous demand drove the passionate king to frenzy. In furious haste he convened a synod of friendly bishops and abbots at Worms, and the synod deposed Gregory. The letter of Henry announcing this deposition was couched in the most insulting terms, sufficiently indicated by its superscription: "From Henry, not by usurpation, but by God's ordinance, King, to Hildebrand, no longer Pope, but the false monk." In Italy, too, the old party of the married clergy joined in the revolt, and Piacenza ratified the condemnation of Worms. The fearless Pope had his reply ready. At a council in the Lateran, he interdicted Henry from the government both of Germany and Italy. He absolved every Christian from all oaths sworn, all allegiance due to him. He formally excommunicated all who had participated in the two synods, the King, and all who should abet, assist, or hold converse with him. If within a year, Henry should not be reconciled with the Church, his

crown was to be forfeited, and the Princes of the Empire would proceed to a fresh election. These were tidings of great joy to the rebels, of course. They struck almost inexplicable terror into the hearts of the King's German adherents. As the months rolled on the incriminated princes and bishops began to waver. Excuses were made, submission proffered to the Pope. To them the politic Hildebrand was mildness itself. He was flying at higher game. In Italy there was still a strong anti-Papal party, if Henry had been ready to lead it. But he was not. He had fallen from the zenith of arrogance to the nadir of despair. And then, the fatal year was running out. February 24, 1077, was the last day, and they were already in December. To save his crown there was nothing he would not do. Impatient to make submission, he crossed the Alps in the dead of winter. Gregory, alarmed—except for Matilda's retainers, he was absolutely defenceless—retired to the secure asylum of Canossa. The arrival of the Royal ambassadors relieved the Pope's fears, perhaps hardened his heart. At any rate, he refused to listen to them. As a last resort, the despairing Henry would come and ask pardon in person.

It was in the month of January that he arrived at the foot of the Castle rock.

On a dreary winter morning [writes Dean Milman], with the ground deep in snow, the King, the heir of a long line of emperors, was permitted to enter within the two outer of the three walls which guarded the Castle of Canossa. He had laid aside every mark of royalty or of distinguished station, he was clad only in the thin white dress of the penitent, and there, fasting, he awaited, in humble patience, the pleasure of the Pope. But the gates did not unclose. A second day he stood, cold, hungry, and mocked by vain hope. And yet a third day dragged on from morning till evening over the the unsheltered head of the discrowned king. Every heart was moved except that of the representative of Jesus Christ.

His unforgiving attitude shocked even his own adherents. We have it under his own hand that they murmured that this was "not the severity of an apostle but the cruelty of a tyrant."

After three days of humiliation the despairing Henry descended to a neighbouring chapel. There Matilda came to him. She was a woman and his cousin, and with tears he implored her help. She returned to the Castle, and to her prayers and intercession the Pope, at length, yielded. On the morrow the Emperor, still in the robe of a penitent, was admitted to Gregory's presence. Absolution was promised, but only on the harshest terms. Henry was to submit himself to the Papal tribunal, as, where, and when, the Pope might please. If found guilty, he was to resign his kingdom. If acquitted, he was to rule as the Pope might dictate. Pending judgment, he was to assume none of the ensigns of royalty. All his subjects were to be released from their allegiance. The King agreed, promised, swore. But the King's oath was not sufficient for Gregory. Compurgators were demanded, and, strange to say, were forthcoming. One would have thought that the King had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Gregory kept the bitterest drop of all in reserve. He had degraded his enemy in the sight of man; he would degrade him also in the sight of God. After the absolution, the Pope proceeded to offer the sacrifice of the mass. Taking the host in his hands and recalling the accusations made against him by Henry, he appealed from human testimony to divine: "May God acquit me by His judgment this day, if I be innocent: if guilty, may He strike me dead." He ate the sacred wafer. Turning to Henry, he said: "Take thou the body of God in thy hands, and do thou, my son, as I have done. If God avouch thy innocence thou wilt stop for ever the mouths of thy accusers." It was the most colossal "bluff" that history records. The King hesitated, recoiled. He stammered out that he must consult his friends. He would submit the question to a general council. It was enough. There was no need for another word, but one cannot help thinking with what triumphant accent the carpenter's son must have, on that evening, intoned the verse of the Magnificat, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted them of low degree." True it

is that a few years later, from the same lips—the Pope, driven from Rome, lay dying among the Normans in Salerno—there broke the bitter cry, “I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile.” But it mattered nothing. The Papacy had won the battle—what though the Pope had suffered a defeat. He had established, in the face of Europe, that the Pope alone had the power to judge kings, and this supremacy, the fruit of Gregory’s daring, was preserved intact by his successors for more than two centuries.

Time, the great iconoclast, has dealt hardly with Matilda’s fortress, but in a freak of graciousness has spared the fragments we could least afford to lose. So one can stand, not without a thrill, before the gate where the wretched Henry watched, those weary days, in the snow; one can identify the chapel window through which the light must have streamed on the head of Hildebrand, when he tempted his kingly penitent to an impious perjury. One regrets that time has not left us some closer relic of Matilda’s presence. A little museum (in truth somewhat of an eyesore) now occupies the central platform where the Countess and her retinue must have lodged. It contains coins and pottery, metal work, and so forth, the usual indications of a long occupation. But the prospect from Matilda’s favourite residence remains as she must have known it, for its features are on too large a scale to be affected by the superficial changes even of eight hundred years. Upper Italy abounds in noble views. From the Superga above Turin, from the Guelph watch-tower of Bergamo, you seem in actual touch with the high Alps. Tennyson has immortalised the snows of Monte Rosa, seen at daybreak from the Duomo roof at Milan. But the view from Canossa can hold its own with any of these. On the south the Apennines come crowding up, range after range, fold after fold, mysterious, solitary, still; dark olive in their summer dress, white in their winter mourning; and lest the landscape should want accent, in the mid-distance rises the dark tower of Rossena. The northern face is precipitous, and from its foot the dunes slope quickly down

into the plain. The view is stupendous. In the foreground lies Ghibelline Reggio, and on one side Parma the Guelph, though in Matilda's day Guelph and Ghibelline were as yet unknown terms. One of the rare early visitors to Canossa, the late Mr. John Addington Symonds, thought he could descry nearly all the Lombard cities.

There is Modena [he writes], with her Ghirlandina, Carpi, Parma, Mirandola, Verona, Mantua; alike well defined and russet on the flat green map; and there flashes a bend of the lordly Po, and there the Euganeans rise like islands, telling us where Padua and Ferrara nestle in the amethystine haze. Beyond, and above all to the northward, sweep the Alps, tossing their silvery crests up into the cloudless sky.

The *signora custode* did not think that she had seen the Monti Euganei, but she knew the Alps beyond Verona, and the towering group of the Adamello. But it is not the mountain view that most impresses the spectator who looks North from the Countess's ramparts. It is the unending plain, with its immense fertility, the garden of Italy, the land of corn and wine and fruit-trees, where the great oxen swing along over the red ploughlands, between the rows of mulberries festooned with grape-laden vines.

Now, as in the days of Matilda, as in the days of Shelley,

Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
The waveless plain of Lombardy
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.

And there the eye ranges at will, till it loses itself in the liquid gold of the atmosphere—loses itself and is content.

REGINALD HUGHES.

BY AN IRISH STREAM

HEAVY and persistent rain brought such a flood upon the river that for several days fishing was rendered impossible. The water covered the banks north and south to a considerable extent, converting the strath into a swamp, and obliterating every landmark. Thus weather-bound, we soon tired of letter-writing and conversation, and as the delights of "Bridge" never attracted us, there was little relaxation to be had in the few newspapers that reached us, or in the dozen or two greasy, battered yellow-backs of a past generation, that had served in similar circumstances for the past twenty years. So on the third morning we gladly accepted an invitation to spend a day with an old acquaintance, a London Irishman, who had sought health and recreation at a small seaside resort some fourteen miles away.

Braving the elements that evening, we wheeled over a heavy mountain road, and, crossing the ridge, we scorched down the two-mile descent into the straggling, one-street, wind-swept village of Drumcar. Absolutely featureless and bare, and separated from the sea by a splendid belt of sand-hills, its air borne in from the broad Atlantic was as invigorating as it was pure, and to the city toiler every breath of it acted like a stimulating tonic.

"Have you ever met Pat Leahy?" said my friend John Fitzgerald next morning as he joined me after breakfast in the monotonous occupation of gazing through the window at the

deserted street, swept by wind and rain. "No," I replied; "why?" "He is a great character," said Fitzgerald, "and as full of humour as an egg is full of meat. Let us adjourn to the shop, it is a slack morning and you won't get a better opportunity of making his acquaintance."

The shop adjoined the inn, and was of the usual Irish pattern, well stocked with spirits, wines, Guinness's stout, and groceries. Pat's snugger lay behind the bar, and was separated from it by a glazed partition covered by a green baize curtain. Here he received and entertained his special guests, a "Triton among the minnows" of the neighbourhood. Pat made us welcome as we entered, and we found there several other guests as desirous of killing time as ourselves under the fire of his banter and raillery. "You have a thrate before you to-day," said he, addressing me. "What is it?" I asked, "we want something to compensate us for the weather." "Well," said he; "you may have heard tell of Mr. Alec Fraser, the steward of the mortgaged Mulgrave property." "Yes," said John Fitzgerald, "the most successfully boycotted man in Ireland under the Land League in his day." "Thru for you," said Pat, "that's him. Well, he came to live here a few years ago, a broken-down man. When he was boycotted by the Laigue he managed to keep, notwithstanding their threats, a labourin' man and his wife in his employmint. He showed them grate kindness in consequence, but they turned on him afterwards and swore all sorts agin him when he wint before the Grand Jury for compinsation for destruction to his crops and maiming his cattle. This couple live here too, and they are no acquisition to the place. The wife goes by the name of 'Spike Island,'¹ where she served a while for some offence, and has a terrible tung. She lives durin' the summer by sellin' fruit and gingerbread, and whenever she meets Fraser she abuses him in all the moods and tinses. He has endured much from her villainy, but 'a worm will turn,' as the sayin' is, so he summoned her, and she was bound over to keep the

¹ In Cork Harbour, and once a noted convict prison.

paice last court-day. She is now up agin, havin' failed to keep it, and is to be tried here to-day, at the petty sessions before the R.M. and one or two of Mr. Morley's J.P.s."

"Why are you not a J.P.?" asked John Fitzgerald. "Well," replied Pat, "although I'm a publican and a sinner, I have sufficient conscience left to refuse to sit in judgment on a poor fellow whose elevation of spirits afther a visit to my shop might cause him to be 'run in' by some young bucko of a constable aiger to get his stripes. I might be accused too," he continued, "of doctherin' my liquors, and if I got the name of that I might be timpted to airn it, and a man shouldn't conthraact new sins just as he has turned forty." "What's that you say?" asked the local dispensary officer, "about forty." "My age," said Pat, "look at me," his face overspread with a rising laugh, and his keen eyes flashing humour. "You hoary vagabond," said the doctor, "you were a young man, and I an urchin when you used to entice me out in the currachs, to the terror of my mother, to go seal-hunting in the caves, and that's forty years ago and more." "Hoary," said Pat, lifting his cap, "a glass all round as to who looks the oldest, and we leave it to the litherary gintleman that tells no lies." In response to the latent charge against the honour of the profession in Pat's subtle appeal, the verdict was given against the Doctor, who cheerfully acquiesced, saying, "Pat, you have much to answer for, and when you join your friend Dan Burke in the next world the devil will have a lively time of it trying to hold his own against the two of you."

Of Dan Burke I heard enough in the course of the morning to convince me that he must have been an exceptional "character," and one of the highest order of his kind. Clever, resourceful and more or less unscrupulous, he seemed to have embodied in him all the strong points of the gentleman who succeeds in the busy haunts of men in living by his wits, but who pitchforked into a peasant's holding by the wild Atlantic found this, in the limitation of his environment, a more difficult thing than even his genius could accomplish.

“Dan never remained long dry for want of a drink,” remarked Captain Henderson, a visitor home from South Africa and recruiting his health on the golf-links. “No,” said the Doctor: “I remember one day, as wet and wild as this, seeing Dan at the fair of Caherboy, looking as miserable and depressed as a forlorn hen under an archway. Our friend James Hogan, who is a very close-fisted fellow, knowing Dan had lately taken the pledge, asked him to have a drink. Dan half-heartedly refused, saying he had taken the pledge from Father Tom. ‘I am glad to hear it,’ said James, ‘it wasn’t until you wanted it, and I am not the man to tempt you to break a virtuous resolution,’ and he entered the nearest public-house. All that Dan wanted was a little pressing, so that he might shift half the sin of breaking the pledge on the shoulders of another. Overcoming his scruples, however, he entered the shop and addressing James said: ‘I’ll take a glass of whiskey, Mr. Hogan, I couldn’t, for any pledge I’d take, see your respected father’s son demane himself by drinkin’ alone.’”

“Well,” said Pat Leahy, “the divil is a busy bishop in his own diocese, and sure enough we’ve had a quiet time since Dan’s translation from his jurisdiction here. Dan was the divil at the thrade.” “What trade?” asked John Fitzgerald. “Divilment to be sure,” replied Tom; “what else did he follow? I never knew the aiquels of him. He’d stale the leg off a pot, or the milk out of your tay, and persuade you aginst yer seven sinses that he was as innocint as a new-born babe. I remimber one Michaelmas, late at night, hearin’ a terrible cacklin’ among the geese. I got up and went out, and by the light of the moon I climbed to the top of the ditch¹ at the corner of the haggard, and there was my boyo among the flock of geese and two of the biggest with their necks wrung. ‘What the mischief are you doing to the geese?’ says I. ‘Nothin’ at all,’ says Dan. ‘I’m only dalin’ with the gandhers.’ ‘You’ll pay dear for this,’ I cried. ‘Hould yer

¹ In Ireland, ditch and dyke are commonly converted from their English meanings.

tung, Pat! Man alive I'm engaged in a holy act,' says he. 'Holy fiddlestick,' says I, 'what do you mane?' 'Pat,' says he, 'I'm sayrious. I dhreamt three times runnin' last week that the sowl of me granfather was among yer father's gandhers for neglectin' to pay Pether's pince before he died, and that I was to redeem it by slautherin' the birds without lettin' blood, and offerin' them up to St. Michael. There's the last of them,' says Dan, throwin' down a third goose, 'and a tough neck he had too, be the same token. We'll have them for supper to-morrow night,' he went on, 'in honour of the Saint, and you might as well come in with the rest of the naybours and dhrink a health to the rest of me father's sowl in glory.'" "Did you get compensation?" asked the captain. "Compinsation!" said Pat, "you might as well skin the homely bed-insect to make leather for brogues. Dan was as innocent of worldly possessions as your South African niggers are of linen, captain."

