THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW

Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, R.I.

From the marble bust by Edward Onslow Ford, R.A.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

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INTRODUCTORY
BY THE EDITOR

THE explanation of the production of another Review will be found in the number of those already in flourishing existence: the excuse must be looked for in these pages. Yet a few words of introduction are needed by this newcomer who comes into the crowded world thus late in the day, lest, in spite of his fine coat, he be thought an unmannerly intruder. I desire to say something of his purpose, of his aspirations, of his nature, in the hope that, if these seem admirable, good friends, instead of jostling, will help him through the press, and aid him somewhat in his journey towards the golden temple of literary excellence.

The first object of every publication is commercial. "No one but a blockhead," says Dr. Johnson, "ever wrote, except for money"; and the Anglo-Saxon is not disposed to think lightly of his wares, or set low value on his effort—for otherwise his green-and-gold brocade would soon be threadbare. But after the vulgar necessities of life are thus provided for, reviews, and sometimes reviewers, look to other and perhaps higher ideals. It is of these that I would write, for are they not the credentials which must carry the ambitious stranger on his way?

Formerly little was written, but much of that little was preserved. The pamphlets, the satires, the lampoons, the disquisitions—above all the private letters—of the eighteenth century have been carefully stored for the delight of succeeding generations. Now the daily production of printed words is incalculably vast. Miles of newspapers, tons of magazine articles, mountains of periodicals are distributed daily between sunrise and sunset. They are printed; they are read; they are forgotten. Little remains. And yet there is no reason why the best products of an age of universal education should not be as worthy of preservation as those of a less cultivated era. The literary excellence of the modern Review is high. How many articles, full of solid thought and acute criticism, of wit and learning, are born for a purely ephemeral existence, to be read one day and cast into the waste-paper basket the next! The most miserable lampoons of the reign of Queen Anne are still extant. Some of the finest and cleverest productions of the reign of Queen Victoria are almost as difficult to find as ancient manuscripts. The newspapers of to-day light the fires of to-morrow. The magazine may have a little longer life. It rests on the writing-table for perhaps a month; and thereafter shares the fate of much that is good in an age that, at least in art and literature, takes little thought for the future. The sure knowledge that their work will perish must exert a demoralising effect on the writers of the present day. Newspapers

and periodicals become cheaper and cheaper. To satisfy the loud demand of the enormous and growing reading public, with the minimum of effort, is the modern temptation.

I do not imagine that the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW will arrest these tendencies. But its influence may have some useful effect. This book is published at a price which will ensure its respectful treatment at the hands of those who buy it. It will not be cast aside after a hurried perusal. It appears too in a guise which fits it for a better fate. After a brief, though not perchance unhonoured, stay on the writing-table, it may be taken up into that Valhalla of printed things—the library. More than this, that it may have company, another of similar character but different design will follow at an interval of three months, until a long row of volumes—similar but not alike—may not only adorn the bookshelves, and recall the elegant bindings of former times, but may also preserve in a permanent form something of the transient brilliancy of the age.

It is with such hopes that I send the first volume out into the world—an adventurous pioneer. Yet he bears a name which may sustain him even in the hardest struggles, and of which he will at all times endeavour to be worthy—a name under which just laws, high purpose, civilising influence, and a fine language, have been spread to the remotest regions.

Lastly, I would in this brief note express my sincere thanks to all who have helped to fit the Anglo-Saxon for the battle of life—not only to those who have, as subscribers, furnished him with his costly habit, but also to those who—like the fairy godmother in the child's story—have given him something of their energy, their wisdom, and their brains.

A NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME[1] BY CYRIL DAVENPORT

THAT English sovereigns from the time of Henry VII. to the present day have taken a great personal interest in the binding of their books is shown by the initials, badges, and heraldic emblems of all kinds which occur on Royal books. Henry VII. himself left several magnificent volumes bound in velvet, adorned with his coat-of-arms and badges in silver and enamel, and from this time onwards our Royal heraldry is well represented on bindings in all its changes until the present time.

The English Royal bindings are found in several materials, and the different Royal Houses seem to have favoured certain of these materials more than others. The House of Tudor had its books bound in velvet, calf, or deer-skin. The Stuarts began the use of morocco, which, with the exception of the majority of the bindings made for Henry Prince of Wales, has been the most generally used ever since. At the present day there is some use made of velvet stamped in gold, a fashion originally set by Elizabeth.

The heraldry of the English coat-of-arms, although it has undergone several minor changes, follows generally, as far as bindings are concerned, three large divisions:

The first of these is from Henry VII. until Elizabeth, the coat then consisting of four quarters, viz.: First and fourth, azure, three fleurs-de-lys, or, for France; second and third, gules, three lions passant guardant, in pale, or, for England.

The second division begins with James I., and continues until the reign of Queen Anne. Here comes in the addition of the arms of Scotland and Ireland, which in 1603 were first regularly incorporated into the Royal escutcheon, the coat now consisting of: First and fourth, England and France quarterly as before; second, the ancient coat of Scotland, or, a lion rampant, within a double tressure flory counterflory, gules; and third, azure, the harp of Apollo Grian, or, stringed argent, for Ireland.

On March 6, 1706, the Royal assent was given to an Act for the legislative union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland. As a consequence of this union the arms of England and Scotland were impaled in the first and fourth quarters of the Royal coat, the arms of France being relegated to the second place, the coat of Ireland remaining in the third.

The third great change took place on the succession of the Hanoverian line to the throne of England with George I., when the

[1] The cover of this issue of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW is a facsimile of the binding of Thevet's 'Vies des Hommes Illustrés' (Paris: 1584), which was executed about 1604 for James I. King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

coats of Brunswick, Lünenberg, and Saxony were introduced into the fourth quarter; and in 1801, on the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, the coat of France was finally left out, leaving the escutcheon itself as it is to-day, viz.: first and fourth, England; second, Scotland; and third, Ireland.

There were at various times other small changes, which I do not think it necessary to mention now, but if it is ever found advisable to illustrate any bindings on which they occur, it will then be time enough for description. There is one other point, however, still heraldic, which is important from a bookbinding point of view, and that is concerning the supporters of the Royal coat-of-arms.

Henry VII. adopted as his dexter supporter the red dragon of Cadwallader, the last of the British kings, from whom he claimed his descent, and on the sinister side he bore a white greyhound, which he either used by right from his maternal ancestors the Earls of Somerset, or in right of his wife through the Nevilles. Henry VIII. had the same supporters, at all events until 1528, when he omitted the greyhound and took a crowned lion 'rampant, guardant, or,' for his dexter supporter, relegating the dragon to the sinister side. The lion had already been used as a Royal crest, and these supporters remained the same until the time of James I.

The unicorn was at a very early period one of the devices used by the Scottish kings. It was supposed to be a type of many virtues, especially that of unconquerable freedom. The Scottish coat-of-arms had as supporters one of these animals on each side, argent, armed, crined and unguled, or, gorged with a collar formed of a princely coronet, from which depended a chain, supposed to have been adopted by one of the Scottish kings as a mark of sorrow at having accidentally caused the death of his father. When James VI. of Scotland came to England as King, besides the alterations in the coat itself, which I have already mentioned, he substituted one of these unicorns as the sinister supporter in place of the red dragon used by his predecessors.

James I. was the first of our sovereigns whose books were, as a rule, bound in morocco leather. Morocco is made from the skin of the goat, and for beauty and durability it far excels all other leathers. The colours King James preferred were different shades of brown, dark green, or blue, only one of his books, as far as I know, having a tinge of red in the brown. The goat-skin used at this period is of the kind known as 'smooth,' that is to say, it did not possess the 'grain' upon it which it now generally bears. This grain is produced by wetting the leather and then rolling it with the hand or a special wooden roller, when it becomes closer in texture, and grained to some extent according to the manner of the rolling, but mainly according to its natural lines. I think Roger Payne, a great

English binder of the eighteenth century, was the first to make general use of grained morocco even if he did not invent it. He rolled it only one way, thereby producing what is known as a 'straight grain.' Unfortunately at the present day graining is often produced by quick artificial means, and is not always so admirable as might be desired.

While King James was still in Scotland John Gibson was the Royal binder, and in Dibdin's 'Decameron' a list is given of books bound by him, none of which, however, have so far been identified. The one binding still left which was most likely bound by him covers the original manuscript of the ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ, written by the King for his son Henry. It is covered in purple velvet, with the Royal coat of Scotland, supporters, and collar of St. Andrew, cut out of a plate of thin gold and fastened in the centre; the clasps also are ornamentally cut out of gold, and embody the design of a thistle.

In 1604 John and Abraham Bateman were appointed Royal bookbinders, and it is likely they bound most of the books belonging to James I. that now remain, the characteristics of which are, generally, a large centre stamp of the Royal coat-of-arms, large corner pieces, and the field powdered thickly with small stamps of various designs, lions, thistles, roses, fleurs-de-lys, and tridents being the most usual, these all being used either alone or in combination. I think, however, that James employed some other binder than either of these, especially during the early part of his reign in England, and that this binder was afterwards passed on to Prince Henry.

The finest work of this anonymous master is found on the original of the binding illustrated on this first number of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW, and it is in every way a very fine piece of work. The book is a copy of André Thevet's work, entitled 'Les Vraies Pourtraits et Vies des Hommes Illustrés,' printed at Paris in 1584, and it was probably bound quite early in the reign. It is covered in dark blue morocco, richly tooled in gold, bearing the Royal arms in the centre, surmounted by the crown of England, without supporters. The red in the coats of England and Scotland and the crimson cap within the crown are marked by inlays of red morocco. The coat is flanked by the royal initials 'J.R.,' and supported above and below by small sprays of laurel, all enclosed in a fretted border of dotted ribbon, which expands outwards from each of its four sides into interlacing circles. These in their turn again expand into ten ornamental cartouches, finally ending in a border along the edges of the book, which assumes circular forms at the four corners. In the centre of each ornamental cartouche is a conventional flower, from which spring innumerable curves or stalks symmetrically arranged, and richly ornamented with conventional leaves, buds, tendrils, and flowers. These graceful curves cover the whole ground closely, and

where the leather is still unadorned it is further decorated with triple dots, rings, small quatrefoils, and a small five-petalled flower. The whole is enclosed in an outer roll border of closely set ornamental forms, small circles, fleurs-de-lys, &c. The edges of the book are gilt, and on them is stamped a similar design to that on the sides—a dotted ribbon with interlacing curves.

Neither was James I. entirely forgetful of his Tudor descent, as on one of his larger stamps he used the badges of the double rose of York and Lancaster, and the portcullis, the emblem of the Castle of De Beaufort, both of which were first used by Henry VII., and then by all his immediate successors. On the same stamp is also found the badge of a crowned falcon bearing a sceptre, and standing on a flaming pedestal on which grows a rose-bush with white and red roses. This badge was especially favoured by Queen Elizabeth, who is supposed to have liked it because it was used by her mother Anne Boleyn before her. It appears on a fine set of several volumes bound for her, now in the library of Westminster Abbey, and isolated instances of its use also occur in other large libraries.

THE GREAT CONDITION
BY HENRY JAMES

I

'AH there, confound it!' said Bertram Braddle when he had once more frowned, so far as he could frown, over his telegram. 'I *must* catch the train if I'm to have my morning clear in town. And it's a most abominable nuisance!'

'Do you mean on account of—a—*her?*' asked, after a minute's silent sympathy, the friend to whom—in the hall of the hotel, still bestrewn with the appurtenances of the newly disembarked—he had thus querulously addressed himself.

He looked hard for an instant at Henry Chilver, but the hardness was not all produced by Chilver's question. His annoyance at not being able to spend his night at Liverpool was visibly the greatest that such a privation can be conceived as producing, and might have seemed indeed to transcend the limits of its occasion. 'I promised her the second day out that, no matter at what hour we should get in, I would see her up to London and save her having to take a step by herself.'

'And you piled up the assurance'—Chilver somewhat irrelevantly laughed—'with each successive day!'

'Naturally—for what is there to do between New York and Queenstown but pile up? And now, with this pistol at my head'—crumpling the telegram with an angry fist, he tossed it into the wide public chimney-place—'I leave her to scramble through to-morrow as she can. She has to go on to Brighton and she doesn't know——' And Braddle's quickened sense of the perversity of things dropped to a moment's helpless communion with the aggravating face of his watch.

'She doesn't know——?' his friend conscientiously echoed.

'Oh, she doesn't know anything! Should you say it's too late to ask for a word with her?'

Chilver, with his eyes on the big hotel-clock, wondered. 'Latish—isn't it?—when she must have been gone this quarter of an hour to her room.'

'Yes, I'm bound to say she *has* managed *that* for herself!' and Braddle stuck back his watch. 'So that, as I haven't time to write, there's nothing for me but to wire her—ever so apologetically—the first thing in the morning from town.'

'Surely—as for the steamer special there are now only about five minutes left.'

'Good then—I join you,' said Braddle with a sigh of submission. 'But where's the brute who took my things? Yours went straight to the station?'