"Was he a good tenant?" I ventured to ask. "Tinant!" said Pat, "the sorra worse. When the boys started the Land Laigue here they asked him to join us. 'I will,' said Dan, 'if ye make me presidint at dacent wages. I sthruck agin rint seven years ago as an immoral institution which no indipindint self-respectin' man ought to submit to, and it's time I should be recompinsed for the struggles I've indured in vindicatin' the rights of Ireland.'"

"Your Reverence knew him?" said the Captain addressing Father Dolan, who hailed from Chicago. "Yes," replied the latter, "we became very good friends when I was over here some years ago. I took him out shooting one day, and passing over a ploughed field bordering the cliffs I saw a large number of crows, and remarked to Dan that they seemed rather tame, as they approached close to us and seemed not to mind the report of a gun. 'There's a raison for that,' said Dan, 'owing to the Coercion Act and the confiscation of firearms about here, a new generation of innocint crows has sprung up that never smelt powdher or knows the sight ov a gun. And talkin'

of crows, yer Rivirence,' he went on, 'I used to be torminted with them. It was no use hangin' up a poor divil of a bird as a scarecrow. So I kilt a few and quarthered them, and scattered their limbs and bodies about the potato-field. Now, the crow is a most sinsible bird. If he sees a fella hung up he thinks he died a nathural deth, and doesn't waste his time houldin' an inquest on him; but if he sees fragmints of his frinds scatthered about he makes himsel' scarce purty quick, as he thinks there's a terrible slautherin' goin' on among the family.'

"He went to confession to yer Rivirence," said Pat, "and he tould me aafterwards he came out worse friends with you than when he went in. I remimber, too," he continued, "he had a quarrel with a man over turf-cuttin'. 'The fella tuk a mane advantage of me,' said Dan; 'he knew I was in a state ov grace aafter confession; but, thanks be to God, I won't be long so, and then I'll settle him.'"

Other stories followed, bearing full testimony to Dan's readiness and ability in always rising to the occasion. "When he died," said Pat at last, "we waked him for three nights. It was the finest wake we ever had in this side of the counthry in my time. He had a grand funeral, and every man at it had a turn at carryin' the coffin to show their regard for Dan. The wife Biddy took on terrible over the grave. She wanted to throw herself into it and be buried with him. However, when the last sod was laid, the friends went to the public-house near-by for refreshmint. They comforted Biddy, and persuaded her to drown her sorrow a bit in a little dhrink. Biddy was a rock of sinse, she was a good wife, and for years had kept a roof over Dan's head, and a shirt on his back. A naybur of hers, Pether Murphy, kept pressin' his consolations on Biddy as they sat, and at last he up and said to her, 'Biddy acushla there's no use sorrowin' for poor Dan that's gone home from you now, you couldn't do betther than jine yer bit of a farm to mine, and I'll thry and make ye comfortable for the rest of yer days. I'm not so consaited as to think I'm the

original jaynius Dan was, there wasn't the like of him within the four walls of the world ; but as far as the bit of stock goes, the litter of pigs, and the few pounds I have in the bank, I hope that will make up for it to some extint.' 'Pether,' says Biddy, dhrying her eyes, 'I'm very much obliged to ye for yer kind intintions in respect to the lone widow this night, and there's not a man in the whole barony I'd sooner have than yerself, but ye spoke too late, for Mike Dolan offered me the same consolation in me sorrow at the wake last night, and shure in the prisince of the corpse I couldn't refuse it.'" Renewed laughter greeted Pat's reminiscence; the grim philosophy of Biddy was worthy of the wife of Dan. She wasn't the first that gave her heart to another at her husband's death, and we thought of the Wife of Bath and Jankin the clerk.

Our attention was here called to some commotion in the street, and Pat advised us "to adjourn to the coort," which we did, to see what Act ii. in the morning's performance would bring us. A couple of cars had arrived with the magistrates and a police officer, and the usual Irish crowd soon collected about the door. The court was of corrugated iron, like an engine-shed, and as primitive as could be found on the borders of civilisation in Greater Britain beyond the sea. We made friends with the janitor, and were accommodated with standing room behind a barrier, within which the magistrates soon took their seats on a raised "Bench." A few stalwart members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who had cases stood round their prisoners, and the body of the court was thronged with a crowd of idlers. Notwithstanding the miserable and poverty-stricken appearance of many of them, there was an intense earnestness and alertness depicted upon their countenances which a stranger would be at a loss to understand. But a litigious spirit pervades the Irish people, and a court, whether petty sessions or assizes, will always draw a crowd eager to hear the trials—the cross-hackling of witnesses and the speeches of counsel being keenly relished, particularly if there is a celebrity in the case.

A few charges of drunkenness and salmon-poaching were quickly disposed of, and the *cause célèbre* of the day came on. "Spike Island," to give her the usual *soubriquet*, was brought to the front of the barrier. She was long past middle age; she was barefooted and ill clad; a threadbare shawl covered her head, beneath which thin stray locks of grey hair appeared; her small face was seamed with furrows; her grey eyes were cold and cunning, and the cruel lines of her mouth showed the vicious spirit within which governed her life, and left its mark of evil indelibly stamped upon her features. She evidently had not prospered since she became the treacherous instrument of the Land League. Her voice was that of a brawler, and when she spoke it was with an angry bark of passionate bitterness, coming from the lips of an untamed and tameless creature.

The plaintiff was called, and his firm clean-cut features were in striking contrast to those of the miserable woman, against whom he was driven to take legal proceedings: No one from his appearance or manner could have told of the terribly bitter struggle through which he had passed, when all law was set at defiance, and he had to fight almost single-handed against overwhelming odds.

Mr. Fraser stated the case simply, evidently desirous of dealing leniently with the prisoner. The magistrates having heard him asked her what she had to say. She replied, "it was all a pack of lies he invented to ruin her character and good name"—which was hugely relished by the body of the court—that "she never opened her lips to him good, bad, nor indifferint; that he called her all the vile names he could invent," and her vocabulary in retailing them was prolific. Here the magistrates intervened, and the plaintiff assured their "worships," in common justice to himself, that this was false, and he had witnesses. "Unless," said the presiding magistrate, "you can answer the charge satisfactorily, or bring forward evidence in your defence, we must convict you." "I'm not able to go on with the case," said the prisoner. "I offered

me good money, wrung from me four bones to 'Torney (Attorney) Brown there, and he wouldn't defend me, the spalpeen!¹ He wants to play the fine gintleman muryagh! and be 'high fella well met' with the agints, landlords and the rest of the crew." "We can't allow you to talk like that," said the local J.P., "you are making your case worse by showing what sort of a tongue you have." "Oh, indade, yer worship; well I'm a poor ignorant woman, and ov coorse am not fit to talk law and larnin' to one of Morley's Jay P.s, and sum of thim like yer worship, ould Mary Dimpsey's son, I often saw barefooted savin' turf in the bog, God be good to us!" "Silence, woman," said the R.M. sternly, "or I'll commit you for contempt of court." "Contimpt of coort inagh! an' am'n't I tellin' the truth, yer worship? But I won't give ye an opportunity of contimptin' me—I adjourn the coort to this day month to prepare me defendee." A burst of laughter from the crowd greeted this remark, which brought a loud "silence!" from the sergeant of police. The Court did adjourn for a month; in the meanwhile she had not "to prepare her defendee," for at its expiration she would be free. She had a month given for repentance, if she was capable of cultivating such a virtue, which we very much doubted.

"The fun isn't over yet," whispered Fitzgerald to me; "I see Kitty Callaghan at the door anxious to see that full justice was done in the case." "Who is she?" I asked. "Another fruit-seller," he replied, "who has the monopoly of the lower part of the town and the strand. She is respectable compared to 'Spike Island,' and has a good tongue herself, but as she says, 'she keeps it within the nine pints of the law.' She is evidently in high glee over the conviction, as she has the whole town to herself for the month, and that the best of the season."

We crossed over again to the bar for the third Act in the *matinée* performance. Here we found Kitty. She was a bright dapper little woman; she had neat shoes and stockings

¹ A spade labourer.

on, and her cotton skirt was turned up and pinned behind, showing the western red petticoat; a striped shawl covered her shoulders, and on her head another, from beneath which a white cap, neatly frilled with a "tally-iron," adorned a typical Irish face. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," we heard Pat say as we entered, "to be down on the poor woman," and looking at us he winked his expressive eyes. "The town is well rid of her," said Kitty, "and may bad luck go with her and stay until I whistle them back." "What have you agin her?" asked Pat. "She sells rotten apples and crabs," said Kitty. "She's destroyed the thrade, and the children won't buy my good ones. She buys the sweepins of the market and charges much less than I do, and how can I live and the thrade goin' to the mischief with her." This in itself was crime enough in Kitty's eyes, and required vengeance, furnishing a parallel to that of Shylock's against Antonio for lowering the rate of usance in Venice. "Well," said John Fitzgerald, "you ought to have Christian charity towards her now that she is in trouble." But this was putting too great a strain on the quality of Kitty's mercy. The little woman turned, and with arms akimbo struck an attitude that was worth a pilgrimage to see and delivered a harangue that was worth two to hear. "It's all very well for you, Mr. Fitzgerald, that can afford to live in London, to talk of Christian charity, but you'd talk of something else if ye lived in Drumcar year in and year out undher the terror of her tung. God be with the days when they had whippin' posts and carts' tails for the like ov her, and the curse of Crummle on thim that did away with them." "What about your own tongue now, Kitty?" said my intrepid friend in a bantering tone. "Me tung, I may tell ye, Mr. Fitzgerald," said Kitty with lofty scorn, "is a silver bell compared to the noisy clapper in her brazen mouth. She had the impudince," said the now thoroughly ruffled little woman with passionate deliberation, "to come down and abuse me the other day, me a dacent quiet woman that nivir offinded sinner nor saint, alive nor dead, rest their sows in glory! and called me all the names

under heaven. But I didn't mind that ; but when she called me 'the Queen of Shayba,' I haven't shlept since thinkin' of what the villain meant by it, and she standin' on me own dunghill, and not only on me own dunghill, but on the dunghill of me three ancesthors, flesh and blood couldn't shtand it any longer, and I knocked her down with a sod o' turf." Kitty swept out like a victorious bantam, carrying a glass of whiskey to her crippled husband Jack, who sat guarding the stall under an old umbrella a few paces down the street. The dramatic climax was irresistible, and it was some minutes ere we recovered after Kitty's exit from the stage. We had no regrets for the uncaught salmon in such a morning's treat. But where the special crime lay in abusing Kitty on her own dunghill, or its triple intensity in virtue of her ancestral inheritance, we leave to Mr. Andrew Lang, or other expert in comparative folk-lore to determine.

"LEMON GREY."

ON THE LINE

IT is often said that Sir Thomas Browne (**Sir Thomas Browne**. By Edmund Gosse. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net) is one of the authors who are "read for their style." If the style is the man, this may be taken to mean that we like the man, and therefore like what he writes. But why do we like the man? Certainly because of something that he is or does, his matter, not his manner only. If he has nothing but manner, or manners, to show us, we shall get tired of him and avoid him. The charm of Sir Thomas Browne is that truth underlies his wit; in the midst of particulars he holds the truth which Johnson expressed after him that "great thoughts are always general"; in the midst of conceits and quirks and affectations he is always serious in his intention; he wears the habit of his time naturally; he may be said to be in the height of the fashion, but he is not a fop or a tailor: we may prefer the sober elegance of the Cavalier-Roundhead dress to the ruffs and stuffed breeches of James I.; but if you cannot lead the fashion, like Donne, you must follow it, or be singular, if not ridiculous. Browne's seriousness comes partly from a natural disposition to reflection, which made him a religious man in a religious age, partly from his way of life, which led him, being daily conversant with disease and death, to make them the subject of his meditations. Custom, which stales everything for the dull, perpetually deepens impressions for those that have eyes to see and ears to hear; and to the contemplative Norwich

doctor familiarity with forms of mortal decay was a signpost to immortality. He writes at the end of "Hydriotaphia," the "spacious music" of which Mr. Gosse prefers to all else that he wrote :

To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

But for the "Religio Medici," it would be possible to doubt the sincerity of Browne's Christianity, and think his assertion of immortality a complimentary tribute to religion. But when he writes :

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee ;
And thus assur'd, behold, I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever,

we feel he is hand-in-hand with George Herbert. There is, however, a vein of materialism mixed with his transcendentalism. But he is rather a poet than a philosopher, a seer than an interpreter ; we go to him for dreams rather than for waking visions, his fancies delight more than his arguments instruct.

We wonder, perhaps, that the wisdom and aspiration of the "Religio Medici" should have proceeded from a young man, and that age and experience, which often bring ease and fluency, should have clogged his vein, and cumbered his style with inversions, interplifications, and crabbed neologisms, telling not only of a change of manner, but of what he might himself have called a superfetation of thought. The rules of art in those days required the discharge of commonplace books, and as Browne was not a constant or a voluminous writer, this discharge, when it came, was likely to be laborious and violent. Happy and rare the man who can be his own commonplace book, like John Hales.

Mr. Gosse fills some merry pages (and nowhere does his wit and gaiety disport itself more agreeably than in this book) with citations from Browne's "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors," and has no difficulty in pointing out how exquisitely absurd was the condition of the human mind in those days with respect to science. Browne's place in science might have been as high as that which he holds in literature, if he had taken to heart the lessons which he must have learnt at Montpellier and Leyden, and specially at Padua under the protection of that enlightened Republic whose counsellor was Father Paul. But his method of reasoning is vitiated by reverence for authority, that false authority against which Roger Bacon made pathetic appeal four hundred years before, and which, dressed up in robes of science, oppresses us still, the authority of learned names, and the authority of axioms about nature abhorring a vacuum, doing nothing *per saltum*, &c. Whatever the subject may be, physical, metaphysical, archæology, or divinity, to it he goes armed with Pliny and Aristotle (though he himself says that men "should not give more credit unto Aristotle and Pliny than experience and their proper senses"), and if he sometimes scrambles out of the mire on the side of common sense, it is but by a venture.

In the "Vulgar Errors" he gravely states and discusses the proposition that "a Brock or Badger hath the legs on one side shorter than the other"; which idea, though "assented unto by most who have the opportunity to behold and hunt them daily," he discards as "repugnant unto the three determinators of Truth, authority, sense and reason." When one finds that Albertus Magnus stands for authority, Aldrovandus for sense (*i.e.*, the experience of the senses) and Aristotle for reason, one inquires what were the man's own eyes meant for? Only to read Aristotle, it would seem; for he asserts the inequality of legs "in some beetles and spiders," not from his own observation, but from the determination of Aristotle, and though he comes to the right conclusion after all, it is from such arguments as that the progression of quadrupeds is

performed *per diametrum*; which, by the way, is not universally true. As Mr. Gosse says, "we cannot help asking ourselves why the learned sceptic did not immediately get hold of a real badger, and measure his legs?" Probably the critics of the year 2000 will find similar errors of reasoning in Darwin and Huxley. When we remember how haltingly belief lags behind discovery, how every new illumination, true, false, or doubtful, astronomy, geology, evolution, spiritualism, Baconianism, has to meet the opposition of the learned and unlearned, and force its way if it can into reluctant credence, we should blame, not Browne's credulity, but the credulity of the world, and rather admire his boldness, which did not hesitate to interrogate, now and then, not only Nature, but Aristotle and Scripture too.

To return to the point where we began, Browne's style. When he is at his worst he sinks below Burton in the "Anatomy"; when at his best, he comes near to Jeremy Taylor, who had the advantage of a fluency acquired in many volumes, and who was altogether a fuller and more capacious vessel. The cadence of Jeremy Taylor's sentences much resembles that of Browne; but the march of the rhythm is more majestic, and the learning borne more lightly. It is also plain to every reader that Taylor is a priest and a saint, Browne a layman and a philosopher; their merits, therefore, do not stand on the same bottom, and we may prefer one or the other without prejudice.

Perhaps Browne's highest commendation is that Charles Lamb, as Hazlitt tells us, named him with Fulke Greville as one of the dead whom he would most wish to see and converse with;

when I look into that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the "Urn-Burial," I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it.

The Thread of Gold (by the Author of "The House of Quiet." Murray, 8s. net) is a book with an atmosphere restful and refreshing. To read its quiet and elevating pages in these times of hurriedly written novels and innumerable blatant books is like walking in the hush of a leafy garden under the shadow of some lofty cathedral, while our senses are still dimmed and oppressed by the heat and clamour of crowded streets. "The House of Quiet" purported to be a posthumous book. In "The Thread of Gold" nothing is said one way or the other as to that; but, reading between the lines, we find cause for doubt as to whether the author is as far beyond these voices as was originally suggested. But, in any case, the book, not the man, is the thing; and the book is something to treasure and remember. It is the reflex of a mind keenly alive to the poetry and mysteries of life. The writer, an observant, meditative man, blessed with large humanity and wide culture, takes delight in searching for the beauty inherent in things, many of which are regarded by the world at large as plain and unbeautiful. The subjects of the essays are most diverse; and yet the author, with his eye for the inner beauty, finds them linked intrinsically with a purpose, conjoined by a sympathy, which he typifies as the thread of gold. He begins with the smaller and meaner things—the cuckoo, with its unique practice of using the nests of other birds; a ruined chapel, taken from worship and abandoned to the bats; and does not end until he has touched on some of the greatest problems which rouse and baffle mankind—the efficacy of prayer, the uses of pain, death, immortality. In the course of his progress he meets many mysteries, some of them guised in very simple shapes, and endeavours to rede their riddles. He sees aged lunatics, flower-crowned, playing children's games in a forsaken quarry—a picture with problems there! He meets and talks with men and women suffering from some affliction, patiently enduring pain; and gropes after the answer to that most ancient and baffling of problems, why they must endure it. He ponders on the awful visions and wonders of the Apocalypse. He has dream-glimpses of existences after death.

Yet, deep and quickening as are many of his thoughts, the writer is the reverse of gloomy. On the contrary, hope is enclosed in his every doubt; and brightness is shown shining behind the darkness. He sees the difficulties and, recognising man's limitations, knows that it is the best that is kept from us.

God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.

We are happy to draw attention to this beautiful and suggestive book. Its form and binding are worthy of the thoughts and ideals expressed in the pages.

Under the modest title, **The Letters of Richard Ford** (edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. Murray, 10s. 6d. net), the accomplished editor has given us an interesting life of a most charming personality. In every respect it is a model biography. Full of those vivid personal touches which attract all readers, sane, well balanced, compact in one volume which may be read through in a few hours, Mr. Prothero, with admirable skill and excellent judgment, has avoided, on the one hand, the adulation and tedious prolixity of the family biography. On the other side, he has kept away from the temptation of the literary writer of memoirs to show himself off and intrude his own views, like Forster in his life of Dickens.

With the exception of a very complete and informing biographical sketch, Mr. Prothero steps modestly aside and lets Ford's letters tell the story of his life. It is all very vivid and very natural. The correspondence is chiefly addressed to Henry Unwin Addington, British Ambassador to Madrid in 1830. He appears in a marked contrast to Ford, as cautious as the other was outspoken. It was mainly through his advice that the first edition of the guide-book, as being too personal, was cancelled. One is curious to know what were the blazing indiscretions the careful Addington ruled out.

To the men of this generation Richard Ford is known chiefly as the author of the "Hand-book of Spain." It is universally

appreciated as the best work of its kind that was ever written. An American traveller in the Peninsula says :

This crusty old English Tory worships the Duke of Wellington like Major Pendennis; he is always belittling the French and exalting the valiant deeds of his own countrymen; but with all his faults his is the most complete guide for Spain and the Spaniards. No one will ever take his place.

To those of us who knew Richard Ford and the Spain of his day, he was far more than the mere writer of an admirable guide-book. The best art critic of his time, he introduced Englishmen to the glories of Velasquez, and it is largely due to his appreciation and strong support that Murray published Borrow—a kindred spirit.

Ford is not a great figure in literature, or a great writer. The charming part of his works is his vivacity, his humour, his personality—to use an Irish expression, it is “Ford all over” in every page; his wonderful high spirits and activity bubbles over and sparkles. The Spain that he knew, and so admirably portrayed, is very different from the Spain of to-day, with its railways, telegraphs, good roads, and admirable police. It is still the most interesting country in Europe, but its picturesque character, its romance, and a great deal of its unique attractions are gone with the last *ladrones*, *contrabandistas*, the mayoral and the *zagal* of the *diligencia*. I lived in Spain as a boy for some years just after the publication of the second edition of the guide-book in 1847 (a wonderfully compact volume). Familiar with Spanish as my mother tongue, I travelled over Murcia, Valencia, and the borders of Andalucia in the *diligencia* and with the muleteers “*arrior*’s.” I can bear testimony to the marvellous accuracy with which Ford has described every nook and corner of this interesting region. There is not a route over the mountains, a hamlet, or a village that he has omitted from his book. Every building, every art treasure, every characteristic of the country is most faithfully pictured. When we remember that he did all Spain in the same careful way, one can only marvel at the daring, the activity, and the enthusiasm that alone carried him through such a prodigious

labour. The dangers and difficulties of travel in Spain were really formidable. I have myself seen the *quaidias civiles* (rural police) escorting into Murcia three bullock-waggon with eighteen dead robbers after a fight in the hills. It was only Ford's tact, his irrepressible good humour, his familiarity with the language and the habits of the people in all the various provinces, that enabled him to accomplish his gigantic task.

The guide-book is a perfect encyclopædia of everything Spanish. His strong points are his artistic gifts, and knowledge of painting and architecture. No one can rival him in this respect. His descriptions of scenery and the battlefields of the Peninsula are also wonderful. To my mind he fails to some extent in describing and enlarging on the glorious literature of Spain. He leaves his readers to infer that he appreciates Cervantes, but he leaves out all mention of Calderon de la Barca, or such a genus as Quevedo. On the other hand, it must be allowed that his knowledge of ancient and modern Spanish works of all kinds is profound and all-embracing. There seems to be no book, however obscure, that he has not seen and noted.

The charm of this biography to all readers will be the picture of the man. His vitality, his irrepressible good humour, all his fine character, his fantastic whims, his strong prejudices, are brought out most vividly in these delightful, familiar letters. We have to thank Mr. Ford for allowing them to be published, and we hope that Mr. Prothero will continue his labour of love and give us a complete and scholarly edition of the works of Richard Ford—his admirable gatherings from Spain, and his Essays.

A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION¹

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER VII

SHADOWS

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

PÈRE HYACINTHE smiled faintly, as if he had had large experience of women's special pleading, and, perhaps, had been beguiled more than once into allowing his heart to overrule his head. Then he said slowly :

"Thank you, my daughter ; although you make my task harder, I shall not shrink from it. Your friend—and mine—is—although he tries to disguise it—of a nature expansive and ingenuous. He has let slip some facts which, as you say, point the way to others. It is because of this that we must be the more careful of picking up what does not belong to us. You agree with me, I see. Therefore I say to you, do not go on."

"I am to go back?" A slight gasp betrayed her disappointment.

"No. If I beg you not to advance, I beg you as strongly not to retreat. There is a third, and very obvious, course

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which does not seem to have occurred to you. Remain where you are. Perhaps—who can tell?—Monsieur Ossory will confide in you, when he perceives that you are loyal in friendship. As a priest, it is my duty to urge my flock to confess their sins, as a friend I have always refrained from doing so.”

Téphany thanked Père Hyacinthe, and shortly after took her leave, fortified and uplifted in spirit. How well this rugged parish priest was named. She let her mind dwell with delight upon the rough bulb, stained by earth, common in appearance, out of which had bloomed so delicate, so fresh and fragrant a spirit. In the moment of parting she made sure that he had blessed her, and she believed that the blessing of such a man would prove a blessing indeed.

Below the bridge Machie was sketching, spoiling good paper as Johnnie Keats put it. As yet Téphany had made no sketches. Machie used the small water-colour box of the amateur; Téphany painted in oil, with a professional's tools. After she left the presbytery she reflected that it might be expedient to set to work. Work would distract her mind. But, first of all, she would see Michael and let him know that she was loyal, and honest; not an Autolycus in petticoats, snapping up unconsidered trifles. She blushed hotly when she perceived herself playing this questionable part. Michael had told her that he worked in his studio in the afternoon whenever he painted outside in the morning.

As she mounted his stairs she heard him singing the Vannetais folk-song, with its peculiar haunting refrain. Why did it obsess him and her?

Michael welcomed her warmly, offered her tea, and began to talk of their adventures together ten years before. Presently, Téphany said quietly that she was going to begin to paint next day.

“It's in the air here,” she said. “One must do it.”

“You used to have talent, but——” A slight shrug of the shoulder conveyed the idea that Michael did not overrate mere talent.

"Mr. Carne is very grateful to you, Michael."

"How do you like him, Téphany?"

The abrupt question startled her.

"He raves of you," said Michael, as she hesitated.

Téphany raised her delicate eyebrows and smiled. As a matter of fact, she had faced the fact that the Californian was likely to make love to her. He was ardent, enthusiastic, very susceptible.

"Well?"

"I don't know whether I like him or not," she answered.

"He interests me very much. You consider him clever?"

"Clever? He is much more than that. He has insight, originality, and ambition. In him I seem to see a sort of vague reflection of myself."

"I saw that too," said Téphany.

"I have told him to come up here. So you are going to work yourself, eh? But how about that expedition to Vannes?"

The directness of his attack, so characteristic of the old Michael, crumbled up the little plan she had made of delicately informing him that she intended to leave the past alone. Now, almost as candidly as he, she replied:

"Michael, I am not going to Vannes."

They stared at each other till Téphany's eyes fell. But Michael had read in her face all she had intended to say and much more. In his old familiar tones, he exclaimed:

"You are amazing, Téphany. If I had known—if I had guessed that——" He broke off suddenly, snapping his too eager lips together; then in a quieter voice he finished: "Well now, look here, you astounding person, if you have really made up your mind—by Heaven! it must be a bigger mind than is given to most women—if you have made up your mind to put curiosity from you——"

"I have," she interrupted. "I was tempted, Michael. Oh, I've been a beast. But, now, I've cast out my devil."

"And nothing is left but the angel."

"Angel?" She laughed scornfully. "What is left is a

woman. And men like you expect women to give more than they receive."

"Ah, God! that is true."

She divined that, unconsciously, she had hurt him; she divined also—how she could not have explained—that he was thinking of another woman, not of her.

"Because of that," she continued hurriedly, "I am going to give you what you choose to withhold from me—confidence, trust. But don't think for a moment that I am satisfied with such a one-sided arrangement. Once, I was your friend——"

"Surely you consider yourself my friend still?"

He asked the question almost fiercely.

"I consider the Michael whom I knew so well long ago my friend, the greatest friend I have ever had, but I don't know *you*. At least," she hesitated, searching for words that would fall like rain, not hail, upon his sensibilities, "at least, I only know tiny little bits of you. I have to reconstruct a new friend, you see, out of what is left of the old."

"Go on!"

"Well, then, it is something, isn't it? that I want to do this, that I am willing to pick up crumbs when the loaf is denied me; but make no mistake, Michael, there is a shadow between us."

"A shadow? More than that, Téphany."

"In my mind I have called it a wall, a granite wall; but I come back to the first word, a shadow. The word is the right one, indeed the only one. Walls may be climbed or battered down, but shadows," she shivered, adding in a piteously childish voice, "I have always been frightened out of my life by shadows." Then, assuming her former firm, reasonable tone, she continued: "This shadow lies between us, and must lie between us, till it is dispelled by you."

"Then it will remain for ever."

He flashed a glance upon her, which she could not interpret. A certain defiance characterised her reply: "That is for you to decide."

"You scourge me; yes, you do, and I feel—I feel," he was rigid with agitation, but as she shrank back, his muscles and nerves seemed to relax. In a humble, entreating tone, he said: "I feel like a spaniel."

"But I would not scourge you for the world."

"I deserve it. Don't speak. There is a black shadow. And it must remain. Think what you please, Téphany. Or, rather, think this." He paced twice the length of the studio. When he stopped he mastered himself. In a quiet, impressive tone, infinitely more impressive than his former agitation, he made confession:

"I am a great sinner. You understand, Téphany, that it is a sin, a—a *crime*, which stands between you and me. And there is more. This sin, this crime, was committed by me, deliberately. There are no extenuating circumstances."

Téphany's colour ebbed from her cheeks and lips. Her face was as the face of the mask in the room beyond.

"Having said so much," he continued, in the same monotonous whisper, "why should I not tell you everything? Because—I cannot. I might tell others, if it were necessary, but I cannot tell you, because in the old days I loved you."

"Ah!"

The colour flowed back into her face.

"Did you guess that, Téphany?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Now," a more human note crept back into his voice, "you are here, as I said the night we met, and I am here. And I want to hold on to what is left. To see you again, to talk with you, to feel your kind glance melting the ice in my heart—this, this is all that is left, and I cannot, I will not let it go. Perhaps you think that I am morbid, that I exaggerate. Wait! Yvonne was my friend. No man had ever a better. When I first came to Pont-Aven, I hadn't a sou. Yvonne trusted me. She boarded and fed me. I was not able to square money matters with her till an uncle died and I came into the small income upon which I live now. Such

friends are rare. Well, she knows what I have done. And she has never spoken to me since. And she is not a hard woman. And if you knew what she knows you would turn from me too."

"No."

"I say—yes. But, if such a thing were possible, if you, Téphany, forgave the sinner, and you might, for you have a big heart, you could not wipe out the sin."