'No—they're still out there on the cab from which I set you

down. And there's your chap with your stuff'—Chilver's eye had just caught the man—'he's ramming it into the lift. Collar him before it goes up.' Bertram Braddle, on this, sprang forward in time; then while at an office-window that opened into an inner sanctuary he explained his case to a neatly fitted priestess whose cold eyes looked straight through nonsense, putting it before her that he should after all not require the room he had telegraphed for, his companion only turned uneasily about at a distance and made no approach to the arrested four-wheeler that, at the dock, had received both the gentlemen and their effects. 'I join you—I join you,' Braddle repeated as he brought back his larger share of these.

Chilver appeared meanwhile to have found freedom of mind for a decision. 'But, my dear fellow, shall I too then go?'

Braddle stared. 'Why, I thought you so eminently *had* to.'

'Not if I can be of any use to you. I mean by stopping over and offering my—I admit very inferior—aid——'

'To Mrs. Damerel?' Braddle took in his friend's sudden and —as it presented itself—singularly obliging change of plan. 'Ah, you want to be of use to *her?*'

'Only if it will take her off your mind till you see her again. I don't mind telling you now,' Chilver courageously continued, 'that I'm not positively in such a hurry. I said I'd catch the train because I thought you wanted to be alone with her.'

The young men stood there now a trifle rigidly, but very expressively, face to face: Bertram Braddle, the younger but much the taller, smooth, handsome and heavy, with the composition of his dress so elaborately informal, his pleasant monocular scowl so religiously fixed, his hat so despairingly tilted, and his usual air—innocent enough, however—of looking down from some height still greater—as every one knew about the rich, the bloated Braddles—than that of his fine stature; Chilver, slight and comparatively colourless, rather sharp than bright, but with—in spite of a happy brown moustache, scantily professional, but envied by the man whose large, empty, sunny face needed, as some one had said, a little planting—no particular 'looks' save those that dwelt in his intelligent eyes. 'And what then did you think I wanted to do?'

'Exactly what you say. To present yourself in a taking light—to deepen the impression you've been at so much trouble to make. But if you don't care for my stopping——!' And tossing away the end of his cigarette with a gesture of good-humoured renouncement, Chilver moved across the marble slabs to the draughty portal that kept swinging from the street.

There were porters, travellers, other impediments in his way, and this gave Braddle an appreciable time to watch his receding back before it disappeared; the prompt consequence of which was an 'I say, Chilver!' launched after him sharply enough to make him turn

round before passing out. The speaker had not otherwise stirred, and the interval of space doubtless took something from the straightness of their further mute communication. This interval, the next minute, as Chilver failed to return, Braddle diminished by gaining the door in company with a porter whose arm he had seized on the way. 'Take this gentleman's things off the cab and put on mine.' Then as he turned to his friend: 'Go and tell the young woman there that you'll have the room I've given up.'

Chilver laid upon him a hand still interrogative enough not to be too grateful. 'Are you very sure it's all right?'

Braddle's face simply followed for a moment, in the outer lamplight, the progress of the operation he had decreed. 'Do you think I'm going to allow you to make out that I'm afraid?'

'Well, my dear chap, why shouldn't you be?' Henry Chilver, with this retort, did nothing; he only, with his hands in his pockets, let the porter and the cabman bestir themselves. 'I simply wanted to be civil.'

'Oh, I'll risk it!' said the younger man with a free enough laugh. 'Be awfully attentive, you know.'

'Of course it won't be anything like the same thing to *her*,' Chilver went on.

'Of course not, but explain. Tell her I'm wiring, writing. Do everything, in short. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, good-bye, old man.' And Chilver went down with him to the rearranged cab. 'So many thanks.'

'Thanks?' said the other as he got in.

'I mean because I'm—hang it!—just tired enough to be glad to go to bed.'

'Oh!' came rather dryly from Braddle out of the window of the cab.

'Sha'n't I go with you to the station?' his companion asked.

'Dear no—much obliged!'

'Well, you shall have my report!' Chilver continued.

'Ah, I shall have Mrs. Damerel's!' Braddle answered as the cab drove away.

II

The fatigue of which Chilver had spoken sought relief for the time in a good deal of rather pointless activity, and it was not for an hour after he had taken possession of his room that he lay down to close his eyes. He moved, before this, in his narrow limits, up and down and to and fro; he left his smaller portmanteau gaping but unpacked; he fumbled in his dressing-bag for a book and dropped with it into a chair. But when in this position he let his attention very soon wander and his lids finally droop, it was not at all that sleep had overcome him. Something had overcome him, on the

contrary, that, a quarter of an hour later, made him jump up and consult the watch he had transferred from his pocket to his bedside as his only step toward undressing. He quickly restored it to its receptacle and, catching up his hat, left the room and took his course downstairs. Here, for another quarter of an hour, he wandered, waited, looked about. He had been rather positive to his comrade on the question of Mrs. Damerel's possible, impossible, reappearance; but his movements, for some time, could have been explained only by an unquenched imagination that, late though the hour, she might 'nip' down—so in fact he mentally phrased it: well, for what? To indulge—it was conceivable—an appetite unappeased by the five and twenty meals (Braddle had seen them all served to her on deck) of the rapid voyage. He kept glancing into the irresponsive coffee-room and peeping through the glass door of a smaller blank, bright apartment in which a lonely ugly lady, hatted and coated and hugging a bundle of shawls, sat glaring into space with an anxiety of her own. When at last he returned to his room, however, it was quite with the recognition that such a person as Mrs. Damerel wouldn't at all at that hour be knocking about the hotel. On the other hand—his vigil still encouraged the reflection—what appeared less like her than her giving them the slip, on their all leaving the dock, so unceremoniously—making her independent dash for a good room at the inn the very moment the Customs people had passed her luggage? It was perhaps the fatiguing futility of this question that at last sent Henry Chilver to bed and to sleep.

That restorative proved the next morning to have considerably cleared and settled his consciousness. He found himself immediately aware of being in no position to say what was or was not 'like' Mrs. Damerel. He knew as little about her as Braddle knew, and it was his conviction that Braddle's ignorance had kept regular step with all the rest of the conditions. These conditions were, to begin with, that, seated next her at table for the very first repast, Bertram had struck up with her a friendship of which the leaps and bounds were, in the social, the sentimental sphere, not less remarkable than those with which the great hurrying ship took its way through the sea. They were, further, that, unlike all the other women, so numerous and, in the fine weather, so "chatty," she had succeeded in incurring the acquaintance of nobody in the immense company but themselves. Three or four men had more or less made up to her, but with none of the ladies had she found it inevitable to exchange, to his observation—and oh, his attention, at least, had been deep!—three words. The great fact above all had been—as it now glimmered back to him—that he had studied her not so much in her own demonstrations, which had been few and passive, as in those of his absolutely alienated companion. He had been reduced to contemplation resignedly remote, since Braddle now

monopolised her, and had thus seen her largely through his surprise at the constancy of Braddle's interest. The affinities hitherto—in other cases—recognised by his friend he had generally made out as of an order much less fine. There were lots of women on the ship who might easily have been supposed to be a good deal more his affair. Not one of them had, however, by any perversity corresponding with that of the connection under his eyes, become in any degree Chilver's own. He had the feeling, on the huge crowded boat, of making the voyage in singular solitude, a solitude mitigated only by the amusement of finding Braddle so 'mashed' and of wondering what would come of it. Much less, up to that moment, had come of the general American exposure than each, on their sailing westward for the more and more prescribed near view, had freely foretold to the other as the least they were likely to get off with. The near view of the big queer country had at last, this summer, imposed itself: so many other men had got it and were making it, in talk, not only a convenience but a good deal of a nuisance, that it appeared to have become, defensively, as necessary as the electric light in the flat one might wish to let; as to which the two friends, after their ten bustling weeks, had now in fact grown to feel that they could press the American button with the best.

But they had been on the whole—Chilver at least had been—disappointed in the celebrated (and were they not *all*, in the United States, celebrated?) native women. He didn't quite know what he had expected: something or other, at any rate, that had not taken place. He felt as if he had carried over in his portmanteau a court-suit or a wedding-garment and were bringing it back untouched, unfolded, in creases unrelieved and almost painfully aware of themselves. They had taken lots of letters—most of them, some fellow who knew had told them, awfully good ones; they had been to Washington and Boston and Newport and Mount Desert, walking round and round the vociferous whirlpool, but neither tumbling in nor feeling at any moment, as it appeared, at all dangerously dizzy; so that here—in relation to Mrs. Damerel—was the oddity of an impression vertiginous only after everything might have been supposed to be well over. This lady was the first female American they had met, of almost any age, who was not celebrated; yet she was the one who suggested most to Chilver something he now imagined himself originally to have gone forth expecting to feel. She was a person to whom they couldn't possibly have had a letter; she had never in her life been to Newport; she was on her way to England for the first time; she was, in short, most inconsistently, though indeed quite unblushingly, obscure. She was only charming in a new way. It was newer, somehow, than any of the others that were so fresh. Yet what should he call it if he were trying—

in a foolish flight of analysis to somebody else—to describe it? When he asked himself this he was verily brought, from one thing to another, to recognising that it was probably in fact as old as the hills. All that was new in it was that he was in love with her; and moreover without in the least knowing her, so completely, so heroically, from the point of honour, had he, for all the six days, left her to poor Braddle. Well, if he should now take her up to town he would be a little less ignorant. He liked, naturally, to think he should be of use to her, but he flattered himself he kept the point of honour well in view. To Braddle—given Braddle's uneasiness—he should be equally of use.

III

This last appearance was in a short time abundantly confirmed; not only when, in London, after the discharge of his mission, he submitted to his friend a detailed account of that happy transaction, but ten days later, on Braddle's own return from Brighton, where he had promptly put in a week—a week of which, visibly, the sole and irresistible motive was Mrs. Damerel, established there as a sequel to Chilver's attendance on her from Liverpool to Euston and from Euston, within the hour—so immediately that she got off before her other friend had had time to turn up at either station—to Victoria. This other friend passed in London, while at Brighton, the inside of a day, rapping with a familiar stick—at an hour supposedly not dedicated, in those grey courts, to profane speculation—the door of the dingy Temple chambers in which, after the most extravagant holiday of his life, Henry Chilver had found it salutary to sit and imagine himself 'reading.' But Braddle had always been, portentously, a person of free mornings—his nominal occupation that of looking after his father's 'interests' and his real one that of spending, though quite without scandal, this personage's money, of which, luckily, there seemed an abundance. What came from him on this occasion connected itself with something that had passed between them on their previous meeting, the one immediately following the incident at Liverpool. Chilver had at that time been rather surprised to hear his friend suddenly bring out: 'You don't then think there's anything "off" about her?'

'Off?' Chilver could at least be perfectly vague. 'Off what?'

'What's the beastly phrase? "Off colour." I mean do you think she's all right?'

'Are you in love with her?' Chilver after a moment demanded.

'Damn it, of course I'm in love with her!' Braddle joylessly articulated.

'Well then, doesn't that give you——?'

'Give me what?' he asked with impatience at his companion's pause.

'Well, a sort of searching light——'

'For reading her clear?' Braddle broke in. 'How can you ask —as a man of the world—anything so idiotic? Where did you ever discover that being in love makes a searching light, or anything but a demoralising and most misleading darkness? One has been in love with creatures such that one's condition has lighted nothing in the world but one's asininity. *I* have at any rate. And so have you!'

'No, I've never been really in love at all,' said Chilver good-humouredly.

'The less credit to you then to have—in two or three cases I recall—made such a fool of yourself. I, at all events—I don't mind your knowing,' Braddle went on—'am harder hit, far and away, than I've ever been. But I don't in the least pretend to place her or to have a free judgment about her. I've already—since we landed—had two letters from her, and I go down to-morrow to see her. That *may* assist me—it ought to—to make her out a little better. But I've a gruesome feeling that it won't!'

'Then how can I help you?' Chilver inquired with just irritation enough to make him, the next moment—though his interlocutor, interestingly worried but really most inexpert, had no answer for the question—sorry to have shown it. 'If you've heard from her,' he continued, 'did she send me a message?'

'None whatever.'

'Nor say anything about me?'

'Not a word.'

'Ah!' said Henry Chilver while their eyes again met with some insistence. He somehow liked Mrs. Damerel's silence after the hours he had spent with her; but his consciousness was again predominantly of not wanting Braddle to see in him any emotion. 'A woman may surely be called all right, it seems to me, when she's pretty and clever and good.'

'"Good"?' Braddle echoed. 'How do you know she's good?'

'Why, damn it, she's such a lady.'

'*Isn't* she?'—Braddle took it up with equal promptitude and inconsequence. Then he recovered himself. 'All the same, one has known ladies——!'

'Yes, one has. But she's quite the best thing that, in the whole time, we've come across.'

'Oh, by a long shot. Think of those women on the ship. It's only that she's so poor,' Braddle added.

Chilver hesitated. 'Is she so awfully?'

'She has evidently to count very closely.'

'Well, if she had been bad she'd be rich,' Chilver returned after another silence. 'So what more do you want?'

'Nothing. Nothing,' Braddle repeated.

'Good-bye, then.'

'Good-bye.'