She thought of what the curé had said, and remained silent.

"You could not wipe out the sin," he repeated. "And the fact that you knew of it, the fact that such knowledge inspired pity instead of detestation, the fact, the almost incredible fact, that you turned to me instead of from me would drive me from you, as his crime drove Cain from the presence of the mother, who, alone of all his fellow creatures, may have held out pitying arms to him. When the day comes, and it may come, when you know what I have done, I shall turn from you."

When he had finished speaking, Michael strode into his bedroom, locking the door between himself and the woman who was gazing at him, unable to speak, because the tears were streaming down her face. She hoped that after a few minutes he would return, and so hoping she dried her wet eyes and cheeks, and tried to summon up a smile. When he did not answer her timid tap upon the panels of his door, she knew that he was passing through an agony which she was powerless to share or to alleviate. Seeing a piece of charcoal lying by his palette, she picked it up and wrote upon a blank sheet of paper :

If you turn from me, dear Michael, do not turn from God.

She pushed the piece of paper under the door, and slipped quietly away.

Then she walked to Nizon, to pray before the Calvary. She prayed, divining that Michael had turned from his God, that he had forsworn the faith which once, assuredly, had been his. And praying, the thought came to her again, as it had

come before, that men might pull down and break to pieces their faith, trampling upon it, perhaps, in wild unreasoning rage and despair, as the children of the Terror had pulled down and broken the Calvary above; and yet, in the fulness of time, that same faith, imperishable as the granite, might be pieced together and restored by the very hands which had levelled it with the dust.

Greatly comforted, she left the cemetery, and returned through the Bois d'Amour to Pont-Aven. Presently she came to a tiny glade carpeted with moss, overshadowed by oaks, whose gnarled branches threw twisted shadows upon the vividly green sward. Téphany sat down upon a carpet thicker and more beautiful than any that has been woven in mortal looms. Beneath it, however, lay a sterile and barren soil, impotent to produce either flowers or grasses. Here and there great masses of granite were scattered; the monuments of those Titanic forces which, aeons before, had made this peaceful spot their battle-ground. But even these cold stones were lovely to the eye by reason of the exquisite golden saxifrage, the ferns and lichens which encrusted them. In this world, at any rate, there was nothing so monstrous, so twisted and perverted by violence, that Nature, if she were permitted a free hand, would not soften and beautify it.

Thus reflecting, Téphany became curiously aware of a more intimate acquaintance with these huge rocks. Suddenly the years rolled back. Long ago she had sat in this secluded spot alone with Michael. He had come here to paint that oak yonder, and she, a child of thirteen, had carried his camp-stool. And then, tired of attempting the impossible, confessing frankly, as he always did, that the intertwined complexities of light and shadow had defeated him, he sat down beside his companion, and at her entreaty told a story: the allegory of le Vieux Guillaume,¹ who, for twenty-four hours played the part of curé of Pont-Aven. During the period in which Evil was thus allowed to masquerade as Good, the fiend was

¹Old Nick.

pledged to dispense blessings only, to enrich not to despoil his parishioners. Upon entering Pont-Aven—Michael, according to his habit, had localised the scene of the legend—the fiend entered a hut inhabited by a newly married couple, about to sit down to eat their dinner of black bread. Expressing his pity at seeing such meagre fare, the fiend asked if they desired something better. Ah, yes. If once, only once, they could dine as the quality dined, both bride and groom would be entirely happy. The fiend smiled, promising a banquet, and then bade them good-night. Farther on he met a young girl about to be married to a peasant, a labourer in the fields. The girl curtsied to the supposed curé, and, after some chat, confessed her fears that her future husband might take advantage of his superior strength to beat her. Whereupon the fiend gave to her, together with his blessing, a ring, which he said would kindle enduring love in the heart of any man who beheld it. The maid thanked the curé effusively. Farther on the fiend passed three brothers, known and respected in Pont-Aven by reason of the great affection which they bore each other, living together and having all things in common. The fiend saluting them and asking how they fared, the brothers complained of the difficulty of cultivating an arid and stony soil with such antiquated ploughs as they possessed. Whereupon the fiend presented a plough which needed no sharpening and would work by itself, upon the condition that the brothers drew lots for it. The lot fell to the youngest, and the curé departed amid thanks and blessings. But that evening, as the fiend was about to sit down to supper, lamentable news came to the presbytery: The newly-married pair were dead of a surfeit. A nobleman, perceiving the ring on the finger of the maid, had become so desperately enamoured of her that he had persuaded her to elope with him upon his horse; the horse, plunging violently, had thrown the riders, who were picked up with broken necks, stone dead. Finally, the brother to whom the magic plough had been presented, seeing that it meant unlimited wealth to its fortunate possessor,

had announced his intention of leaving his brothers, who, fired with jealous rage, first slew him, and then in remorse hanged themselves. The obvious moral to the legend is: darling desires if granted to mortals will change most saints into sinners.

Téphany, sitting in the place where she and Michael had sat twelve years before, remembered his last letter. He had written that what he had desired for years and years seemed to be at the last within sight and grasp.

And what had he desired above all earthly blessings?

To paint a masterpiece.

That had been on his lips a thousand times. Now, in some vague way, Téphany linked together in her mind three things: the legend of le Vieux Guillaume, Michael's passionate wish to paint a great picture, and his sin.

When she returned to Pont-Aven, Mary Machin was putting away her paint-box in the big studio in the annexe which Téphany had taken. Farther down the passage was another studio used by Carne whenever he painted indoors. The Californian had invited both ladies to visit his studio, and hearing him whistling in it Machie proposed that they should peep in.

"This afternoon," said Machie, "Mr. Carne passed me as I was drawing; and he gave me some very valuable hints. He also said that he would like to make a study of your head, my dear."

"The inside or the out?" Téphany asked.

"He is capable of doing justice to both. By the way, he sees a likeness between you and," she mentioned Téphany's stage name, "Marie de Lautrec."

"Gracious! Does he suspect?"

"He was in Milan when we were there."

"If he'd recognised you, Machie—— I never thought of that. Or your name, which is uncommon."

"My name only became public property," Miss Machin

sniffed, recalling the remark about the muffin, "when we were in the States."

They passed down the passage and knocked at the Californian's door. His pleasure at seeing Téphany was written very plainly on his handsome intelligent face.

"Come in—come in—this is so nice and friendly of you."

He bustled about, finding them chairs and cushions, offering them a mild cocktail.

"I like cocktails," said Machie.

"Do you? Have you been in my country, Miss Machin?"

"One gets cocktails everywhere," said Téphany. "Miss Machin and I drank our first one in——"

"Paris," said Machie placidly.

"Do let me mix you a Manhattan!"

The ladies, however, refused refreshment, and begged to be allowed to see his canvases. Carne pulled them out, one after the other, talking fluently, criticising his own work unsparingly, but with appreciation of its good qualities.

"How keen you are!" said Téphany.

"I am very keen," he assented. "You see, my two brothers are successful business men; and my father was dead set against Art. So I have to show them that I'm not going to take a back seat."

Asking permission, he lit a cigarette, which he had rolled quickly and dexterously.

"I don't see you in a back seat," said Téphany.

"Thank you, Miss Lane. But after all, in Art, as in everything else, although merit must tell in the long run, yet, at the same time, there's a lot of luck in making a hit early in one's career. Look at Théodore Rousseau, *le grand Refusé* they called him. Some of the best men don't arrive till they're grey-headed. Some, like our friend Ossory, Miss Lane, don't arrive at all."

Téphany frowned, sensible that she resented this familiar chatter about Michael, sensible also that she was quite powerless to prevent it.

"He's a wonder, that fellow," Carne continued. "He can draw magnificently, but he's a crank. What d'you think of this?"

Machie blushed. "This" was an admirable study of a nude woman, a Paris model. Carne glanced amusedly at Machie's reddening cheeks, and then continued:

"My Salon picture this year, which got an Honourable Mention, is a study of girls bathing: trite as a subject, but I don't care about that. I went for certain subtleties of light and colour. Here's a photograph of it."

He showed the photograph to his visitors. As they were looking at it, Keats poked his head into the room.

"Come in, Johnnie," said Carne. "I'm showing these ladies my stuff."

Keats entered; then, seeing the photograph in Téphany's hand, he burst out enthusiastically: "But the one in last year's Salon is the best thing he's done so far. Where's the photograph of that, Clinton? Tell Miss Lane about it, it'll amuse her, because she's been behind the scenes."

Carne produced the photograph, which represented a very young girl about to step into a pool of water, and looking round over her shoulder. It struck Téphany as odd that a clever man should choose two subjects so alike and so commonplace. But looking at the photograph more closely, she perceived it to be very far from commonplace. To reach the pool, the nymph had to cross a swampy piece of ground. She had just withdrawn an exquisitely modelled foot, stained with mud and dripping slime. The expression upon the face, half turned to the beholder, was one of fear, excitement, and a delightful virginal shyness.

"There is quality in that," said Téphany.

"It was snapped up at once by——"

Carne interrupted with a sharp "Miss Lane is interested in art not commerce."

"Who bought it, Mr. Keats?"

"A man who's supposed to be one of the best judges in New York, old Isaac Blumenthal."

"The man who has the wonderful saloon, with Bouguereau's picture hanging behind the bar?"

"Yes, Miss Lane. Clinton is in Blumenthal's little gallery."

For an instant there was silence. Then Téphany said slowly: "I wonder where you found such a captivating model?"

"That's another story," said Keats.

"Do you know New York?" Carne looked sharply at Téphany.

"As a bird of passage; Miss Machin and I have been round the world together. But about this model?" She looked expectantly at Keats, anxious to turn the talk from herself.

"Shall I tell it, Clinton?"

"If you like."

"She was manufactured," said Keats, opening his wide mouth in a broad grin.

"Manufactured?" Machie repeated.

"Head belongs to one girl, body to another. That's often done; sort o' composite picture. Clinton got a regular model for the body, another for the arm, another for the foot. That's the prettiest foot in Paris. But we couldn't get the right kind of face. Finally, one day at Passy, we struck the niece of an old woman who sold *crêpes*. The girl at first refused to let Clinton put her head on to another woman's nude figure."

"I don't wonder," murmured Miss Machin.

"But Clinton worked it," concluded Keats, triumphantly; "he's a puller of strings, he is. And the girl posed with the very expression he wanted."

"That will do," said Carne, glancing at Téphany's face, wondering whether this story had amused her. In his pleasant, incisive voice, he added, smiling: "So you have been into Blumenthal's saloon. And into other places, no doubt, as distinctively American? And how did you like the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"I saw a great deal of it," Téphany replied, "mostly through the windows of a Pullman car. My impressions are not worth telling."

"But our people? How did you, how do you like Americans?"

"They are very kind."

"Kind?" repeated Machie. "I should think they are kind. Why, at Chicago——" she hesitated, biting her lip.

"Yes—at Chicago——"

"At Chicago," Téphany said coolly, "I lost my boxes; I mean they were delayed. And some ladies actually came forward and offered to provide me with clothes."

"That's queer," said Keats, "I happened to read in the *New York Herald* of the Chicago women fitting out a singer for grand opera. Her stage dresses got sent on with her private ones, or something of that sort."

Téphany, conscious that Carne's grey eyes were on her, flushed delicately as she rose.

"We shall see you at the Riec Pardon to-morrow?" she asked Carne.

"Certainly."

"Thank you so much for showing us your studies."

"You and Miss Machin will always be welcome here," he replied gallantly, going forward to open the door. Suddenly Téphany paused; a slight gasp escaped from her lips. Carne saw that she was staring at a plaster cast which hung upon a nail just above the door. Téphany, sitting with her back to this door, had not perceived it till this moment. It was the same cast which Michael had shown to her.

"Is that yours?" she asked.

"It belongs to Keats," said Carne, wondering why she looked so pale.

"Who is it?" said Téphany. Keats answered the question.

"Ah! Who is it? A good many people have asked that question, Miss Lane, and nobody has answered it."

"But where did you get it?"

"From Tornabuoni, the plaster-cast seller in Montmartre.

The girl was found drowned in the Seine. She was taken to the Morgue, I believe, and that cast taken of her face. But she was never identified."

"Never identified!" repeated Téphany.

"Never. You admire it, Miss Lane?"

"Yes."

"If one could interpret that smile——" said Keats.

Téphany answered constrainedly: "She may be smiling at all those who pursue ambition regardless of the consequences. Does anybody know *anything* about her?" She turned from Keats to Carne, who shook his head.

"The authorities never found out how she got into the Seine," said Carne. "Suicide is the generally accepted explanation, but——"

"Yes."

"Miss Lane, you are quite upset. I have always maintained that there is something uncanny about that cast."

"What were you going to say?" asked Mary Machin.

"If the unfortunate girl did not kill herself——"

"Why then it is obvious that she was killed by some one else, Miss Machin."

"No, no," said Téphany in horror. She suddenly remembered Michael's word "crime." Then instinct, the memory of their friendship, rose in revolt. She murmured faintly: "I can't believe that, I can't."

Keats betrayed his surprise at her agitation with a whimsical twist of his mouth. Then, very quickly, he jumped upon a chair and unhooked the cast from its nail. Carne saw that Téphany was trembling.

"Lock it up, Johnnie," he said, "or we sha'n't have the pleasure of seeing Miss Lane here again."

Keats nodded; being a Californian, he was very chivalrous. He crossed the room, dropped the cast into the empty fireplace, and crushed it beneath his foot.

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed.

"There's an end of that," said Johnnie, cheerfully. "I

don't mind confessing, now, that the thing has haunted me a bit. You will come again, won't you?"

"Yes," said Téphany, in a low voice.

She walked out of the room, followed by Mary Machin. Carne whistled expressively.

"A creature of sensibility," said he. Then he added slowly, "like all artists." His emphasis of the last word challenged attention.

"She calls herself an amateur."

"She is Marie de Lautrec, the new singer, whom we missed in Milan."

"Jee—whiz!"

"It is plain that for some reason or other she wishes to remain *incognita*."

"Then we mustn't let on that we're in the know?"

"Not yet. She's Bretonne, and, as she put it, Bretonne bretonnante!"

"Clever as she can stick too," said Mr. Keats, very solemnly, "but Miss Machin is one of the daisiest girls I ever met."

CHAPTER VIII

YANNIK

Pâle comme un beau soir d'automne.

A BRITANNY Pardon combines what is essentially secular and material with what is as essentially spiritual and religious, defining religion in its elemental sense as the relation between the Creator and the created. A Breton goes to a Pardon to demand of his Maker, through the intercession of a Saint—whose name, by the way, is not always found in the calendar—a particular grace, and to get a skinful of liquor. At Rosporden, for instance, Our Lady is entreated to vouchsafe good news from those abroad to those at home. The mothers and sisters of the men who are serving France in her navy or army flock to Rosporden because they believe firmly that this good

news will come if they are faithful in paying their vows. If the good news does not come, there remains consolation in the conviction that so many years of purgatorial pains will be cancelled.