On which the elder man had taken leave; so that what was inevitably to follow had to wait for their next meeting. Mrs. Damerel's victim betrayed on this second occasion still more markedly the state of a worried man, and his friend measured his unrest by his obvious need of a patient ear, a need with which Chilver's own nature, this interlocutor felt, would not in the same conditions have been acquainted. Even while he wondered, however, at the freedom his visitor used, Chilver recognised that had it been a case of more or less fatuous happiness Braddle would probably have kept the matter to himself. His host made the reflection that *he*, on the other hand, might have babbled about a confidence, but would never have opened his mouth about a fear. Braddle's fear, like many fears, had a considerable queerness, and Chilver, in presence of it and even before a full glimpse, had begun to describe it to himself as a fixed idea. It was as if, according to Braddle, there had been something in Mrs. Damerel's history that she ought really to have told a fellow before letting him in so far.

'But how far?'

'Why, hang it, I'd marry her to-morrow.'

Chilver waited a moment. 'Is what you mean that she'd marry *you*?'

'Yes, blest if I don't believe she certainly would.'

'You mean if you'd let her off——?'

'Yes,' Braddle concurred; 'the obligation of letting me know the particular thing that, whatever it is, right or wrong, I've somehow got it so tormentingly into my head that she keeps back.'

'When you say "keeps back," do you mean that you've questioned her?'

'Oh, not about *that!*' said Braddle with beautiful simplicity.

'Then do you expect her to volunteer information——'

'That may damage her so awfully with me?' Braddle had taken it up intelligently, but appeared sufficiently at a loss as to what he expected. 'I'm sure she knows well enough I want to know.'

'I don't think I understand what you're talking about,' Chilver replied after a longish stare at the fire.

'Well, about something or other in her life; some awkward passage, some beastly episode or accident; the things that do happen, that often *have* happened, to women you might think perfectly straight—come now! and that they very often quite successfully hide. You know what I'm driving at: some chapter in the book difficult to read aloud—some unlucky page she'd like to tear out. God forgive me, some slip.'

Chilver, quitting the fire, had taken a turn round the room.

'Is it your idea,' he presently inquired, 'that there may have been only *one?* I mean one "slip."' He pulled up long enough in front of them to give his visitor's eyes time to show a guess at possible derision, then he went on in another manner. 'No, no; I really don't understand. You seem to me to see her as a column of figures each in itself highly satisfactory, but which, when you add them up, make only a total of doubt.'

'That's exactly it!' Braddle spoke almost with admiration of this neat formula. 'She hasn't really *any* references.'

'But, my dear man, it's not as if you were engaging a housemaid.'

Braddle was arrested but a moment. 'It's much worse. For any one else I shouldn't mind——!'

'What I don't grasp,' his companion broke in, 'is your liking her so much as to "mind" so much, without by the same stroke liking her enough not to mind at all.'

Braddle took in without confusion this approach to subtlety. 'But suppose it should be something rather awful?'

It was his confidant, rather, who was a trifle disconcerted. 'Isn't it just as easy—besides being much more comfortable—to suppose there's nothing?'

'No. If it had been, don't you see that I *would* have supposed it? There's something. I don't know what there is; but there's something.'

'Then ask her.'

Braddle wondered. 'Would *you?*'

'Oh dear, no!'

'Then *I* won't!' Braddle returned with an odd air of defiance that made his host break into a laugh. 'Suppose,' he continued, 'she should swear there's nothing.'

'The chance of that is just why it strikes me you might ask her.'

'I "might"? I thought you said one shouldn't.'

'*I* shouldn't. But I haven't your ideas.'

'Ah, but you don't know her.'

Chilver hesitated. 'Precisely. And what you mean is that, even if she should swear there's nothing, you wouldn't believe her?'

Braddle appeared to give a silent and even somewhat diffident assent. 'There's nothing I should hate like that. I should hate it still more than being as I am. If you had seen more of her,' he pursued, 'you would know what I mean by her having no references. Her whole life has been so extraordinarily—so conveniently, as one might say—away from everything.'

'I see—so conveniently for *her*. Beyond verification.'

'Exactly; the record's inaccessible. It's all the "great West." We saw something of the great West, and I thought it rather *too* great. She appears to have put in a lot of California and the Sand-

wich Islands. I may be too particular, but I don't fancy a Sandwich Islands past. Even for her husband and for her little girl—for their having lived as little as for their having died—she has nothing to show. She hasn't so much as a photograph, a lock of hair or an announcement in a newspaper.'

Chilver thought. 'But perhaps she wouldn't naturally leave such things about the sitting-room of a Brighton lodging.'

'I dare say not. But it isn't only such things. It's tremendously odd her never having even by mere chance knocked against anything or any one that one has ever heard of or could—if one should want to—get at.'

Again Henry Chilver reflected. 'Well, that's what struck me as especially nice, or rather as very remarkable in her—her being, with all her attraction, one of the obscure seventy millions; a mere little almost nameless tossed-up flower out of the huge mixed lap of the great American people. I mean for the charming person she is. I doubt if, after all, any other huge mixed lap——'

'Yes, if she were English, on those lines,' Braddle sagaciously interrupted, 'one wouldn't look at her, would one?'

Chilver was silent a little. 'What you don't like is her music.'

His visitor met his eyes. 'Why, it's awfully good.'

'Is it? I mean her having, as you told me on the boat, given lessons.'

'That certainly is not what I most like her to have done—I mean on account of some of the persons she may have given them *to;* but when her voice broke down she had to do something. She had sung in public—though only in concerts; but that's another thing. She lost her voice after an illness. I don't know what the illness was. It was after her husband's death. She plays quite wonderfully—better, she says, really, than she sang; so she has that resource. She gave the lessons in the Sandwich Islands. She admits that, fighting for her own hand, as she says, she has kept some queer company. I've asked her for details, but she only says she'll tell me "some day." Well, *what* day, don't you know? Finally she inherited a little money—she says from a distant cousin. I don't call *that* distant—setting her up. It isn't much, but it made the difference, and there she is. She says she's afraid of London; but I don't quite see in what sense. She heard about her place at Brighton from some "Western friends." But how can I go and ask them?'

'The Western friends?' said Chilver.

'No, the people of the house—about the other people. The place is rather beastly, but it seems all right. At any rate she likes it. If there's an awful hole on earth it's Brighton, but she thinks it "perfectly fascinating." Now isn't that a rum note? She's the most extraordinary mixture.'

Chilver had listened with a kind of averted patience to these

odd droppings of anguish, speaking to the point only when they appeared completely to have ceased. 'Well, my dear man, what is it, may I ask in all sympathy, you would like me, in the circumstances, to do? Do you want me to sound her for you?'

'Don't be *too* excruciatingly funny,' Braddle after a moment replied.

'Well then, clear the thing up.'

'But how?'

'By making her let you know the worst.'

'And by what means—if I don't ask her?'

'Simply by proposing.'

'Marriage?'

'Marriage, naturally.'

'You consider,' Braddle inquired, 'that that will infallibly make her speak?'

'Not infallibly, but probably.'

Braddle looked all round the room. 'But if it shouldn't?'

His friend took another turn about. 'Well—risk it!'

IV

Henry Chilver remained for a much longer time than he would have expected in ignorance of the effect of that admonition; two full months elapsed without bringing him news. Something, he meanwhile reasoned, he *should* know—ought to know: it was due to him assuredly that Bertram Braddle shouldn't—quite apart from the distance travelled in the company of Mrs. Damerel—go so far even with *him* without recognising the propriety of going farther. But at last, as the weeks passed, he arrived at his own estimate of a situation which had clearly nothing more to give him. It was a situation that had simply ceased to be one. Braddle was afraid and had remained afraid, just as he was ashamed and had remained ashamed. He had bolted, in his embarrassment, to Australia or the Cape; unless indeed he had dashed off once more to America, this time perhaps in quest of his so invidious 'references.' Was he looking for tracks in the great West or listening to twaddle in the Sandwich Islands? In any case Mrs. Damerel would be alone, and the point of honour, for Chilver himself, would have had its day. The sharpest thing in his life at present was the desire to see her again, and he considered that every day without information made a difference for the question of avoiding her from delicacy. Finally, one morning, with the first faint winter light, it became vivid to him that the dictate of delicacy was positively the other way—was that, on the basis of Braddle's disappearance, he should make her some sign of recollection. He had not forgotten the address observed on one of her luggage-labels the day he had seen her up from Liverpool. Mightn't he, for instance, run down to her

place that very morning? Braddle couldn't expect——! What Braddle couldn't expect, however, was lost in the suppressed sound with which, on passing into his sitting-room and taking up his fresh letters, he greeted the superscription of the last of the half-dozen just placed on his table. The envelope bore the postmark of Brighton, and if he had languished for information the very first lines—the note was only of a page—were charged with it. Braddle announced his engagement to Mrs. Damerel, spoke briefly, but with emphasis, of their great happiness and their early nuptials, and hoped very much his correspondent would be able to come down and see them for a day.

Henry Chilver, it may be stated, had, for reasons of feeling—he felt somehow so deeply refuted—to wait a certain time to answer. What had Mrs. Damerel's lover, he wondered, succeeded at last in extracting from her? She had made up her mind as to what she could safely do—she had let him know the worst and he had swallowed it down? What *was* it, the queer suppressed chapter; what was the awkward page they had agreed to tear out together? Chilver found himself envying his friend the romance of having been sustained in the special effort, the extreme sacrifice, involved in such an understanding. But he had for many days, on the whole vision, odd impatiences that were followed by odder recoveries. One of these variations was a sudden drop of the desire to be in presence of the woman for the sight of whom he had all winter consistently been yearning. What was most marked, however, was the shake he had vigorously to give himself on perceiving his thoughts again and again take the direction that poor Braddle had too successfully imparted to them. His curiosity about the concession she might have made to Braddle's was an assumption—without Braddle's excuses—that she had really had something to conceal till she was sure of her man. This was idiotic, because the idea was one that never would have originated with himself.

He did at last fix a day, none the less, and went down; but there, on the spot, his imagination was, to his surprise, freshly excited by the very fact that there were no apparent signs of a drama. It was as if he could see, after all, even face to face with her, what had stirred within the man she had for a time only imperfectly subdued. Why should she have tried to be so simple—too simple? She overdid it, she ignored too much. Clear, soft, sweet, yet not a bit silly, she might well strike a fellow as having had more history than she—what should one call it?—recognised. There were moments when Chilver thought he got hold of it in saying to himself that she was too clever to be merely what she was. There was something in her that, more than anything ever in any one, gratified his taste and seemed to him to testify to the happiest exercise of her own; and such things brought up the puzzle of how

so much taste could have landed her simply where she was. Where she was—well, was doubtless where she would find comfort, for the man she had accepted was now visibly at peace, even though he had not yet, as appeared, introduced her to his people. The fact of which Chilver was at last as at first most conscious was the way she succeeded in withholding from his own penetration every trace of the great question she had had out with her intended, who yet couldn't have failed—one would quite have defied him—to give it to her somehow that he had on two occasions allowed his tongue to betray him to the other person he most trusted. Braddle, whose taste was not his strong point, had probably mentioned this indiscretion to her as a drollery; or else she had simply questioned him, got it out of him. This made their guest a participant, but there was something beautiful and final in the curtain that, on her side, she had dropped. It never gave, all day, the faintest stir. That affected Chilver as the mark of what there might be behind.

Yet when in the evening his friend went with him to the station—for the visitor had declined to sleep and was taking the last train back—he had, after they had walked two or three times up and down the platform, the greatest mystification of all. They were smoking; there were ten minutes to spare, and they moved to and fro in silence. They had been talking all day—mainly in Mrs. Damerel's company, but the circumstance that neither spoke at present was not the less marked. Yet if Chilver was waiting for something on his host's part he could scarcely have said for what. He was aware now that if Mrs. Damerel had, as he privately phrased it, 'spoken,' it was scarcely to be expected that the man with a standpoint altered by a definite engagement would—at the present stage at least—repeat to him her words. He felt, however, as the fruitless moments ebbed, a trifle wronged, at all events disappointed: since he had been dragged into the business, as he always for himself expressed it, it would only have been fair to throw a sop to his conjecture. What, moreover, was Braddle himself so perversely and persistently mum for—without an allusion that should even serve as a penance—unless to draw out some advance which might help him to revert with an approach to grace? Chilver nevertheless made no advance, and at last as, ceasing to stroll, they stood at the open door of an empty compartment, the train was almost immediately to start. At this moment they exchanged rather a long, queer stare.

'Well, good-bye,' said the elder man.

'Good-bye.' Chilver still waited before entering the carriage, but just as he was about to give up his companion added: 'You see I followed your advice. I took the risk.'

'Oh—about the question we discussed?' Chilver broke now, on the instant, into friendly response. 'See then how right I was.'

Braddle looked up and down the train. 'I don't know.'

'You're not satisfied?'

'Satisfied?' Still Braddle looked away.

'With what she has told you.'

Braddle faced him again. 'She has told me nothing.'

'Nothing?'

'Nothing. She has accepted me—that's all. Not a bit else. So you see you *weren't* so right.'