The Pardon of St. Pierre de Riec is held for the more general purpose of beseeching the Keeper of the Keys to open the gates of Paradise.¹ At Riec, therefore, the observant traveller will note the presence of more men than he is likely to see at Rosporden. Some iconoclasts admit with a sly wink that in these latter days the saint has become niggardly. A tailor, chatting confidently with Clinton Carne, remarked that he had read of leaguers fighting for their faith in the troublous times of Henri IV, who had been rewarded with indulgences extending over a period of more than a million years. "That—name of a pig!—was something more than a drop in the ocean of eternity, whereas a beggarly seven years—! But, *saperlipopette!* one must take in this world what one gets with an humble and grateful heart."

In the morning masses had been said in the spacious church, whose spire is a landmark for many miles, and used as such by fishermen seeking the sanctuary of the estuary on stormy winter days. How many lives has that spire saved? Inside the grey building a few women were kneeling, with eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour above the high altar, telling their beads, and murmuring their prayers. They came and went silently, passing from the peace of the cool twilight of the nave into the glare and turmoil of the street beyond. In the market-place booths had been erected, gay with bunting, and filled with simple wares: cheap jewellery, rosaries, candles, toys for the children, and like fairings. Cakes and sweetstuff lay in huge piles. Opposite the great west door of the church, the piper and fifer were playing in front of a tavern. Between the tavern and the church long lines of men and women were dancing the gavotte. The leader, a sturdy fellow on leave from his ship, with a face burnt brown in China seas, wound in

¹ La grace d'aller au Paradis.

serpentine curves up and down the road ; the others following his erratic course quite gravely and almost solemnly, as if they were conscious that they were dancing in front of God's house, and that the dance was part of the day's ritual, and no more to be shirked than the High Mass of the morning. Within the tavern everybody was drinking cider or beer. The girls and women who lacked partners for the gavotte looked on impassively, yet with a faint wistfulness in their dreaming eyes.

Carne dived into the tavern, and returned with two chairs. He said that he had ordered some bottled cider, which presently was brought and uncorked. Not without difficulty Machie was persuaded to have a glass. To sit and drink in a public thoroughfare, close to a church, and to the sound of pipe and fife, seemed an outrageous breach of the proprieties. She eyed nervously a tall young Frenchman with a camera, who looked as if he were contemplating a snapshot. Téphany assured her that they were doing the correct thing, and that the cider was very refreshing. After the cider was drunk, the Californian urged Miss Machin to take a turn at the seemingly unending gavotte. Machie refusing, he asked Téphany, who, after a moment's hesitation, seized his hand and joined the dancers. Miss Machin watched them with her pleasant eyes wide open. She was staring at a Téphany she had never seen before. When the dance ended Carne came back, calling for more cider, but Téphany had disappeared.

"She knows some of these people," said Carne, wiping his forehead. "How hot it is ! We are to sit here till Miss Lane comes back."

He proceeded to entertain his companion with a clever description of other Pardons, notably one for a special grace against mad dogs.

"Are there mad dogs in Brittany ?" said Machie, allowing her mind to hasten back to Daffodil Mansions.

"Oh, dear, no," Carne replied. "How could there be when these Pardons provide against them, Miss Machin ?"

Miss Machin looked at his curly head—he had removed his panama—and sighed.

“You know,” she said maternally, “I don’t like you so much when you sneer at these nice people.”

“Sneer?” He opened wide his keen grey eyes. “My dear Miss Machin, I don’t sneer at them.”

“But you do,” she replied, with finality.

“If you say another word I shall burst into tears,” replied the Californian. “Hullo! here’s a bard.”

Miss Machie looked up.

“Oh! I have seen that man before.” Her eyes brightened. “I passed him between here and Nivez. He was kneeling in front of a roadside Calvary, singing his songs.”

“That would make a good picture,” said Carne reflectively.

“Does your art always come first?”

Carne did not answer. The bard, a familiar figure at such festivals, approached. In his hand he carried a sheaf of cheap songs. By the sale of these and such small change as the crowd gave him, he earned his living. Of the men he was the only one who wore the genuine costume of Cornouailles: the baggy breeches (*bragous bras*), the high-frilled collar, and the short black cloth jacket, embellished with tarnished silver embroidery. In a shrill but not unmusical voice he began to sing a weird apostrophe to oaks and seas and blood.

Of blood, and wine, and dance, I sing:
To thee, O Sun! all hail!
Hail, flame of fire! Hail, flash of steel!
Ye waves, ye oaks! ye lands and seas!
All hail!

The crowd listened attentively, with a respectful appreciation which impressed Mary Machin. When he had finished, the Californian gave a franc to him, and bought a couple of songs. Machie had already noted that the young fellow was generous. But then he seemed to have plenty of money, and Johnnie Keats had told Téphany that Carne’s sire

was a rich man. Machie noted also that the painter's clothes were well cut, and his boots of the best. He had nothing of the so-called Bohemian about him. Michael Ossory, on the other hand, looked shabby and shaggy. But this did not trouble Machie, because already she had made up her mind that her dearest Téphany had lost interest in the lover of her salad days. And if this curly-headed Californian was going to be famous, and if he were as nice as he looked, why shouldn't Téphany fall in love with him?

Meantime, the piper and his companion, having refreshed themselves with cider, were about to shift their ground, and move on to a tavern farther down the street. Some of the girls who had been dancing slipped into the church to patter an Ave or a Credo; their partners came out of the tavern, wiping their mouths and laughing.

"By Jove!" Carne exclaimed. A girl in the Pont-Aven coif was picking her way through the crowd. "This one is a beauty," he added.

Beneath the fluttering coif one could see brilliant colouring, the milk-and-rose complexion so rare amongst maidens who from early infancy expose their faces to sun and wind. The other girls, gazing wide-eyed at this dainty stranger, looked like squaws beside her.

"Why, it's Téphany," gasped Mary Machin.

"Well," said Téphany, a moment later to Carne: "you said you wanted to see me in the costume, and here I am—quite ready for another gavotte."

"You're the eighth wonder of the world," said Carne.

Téphany laughed.

"Isn't she, Miss Machin?"

"I planned this little surprise," Téphany explained. "Machie, you are shocked."

"My dear! Before all these rough people?"

"They are my people, and they aren't rough. They like to see me in this," she touched her heavy black skirt with its rows of velvet bands and her filmy apron.

"Who wouldn't?" said Carne.

"Let us dance," said Téphany.

Farther down the street arose the wild skirl of the pipes. Machie, shaking her head, followed Téphany and Carne till they joined the dancers below the market-place, where the crowd was very thick. Carne held out his hand, and away they went, Téphany's small feet twinkling under her heavy skirt.

"Stunning pair!" said Johnnie Keats, who had joined Miss Machin. "Clinton is doing in his fancy steps and hitting up the pace. And there's the Hermit looking as if he had a pain."

In the heart of the crowd stood Michael, tall and gaunt, half a head taller, half a foot broader than the peasants about him.

"So it is," said Mary Machin, wondering if Téphany had seen him.

Téphany, however, had not seen Michael. In putting on the costume of the country she seemed to have assumed also the character and temperament of the pleasure-adoring Pont-Aven girls. Carne, an opportunist, like all Westerners, was making himself agreeable. He talked with animation; Téphany listened, smiling. For the moment she had become a child of fifteen again. In the old days she had danced the gavotte scores of times; and she had often worn the costume, which suited her slender delicately-modelled figure to perfection. Above the pipes and fife she could hear the shrill voice of the bard, singing another *gwerz*. Her heart beat fiercely against her ribs, and Carne's beat as fiercely.

"How glorious it is to be young!" he whispered.

At this moment Téphany caught sight of Michael steadily watching her with his mournful eyes.

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed.

"Have I hurt you?" Carne inquired tenderly.

"No, no; but when we get to the end we will stop."

Carne noticed that the animation had gone out of her voice, the sparkle out of her eyes. He had not seen Michael, and if he had he would not have connected the

sudden change in Téphany to his presence. He supposed that, possibly, she was tired or giddy. Certainly the sun beat down with overpowering strength. He drew his partner into the shade of a tree and offered to fetch a chair. Téphany nodded wearily.

So Michael had seen her. Why had he come to Riec? Of course, after what had passed between them only twenty-four hours ago he must think her heartless. During a restless, miserable night, she had convinced herself that the mask, evidently a familiar object with many artists, had been bought by Michael because it resembled some Vannetais siren—for so Téphany jealously regarded her—who had lured Michael into sin and crime. Behind this obvious explanation gibbered the ghastly fear of an identity being established between the lovely creature who was found dead in the Seine and the woman who had stood between her and her lover. At this point Téphany's tortured speculations became paralysed. Later, she fell asleep. And, when she woke in the freshness of a mid-summer's morning, she vowed passionately that she would turn her back to the shadows. Notwithstanding this vow, at the first glimpse of Michael's face, the shadows had obscured the sunbeams. What an irony life was, to be sure! When Carne hurried up with a chair Téphany was almost rude to him.

However, she sat down, and Carne stood beside her, smiling pleasantly, and watching the dancers. In particular he stared at the girls in the hope of finding the perfect model, which all painters are seeking and which so few find. Téphany felt that her absurd resentment was slipping away under cover of his silence. It was tactful and understanding of him to say nothing. Had he divined that she wished to be left alone for a few minutes?

But she soon became impatient, not of silence, but of sitting still. She wondered if Michael had left his place in the crowd. Was he alone? Should she speak to him? Explanations were usually so tiresome and fatuous. She jumped up.

“Let us move!”

"Dance or walk?" Carne demanded gravely.

"Walk, please."

Not without difficulty they threaded a way through the crowd, gradually approaching the spot where Michael had been standing. He had disappeared. Téphany, walked hither and thither with Carne upon pretence of seeing the booths and the people, but she was searching for Michael. She encountered père Hyacinthe, who greeted her warmly, but she did not like to ask him if he had seen Michael. Moreover, by this time she was convinced that Michael had left the Pardon.

Coming back to the market-place, they met Machie and Johnnie Keats, and a change of partners took place. Téphany wandered away with Keats, leaving Carne with Mary Machin. The Satellite, as usual, began to speak of his Sun.

"Clinton and you were iridescent," he began.

Téphany laughed; then, seriously, she asked him, "Don't you ever talk about yourself, Mr. Keats?"

Asking the question, she examined him attentively. Decidedly, he was very plain; with big-knuckled hands, and feet whose size was accentuated by white shoes. But he had blue eyes, of a fine quality, with a self-depreciatory twinkle deep down in them. His face was too red. It seemed to Téphany that the poor fellow had blushed so often and so violently on account of his many shortcomings that the blush, so to speak, had become permanent.

"Talk about myself?—no," he answered. "Say, Miss Lane, if you had my name—John Keats, think of it!—and face, would you talk about yourself—eh?" He did not wait for her reply, but continued, in his drawling nasal Western slang: "It's like this, I'm one of the big crowd that has to eat soup with a fork. When Clinton and I first joined Julian's, the American boys in the studio christened us Hit and Miss. Smart that?"

"Unkind, and I dare say untrue,"

"Not a bit. Hit and Miss: that just describes Clinton and me. Same sort of outfit, you and Miss Machin, eh? She's missed it, I reckon, so far as the big things of life count."

"The big things?" Téphany nodded reflectively. Certainly a parallel could be established between Carne and his satellite, and herself and Machie. "But, Mr. Keats, do the big things, the big successes, count much? Miss Machin is one of the happiest women I know, and you don't look very miserable."

"I'm as happy as a clam," said Mr. Keats. "Great Minneapolis! What's this?"

He looked disgustedly at an old woman, who had reeled round the corner, very drunk, with her coif disordered and her fluted collar crumpled and dirty. She was laughing and singing.

"It's mère Pouldour," said Téphany. "Oh, dear!"

"You know her? Hadn't we better slide off? She's got an awful load."

"Poor thing, poor thing!" Tephany murmured. "How she has changed. She won't recognise me. But she ought to have some one to look after her."

"Looks as if she had," said Keats.

As he spoke a girl came running round the corner. She caught the old woman by the elbow, steadied her, and began to speak rapidly in Breton.

"What a peach!" exclaimed the young man.

The girl was of a type seldom seen in Finistère, but not uncommon in the Léonnais country. Although she had that pale creamy skin which sometimes indicates an anæmic condition, she seemed to be healthy and vigorous. Her eyes set rather far apart, were amazingly fine, of a golden hazel; her hair, such as could be seen of it, was of the true Titian red.

"What a peach!" repeated Johnnie. Meantime, the girl had persuaded the old woman to sit down upon a granite step. The song died quavering upon the loose wrinkled lips, the hands, gesticulating violently a moment before, sank upon the stained apron. Obviously, mère Pouldour had sunk into a stupor as soon as she had sat down. The girl deftly arranged the disordered coif and collar, patting them back into shape with delicate movements of her fingers.

"Wish Clinton could see her," murmured Keats.

"Let us speak to her," said Téphany.

The girl looked up, frightened and shy, when she saw a man, a foreigner, approaching, but she smiled at Téphany, who addressed her in French, while her eye roamed inquiringly over the details of Téphany's costume. She looked slightly puzzled. Mère Pouldour was snoring comfortably.

"I knew mère Pouldour some years ago," said Téphany. "She used to live in a cottage at Ros Braz, on the estuary."

"She lives there still."

"And you?"

"I am Yannik, her grand-daughter. I live with her."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Then the old man, your grandfather, is dead?"

"He died long ago, and my father is dead, and my two uncles. They were lobster-fishing, all of them, and two others and the boy, off the Glénans islands." She pointed to the north-west. "Well, it came on to blow suddenly. And——" She shrugged her delicate shoulders, sighed, and crossed herself. Then she added quickly: "Grand'mère took to *la goutte* after that. She had always drunk cider till then, which hurts nobody."

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," said Téphany.

"It is misery; yes. But, what would you? There are others worse off than us. Grand'mère earns money during the black months gathering the *goémon*" (the seaweed collected in January and February), "and I earn money too."

Téphany looked rather surprised. Yannik's hands were neither red nor coarse of texture; her face was untanned. How then did she earn money? As if reading the question Téphany was too polite to ask, the girl said quietly: "I work with my needle; in fact, I dress dolls in the costume. My dolls sell well," she held up her head proudly. "And in the season it is a good business. Mademoiselle Yvonne is very kind. She sends me her clients."

"But what are you going to do now?" Téphany glanced at the grandmother.

"In a couple of hours she will be able to go home. We may get a lift. People are kind."

"The peachiest of peaches!" murmured Johnnie Keats; "I'm a jay if I ever saw a better model. Wonder whether she'd pose." Then, in very ill-pronounced French, he addressed Yannik, who informed him that she didn't understand a word of English. Keats glanced ruefully at Téphany.