'Oh—oh!' exclaimed Chilver protestingly. The guard at this moment interposing with a 'Take your seats, please!' and sharply, on his entering the carriage, shutting the door on him, he continued the conversation from the window, on which he rested his elbows. During the movement his protest had changed to something else. 'Ah, but won't she yet——?'

'Let me have it? I'm sure I don't know. All I can say is that nothing has come from her.'

'Then it's because there *is* nothing.'

'I hope so,' said Braddle from the platform.

'So you see,' Chilver called out as the train moved, 'I *was* right!' And he leaned forth as the distance grew and Braddle stood motionless and grave, gaily insisting and taking leave with his waving hand. But when he drew in his head and dropped into a seat he rather collapsed, tossing his hat across the compartment and sinking back into a corner and an attitude from which, staring before him and not even lighting another cigarette, he never budged till he reached Victoria.

A fortnight later the footfall of Mrs. Damerel's intended was loud on the old staircase in the Temple and the knob of his stick louder still on the old door. 'It's only that it has rather stuck in my crop,' he presently explained, 'that I let you leave Brighton the other day with the pretension that you had been "right," as you called it, about the risk—attending the particular step—that I took. I can't help it if I want you to know—for it bores me that you're so pleased—that you weren't in the least right. You were most uncommonly wrong.'

'Wrong?'

'Wrong.'

Chilver looked vaguely about as if suddenly in search of something, then moved with an odd general inconsequence to the window. 'As the day's so fine, do you mind our getting out of this beastly stuffy place into the Gardens? We can talk there.' His hat was apparently what he had been looking for, and he took it up, and with it some cigarettes. Braddle, though seemingly disconcerted by what threatened to be practically a change of subject, replied that he didn't care a hang; so that, leaving the room, they passed together down to the court and through other battered courts and crooked ways. The dim London sunshine in the great surrounded garden

had a kindness, and the hum of the town was as hindered and yet as present as the faint sense of spring. The two men stopped together before a bench, but neither for the moment sat down. 'Do you mean she *has* told you?' Chilver at last brought out.

'No—it's just what she hasn't done.'

'Then how the deuce am I wrong?'

'She has admitted that there *is* something.'

Chilver markedly wondered. 'Something? What?'

'That's just what I want to know.'

'Then you *have* asked her?'

Braddle hesitated. 'I couldn't resist my curiosity, my anxiety—call it what you will. I've been too worried. I put it to her the day after you were down there.'

'And how did you put it?'

'Oh, just simply, brutally, disgustingly. I said: "Isn't there something about yourself—something or other that has happened to you—that you're keeping back?"'

Chilver was attentive, but not solemn. 'Well?'

'Oh, she admitted it.'

'And in what terms?'

'"Well, since you really drive me to the wall, there *is* something."'

Chilver continued to consider. 'And is that all she says?'

'No—she says she *will* tell me.'

'Ah well, then?' And Chilver spoke with a curious—in fact, a slightly ambiguous—little renewed sound of superiority.

'Yes,' his friend ruefully returned, 'but not, you see, for six months.'

'Oh, I see! I see!' Chilver thoughtfully repeated. 'So you've got to wait—which I admit perfectly that you must find rather a bore. Yet if *she's* willing,' he went on with more cheer and as if still seeking a justification of his original judgment—'if *she's* willing, you see, I wasn't so much out.'

Bertram Braddle demurred. 'But she isn't willing.'

His interlocutor stared. 'I thought you said she proposed it.'

'Proposed what?'

'Why, the six months' wait—to make sure of you.'

'Ah, but she'll *be* sure of me, after she has married me. The delay she asks for is not for our marriage,' Braddle explained, 'but only—from the date of our marriage—for the information.'

'A-ah!' Chilver murmured, as if only now with a full view. 'She means she'll speak when you *are* married.'

'When we are. And then only on a great condition.'

'How great?'

'Well, that if after the six months I still want it very much. She argues, you know, that I *sha'n't* want it.'

'You won't then—you won't!' cried Chilver with a laugh at the odd word and passing his arm into his friend's to make him walk again. They talked and they talked; Chilver kept his companion's arm and they quite had the matter out.

'What's that, you know,' Braddle asked, 'but a way to get off altogether?'

'You mean for you to get off from knowing?'

'Ah no, for *her*——'

'To get off from telling? It *is* that, rather, of course,' Chilver conceded. 'But why shouldn't she get off—if you should be ready to let her?'

'Oh, but if I shouldn't be?' Braddle broke in.

'Why then, if she promises, she'll tell you.'

'Yes, but by that time the knot will be tight.'

'And what difference will that make if you don't mind? She argues, as you say, that after that amount of marriage, of experience of her, you won't care——!'

'What she does tell me may *be?*' Braddle smoked a moment in silence. 'But suppose it should be one of those things——' He dropped again.

'Well, what things?'

'That no man can like in *any* state of mind.'

'I don't know what things you mean.'

'Come, I say—you do! Suppose it should be something really awful.'

'Well, her calculation is that, awful or not,' Chilver said, 'she'll have sufficiently attached you to make you willing either totally to forego her disclosure or else easily to bear it.'

'Oh, I know her calculation—which is very charming as well as very clever and very brave. But my danger——'

'Oh, you think too much of your danger!'

Braddle stopped short. '*You* don't!'

Chilver, however, who had coloured, spent much of the rest of the time they remained together in assuring him that he allowed this element all its weight. Only he came back at the last to what, practically, he had come back to in their other talks. 'I don't quite see why she doesn't strike you as worth almost *any* risk.'

'Do you mean that that's the way she strikes you?'

'Oh, I've not to tell you at this time of day,' said Chilver, 'how well I think of her.'

His companion was now seated on a bench from which he himself had shortly before risen. 'Ah, but I don't suppose you pretend to know her.'

'No—certainly not, I admit. But I don't see how *you* should either, if you come to that.'

'I don't; but it's exactly what I'm trying for, confound it!

Besides,' Braddle pursued, 'she doesn't put you the great condition.'

Chilver took a few steps away; then as he came back: 'No; she doesn't!'

'Wait till some woman does,' Braddle went on. 'Then you'll see how you feel under it—then you can talk. If I wasn't so infernally fond of her,' he gloomily added, 'I wouldn't mind.'

'Wouldn't mind what?'

'Why, what she has been.'

'Oh!' Chilver vaguely ejaculated.

'And I only mind now to the extent of wanting to know.' On which Braddle rose from his seat with a heavy sigh. 'Hang it, I've got to know, you know!' he declared, as they walked on together.

V

Henry Chilver learned, however, in the course of time that he had won no victory on this, after all, rather reasonable ground—learned it from Mrs. Damerel herself, who came up to town in the spring and established herself, in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, in modest but decent quarters, where her late suitor's best friend went to pay her his respects. The great condition had, as each party saw it, been fruitlessly maintained, for neither had, under whatever pressure, found a way to give in. The most remarkable thing of all was that Chilver should so rapidly have become aware of owing his acquaintance with these facts directly to Mrs. Damerel. He had, for that matter, on the occasion of his very first call, an impression strangely new to him—the consciousness that they had already touched each other much more than any contact between them explained. They met in the air of a common knowledge, so that when, for instance, almost immediately, without precautions or approaches, she said of Bertram Braddle: 'He has gone off—heaven knows where!—to find out about me,' he was not in the least struck with the length of the jump. He was instantly sensible, on the contrary, of the greatest pleasure in showing by his reply that he needed no explanation. 'And do you think he'll succeed?'

'I don't know. He's so clever.'

This, it seemed to Henry Chilver, was a wonderful speech, and he sat there and candidly admired her for it. There were all sorts of things in it—faint, gentle ironies and humilities and above all the fact that the description was by no means exact. Poor Braddle was not, for such a measure as hers, clever, or markedly wouldn't be for such an undertaking. The words completely, on the part of the woman who might be supposed to have had a kindness for him, gave him away; but surely that was, in the face of his attitude, a mild revenge. It seemed to Chilver that until in her little make-

shift suburban drawing-room he found himself alone with Mrs. Damerel he himself had not effectively judged this position. He saw it now sharply, supremely, as the only one that had been possible to his friend, but finer still was the general state of perception, quickened to a generous intensity, that made him so see it. He couldn't have expressed the case otherwise than by saying that poor Braddle had had to be right to be so ridiculously wrong. There might well have been, it appeared, in Mrs. Damerel's past a missing link or two ; but what was the very office of such a fact—when taken with other facts not a bit less vivid—but to give one a splendid chance to show a confidence? Not the confidence that, as one could only put it to one's self, there had not been anything, but the confidence that, whatever there had been, one wouldn't find that one couldn't—for the sake of the rest—swallow it.

This was at bottom the great result of the first stages of Chilver's now independent, as he felt it to be, acquaintance with Mrs. Damerel —a sudden view of any, of every, dim passage, that was more than a tender acceptance of the particular obscurity, that partook really of the nature of affirmation and insistence. It all made her, with everything that for her advantage happened to help it on, extraordinarily touching to him, clothed her in the beauty of her general admission and her general appeal. Were not this admission and this appeal enough, and could anything be imagined more ponderously clumsy, more tactless and even truculent, than to want to gouge out the bleeding details? The charming woman was, to Chilver's view, about of his own age—not altogether so young, therefore, as Braddle, which was doubtless a note, too, in the latter's embarrassment—and that assuredly did give time for a certain quantity of more or less trying, of indeed quite delusive experience. There it practically was, this experience, in the character of her delicacy, in her kindly, witty, sensitive face, worn fine, too fine perhaps, but only to its increase of expression. She was neither a young fool nor an old one, assuredly ; but if the intenser acquaintance with life had made the object of one's affection neither false nor hard, how could one, on the whole, since the story might be so interesting, wish it away? Mrs. Damerel's admission was so much evidence of her truth and her appeal so much evidence of her softness. She might easily have hated them both for guessing. She was at all events just faded enough to match the small assortment of Chilver's fatigued illusions — those that he had still, for occasions, in somewhat sceptical use, but that had lost their original violence of colour.

The second time he saw her alone he came back to what she had told him of Bertram Braddle. 'If he should succeed—as to what you spoke of, wherever he has gone—would your engagement come on again?'

Mrs. Damerel hesitated, but she smiled. 'Do you mean whether he'll be likely to wish it?'

'No,' said Chilver, with something of a blush; 'I mean whether you'll be.'

She still smiled. 'Dear, no. I consider, you know, that I gave him his chance.'

'That you seem to me certainly to have done. Everything between you, then, as I understand it, is at an end?'

'It's very good of you,' said Mrs. Damerel, 'to desire so much to understand it. But I never give,' she laughed, 'but one chance!'

Chilver met her as he could. 'You evidently can't have given any one very many!'

'Oh, you know,' she replied, 'I don't in the least regard it as a matter of course that, many or few, they should be eagerly seized. Mr. Braddle has only behaved as almost any man in his situation would have done.'

Chilver at first, on this, only lost himself a while. 'Yes, almost any man. I don't consider that the smallest blame attaches to him.'

'It would be too monstrous.'

Again he was briefly silent, but he had his inspiration. 'Yes, let us speak of him gently.' Then he added: 'You've answered me enough. You're free.'

'Free indeed is what I feel,' she replied with her light irony, 'when I talk to you with this extraordinary frankness.'

'Ah, the frankness is mine! It comes from the fact that from the first, through Braddle, I knew. And you knew I knew. And I knew that too. It has made something between us.'

'It might have made something rather different from this,' said Mrs. Damerel.

He wondered an instant. 'Different from my sitting here so intimately with you?'

'I mightn't have been able to bear that. I might have hated the sight of you.'

'Ah, that would have been only,' said Chilver, 'if you had really liked me!'

She matched quickly enough the spirit of this. 'Oh, but it wasn't so easy to like you little enough!'

'Little enough to endure me? Well, thank heaven, at any rate, we've found a sort of way!' Then he went on with real sincerity: 'I feel as if our friend had tremendously helped me. Oh, how easily I want to let him down! There it is.'

She breathed, after a moment, her assent in a sigh. 'There it is!'

There indeed it was for several days during which her sigh frequently came back to him as a note of patience, of dignity in

helpless submission, penetrating beyond any that had ever reached him. She had been put completely in his power, her good name handed over to him, by no act of her own, and in all her manner in presence of the awkward fact there was something that blinked it as little as it braved it. He wondered so hard, with this, why, even after the talk I have just reported, they were each not more embarrassed, that it could only take him a tolerably short time to discover the reason. If there was something between them it had been between them, in silence and distance, from the first, from even before the moment when his friend, on the ship, by the favour of better opportunity, had tumbled in deep and temporarily blocked, as it were, the passage. Braddle was good-looking, good-humoured, well-connected, rich; and how could she have known of the impression of the man in the background any more than the man in the background could have known of hers? If she had accepted Braddle hadn't it been just to build out, in her situation, at a stroke, the worry of an alternative that was impossible? Of himself she had seen nothing but that he was out of the question, and she had agreed for conscience, for prudence, as a safeguard and a provision, to throw in her lot with a charming, fortunate fellow who was extremely in love. Chilver had, in his meditations, no sooner read these things clear than he had another flash that completed the vision. Hadn't she then, however, having done so much for reason, stood out, with her intended, on the item of the great condition—made great precisely by the insistence of each—exactly because, after all, that left the door open to her imagination, her dream, her hope? Hadn't her idea been to make for Bertram—troubled herself and wavering for the result—a calculated difficulty, a real test? Oh, if there was a test, how *he* was ready to meet it! Henry Chilver's insistence would take a different line from that of his predecessor. He stood at the threshold of the door, left open indeed, so that he had only to walk over. By the end of the week he had proposed.

VI

It was at his club, one day of the following year, that he next came upon his old friend, whom he had believed, turning the matter often round, he should—in time, though the time might be long—inevitably meet again on some ground socially workable. That the time might be long had been indicated by a circumstance that came up again as soon as, fairly face to face, they fell, in spite of everything, to talking together. 'Ah, you *will* speak to me then,' said Chilver, 'though you don't answer my letters!'

Braddle showed a strange countenance, partly accounted for by the fact that he was brown, seasoned, a trifle battered and had almost grown thin. But he had still his good monocular scowl, on the strength of which—it was really so much less a threat than a positive

appeal from a supersubtle world—any old friend, recognising it again, would take almost anything from him. Yes indeed, quite anything, Chilver felt after they had been a few minutes together: he had become so quickly conscious of pity, of all sorts of allowances, and this had already operated as such a quickener of his private happiness. He had immediately proposed that they should look for a quiet corner, and they had found one in the smoking-room, always empty in the middle of the afternoon. Here it seemed to him that Braddle showed him what he himself had escaped. He had escaped being as *he* was—that was it: 'as *he* was' was a state that covered now, to Chilver's sense, such vast spaces of exclusion and privation. It wasn't exactly that he was haggard or ill; his case was perhaps even not wholly clear to him, and he had still all the rest of his resources; but he was miserably afloat, and he could only be for Chilver the big, sore, stupid monument of his irretrievable mistake. 'Did you write me more than once?' he finally asked.

'No—but once. But I thought it, I'm bound to say, an awfully good letter, and you took no notice of it, you know, whatever. You never returned me a word.'

'I know,' said Braddle, smoking hard and looking away; 'it reached me at Hawaii. It *was*, I dare say, as good a letter as such a letter could be. I remember—I remember: all right; thanks. But I couldn't answer it. I didn't like it, and yet I couldn't trust myself to tell you so in the right way. So I let it alone.'

'And we've therefore known nothing whatever about you.'

Braddle sat jogging his long foot. 'What is it you've wanted to know?'

The question made Chilver feel a little foolish. What *was* it, after all? 'Well, what had become of you, and that sort of thing. I supposed,' he added, 'that you might be feeling as you say, and there was a lot, in connection with you, of course I myself felt, for me to think about. I even hesitated a good deal to write to you at all, and I waited, you remember, don't you? till after my marriage. I don't know what your state of mind may be to-day, but you'll never, my dear chap, get a "rise" out of me. I bear you no grudge.'

His companion, at this, looked at him again. 'Do you mean for what I said——?'

'What you said?——'

'About *her*.'

'Oh no—I mean for the way you've treated us.'

'How do you know how I've treated you?' Braddle asked.

'Ah, I only pretend to speak of what I do know! Your not coming near us. You've been in the Sandwich Islands?' Chilver went on after a pause.

'Oh yes.'

'And in California?'

'Yes—all over the place.'

'All the while you've been gone?'

'No, after a time I gave it up. I've been round the world—in extraordinary holes.'

'And have you come back to England,' Chilver asked, 'to stay a while?'

'I don't know—I don't know!' his friend replied with some impatience.

They kept it up, but with pauses—pauses during which, as they listened, in the big, stale, empty room, always dreary in the absence of talk and the silence of the billiard-balls just beyond—the loud tick of the clock gave their position almost as much an air of awkward penance as if they had had 'lines' to do or were staying after school. Chilver wondered if it would after all practically fail, his desire that they should remain friends. His wife—beautiful creature!—would give every help, so that it would really depend on Braddle himself. It might indeed have been as an issue to the ponderation of some such question on his own part that poor Bertram suddenly exclaimed: 'I see you're happy—I can make *that* out!'

He had said it in a way suggesting that it might make with him a difference for the worse, but Chilver answered none the less good-humouredly. 'I'm afraid I can't pretend that I'm in the least miserable. But is it impossible you should come and see us?—come and judge, as it were, for yourself?'

Braddle looked graver than ever. 'Would it suit your wife?'

'Oh, she's not afraid, I think!' his companion laughed. 'You spoke just now,' he after a moment continued, 'of something that in your absence, in your travels, you "gave up." Let me ask you frankly if you meant that you had undertaken inquiries——'

'Yes; I "nosed round," as they say out there; I looked about and tried to pick something.' Braddle spoke on a drop of his interlocutor, checked evidently by a certain hardness of defiance in his good eyes; but he couldn't know that Chilver wished to draw him out only to be more sorry for him and hesitated simply because of the desire not to put his proceeding to him otherwise than gracefully. 'Awfully low-minded, as well as idiotic, I daresay you'll think it—but I'm not prepared to allow that it was not quite my own affair.'

'Oh, *she* knew!' said Chilver comfortably enough.

'Knew I shouldn't find out anything? Well, I didn't. So she was right.'

Thus they sat for a moment and seemed to smoke at her infallibility. 'Do you mean anything objectionable?' Chilver presently inquired.

'Anything at all. Not a scrap. Not a trace of her passage—

not an echo of her name. That, however—that I wouldn't, that I couldn't,' Braddle added, 'you'll have known for yourself.'

'No—I wasn't sure.'

'Then *she* was.'

'Perhaps,' said Chilver. 'But she didn't tell me.'

His friend hesitated, 'Then what *has* she told you?'

'She has told me nothing.'

'Nothing?'

'Nothing,' said Henry Chilver, smiling as with the enjoyment of his companion's surprise. 'But do come and see us,' he pursued as Braddle abruptly rose and stood—now with a gravity that was almost portentous—looking down at him.

'I'm horribly nervous. Excuse me. You make me so,' the younger man declared after a pause.

Chilver, who with this had got up soothingly and still laughingly, laid a reassuring hand upon him. 'Dear old man—take it easy!'

'Thanks about coming to see you,' Braddle went on. 'I must think of it—give me time.'

'Time? Haven't you had months?'

Braddle turned it over. 'Yes; but not on seeing you this way. I'm abominably nervous, at all events. There have been things—my silence among them—which I haven't known how you'd take.'

'Well, you see how.'

Braddle's stare was after all rather sightless. 'I see—but I don't understand. I'll tell you what you might do—you might come to *me*.'

'Oh, delighted. The old place?'

'The old place.' Braddle had taken out his eye-glass to wipe it, and he cocked it characteristically back. '*Our* relation's rather rum, you know.'

'Yours and my wife's? Oh, most unconventional; you may depend on it she feels that herself.'

Braddle kept fixing him. 'Then does *she* want to crow over me?'

'To crow—?' Chilver was vague. 'On what?'

His interlocutor hesitated. 'Well, on having at least got *you*.'

'Oh, she's naturally pleased at that; but her satisfaction's after all a thing she can keep within bounds; and to see you again can only, I think, remind her more than anything else of what she did lose and now misses: your general situation, your personal advantages, your connections, expectations, magnificence.'

Braddle, on this, after a lingering frown, turned away, looking at his watch and moving for a minute to the window. 'When will you come? To-night?'

Chilver thought. 'Rather late—yes. With pleasure.'

His friend presently came back with an expression rather changed. 'What I meant just now was what it all makes of my relation and yours—the way we go into it.'

'Ah, well, that was extraordinary—the way we went into it—from the first. It was you, permit me to remark,' Chilver pleasantly said, 'who originally *began* going into it. Since you broke the ice I don't in the least mind its remaining broken.'

'Ah, but at that time,' Braddle returned, 'I didn't know in the least what you were up to.'

'And do I now know any more what *you* are? However,' Chilver went on, 'if you imply that I haven't acted with most scrupulous fairness, we *shall*, my dear fellow, quarrel as much as you please. I pressed you hard for your own interest.'

'Oh, my "interest"!' his companion threw off with another move to some distance; coming back, however, as quickly and before Chilver had time to take this up. 'It's all right—I've nothing to say. Your letter was very clever and very handsome.' Then, 'I'm not "up to" anything,' Braddle added with simplicity.

The simplicity just renewed his interlocutor's mirth. 'In that case why shouldn't we manage?'

'Manage?'

'To make the best, all round, of the situation.'

'I've no difficulty whatever,' said Braddle, 'in doing that. If I'm nervous I'm still much less so than I was before I went away. And as to my having broken off, I feel more and more how impossible it was I should have done anything else.'

'I'm sure of it—so we *will* manage.'

It was as if this prospect, none the less, was still not clear to Braddle. 'Then as you've so much confidence I can ask you why—if what you said just now of me is true—she shouldn't have paid for me a price that she was going, after all, to find herself ready to pay for *you*.'

'A price? What price?'

'Why, the one we've been talking about. That of waiving her great condition.' On which, as Chilver was, a moment—though without embarrassment—silent for this explanation, his interlocutor pursued: 'The condition of your waiting——'

'Ah,' said Chilver, 'it remained. She didn't waive it.'

Oh, how Braddle looked at him! 'You accepted it?'

Chilver gave a laugh at his friend's stare. 'Why are you so surprised when all my urgency to *you* was to accept it and when I thought you were going to?' Bertram had flushed, and he was really astonished. 'Hadn't you then known?'

'Your letter didn't say that.'

'Oh, I didn't go into our terms.'

'No,' said Braddle with some severity, 'you slurred them over.

I know what you urged on me and what you thought I was going to do. *I* thought I was going to do it too. But at the scratch I couldn't.'

'So you believed *I* wouldn't?'

Poor Braddle was, after all, candid enough. 'At the scratch, yes; when it came—the question—to yourself, and in spite of your extraordinary preaching. I think I took for granted that she must have done for you what she didn't do for me—that, liking you all for yourself, don't you see, and therefore so much better, she must have come round.'

'For myself, better or worse, I grant you, was the only way she could like me,' Chilver replied. 'But she didn't come round.'

'You married her *with* it?'

This was a question, however—it was in particular an emphasis—as to the interpretation of which he showed a certain reserve. 'With what?'

'Why, damn it, with the condition.'

'Oh, yes—with the condition.' It sounded, on Chilver's lips, positively gay.

'You waited?'

'I waited.'

This answer produced between them for the time—and, as might be said, by its visible effect on the recipient—a hush during which poor Bertram did two or three pointless things: took up an ash-tray that was near them and vaguely examined it, then looked at the clock and at his watch, then again restlessly moved off a few steps and came back. At his watch he gave a second glare. 'I say, after all—*don't* come to-night.'

'You can't stand me?'

'Well, I don't mind telling you you've rather upset me. It's my abject nerves; but they'll settle down in a few days, and then I'll make you a sign. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye.' Chilver held a minute the hand he had put out. 'Don't be too long. My secondary effect on you may perhaps be better.'

'Oh, it isn't really you. I mean it's *her*.'

'Talking about her? Then we'll talk of something else. You'll give me the account——'

'Oh, as I told you, there *was* no account!' Braddle quite artlessly broke in. Chilver laughed out again at this, and his interlocutor went on: 'What's the matter is that, though it's none of my business, I can't resist a brutal curiosity—a kind of suspense.'

'Suspense?' Chilver echoed with good-humoured deprecation.

'Oh, of course I do see you're thoroughly happy.'

'Thoroughly.'

Braddle still waited. 'Then it isn't anything——?'

'Anything?'

'To make a row about. I mean what you know.'

'But I *don't* know.'

'Not yet? She hasn't told you?'

'I haven't asked.'

Braddle wondered. 'But it's six months.'

'It's seven. I've let it pass.'

'Pass?' Braddle repeated with a strange sound.

'So would *you* in my place.'

'Oh, no, I beg your pardon!' Braddle almost exultantly declared. 'But I give you a year.'

'That's what *I've* given,' said Chilver serenely.

His companion had a gasp. 'Given *her?*'

'I bettered even, in accepting it, the great condition. I allowed her double the time.'

Braddle wondered till he turned almost pale. 'Then it's because you're afraid.'

'To spoil my happiness?'

'Yes—and hers.'

'Well, my dear boy,' said Chilver cheerfully, 'it may be that.'

'Unless,' his friend went on, 'you're—in the interest of every one, if you'll permit me the expression?—magnificently lying.' Chilver's slow, good-humoured headshake was so clearly, however, the next moment, a sufficient answer to this that the younger man could only add as dryly as he might: 'You'll know when you want to.'

'I shall know, doubtless, when I ask. But I feel at present that I shall never ask.'

'Never?'

'Never.'

Braddle waited a moment. 'Then how the devil shall *I* know?'

Something in the tone of it renewed his companion's laughter. 'Have you supposed I'd tell you?'

'Well, you ought to, you know. And—yes—I've believed it.'

'But, my good man, I can't ask for *you*.'

Braddle turned it over. 'Why not, when one thinks of it? You know you owe me something.'

'But—good heavens!—what?'

'Well, some kindness. You know you've all the fun of being awfully sorry for me.'