"She don't look as if she was corn-fed," he growled; "and the season isn't begun yet. Guess she's overstocked with dolls. Please ask her, if she'd pose for the head and coif, Miss Lane."

Téphany did so.

"Pose? Never!"

She glared at poor Johnnie, who kept growling on in English: "For the head, you silly little girl, for the head, nothing else, for—the—head." He tapped his own head, showing his teeth in a genial smile.

"Never!" the girl repeated.

"I'm going to have one of your dolls, any way. May be two. *Poupay*—eh? *Un—deux*."

She understood and smiled.

"Monsieur is very kind."

Téphany also expressing a wish to buy dolls, it was arranged that Yannik should bring some specimens of her handicraft to Pont-Aven after the mid-day meal upon the following afternoon. But when Téphany suggested sending the grandmother home in a cart at once Yannik protested.

"Indeed, Mademoiselle,"—she had perceived that Téphany was dressed up,—“indeed, I am accustomed to this. It happens, but always, always, at the Pardons.”

"You ought to try to persuade your grandmother not to go to the Pardons."

Yannik answered simply: "But the others, Mademoiselle, our men, who died out there. And unconfessed. Naturally we attend the Pardons."

"Naturally," repeated Téphany.

Keats and she moved reluctantly on, leaving the girl

standing erect, slightly defiant, beside the old woman. Téphany looked back twice, waving her hand encouragingly. Yannik maintained her impassive, indifferent pose; but she smiled faintly; the smile was a sad thing to see.

"I'm going to load up on dolls," declared Keats. "This is the psychological moment, Miss Lane. I'll bet a dollar there's a slump in dolls."

"Mr. Keats," said Téphany, in a voice he did not recognise. Then peering into her face, he saw that she was deeply moved.

"I'm at your service, Miss Lane."

"That poor old woman was once so good and respectable. I—I can't bear to think of her sitting there. It makes me wretched. If we could hire a cart——"

"But we can," said the young man, cheerily. "We'll hire a dozen, Miss Lane. Don't you worry. You just leave this thing to me. I'm great on transportation. Why, I always look out Clinton's trains—and arrange everything. Not a word. I'll leave you first with Miss Machin."

"Thank you; I'll slip back to the house where I changed. If you will find the cart—but oh——!"

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing—except your French."

Keats chuckled.

"Now, that's unkind, Miss Lane. But I'll tell you something: my French is like my face—all wrong, as you say—but I worry through with it all right. See! I'll have that cart around before you are into that pretty organdie of yours."

"Good gracious! How did you know it was an organdie?"

"I know lots of things," said the young man solemnly. "Clinton says my head's full of odds and ends not worth the powder to blow 'em to Tophet. Sort o' rubbish heap."

"I'm going carefully over that rubbish heap," said Téphany, laughing at his comically rueful countenance.

But, changing her dress, she reflected sadly that the two incidents of unexpectedly meeting Michael and mère Pouldour

had spoiled the afternoon's comedy, which she had planned so gaily several days before. The change in them made her wretched. And as for the story about the old woman earning money, she didn't believe a word of it. Little Yannik, with her pretty pale face, and her slender clever fingers, was obviously the only wage-earner in that family. Dwelling upon this and the bitterness in Michael's eyes, she asked herself if she regretted having returned to Pont-Aven. After all, the attempt to rehabilitate herself with old ideas, old memories, simple pleasures, and the like, was somewhat on a par with this dressing up in the costume of the Province: an amusing thing to do to while away a few minutes, nothing more.

When she walked out into the street, she found the rest of the party awaiting her. The Satellite hailed her with a cheery "I've corralled a cart and carter, Miss Lane. And I've told Clinton that he's missed a peach."

"You are such an impassioned optimist," said Carne. "Where is the peach?"

"She's on her way home. I hustled, I can tell you," he looked at Téphany, who smiled her appreciation of his efforts; then he turned to his friend: "You'll see her to-morrow, old man, she's coming to Pont-Aven to sell us dolls."

CHAPTER IX

TÉPHANY IS SEVERE

Les petits sabots des petits Bretons,
 Petites Bretonnes,
 Chantent des chansons en différents tons,
 Jamais monotones—*Toc, toc!*
 Chers petits sabots des petits Bretons
 Trop tôt l'on vous quitte:
 Des petits Bretons les petits petons
 Grandissent trop vite! *Toc, toc!*
Dancez, petits sabots!

MICHAEL was painting upon the Rosporden road. He had chosen for his subject the view of Pont-Aven from the top of

the hill. Michael, caring nothing for the manufacture of pictures, had disposed of the foreground with a score of bold strokes. For nearly a week now he had been intent upon the middle distance, the houses grouped about the church, the river, and the quay; and for a week, the weather, so often fickle in June, had behaved perfectly. Each morning the sun rose out of the mists, fought with and put them to flight, and then swam slowly up into cloudless skies. Michael had set himself the task of reproducing the effect of this resplendent sunshine upon grey buildings. In a word, he was endeavouring to paint the golden glow emanating from objects, colourless in themselves, which have been exposed to heat and light. The neutral tints of granite walls and slate roofs had become saturated with brilliant colours, so delicately interwoven, so tenderly combined and contrasted, that Michael, who preferred to use large tools, was obliged to experiment with small sable and camel's hair brushes. Although he had spoken of himself to Téphany as an impressionist, he worked doggedly faithful to rules which he had formulated after years of patient study such as this. Pure sunlight falling upon an opaque object like granite or slate could only be translated in one way; light reflected instead of transmitted falling upon the same object at a different angle produced a startlingly different effect; add to these complexities the ineffable confusion produced by cross lights and shadows, and you will dimly understand the difficulties which fanned Michael Ossory's ardour to white heat.

Behind Michael, watching every stroke with intent, intelligent glance, stood Carne, quite willing to acknowledge himself disciple to such a master. At the same time, in his keen mind, so American in its plasticity, so eager first to adopt and then to adapt whatever might be of value, lay reservations. Michael could do many things which were beyond the Californian's powers, but he lacked the gift of ordering his amazing experience and technique. With them, in fact, he generally produced chaos. Sensible of this, Carne felt a certain contempt

for Michael, both as man and painter. As he had said in his incisive slang, Michael was a crank, a freak, a man who subordinated the real to the ideal, who pursued will-o'-the-wisps in a wilderness. Measuring Michael with his own foot-rule, he found him bigger than he had expected, but by no means a giant.

Meantime, one thing was certain: he could learn much from this crank, who seemed willing to impart what he had acquired by years of patient experiment.

"There!" said Michael. He rose from his camp-stool and stretched his long limbs.

Carne compared the copy with the original, half shutting his eyes, narrowing the pupils of them, like a cat.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice, "you've made those old walls speak. And you've captured the atmosphere."

Michael nodded.

"We aim at truth and miss it, because we cannot see the target clearly. Your eyes are not what they will be in a few years."

Then, very deliberately, he took his palette knife and with one sweep scraped off the work of an hour.

"Oh!"

Michael laughed.

"You wouldn't have done that?"

"No."

Carne drew a deep breath; when he spoke his voice had a clear sincere ring in it, very pleasant to hear.

"It was the best bit, bar none, that I've seen this year."

Michael eyed him attentively, with a gaze so piercing that the younger man slightly flushed.

"You may go far," he said curtly.

Carne had been told this by many men, some of them famous, but, coming from Michael, the simple words gave him an extraordinary sense of gratification.

"I hope so," he answered honestly. "I can say to you, Ossory, what perhaps you have guessed already, that my work means much to me."

“ Ah ! ”

Michael frowned, seeing Téphany's radiant face in the gavotte of the previous afternoon. At that moment he had leaped to the conclusion that Téphany was irresistibly attracted to the American, who, surely, was well equipped to win and hold the love of such a woman. At that moment also Téphany met his eyes and interpreted so wrongly their message.

“ I am not indifferent to other excellent things,” murmured Carne, “ but success as a painter is vital, you understand, vital.”

Michael seemed to remember having used this very phrase himself, years ago. Then he laughed again.

“ If you think it vital it is vital,” he said. “ I thought so once.”

“ And you—you think so no longer ? ”

Michael answered steadily :

“ I paint as a distraction.” Then, in a different voice, he continued : “ I saw you at Riec yesterday.”

“ Yes, yes ; I make a point of attending these Pardons. One never knows, one may come across something good—eh ? But yesterday held surprises. Miss Lane put on the costume——”

He began to talk of Téphany, betraying his interest and admiration. An Englishman, in love or about to fall in love, is generally at his stupidest ; an American, and a Western American in particular, is never so fluent, so natural, as when he is praising the woman who attracts him. When he paused, Michael said slowly :

“ You are certainly not indifferent to other excellent things.”

“ Ah ! Ossory, you can make a shrewd guess why I'm keener than ever about my work. In our country every man worth a snap wants to offer the woman he loves something worthy of her acceptance. My two brothers have married stunning girls, but they pegged away as bachelors till they'd got out of Short Street into Easy Avenue. See ! ”

“ I see,” replied Ossory,

Carne shouldered his own paint-box and umbrella and strode away whistling; Michael began to paint in, for the tenth time, the sunlit roofs beneath him. Like most men who live alone with their own thoughts, he sometimes spoke to himself. In a moment he growled out: "Is he good enough?" Then, as if conscious of what he would regard as an infirmity, he closed his lips and concentrated his attention upon his work.

That morning, Téphany had set up her easel opposite a row of poplars, which threw soft shadows upon the pool where mère le Beuz was washing some linen. Further down the Aven, Machie was trying to persuade a child to sit still. Three or four children in sabots clattered to and fro between the ladies, presenting themselves as models. Beside mère le Beuz knelt two young girls, whose brown arms moved as quickly as their tongues. They were beating some linen upon smooth flat stones, laughing and chattering to each other in Breton.

Téphany squeezed some colours upon her palette, and then smiled self-deprecatingly at an ever-increasing reluctance to begin work. A delicious languor pervaded this cool sequestered spot: the more irresistible because others had to toil, whereas Téphany could take her ease. Accordingly, she sat down upon a mossy bank, dreamily absorbing the scents and sounds of this corner of Arcadia. The girls nudged each other and giggled. Doubtless Mademoiselle was thinking of the handsome young man with whom she had danced the gavotte at Riec.

A few yards up the river the water was streaming in a miniature cascade over a mill-dam. It was here that a girl had been found drowned. Whether the poor creature had met death by accident or design stirred the tongues of the gossips. Téphany remembered quite well that the grove of oaks behind the dam in which the girl had last been seen alive had earned an evil reputation. The drowned girl—so

'twas said at the time—met the Ankou face to face, just where the oaks threw their blackest shadows. . . .

Téphany called to mère le Beuz.

“You knew poor Séraphine Coadic?”

Mère le Beuz looked up.

“Ah, yes; the unfortunate! Well, by the blessing of God Séraphine was buried in holy ground.”

“And if she had not been so buried?” demanded Téphany, scenting one of the innumerable legends concerning the dead.

“The Vannetais people believe that those unfortunates who are drowned and whose bodies are not recovered become evil spirits, who mock the living. You may hear them wail at twilight: ‘*Iou—Iou—Iou!*’”

The girls, Rozenn and Francine, crossed themselves.

“If you answer back,” continued mère le Beuz, not unmindful of the impression she was making, “the evil spirit, *le berger de nuit*, the Vannetais call it,” again the girls crossed themselves, “divides with one huge bound the distance between you and it; if you answer back twice, it leaps again still nearer; if you answer for the third time, it breaks your neck!”

“You have faith in that, *ma tante?*”

Mère le Beuz shrugged her broad shoulders.

“*Ma Doué*,” she replied with emphasis, “true or not, I should not be such a fool as to answer back more than once.”

Téphany turned to one of the girls.

“And you, Francine, do you believe in the Ankou?”

Thus addressed, Francine's brown cheeks flushed. The girl beside her laughed nervously.

“Do I believe in the Ankou?” Francine repeated the question to gain time. “Why, no, Mademoiselle. That,” she shrugged her shoulders, “is an old wives' tale. I do not believe in any such rubbish.” Then, as her companion gave an expressive gasp of incredulity, she added sharply: “Rozenn believes in the Ankou, Mademoiselle.”

“Thou liest,” said Rozenn calmly. Téphany laughed.

A sharp verbal encounter followed, each girl accusing the

other of superstition and credulity. Mère le Beuz exclaimed in a loud authoritative voice, "Hold your foolish tongues, both of you! Old wives, as you say, believe in the Ankou, and old wives are wiser than young maids."

"And old widows wisest of all," pouted Rozenn, who began to beat her linen very hard.

Téphany laughed again, reflecting that the rising generation in Pont-Aven had not changed much. Hearing the sound of voices raised in hot discussion, the children had scampered up to stand in a solemn row in front of the women. At the grim name, Ankou, each little face had assumed a mysterious immobility, as if stiffened into terror. One tiny girl, a baby of five, but dressed like a woman, put fat fingers into her round eyes. Téphany comforted her with a sou. The child's sister, a tall, lanky girl, with a distressing cough, said hoarsely: "Mademoiselle, I, yes I, have seen Pot Scoutan."

"Who hasn't seen Pot Scoutan?" cried the other children.

Pot Scoutan, accounted for as a purely natural phenomenon, is a marsh light frequently seen hovering near the mud flats and moorland of the estuary, but the credulous believe it to be a spirit of evil. Again Téphany reflected that if the men of Pont-Aven had abandoned the picturesque *bragous bras* and embroidered jacket, their minds certainly were still swathed in the legends and traditions of the ancient Province. Then she picked up her palette, and asked the fat-fingered little child if she would pose.

"And me too," urged the lanky sister. "See, Mademoiselle, I will take the little one in my lap, and you can make a beautiful picture of us, and call it Maternal Love."

"Thou art an original," said Téphany, struck by the girl's quickness of wit. Possibly she was repeating some phrase heard from the mouth of an artist. "I will try to draw the little one. Sit by her and keep her still!"

A minute later she was at work. The child was posed with her back against a beech trunk; the sister murmured endearing phrases in her rasping voice: "Oh, how good thou art! What

an angel—so quiet, so pretty! The Holy Mother will bless thee, and Mademoiselle will give thee sous. We shall eat cakes, thou and I——”

The sun was now approaching the zenith. The wonderful June glow, which Michael was trying to reproduce, fell softly upon the pool. Out of the shadows where Téphany was drawing, looking past the silvery trunks of the beeches, one could see a golden haze scintillating above the water. The women had washed their linen, and were spreading it out upon the grass in the field between the poplars and the pool. The tiny model fell asleep.

“Don't wake her,” whispered Téphany. “I'll make another sketch.”

The elder sister nodded, and closed her own eyes.