'My dear chap!' Chilver murmured, patting his shoulder. 'Well, give me time!' he easily added.

'To the end of your year? I'll come back *then*,' said Braddle, going off.

VII

He came back punctually enough, and one of the results of it was a talk that, a few weeks later, he had one Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Chilver, whom, till this occasion—though it was not his first visit to the house—he had not yet seen alone. It took him then but ten minutes—ten minutes of a marked but subsiding want of ease—to break out with a strong appeal to her on the question of the danger of the possible arrival of somebody else. '*Would* you mind —of course I know it's an immense deal for me to ask—having it just said at the door that you're not at home? I do so want really to get *at* you.'

'Oh, you needn't be afraid of an interruption.' Mrs. Chilver seemed only amused. 'No one comes to us. You see what our life is. Whom have you yet met here?'

He appeared struck with this. 'Yes. Of course your living at Hammersmith——'

'We have to live where we can live for tenpence a year.' He was silent at this touch, with a silence that, like an exclamation, betrayed a kind of helplessness, and she went on explaining as if positively to assist him. 'Besides, we haven't the want. And so few people know us. We're our own company.'

'Yes—that's just it. I never saw such a pair. It's as if you did it on purpose. But it was to show you how I feel at last the luxury of seeing you without Chilver.'

'Ah, but I can't forbid *him* the door!' she laughed.

He kept his eyes for a minute on that of the room. 'Do you mean he *will* come in?'

'Oh, if he does it won't be to hurt you. He's not jealous.'

'Well, *I* am,' said the visitor frankly, 'and I verily believe it's his not being—and showing it so—that partly has to do with that. If he cared I believe I shouldn't. Besides, what does it matter——?' He threshed about in his place uncomfortably.

She sat there—with all her effaced anxieties—patient and pretty. 'What does what matter?'

'Why, *how* it happens—since it does happen—that he's always here.'

'But you see he isn't!'

He made an eager movement. 'Do you mean then we *can* talk?'

She just visibly hesitated. 'We only want to be kind to you.'

'That's just what's awful!' He fell back again. 'It's the way he has kept me on and on. I mean without——.' But he had another drop.

'Without what?'

Poor Braddle at last sprang up. 'Do you mind my being in a horrible fidget and floundering about the room?'

She demurred, but without gravity. 'Not if you don't again knock over the lamp. Do you remember the day you did that at Brighton?'

With his ambiguous frown at her he stopped short. 'Yes, and how even that didn't move you.'

'Well, don't presume on it again!' she laughed.

'You mean it might move you this time?' he went on.

'No; I mean that as I've now got better lamps——!'

He roamed there among her decent frugalities and, as regarded other matters as well as lamps, noted once more—as he had done on other occasions—the extreme moderation of the improvement. He had rather imagined on Chilver's part more margin. Then at last suddenly, with an effect of irrelevance: 'Why *don't* people, as you say, come to you?'

'That's the kind of thing,' she smiled, 'you *used* to ask so much.'

'Oh, too much, of course, and it's absurd my still wanting to know. It's none of my business; but, you know, nothing is if you come to that. It's your extraordinary kindness—the way you give me my head—that puts me up to things. Only you're trying the impossible—you can't keep me on. I mean without—well, what I spoke of just now. Do you mind my bringing it bang out like a brute?' he continued, stopping before her again. 'Isn't it a question of either really taking me in or quite leaving me out?' As she had nothing, however, at first, for this inquiry but silence, and as her face made her silence charming, his appeal suddenly changed. 'Do you mind my going on like this?'

'I don't mind anything. You want, I judge, some help. What help can I give you?'

He dropped, at this, straight into his chair again. 'There you are! You pitied me even from the first—regularly beforehand. You're so confoundedly superior'—he almost sufficiently joked. 'Of course I know all our relations are most extraordinary, but I think yours and mine is the strangest—unless it be yours and Chilver's.'

'Let us say it's his and *yours*, and have done with it,' she smiled.

'Do you know what I came back then for?—I mean the second time, *this* time?'

'Why, to see *me*, I've all these days supposed.'

'Well,' said Braddle with a slight hesitation, 'it was, to that extent, to show my confidence.'

But she also hesitated. 'Your confidence in what?'

He had still another impatience, with the force of which he

again changed his place. 'Am I giving him away? How much do you know?'

In the air of his deep unrest her soft stillness—lending itself, but only by growing softer—had little by little taken on a beauty. 'I'm trying to follow you—to understand. I know of your meeting with Henry last year at a club.'

'Ah then, if he gave me away——!'

'I gathered rather, I seem to remember, from what he mentioned to me, that he must rather have given me too. But I don't in the least mind.'

'Well, what passed between us then,' said Braddle, 'is why I came back. He made me, if I should wait, a sort of promise——'

'Oh'—she took him up—'I don't think he was conscious of anything like a promise. He said at least nothing to me of that.' With which, as Braddle's face had exceedingly fallen, 'But I know what you then wanted, and what you still want, to know,' she added.

On this, for a time, they sat there with a long look. 'I would rather have had it from *him*,' he said at last.

'It would certainly have been more natural,' she intelligently returned. 'But he has given you no chance to press him again——?'

'None—and with an evident intention: seeing me only with you.'

"Well, at the present moment he doesn't see you at all. Nor me either!' Mrs. Chilver added as if to cover something in the accent of her former phrase. 'But if he has avoided close quarters with you it has been not to disappoint you.'

'He won't, after all, tell me?'

'He can't. He has nothing to tell.'

Poor Braddle showed at this what his disappointment could be. 'He has not even yet asked you?'

'Not even yet—after fifteen months. But don't be hard on him,' she pleaded. '*You* wouldn't.'

'In all this time?' Braddle spoke almost with indignation at the charge. 'My dear lady—rather!'

'No, no,' she gently insisted, 'not even to tell *him*.'

'He told you then,' Braddle demanded, 'that I thought he ought, if on no other grounds, to ask just *in order* to tell me?'

'Oh dear, no. He only told me he had met you, and where you had been. We don't speak of his "asking,"' she explained.

'Don't you?' Her visitor stared.

'Never.'

'Then how have you known——?'

'What you want so much? Why, by having seen it in you before—and just *how* much—and seeing it now. I've been feeling all along,' she said, 'how you must have argued.'

'Oh, we didn't argue!'

'I think *you* did.'

He had slowly got up—now less actively but not less intensely nervous—and stood there heedless of this and rather differently looking at her. 'He never talks with you of his asking?'

'Never,' she repeated.

'And you still stick to it that *I* wouldn't?'

She hesitated. 'Have talked of it?'

'Have asked.'

She was beautiful as she smiled up at him. 'It would have been a little different. *You* would have talked.'

He remained there a little in silence—what he might have done seemed so both to separate them and to hold them together. 'And Chilver, you feel, will now never ask?'

'Never now.'

He seemed to linger for conviction. 'If he was going to, you mean, he would have done it——'

'Yes'—she was prompt—'the moment his time was up.'

'I see'—and, turning away, he moved slowly about. 'So you're safe.'

'Safe.'

'And I'm just where I was!' he oddly threw off.

'I'm amazed again,' Mrs. Chilver said, 'at your so clinging to it that you would have had the benefit of his information.'

It was a remark that pulled him up as if something like a finer embarrassment had now come to him. 'I've only in mind his information as to the fact that he had made you speak.'

'And what good would *that* have done you?'

'Without the details?'—he was indeed thinking.

'I like your expressions!' said Mrs. Chilver.

'Yes—aren't they hideous?' He had jerked out his glass and, with a returning flush, appeared to affect to smile over it. But the drop of his glass showed something in each of his eyes that, though it might have come from the rage, came evidently—to his companion's vision at least—from the more pardonable pain, of his uncertainty. 'But there we are!'

The manner in which these last words reached her had clearly to do with her finally leaving her place, watching him meanwhile as he wiped his glass. 'Yes—there we are. He did tell me,' she went on, 'that you had told him where you had been and that you could pick up nothing——'

'Against you?' he broke in. 'Not a beggarly word.'

'And you tried hard?'

'I worked like a nigger. It was no use.'

'But say you had succeeded—what,' she asked, 'was your idea?'

'Why, not to have had the thing any longer between us.'

He brought this out with such simplicity that she stared. 'But if it had been——?'

'Yes?'—the way she hung fire made him eager.

'Well—something you would have loathed.'

'*Is* it?'—he almost sprang at her. 'For pity's sake, *what* is it?' he broke out in a key that now filled the room supremely with the strange soreness of his yearning for his justification.

She kept him waiting, after she had taken this in, but another instant. 'You would rather, you say, have had it from *him*——'

'But I must take it as I can get it? Oh, anyhow!' he fairly panted.

'Then with a condition.'

It threw him back into a wail that was positively droll. 'Another?'

'This one,' she dimly smiled, 'is comparatively easy. You must promise me with the last solemnity——'

'Yes!'

'On the sacred honour of a gentleman——'

'Yes!'

'To repeat to no one whatever what you now have from me.'

Thus completely expressed, the condition checked him but a moment. 'Very well!'

'You promise?'

'On the sacred honour of a gentleman.'

'Then I invite you to make the inference most directly suggested by the vanity of your researches.'

He looked about him. 'The inference?'

'As to what a fault may have been that it's impossible to find out.'

He got hold as he could. 'It may have been hidden.'

'Then anything hidden from so much labour, so well——'

'May not have existed?' he stammered after she had given him time to take something from her deep eyes. He glared round and round with it—seemed to have it on his hands before the world. 'Then what did you mean——?'

'Ah, sir, what did *you?* You invented my past.'

'Do you mean you *hadn't* one?' cried Bertram Braddle.

'None I would have mentioned to you. It was *you* who brought it up.'

He appealed, in his stupefaction, to the immensity of the vacancy itself. 'There's *nothing?*'

She made no answer for a moment, only looking, while he dropped hard on her sofa, so far away that her eyes might have been fixed on the blue Pacific. 'There's the upshot of your inquiry.'

He followed her, while she moved before him, from his place. 'What did you then so intensely keep back?'

'What did *you*,' she asked as she paused, 'so intensely put forward? I kept back what you have from me now.'

'*This*,' he gasped from the depths of his collapse, 'is what you would have told me?'

'If, as my loyal husband, you had brought it up again. But you wouldn't!' she once more declared.

'And I should have gone on thinking——'

'Yes,' she interrupted—'that you were, for *not* bringing it up, the most delicate and most generous of men'

It seemed all to roll over him and sweep him down, but he gave, in his swift passage, a last clutch. 'You consent to let *him* think you——?'

'He thinks me what he finds me!' said Mrs. Chilver.

Braddle got up from the sofa, looking about for his hat and stick; but by the time he had reached the door with them he rose again to the surface. 'I, too, then am to leave him his idea——?'

'Well, of what?' she demanded as he faltered.

'Of your—whatever you called it.'

'I called it nothing. You relieved me of the question of the name.'

He gloomily shook his head. 'You see to what end! Chilver, at any rate,' he said, 'has his view, and to that extent has a name for it.'

'Only to the extent of having the one you gave him.'

'Well, what I gave him he took!' Braddle, with returning spirit, declared. 'What I suggested—God forgive me!—he believed.'

'Yes—that he might make his sacrifice. You speak,' said Mrs. Chilver, 'of his idea. His sacrifice is his idea. And his idea,' she added, 'is his happiness.'

'His sacrifice of your reputation?'

'Well—to whom?'

'To *me*,' said Bertram Braddle. 'Do you expect me now to permit that?'

Mrs. Chilver serenely enough considered. 'I shall protect his happiness, which is above all his vision of his own attitude, and I don't see how you can prevent this save by breaking your oath.'

'Oh, my oath!' And he prolonged the groan of his resentment.

It evidently—what he felt—made her sorry for him, and she spoke in all kindness. 'It's only your punishment!' she sighed after him as he departed.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

From a miniature in the possession of the Earl of Wharncliffe

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

A MODERN WOMAN BORN 1689
BY ELIZABETH ROBINS (C. E. RAIMOND)

NO generation goes unapprised of the greatness of Homer or of Dante, but how much in need are the preoccupied of the more modest service of a reminder, every now and then, of some friendly, charming figure lingering, it may be, on the outskirts of literature, and growing vaguer with the years!

Mr. Walter Bagehot, sighing by the way, 'Nothing is so transitory as second-class fame,' wrote in 1862: 'The name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is hardly now known to the great mass of ordinary English readers.' One's own regret would rather take this shape: What a loss that so many are content with knowing only her name and one or two facts about her, in lieu of knowing *her!* Within the last month I must have spoken to a dozen intelligent people about my new friend. It was astonishing how many who would rejoice in her and in her Letters had no intimate knowledge of either. I have come to feel I should know the reason of this if some one would tell me why it is that the unenlivening things that people do or say are just the things that get themselves repeated through the ages with a damnable iteration. What is there in this tradition of being a professional letter-writer, and of 'having something to do with small-pox,' to tell the reader on the look out for diversion that Lady Mary's utterances are a mine of delight, and Lady Mary herself the most beguiling of companions?

From one friend who had every reason to be on easy terms with her, I heard again the old rumour of Lady Mary's scholarship, her translation of Epictetus, and the fact that her lover, Mr. Edward Wortley, began his suit by presenting to her a copy of Quintus Curtius 'in honour of her Latinity.'

What wonder that, in spite of having encountered her in her Turkish dress on an old staircase, and never passing up or down without a stirring of curiosity—what wonder that, all things considered, a casual reader like myself began to look through her Letters with a solemnity born of a great and somewhat depressed sense of respect! A blue-stocking lady of quality, one says to oneself, who wrote descriptions of Turkish life and held advanced opinions about 'Woman.' Then with a shock of amused surprise one lights on an early utterance of hers:

> . . . my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them.

It is probably necessary to be 'of that gender' to appreciate why in the first encounter, turning the pages a little mistrustfully, dipping here, tasting there, one is subtly reassured as to Lady Mary

by the prominence given in certain of her Letters to . . . 'lutestring.' I have not a notion what this fabric was, but I am sure it was much to be coveted, and, indeed, Lady Mary's anxiety about it seems to reflect honour upon both.

She writes to her sister, the Countess of Mar, who is in Paris with her Jacobite lord: 'I have left . . . 3 guineas to be laid out in plain lutestring.' Again: 'My paper is done, and I will only put you in mind of my lutestring . . . of what colour you please.' In the next: 'I am afraid you have quite forgot my plain lutestring, which I am in great want of,' &c. Another time: 'Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring . . . I beg you would lay out my money in a night-gown ready made.' In the letter after this: 'Pray don't forget the night-gown and let it be what you please.' But in those days London was farther from Paris than it is from New York to-day, and Lady Mary says in her next: 'I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my night-gown may do the same.' But her heart is true to lutestring. 'I only choose that [the night-gown] as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me 8 yards at a time of different colours . . . but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *à la mode*.'

One begins to look out anxiously in the midst of Court gossip, discussions of inoculation, and news about Pope, Congreve, and Gay, to discover if that lutestring ever got safely to London. One fears the worst from the plaintive refrain, 'I wish you would think of my lutestring.' But in the very next letter we are partly reassured. 'I have received by Lady Lansdowne the very pretty night-gown you sent me; I give you many thanks for it.' So little is our interest in the night-gown reproved, we find Lady Mary writing, eight months after, her enthusiastic acknowledgment of that garment *à la mode*. 'I have already thanked you for my night-gown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for.'

Small-pox and Epictetus aside, here is evidently a man and a brother—or, rather, the feminine equivalent—and one wants to know more of her than that she went to Turkey, and while she was gone was loved, and when she came back was hated, by Alexander Pope.

It seems that Lady Mary made her home as a child with that grandmother who was the heiress of the Evelyns, mentioned in the Diary, and who in the early part of the last century lived in 'remote solitude at West Dean, Wilts, in a solemn old manor house with ancient avenues of trees, dismantled terraces, and bowling green.' One biographer supposes it to have been here, in the library of the Evelyns, that Lady Mary got her first impulse towards letters. However, when she was only eight, the motherless child went back

to her father, the Duke of Kingston. She afterwards complained that he left her 'to the care of an old governess, who, though perfectly good and pious, wanted capacity' for her task. But that mattered little, for here too she found herself in a 'well-furnished library,' where she could pore over old romances, and even try her hand at imitating them. Ultimately, by the help, as she herself puts it, 'of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labour,' she taught herself Latin.

But life, even at that tender age, was not for her all humdrum routine and converse with a pious governess. Think of the rapturous excitement on the part of an appreciative person of eight, at being whisked out of that well-furnished library, dressed all in her richest attire, and borne to the Kit Kat Club. For it was in that sacred inner circle of fashion, Whiggery, and wit, that the Duke, her father, gaily vaunting the beauty and talents of his little daughter, declared that she, amongst the fair ones of England, most deserved the coveted honour of being the toast of the year. The Kit Kat rules forbad their electing any beauty they had not seen. Whereupon the Duke despatched a messenger with orders that the little Lady Mary should be decked out bravely and brought straightway to the tavern. She was received with acclamation, her health was drunk, and a unanimous vote made her the toast of the year. Passed round the festive board from statesman to poet, fed with sweetmeats and flattery, knowing her name was to be engraved in due form upon a drinking glass and her portrait painted to adorn the club-room, the person of eight may perhaps be forgiven that her 'sensations amounted to ecstacy.' One stops only to wonder if upon her return to the society of the pious governess, the library at home seemed as 'well furnished' as before.

But the Kit Kat experience did not prevent, it may even have encouraged, the self-education of the girl. She seems to have gone far enough alone along the thorny way of learning to attract the sympathy and help of her mother's brother, Mr. William Fielding (cousin of the novelist), and later of Bishop Burnet, to whom, when she was about nineteen, she sends her translation of the *Enchiridion* with sage excuses for her 'presumption' and reflections upon 'the sexes' very astonishing for her age and era.

Full early comes the 'very handsome' Mr. Edward Wortley into the saga. Lady Mary was only fourteen when at a little tea-party her 'critical observations' upon a new play (would we could have heard them !) roused that gentleman's interest. She appears to have had a taste for the Drama all her life; 'the few books' she died possessed of were almost all plays—the works of 'Ford, Shirley, Heywood, Marston, Webster, and the rest as far back as Gammer Gurton's Needle, and coming down to the trash of Durfey. But Lillo's domestic tragedies were what she most admired; for "my

lady used to declare," said her old servant, " that whoever did not cry at George Barnwell must deserve to be hanged."'

She cared dearly about Dryden's plays, and her Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was 'manifestly much read.' So that whatever was said by the girl of fourteen about the nameless 'new play' it was not likely to be a mere youthful parade of information, a conventional echo from library or drawing-room, but something genuinely felt by an acute little lady with an innate appreciation for the play. In any case it did for Mr. Wortley, who abandoned his pursuit of the giver of the tea-party (she was evidently a poor creature with no soul for the Drama), and ultimately transferred his affections to Lady Mary.

Some years afterwards was instituted that odd correspondence between her and Miss Anne Wortley, the favourite sister of Mr. Wortley, in which the letters on one side were composed by Edward and copied by Anne. Lady Mary not only affects to believe that her girl friend writes for herself, instead of for the brother in the background, but she refuses to credit the idea of any one else reading what she protests is for the eye of Mistress Anne alone. It is, however, amusing to note the difference between the effusions to 'dear, dear' Miss Wortley, and those to Mrs. Hewet, written about the same time, but wherein Lady Mary was obviously not so diligently minding her p's and q's. For not only was Mr. Wortley considerably her senior, but a gentleman of severe taste, as became a man of learning, the friend of Addison and contributor to the *Tatler*. And so it is not to Sister Anne but to Mrs. Hewet that Lady Mary, barely twenty, writes: 'I send you the Bath lampoons—Corinna is Lady Manchester, and the other lady is Mrs. Cartwright, who, they say, has pawned her diamond necklace to buy Valentine a snuff-box. The wars make men so violent scarce, that these good ladies take up with the shadows of them.'

The letters to Miss Wortley are not only irreproachable, as far as I remember, but full of a charming tenderness, which one wonders if the official recipient took to herself. 'I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life . . . your letters are the only pleasures of my solitude . . .' And this, with its almost Elizabethan echo, 'I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it.'

How obviously a reply to a man's compliment is that lively letter beginning, 'I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. *Next to receiving them from Heaven you are the person from whom I would chuse to receive gifts and graces*,' &c.

Writing to Mrs. Hewet, dwellers in the country are 'poor us,' but writing to Sister Anne: 'I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours.' Then for fear Mr. Wortley, who early declared in favour of the domestic woman,

should not perfectly apprehend her drift: 'You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode.'

Did the doubting lover think to set a trap for confession of less austere tastes, when he instructed his sister to ask Lady Mary to choose Miss Anne's books for her? The 'too delicate employment' is discreetly declined: 'your own fancy will better direct you.'

About the same time she thanks Mrs. Hewet 'ten thousand times' for two volumes of Mme. Du Noyer's 'spicy' Court gossip, which, however, Lady Mary complains a little later to that same correspondent, are 'horribly grave and insipid, and instead of the gallantry you might expect they are full of dull morals.' Certainly neither her commerce with the ancients, nor her desire to seem sedate enough to please Mr. Wortley, prevented her from keeping abreast of the light literature of her own time, for that same autumn wherein she writes Miss Wortley, 'My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars,' making no mention of less grave pursuits, she is not only reading the scandalous *New Atlantis*, but even espousing the cause of the scandalous authoress. Thus Lady Mary scarcely out of her teens: 'People are offended at the liberty she [Mrs. Manley] uses in her memoirs, and she is taken into custody. *Miserable is the fate of writers: if they are agreeable, they are offensive, and if dull, they starve.*'

Nothing of this to Sister Anne! Without consciousness of intent to mislead, she perhaps felt it behoved a young lady to walk warily in the sight of the critical Mr. Wortley, who from the first seems to have shown himself of Pope's opinion about 'that dangerous thing a female wit.' Besides, there was that unlucky slip with Sister Anne, when Lady Mary had said 'it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby horse as to a woman, nay, or a man.' Faithless Miss Anne to tell that of all things to Mr. Wortley! Well, she died, and her indiscretions and her good offices alike were ended.

After 'many debates' with herself, Lady Mary replies direct to Mr. Wortley's declared but cautious suit. 'I know it is not acting in form, but I do not look upon you as I do upon the rest of the world,' &c. &c. . . . and all because of Sister Anne, forsooth!

Then she takes exception to the view of woman expressed by 'Mr. Bickerstaff' in one of the *Tatlers*, which Mr. Wortley has sent her. Lady Mary flies to the rescue, describing with fervour the unworldliness of some of her sex. There is perhaps more conviction, more 'Lady Mary,' in the sentence, 'Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so.' Then this wise and dignified comment on their own relations: 'I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy, but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so, which

(of the humour you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. . . . You must think otherwise of me or not at all.'

Of course he reassured her for the time being, but his letters must have betrayed, less wittily, very much the same spirit that made Pope write to her later on: 'A plague of female wisdom! It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own!'

She urges excellent reasons against young married people shutting themselves up in the country. 'You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else you would have leisure to remark all the defects,' &c., and winds up: 'However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.'

We have not nearly all, even of Lady Mary's half, of this curious correspondence. But there is a pathetic note in the fragments before us, which seems to have escaped her biographers—a passionate longing for her lover's perfect faith and perfect esteem, which his compliments to her beauty and her cleverness leave unappeased. She is disappointed, humiliated, irritated by his mere gallantry, and she is honest enough to let him see it. One may suppose that again he reassured her, or even more probably her own love did so, for a couple of months afterwards, Mr. Wortley has been allowed formally to propose for her hand. However, he would not commit himself to the entailing of his property upon the eldest son, so Lady Mary's father, with some heat, declined to consider the marriage.

Steele wrote to his wife in July 1710: 'I stay in town to-night, having business of consequence with Mr. [Wortley] Montagu, who goes out of town to-morrow to take a voyage.' Mr. Wortley returned from the Continent that same autumn, and a few days after his arrival Swift says in his Journal to Stella: 'Spent the evening with Wortley Montagu and Mr. Addison over a bottle of Irish wine.'

In the very next month, it is evident that he has not come back cured, and that negotiations have again begun.

'People in my way are sold like slaves,' she writes, 'and I cannot tell what price my master will put upon me. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you . . . whatever happens I shall still preserve the opinion you have behaved yourself well.' But she is 'very much disquieted,' and seems to have at twenty-one some guess of the pathetic failure we all are like to make in attempting to show our true selves to our fellows: 'You can frame no guesses about my heart from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way.'

But Mr. Wortley having, as the rumour goes, indoctrinated

Addison and Steele, and through them the public, with the absurdity of settling landed property upon a son who might (oh, prophetic soul !) be a 'spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain,' refused to abandon his position in discussing the marriage settlements. 'I have not spirit to dispute any longer with you,' Lady Mary writes. 'You say you are not yet determined ; let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever. Make no answer. I wish among the variety of acquaintances you may find some one to please you ; and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier.'

Twice she says farewell, and 'this is the last letter.'

About March in this same year, Mr. Wortley seems to have suggested an elopement, and at the same time to have discovered an abundance of reasons against such a step. He could neither make up his mind to leave her, nor bring himself to enter whole-heartedly upon an irregular and romantic proceeding with a woman who, he evidently felt from the first, was likely to prove full of surprises. He sends her about this time surely the very oddest love-letter ever penned by man, in which he says:

'Think again, and prevent a great misfortune from falling on both of us. In you, I might [note that "might"] possess youth, beauty, and all things that charm. It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time, but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection ; that they would have decayed as soon in any other.'

Ten days later, Lady Mary evidently sent him a heart-broken little note, letting him know something of the suffering it would be to her if he left her—then, later, taking her courage and sense of fairness in both hands, she wrote :

Tuesday, 10 o'clock, March 13, 1711.—I am in pain about the letter I sent you this morning ; I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot in point of honour break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it. I would owe nothing but to inclination : if you do not love me, I may have less esteem of myself, but not of you. I am not of the number of those women that have the opinion of their persons Mr. Bayes had of his play, that 'tis the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understanding according to what they think of them.