Presently, into this earthly paradise strode Carne, whistling gaily. He had found nothing to attract him, and in consequence was returning to his studio. His whistling woke the child, and put to flight Téphany's peaceful thoughts. Slightly exasperated, she told herself that the Californian was a disturbing element. He and his restless nation permitted nobody to work in peace. Carne greeted her cheerily, and looked at her drawing.

“Terribly bad,” said Téphany.

“But, by the prophet! you've caught the feeling. Dash it all, why didn't I join you earlier? Now the morning's gone. What a cute kid!”

“Cute? That's the last word I'd use.”

“The cunningest little darling!” he had not heard Téphany's muttered criticism.

“Cute? Cunning? How very American you are, Mr. Carne!”

This time he paid attention, regarding her sharply, sensible of a note of petulance in her voice.

“Why, of course,” he answered seriously. “You don't blame me, do you, for being an American?”

“Oh, you can't help it.”

"I'm very proud of it. All the same, I rather flatter myself that I don't rush madly about waving the star-spangled banner." He smiled with sudden perception of her mood. "But I've rushed in here, I see, inopportunistly. Forgive me!"

He looked so sincerely sorry that T ephany melted at once.

"Sit down and tell me my mistakes."

"You mean it? I'll run if you say so. I know what it is to have tactless bores blundering in upon one."

"Sit down," repeated T ephany, moving her skirts.

The young man laughed gaily, and flung himself beside her. Instantly, he seemed to become part of the scene, and not the least part. His exuberant vitality, his youth and good looks, manifested the very spirit of Spring. T ephany listened to his criticisms, but her eyes took note of his cool, clean, grey clothes, his spotless linen, his general air of freshness and sanity. The model showed signs of being tired, despite the encouragement of her sister.

Carne said in French:

"Thou hast posed to perfection, my fat little hen, and thou must pose for me."

The child nodded, but said nothing.

"Whenever Monsieur pleases," the sister answered.

Carne eyed the thin, lanky, slovenly dressed creature with a slight frown.

"Oh! you must come too, eh?"

"Babette wouldn't come without me—would'st thou, my heart's delight?"

Babette shook her head. And then followed a significant incident. Smiling confidently, Carne began to challenge the baby's interest and affection. T ephany listened to the pleasant inflections of his voice, wondering whether the tiny woman could resist him.

"Babette isn't afraid of *me*," he held out his hands. "Oh, no, no. And if Babette comes to me I will give her goodies, and perhaps a lovely coif. Come, my chicken, come."

"Not without me," said the sister, stubbornly.

Téphany felt that a duel between two wills was about to take place. Which would win—the vigorous clever man, or the frail ignorant peasant?

Blandishment fell from the Californian's lips. Babette showed dimples, but no inclination to move.

"I might make you my own little girl," said Carne. "And if you lived with me you would eat white bread and galette every day, and play with a lovely doll, and sleep in a bed with blue curtains——"

"Babette would sooner remain in misery with me, Monsieur."

"I would give thee a frock, white, such as girls, *big* girls, wear at their first communion, and red shoes. Come with me, Babette!"

"She prefers to remain—in misery, with me."

Babette held out a pudgy hand to her sister, nodding solemnly.

"Don't believe she understands," said Carne disgustedly.

"Ah, but she understands perfectly," exclaimed the sister.

"Dost thou not, my angel?"

Again Babette nodded, but her lips began to quiver and pout.

"That will do," said Téphany hastily. She gave her model some sous, and then, after an instant's hesitation, slipped a piece of silver into the lean hand of the sister.

"You are good and kind," she said seriously. "Come here again to-morrow!"

"May Mademoiselle be blessed a thousand times," said the girl fervently. She snatched up Babette, and made off, throwing a triumphant, mocking glance at Carne, for Babette was all smiles and dimples. Carne, however, accepted defeat with true American fortitude. He laughed; but he added gravely: "You know, Miss Lane, I'm not often defeated."

"Defeat is wholesome, sometimes," said Téphany. "Isn't it almost half-past twelve?"

"Yes," said Carne, consulting his watch; "and I'm famished."

"Making love in vain has not taken away your appetite. Really, you were almost irresistible."

"The hard-hearted little baggage!"

"Be fair! You made no impression upon that dear little heart, because it is so soft."

After breakfast, when Téphany, Mary Machin, and the Californians were drinking their coffee under the trees in front of the inn, Yannik appeared, carrying a large parcel of dolls. Johnnie Keats was the first to see her.

"The peach for dessert," he drawled, glancing at Carne out of the corner of his kind, whimsical eyes.

"Phew-w-w-w!" Carne whistled.

Yannik came forward.

She looked very pale, as if the long walk beneath the June sun, upon a day when there was not breeze enough to stir the tremulous leaves of the poplars, had tired her. But this expression of slight fatigue, of a weariness of the spirit, perhaps, rather than the body, gave an added charm to her delicately modelled features. The fine nose, with its thin curved nostrils, indicated extraordinary sensibility and yet gentleness, the mouth beneath was very red, taking from the face any suspicion of ill-health. Her great lustrous eyes sparkled at the sight of Téphany, now dressed *en demoiselle*, and then, passing over both Keats and Mary Machin, shone steadily upon Carne, who was leaning forward, obviously surprised and delighted. Instantly, Téphany perceived that the lines and curves in Yannik's face had aroused a somewhat similar enthusiasm as was aroused in him by the waving weeds and rippling curves of the pool in the Bois d'Amour. Quite unconsciously he welcomed what he was admiring with a warm radiant smile. Yannik smiled too, her lips parting, slightly drooping at the corners, showing her small white teeth.

"Here I am," she said simply, with a dignity not at all rare in Breton maidens.

Téphany inquired after mère Pouldour, and Keats greeted Yannik genially, begging her to sit down, offering her coffee or lemonade. She refused politely but shyly. Then, Carne, speaking for the first time, said positively: "The road is dusty, I am going to order you a grenadine: you must drink it."

When it came she drank it; but as she was raising the glass to her lips, Carne lifted his glass of cognac.

"*Yerr matt!*" he said, which is Breton for "Here's luck!" Yannik smiled again, slowly.

"*Yerr matt!*" she replied.

"Am I an impassioned optimist?" demanded Keats.

"But you say she won't pose," whispered Carne.

"Not for me. Try your luck, old man!"

"She shall pose."

Having drunk her grenadine, Yannik untied the parcel, and displayed with pride her dolls. She had brought six, and sold them at her own price—a modest one—in less than six minutes. Her object accomplished, she rose to go amid general protestation.

"I am wanted at home, Monsieur."

It was curious that she addressed Carne.

"Don't be in such a hurry! It's not very kind of you when we want to help you, to be your friends."

"Monsieur is very good."

She cast down her eyes, blushing slightly beneath the intent glance of the young man.

"My friend here," Carne indicated Johnnie, "tells me that you do not pose, as so many girls here do."

"Pose? No, Monsieur."

Téphany remembered the "Never!" which had burst from her lips the afternoon before.

"Why not, Yannik?"

As he pronounced her quaint name, his voice softened

delightfully. Mary Machin beamed at him; Johnnie Keats grinned sympathetically; only Téphany looked grave.

"Why not, Monsieur?" She shrugged her shoulders, and played nervously with her apron.

"Have you a good reason?"

"Not a reason that Monsieur would call good, perhaps."

"For a few sittings, just the head and hands, I would pay more than you make over a dozen dolls."

Yannik did not reply. Her eyes left the speaker's eager face, and wandered across the street.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, cleverly changing the subject, "there is Monsieur Ossory."

The others glanced round. Michael was coming out of Barbarin's shop, where tobacco and artists' materials are sold.

"Do you know Monsieur Ossory?" Téphany asked in some surprise.

"Do I know him? but perfectly." She blushed slightly, and added: "My cousin, Léon Bourhis, looks after his boat at Ros Braz."

Michael, seeing the ladies, lifted his cap, and was passing on, when Carne hailed him:

"Say, Ossory! Won't you join us?"

Michael hesitated, meeting Téphany's eyes, reading in them a curious entreaty. Then, with a slight shrug of his broad shoulders, he crossed the street. Carne pressed him to drink a cup of coffee or a liqueur. Michael refused both, but accepted a cigarette.

"This young woman says she knows you," said Carne. He indicated Yannik, who greeted Michael demurely. "If you have any influence with her, persuade her, like a good fellow, to give me a sitting or two; just head and hands."

"Will you pose for Monsieur?" said Michael.

"Already I have said 'No.'"

"Does your grandmother object?" asked Carne.

"Grand'mère? She might object, Monsieur, but it is I," she spoke decisively, "I, you understand, who object."

Michael, eyeing the girl keenly, nodded. He made no attempt to weaken her resolution. Miss Machin divined—or said that she did so afterwards—that Michael was pleased at her refusal. Yannik smiled gravely, thanked everybody, and took her leave. Carne, flushed with exasperation, muttered something to Keats.

“She couldn’t have resisted you a minute longer,” the Satellite said. “She ran from temptation.”

“What fools some of these girls are about posing!” said Carne angrily. “And most of them won’t take off as much as their coifs.”

“I’m delighted to hear it,” said Machie. “Of course, with professionals it’s different, although, personally, I prefer draped figures even when it’s a question of portraying goddesses. And I can’t think of these nice modest maidens of Pont-Aven without their coifs.”

Carne smiled at Téphany, indicating by a slight shrug of his shoulder his amusement and polite contempt. But, to his astonishment, Téphany sided with her friend.

“I agree with Miss Machin,” she said emphatically. “My father never asked a Pont-Aven girl to take off her coif, and shall I tell you why?”

“If you please,” said Carne. “I shall be interested to hear Mr. Lane’s reasons for such a remarkable abstention.”

“He married a Bretonne, Mr. Carne. And he understood us. Speaking for my sex here, I tell you that any attempt to take from these simple girls what their natural modesty imposes would be regarded not only by me, but by every man or woman who knows anything of our race as little short of—of sacrilege. *You*”—she turned quickly to Michael—“feel as I do?”

Michael met her glance; then he said deliberately, “Yes.”

“Oh, that’s all right.” Carne flushed scarlet, but he recovered his self-possession almost too easily, so Téphany thought. “You see, Miss Lane, I had forgotten that you are

of Breton blood. But you will allow me to add that I have known this thing, which you regard as sacrilege, come to pass in Brittany quite easily and naturally."

"Have you made inquiries as to what happened to your models after you had finished with them?"

"I am not speaking of myself," he answered. "In the cases I recall it was a business proposition. The girls were paid, and took the money gladly enough."

"Perhaps," said Téphany. Then she added, very quietly: "In the Italian quarter, near Hatton Garden in London, there are to be found, living side by side, the plaster-cast sellers, the people who tell fortunes with birds, the organ-grinders, and the professional models. An organ-grinder won't marry a model, although the models earn more money. Even in London the *posari* are regarded as pariahs. But here, in Brittany, girls who sell their modesty strip themselves of far more than their clothes. So long as they live they will be regarded as outcasts, naked and ashamed."

"But one must have models," said Keats.

"Of course," Téphany replied with asperity; "but I have no sympathy with artists who sacrifice everything and everybody to their art. I have met men who regarded the sufferings of Christ upon the Cross as inspiring not the worship of the world but the masterpieces of the Renaissance."

Carne passed his hand across his forehead; he was feeling warm, because, although he considered that Téphany Lane was absurdly vehement, still he was particularly anxious to win her good opinion. Accordingly he swallowed his resentment, and said amiably:

"I'm really awfully sorry we got on to this subject, Miss Lane."

At this Téphany held out her hand with a smile dimpling her cheek.

"Mary Machin will tell you that my bark is worse than my bite; isn't it, Machie?"

"How can I answer that?" Machie replied. "I have

never been bitten by you, my dear ; and you bark but seldom. Still,"—she pursed up her lips reflectively—"I think your bite would be rather dreadful."

"I am sure I should die of it," said the Californian.

"After all, Clinton is not an Ingres," said the Satellite.

"An Ingres?" Miss Machin's fine blue eyes flickered with curiosity. "Who was Ingres?"

"He painted *La Source*," said Téphany.

"Was he very wicked?" said Machie.

Keats and Carne betrayed signs of uneasiness. In a harsh voice Michael answered Mary Machin :

"It is said that he treated abominably the beautiful child who posed for *La Source*. She died in a hospital."

Without another word, without saying "good-bye," Michael turned on his heel and strode away. Téphany, very pale, was sensible that he had spoken to her, although he had answered Mary Machin. Carne and Keats rose and went into the café.

Machie said placidly: "My dear, you were rather too severe with poor Mr. Carne."

Téphany nodded; then she said thoughtfully: "I spoke strongly, too strongly perhaps, and yet, Machie, my feeling on this subject is ten thousand times stronger than any words could be."

"How very abrupt Mr. Ossory is! On this subject he feels as strongly as you do. When he answered me just now his hands were clenched. He spoke of that French painter as if he loathed him."

"He loathed what he did," said Téphany slowly.

CHAPTER X

CARNE

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned ?

DURING the fortnight that followed the ladies saw nothing of Michael. Upon the day after Yannik brought her dolls to Pont-Aven, T ephany wrote him a short letter. She could not bring herself to climb Michael's stairs, although she knew that a minute's talk is better than an eternity of scribbling notes of explanation. Provided always that two persons understand each other. But did Michael understand her ? Would any man of his character and temperament be able to sympathise with a weak woman ? With profound humility, T ephany told herself that she was weak, inasmuch as she lacked the strength to look facts squarely in the face. That absurd desire to wipe out a decade still dominated her. Pont-Aven, with its myriad associations, the warm June days, the exuberant life in the woods and fields, the people with whom she talked freely, listening to their simple, primal loves—these things called aloud with clarion voice : bidding her enjoy the passing hour. Is it putting the case too strongly to add that what drove poor m ere Pouldour to strong drink drove T ephany also to a Bacchanalian licence of the imagination ? The intoxicating thrill which she experienced as she joined in the dance at Riec would have proved a merely agreeable flutter of youth and high spirits, had it not been preceded by hours of poignant suffering. Her sympathy, her capacity for pain enhanced, as it always does in reaction, her passionate desire to be happy. The stampede from shadow into sunlight was thus explained to Michael in a score of lines. He replied the same day, writing his answer in pencil upon a sheet of drawing-paper.

If you think that I dare to reproach any one except myself, you are mistaken. Accept all the Gods give. I am going to Douarnenez for a couple

of weeks. After that let us meet as soon as possible. Your kindness, your generosity, has been to me as a benediction. I am ravenous for the crumbs of your friendship.

When Michael left Pont-Aven he seemed to take the fine weather with him: but Téphany welcomed the change from azure skies to flying wracks of clouds. Rain came down in torrents: then the strong west wind blew mightily, and the great ocean rose up in wrath to meet it. After a storm of twenty-four hours the elements patched up a truce. The wind dwindled away into a breeze; the huge clouds were split up into filmy transparencies of vapour; the roar of the waves sank into an attenuated moan.

As soon as the skies partially cleared Téphany put on a stout skirt and walked to the fishing village of Ros Braz, where mère Pouldour lived, a hamlet perched upon a high bank of the estuary, approached from Pont-Aven by a path winding over the moorland through thickets of gorse and broom and scrub-oak, with here and there a farm-house surrounded by orchards and fields of rye and oats still vividly green.

Mère Pouldour's cottage overlooked the estuary and the wooded slopes beyond which encompass the château of Poulguen, a small castel of the fourteenth century. The cottage was built of granite. Blue-green shutters gave a charming note of colour to its grey walls; and a vine clambered towards a roof of small red tiles. In the tiny garden, surrounded by a neatly-trimmed hawthorn hedge, stood a fine fig-tree; oaks overhung the water, where the fishing-boats lay at anchor waiting for fine weather. They were big clumsy boats, painted black, with a thin blue, or yellow, or green line running below the taffrail. From their masts fluttered the pale blue sardine nets, whose heavy corks accentuated the aerial delicacy of their texture. These nets, to Téphany, indicated certain characteristics of the fishermen who used them. The men were solid and strong as their boats, with faces and hands burnt red-brown like the sails, but in their square heads were fancies light as these gossamer webs, and as easily destroyed.

Téphany smelt the pungent smell of seaweed, the *goémon* collected by the women and used to manure the fields, and also the healthy odour of tar, as she passed through mère Pouldour's garden, and knocked at the door. It was opened by the old woman, slightly blear-eyed and unsteady, but quite sober. She welcomed Téphany effusively, apologising for what had passed at Riec, mumbling her thanks, and breaking off into exclamations at Mademoiselle's grace and beauty and goodness of heart. Very thankfully Téphany noted that the interior of the cottage had not changed. Poverty occupied it, but poverty had not yet been driven to sell its furniture. The big *lit-clos* filled one side of the room; the black polished surface of the oak reflected the pale shafts of light from the small window opposite. To the left was the huge fireplace, the wide hearth in front of which Pouldour and his stalwart sons had sat, night after night, year after year, throughout the winters, letting their saturated clothes dry upon their bodies. An oak table, much polished also, stood in the centre of the room, with a rude bench beneath it, no longer used now that the men were dead; above the high mantel, in a tiny niche, was a figure in faïence of the Virgin. In a corner, standing on end, was a cider barrel: a clock ticked solemnly beside it. Everything was scrupulously clean and neat, and upon a small table near the window Téphany's eyes caught a shimmer of silk and cambric, the raw materials of Yannik's handicraft.

"Where is Yannik?" she asked presently.

At once the grandmother broke into a torrent of quavering speech, partly French, partly Breton: "A Monsieur, a very handsome, kind gentleman, had walked from Pont-Aven upon the day of the big storm. He had arrived wet to the skin. An artist-painter, to be sure. And he had persuaded Yannik to sit to him in the shed out yonder. Not without difficulty — Ma Doué—for Yannik was of the most respectable, and some of the Pont-Aven girls who posed for the gentlemen were—well, Mademoiselle knew about them. But the Monsieur had entreated, and he had a way, *Hein?* Finally, Yannik

said—Yes, for the head and coif only. And, after all, who would be the wiser? The cottage was isolated. Yannik refused absolutely to go to Pont-Aven. And Monsieur had a heart of gold, and gold too in his purse, which was so convenient.”

And so on, interminably.

Téphany listened, slightly flushed. She was sensible that this tale had annoyed her; and yet she could not blame Carne, nor the girl, nor the old woman, who, sober, adored the grandchild, standing—how frail an obstacle!—between herself and misery,

“We will go and see them,” said mère Pouldour. “I pop in and out to crack a joke with Monsieur. He is charming, Mademoiselle, so frank, so gay, and so clever with his brush.”

Téphany followed her out of the cottage, down a flagged path upon which the old woman’s sabots clattered noisily, and into a shed used in years gone by as a place for drying nets and sails.

“Miss Lane!”

Carne came forward, smiling.

“You see,” he said, indicating Yannik, who was blushing, “I gained my point after all, not without difficulty, I can assure you.”

“Fat five-franc pieces,” said Téphany.

“Yes—backsheesh,” he laughed. “And why not?”

“May I look at your canvas?”

“Oh, certainly, but——” His expressive face clouded. Then he grumbled: “I never found a more fascinating study, but I’ve bungled everything shockingly. I am ashamed, positively, that you should see the extent of my failure.”

Téphany spoke first to Yannik, who answered in monosyllables, with an air of conscious guilt, at once piteous and yet comical to behold.

“If I could only catch that,” said Carne, indicating her pouting, timid, alluring bashfulness. “The little witch thinks she’s committing a deadly sin.”

Téphany nodded, smiled encouragingly at Yannik, and then turned to the easel.

"But it promises well," she said. "It's very odd, you know, but——"

"Yes, Miss Lane?"

"You go to work as Michael Ossory does."

"You couldn't pay me a higher compliment. But when have you seen him at work on the figure? Oh, of course, long ago. And why he gave it up heaven only knows!" He broke off abruptly, intent upon his own work. Here, again, he revealed the curious likeness to the elder man which had struck Téphany from the first. He continued, interjectionally, as Michael used to talk when he was acutely interested—"Now, that is not bad, is it? But the passage just below—Oh, horrible. And already I've scraped it out a dozen times. If you look closely—Yannik, hold your chin a bit higher—no, *no*, NO!" He rushed at her, took her chin delicately between the tips of his fingers, and adjusted the pose. Yannik blushed at his touch, but did not resent it. Carne was staring at Téphany. "You see there's a shadow quite clearly defined, with sharpest edges. That must be put in with one firm stroke of the brush. It's maddening." He seized his palette, concentrated, as it were, all his powers of mind and hand upon the stroke, and laid it on the wet canvas.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Téphany.

"I believe I've got it. You inspired me. Well, I sha'n't paint any more to-day. Perhaps you will allow me to walk back with you? Yes? That will be delightful. Work's over, Yannik."

She came forward shyly, and gazed at the canvas. Mère Pouldour broke out into rather maudlin praise, which Carne cut short.

"May I wash Monsieur's brushes?" said Yannik.

"My child," his manner was fatherly, "you have never washed brushes."

"I saw Monsieur do it yesterday. It seemed easy. Let me try."

"It is very amiable of you."

She took the brushes and moved slowly away.

"To-morrow at nine-thirty sharp," Carne called after her.

"At nine-thirty, Monsieur."

For some minutes Téphany and Carne walked side by side without speaking, then the man said abruptly: "You will do Yannik a kindness and me a favour if you will not mention that she poses. I have told Johnnie, but the other fellows need not know. Naturally, you will mention the matter to Miss Machin, who is discreet."

"Is she? Well, I shall not mention it, even to her."

"Are you angry with me, Miss Lane? I should be so sorry to incur your displeasure."

"Angry? No. After all, it is additional grist for that poor little mill."

"I shall make several studies," said Carne, warming again into enthusiasm. "The expression on her face is what I have been hunting for a year past, and, of course, I want to keep her to myself. But it's principally on Yannik's account that secrecy is expedient. It seems she has a lover, the man who is in charge of Ossory's boat."

"A lover who objects to posing?"

"He might object if he knew."

"You have not persuaded her to keep it from him."

"No," he replied stiffly. "You appear to think me rather a cad, Miss Lane."

"I beg your pardon most sincerely," said Téphany. "Did she, little Yannik, speak of her lover?"

Carne proceeded to explain at length that he had obtained the information first from the grandmother; and afterwards from Yannik herself. The lover was Léon Bourhis. Fisher-folk, in Brittany, marry without dowries, confident that the great Mother will provide for them, or destroy. Except in the case of a fish famine, the Mother does provide, sometimes very generously. Léon Bourhis, it seemed, had just returned

from his five years' service in the navy. Next year, he hoped to be able to buy a share in a sardine boat, then he would marry Yannik. Carne added that he had met Bourhis, a fine fellow.

"I shall make him like me," said the Californian; "and when he realises that I have proved a friend to Yannik and the old woman, and put some five-franc pieces into Yannik's stocking, he will laugh at the posing."

"That is not certain," said Téphany. Then, very gravely, she concluded: "It is none of my business, Mr. Carne, but I advise you to speak to this man, Bourhis, yourself. You have great persuasive powers, and you know how to use them."

"Thank you," Carne replied warmly; but he didn't say that he would act upon her advice.

Téphany began to talk of subjects other than models; Carne joined in, eager to leave thin ice as soon as possible. Insensibly, the lines upon Téphany's face relaxed as she came under the spell of Carne's pleasing voice and manners. From his name she had guessed that he had Celtic blood in his veins: a fact which subtly attracted her to him before they had exchanged half a dozen words on the first day they met. Now, becoming very confidential, he spoke of his parents, of his upbringing in that wonderful California, of his first meeting with his mistress, Art, of her ever-tightening grasp, and of the final wrenching asunder of the chains which had held him bond to the Almighty Dollar. Téphany learned that his grandfather, the founder of the family fortunes, had come out of the West of Ireland. This man, one of the pioneers, had worked his passage round the Horn in the forties. He had married, just before the discovery of gold, the daughter and heiress of a Spanish-Californian ranchero, lord of many flocks and herds, a patriarch living upon an immense domain. Carne described graphically the change in California, from the lotus-eating, pastoral life to the stupendous activities which the discovery of immense quantities of gold set in perpetual motion. His grandfather, evidently a man of sagacity and foresight, had

resisted the voice of the siren calling the men to abandon everything in the mad quest of the precious metal. He had been content to sell his fat beeves to the miners, beeves which, till that time, had been slaughtered for their hides and tallow; he acquired more land, he became a merchant, a banker, never a miner. And he died a millionaire, dividing his millions among half a dozen sons. Of these sons, Téphany inferred that Clinton Carne's father had showed the greatest executive ability. The son, however, spoke of his sire with respect rather than love, as a colossal force in a new country, bending all things and all persons to his iron will. Téphany divined what was left unsaid, the possible unscrupulous exercise of power, the undivided energies given to the accumulation of wealth, the indifference to everything which lay without the circle in which the autocrat ruled supreme.

"When you went round the world," said Carne, "surely you passed through San Francisco?"

"Yes," said Téphany. She remembered now hearing the name of Carne; the Carne mansion on Nob Hill had been pointed out to her. She spoke of it to the young man, adding, wonderingly: "So you sacrificed that for this?"

"Come, come, Miss Lane, you don't regard it as a sacrifice?"

"Perhaps not, but your father— Well, you did not slip easily through his fingers?"

Carne laughed gaily.

"Fortunately, I have a mother," he said.

At the word, Téphany's heart warmed to him.

"Tell me about her, Mr. Carne."

"She's the sweetest and best mother in the world."

The mother, it seemed, belonged to one of the great Southern families ruined by the Civil War. From the mother Carne had inherited his love of culture, of colour and form, of beauty, wherever found. The mother had snatched this, her youngest born, from the Moloch of business: she had persuaded the father to let him study in Paris; she had soaped the

ways with infinite tact; she had even made her grim husband admit that in the development of a new country the claims of art could not be ignored; and that art claimed the best. Finally, the father had given a reluctant consent.

"But when I made my first trip to Paris he said a word."

"One can guess what it was."

"Yes. He is the sort of man, Miss Lane, who holds failure to be the unpardonable sin. When I bade him good-bye he looked me up and down, very slowly. As a kid, that look gave me cold chills down the spine. 'Clinton,' he said, 'your mother and you together have bested me, and I don't like to be bested. I shan't forgive you till you've proved that you're right and I'm wrong.'"

"And now, after your success last year and this?"

Carne shrugged his shoulders.

"Old Blumenthal got my Nymph too cheap. And my father measures success, and rewards success, by what it fetches in dollars. Apart from my allowance, which is a good one, he told me that he'd double every cent I earned. Well," the young man laughed, "he hasn't been much out of pocket by that deal so far. And whenever he writes to me, he takes pains to tell me what my brothers have done—confound them! Now—do you blame me for being so keen?"

"No," said Téphany; "but," she paused and finished her sentence with a slight emphasis, "I blame your father."

The remaining days preceding Michael's return to Pont-Aven passed without incident. Téphany and Machie sketched in the morning, either out of doors or in the studio, and in the afternoon made expeditions to the neighbouring villages and small towns. The weather remained uncertain: thereby proving a source of annoyance and of conversation to Mary Machin. Téphany, as truly Bretonne in this as in higher matters, accepted rain or sunshine philosophically. She preferred soft grey skies to blue, and contended that the fragrance of earth after a heavy shower was compensation in full for

muddy boots and petticoats. Daughter of the wild moor, she drew nourishment from it where an alien might have starved. The mists drifting across the bleak pastures saturated her mind, softening much that the strenuous years had made hard, percolating into tiny crevices, finding there seeds of the past and quickening them into life and beauty. When the clouds impended, blotting out all colour and sparkle, she thought of the resplendent, omnipotent sun behind them. When its golden beams pierced the darkness her soul leaped to meet them, in wonder at the glory of them. Sensible as she had ever been of the variety and symbolism of Nature's moods, their true meaning seemed to have escaped her till now, when she interpreted them not for herself, as heretofore, but for Michael, and for the suffering, the sin, the crime—she confronted the dreadful word valiantly—of which Michael stood the self-confessed epitome.

One afternoon, after a second visit to mère Pouldour, Téphany, passing the small château of Ros Braz, saw a notice on the gate, advertising the place as being "to let" for the summer season. The château was surrounded by a shady old-fashioned garden. After much talk with Mary Machin, and bearing in mind that Yvonne's hotel would soon be uncomfortably full of Philistines, Téphany decided to take it for six months. The rent was absurdly small, the house comfortably furnished, and in the salon stood an excellent piano. Téphany had been forbidden to sing at all for six weeks. Then Sir Japhet had recommended a cautious trial of the vocal chords. As he had said, in his clear, trenchant, impossible-to-be-mistaken tones, the lesion would either yield to rest and treatment, or it would produce chronic induration. Already Téphany felt joyously assured that her throat was stronger: she could swallow food without any feeling of discomfort; she could talk at length without that burning sensation just below the tonsils. But Sir Japhet had insisted upon one point. Under the most favourable conditions she must not dare to accept public engagements for several months. It will be remembered

that the great man had named six, but he had hinted at twelve. And it was he also who suggested the selection of a locality which—as he phrased it—previous experience had demonstrated to be the most likely to fortify his patient's general health.

Yvonne offered to provide a cook and a couple of maids.

These things were duly laid before the approving Machie; but Téphany withheld another reason which urged her to take a house rather isolated and inconveniently distant from butcher and baker. Michael refused to break bread beneath Yvonne's roof, nor would he pass her threshold. But Téphany felt assured that he would come, not often, perhaps, but always gladly, to Ros Braz.

(To be continued)