You may have wit, good humour, and good nature, and not like me. I allow a great deal for the inconstancy of mankind in general, and my own want of merit in particular. But 'tis a breach at least, of the two last, to deceive me. I am sincere. I shall be sorry if I am not now what pleases, but if I (as I could with joy) abandon all things to the care of pleasing you, I am then undone if I do not succeed. Be generous !

Taken with the context, these last two words must have laid hold on Edward Wortley's heart. Surely he could not have thought

wholly 'worldly' in his sense the girl who (in spite of the caution inculcated by a social condition that taught girls almost nothing else but caution) showed him how passionately she cared that the quite unfashionable, but finer kind of human relation should be the basis of her much-thwarted marriage. Again and again she asks of him some sign that he will help make the dream come true. Of other women she writes: 'They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved.'

Not all unpromising was the material offered Mr. Wortley in this proud and greatly-hoping heart. If presently she came to accept his jealous distrust of her sex as a part of the ancient burden of women, her love discovered to her an unexpected meekness in taking up the load.

One hears something suspiciously like a sob behind the words of the spoilt beauty:

> I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet. I came young into the hurry of the world, a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me.

We find that this 'being followed' was done in good earnest by at least one other man, who got as far as making proposals to Lady Mary's father. He, seeing the settlements were to be handsome, commanded Lady Mary to accept with becoming gratitude this suitor with the great Irish estates. She refuses, but her father holds firm. 'I proffered,' she writes Mr. Wortley, 'in atonement for not marrying whom he would, never to marry at all,' but in vain. She is to do as she is told. 'I objected, I did not love him. They [her father and relations] made answer they found no necessity of loving; and that if I considered this town I should find very few women in love with their husbands,' &c. So far from trying to move her lover from his inconvenient convictions, 'I confess I am entirely of your mind. . . . I cannot blame you for being in the right.'

The reader is forced to agree with her when she says, 'I have told you my affairs with a plain sincerity, I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer.'

It was after this that Mr. Wortley (was it really he?) urged the elopement, and she tells him that she is almost ready to believe she is about 'to enter upon a state of perfect happiness in complying.' Later she begins 'to fear again.' Her father will never relent, and she must go to her husband as portionless as the beggar maid to King Cophetua. Perhaps she already had had occasion to recognise the value set by Mr. Wortley upon money. 'Reflect now,' she writes, 'for the last time in what manner you must take me; I shall come to you with only a nightgown and petticoat, and that is all you will get with me.' She is willing to pass the first days of the honeymoon in going to Mr. Wortley's father to ask for his pardon and his blessing, but she

cannot disguise that she can think of a better way of passing the time. The joy of travel seizing her thus early: 'I should wish to go out of England, if it suits with your affairs.'—'I think the best scheme is going to the Spa.'—'You had better come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She [a friend] and I will be in the balcony that looks on the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you.' She cannot refrain from adding: 'I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude [*à deux*] agreeable . . . remember you have promised it!' The last letter but one before the elopement is taken up with urging the advantages of just the kind of roving varied life Lady Mary afterwards invented for herself with so much success, and to which she never was able to convert Mr. Wortley. In the last letter before she goes off with him in the 'coach and six' she admits, 'I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever?'

It is upon the occasion of Mr. Wortley's absence at Durham, some two months after their marriage, that she next addresses him: 'I don't know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile!' but she laments his absence 'as if you was still my lover. . . . I check myself when I grieve, by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you.' Alas, for that hope! His business, parliamentary or other, keeps him much in London, she is left in that rural solitude she had early expressed such distaste for. Her little son, when he comes, is ailing, and a source of anxiety that she rightly or wrongly feels his father does not perfectly share: 'I am in abundance of pain about our dear child.' 'I hope you love the child as well as I do.' 'He is almost never out of my sight.' 'You never enquire after your child.' And she begs him consult a town doctor about certain symptoms. Her zeal for Mr. Wortley's public career is manifested with much sound sense and worldly wisdom, and perhaps largely owing to the influence she brings to bear upon certain relations of her own in high places, and her constant spurring up of her less ambitious lord, he is—four years after that queer clandestine marriage—appointed Ambassador to Turkey.

Lady Mary's letters from Turkey being better known than the others should perhaps not detain the remembrancer long. But surely those who would advise the reader to lay down the volumes at the end of the Turkish mission are open to the reproach of diminishing the public stock of harmless pleasure.

It is not difficult for most women to realise how Lady Mary's sister, the unhappy Countess of Mar, must have loved getting those letters with all the news from London—who had a legacy, who had eloped; how Mrs. Lowther, who was no chicken, was to be 'seen in

pale pink every night in the parks ;' how Lady Lechmere had 'lost such furious sums at Bath,' &c., '—another demonstration of the latent fire that underlies cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.' Again referring to Lady Lechmere, 'after having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence !'

'Lady Darlington and Lady Mohun are packing up for the next world, and the rest of our acquaintance playing the fool in this *à l' ordinaire*.' Lord Finch is stabbed in a fray, and Lady Jane Wharton about to be married : 'to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced—but where are people matched ?—I suppose we shall all come right in heaven ; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.' She sends one of her 'lutestring' letters by the hand of the Count of Caÿlus, thus commending him : 'He is a Frenchman and no fop, which besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.' But surely not for Lady Mar alone these letters, as a picture of the times, carried an abiding interest and a growing value. To those who have no pretence to the broad historic survey, these records have the merit of giving a vivid portrait of a single human being of extraordinary fascination. Some of us would be misguided enough to give up the much-vaunted and carefully re-written descriptions of the Turk, for the unconscious descriptions of Lady Mary herself, sent off hot and hot to her sister in Paris.

I pass many hours on horseback, and, I'll assure you, ride stag-hunting, which I know you'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense. [We were using this exact phrase about bicycling two years ago !] His Royal Highness hunts in Richmond Park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train. I desire you after this account not to name the word old woman to me any more : I approach to fifteen nearer than I did ten years ago and am in hopes to improve every year in health and vivacity.

In the next year : 'There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing.'

The way she takes (or no, I beg her pardon, the way she writes of) the death of her father is a significant comment upon that gentleman's behaviour to his daughters. 'I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness.' This, as we constantly find with Lady Mary, was so far from being a piece of facile phrase-making, that she was prepared a quarter of a century later to abide by the judgment therein delivered. She wrote to her married daughter from Italy : 'You are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and, like most commonplaces, false) argument as exacting any return of affection . . .' and the letter

closes, 'Absence and distance have not the power to lessen any part of my tenderness for you.'

However, to go back a moment. It was possibly more with reference to her sister's proneness to melancholy than to her own lack of emotion at the death of even so indifferent a father that she wrote: 'Of all sorrows, those we pay to the dead are most vain; and, as I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherishing.' She urged on Lady Mar for lowness of spirits, 'not the drinking of nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of champagne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses and more filthy doctors' fees at the year's end.' It is but fair to say, too, that, although this was written in 1727, we find Lady Mary herself following her own advice twenty-two years after at the age of sixty.

As to the famous quarrel with Pope: growing political differences and his libel on the Wortleys' old and dear friend Addison were perhaps sufficient to account for the estrangement. But a closer acquaintance with the character of Lady Mary, and review of her relation to Pope, makes it difficult to understand how a candid reader can be in any grave doubt as to the grounds of Pope's venomous animosity. His letters to Lady Mary were fulsome and frequently scandalous (even making allowance for the licence of the age). Her letters to him were discreet and even lightly satirical at the time when he was most 'her slave,'[1] when in the midst of much that was grotesque and repulsive, he was paying her the noble compliment of finding in her an inspiration for his work. Her literary appreciation could not have suffered her to remain untouched by that, and by the lines he wrote on Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of her; but the vanity of one of the vainest of men could not be expected to tolerate her laughter.

Her offence against the poet was the unpardonable one of open ridicule. Ridicule of such images as he fatuously thrust upon her, of a man of Pope's *Wesen* lying dreaming of her in moonshiny nights 'exactly in the posture of Endymion,' ridicule of his 'Lovers struck by Lightning,' and finally either involuntary, as she declared, or more probably deliberate, ridicule of his oppressive passion for her —when she had no longer the 'thick of the world' between them.

It was then he turned and stung her, and, in return for much vile abuse, received from her a laughing nickname, 'The Wicked Wasp of Twickenham.'

Horace Walpole took care that his inherited grudge against the Wortleys did not peak or pine in his possession. Mr. Wortley had not only been the political opponent of his father, but when Sir

[1] He says himself: 'I write as if I were drunk.' And again: 'This letter is a piece of madness that throws me after you in a distracted manner.'

Robert Walpole's waning reputation was on the verge of ruin, Mr. Wortley it was who 'assailed the falling minister in an invective which could never have been forgiven.' Lady Mary's early concern about, and influence in, politics gave her a conspicuous share in her husband's aims and enmities. Horace Walpole's mother and she had been antagonists before Horace Walpole was born. His susceptibilities, much wounded during his mother's lifetime, were further wrought upon by his father's speedy marriage to the dead wife's rival, Miss Skerritt, whose chief friend and protectress was . . . Lady Mary! An example of Horace Walpole's malicious falsification of documentary evidence (to which he had private access) is strikingly shown in his untruthful account of Lady Mary's dealings with the Frenchman who had persuaded her to help him to an investment in the South Sea scheme. Walpole wrote *after* Pope's unscrupulous attacks, and Mr. Moy Thomas assures us that on careful investigation not one of the charges brought against her will be found to rest on any evidence.

What constantly impresses one in Lady Mary is her modernity. How like an echo of last night's dinner-party is the legend that credits her with the laughing advocacy of putting the marriage contract on the same basis as the property contract, for 'seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years' lease, renewable at the option of the high contracting parties'! Very characteristic is her sly insistence on the clause always included in leases, 'providing under pain of fine' that the property shall at the close of the tenure be left 'in the same good state of repair.'

If she were alive to-day, she would be applauding the Czar—perhaps with a difference—and joining the Peace Congress. 'Among the many palpable follies,' she says, 'I place that of war amongst the most glaring.' From Belgrade she writes of 'the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks . . . I could not look without horror on such numbers of mangled human bodies, and reflect on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to me a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, where such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited.'

Forty years later, writing from Padua:

I have often been complimented on the English heroism, who have thrown away so many millions, without any prospect of advantage to themselves, purely to succour a distressed princess. I never could hear these praises [illegible]ut some impatience. . . . Some late events will, I hope, open our eyes [illegible] bring see we are an island, and endeavour to extend our commerce rath[illegible]it, and I nev[illegible]ixotic reputation of redressing wrongs and placing diadems on[illegible]nonplaces, falsld be equally indifferent to us. When time has ripened manki[illegible] and the letter [illegible]e the name of conqueror will be an odious title.

Then this significant comment upon the policy of Spain :

I could easily prove that had the Spaniards established a trade with the Americans, they would have enriched their country more than by the addition of twenty-two kingdoms, and all the mines they now work—I do not say possess ; since, though they are the proprietors, others enjoy the profit.

After tasting the modern flavour of such remarks, it is difficult to realise that they were the views of a woman who lived in the same century with Shakespeare. Miss Elizabeth Barrett, dwelling meekly under the iron rule of her father, paralysed with terror of the paternal ogre, having at the age of thirty-seven to smuggle into the house her surely eligible suitor—Mrs. Browning, in contrast with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, is already antiquated.

Small wonder if Lady Mary were not perfectly at home in her own time, when she would be so much so in ours. What strangers in the England of to-day would Swift and Addison be, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Dr. Johnson ! Lady Mary, alone of that company, could walk into a modern London drawing-room, needing only to modify her dress and suppress somewhat of her raciness, to find herself in her element. She is the great original after whom are unconsciously patterned all the later lesser 'independent' women, those, at all events, who have not independence alone, but a spice of wit to boot, and a modicum of wisdom. It is to be remembered that in her time the education of women 'had reached its lowest ebb' ; when 'the same studies which raise the character of a man' were held to 'hurt' the woman.

We are educated [says Lady Mary] in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason ; if some few get above their nurse's instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd. It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus . . . when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth) and a woman. Our modern wits would be so far from quoting, they would scarce own they had read, the works of such contemptible creatures, though perhaps they would condescend to steal from them, at the time they declared they were below their notice.

In the face of all this, we find Lady Mary insisting : 'Learning is necessary to the happiness of women, and ignorance the common foundation of their errors both in morals and in conduct.' '. . . The first lady had so little experience that she hearkened to the persuasion of an impertinent dangler ; and if you mind, he succeeded in persuading her she was not so wise as she should be.'

The only lessons we know of having been offered, nay thrust upon, Lady Mary were those thrice weekly from a 'professed carving master,' that she might preside at her father's table after the fashion of the age. Yet, as we have seen, she not only put herself to school, but seems never to have been blinded by the easy compli-

ments, paid by the good-natured of the opposite sex, to a pretty woman who dabbles in the classics. She never allowed herself to forget that there is no Royal road to learning, and she has little of the amateur's cheap satisfaction in making a small achievement go a great way. She quotes certain women who 'are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian after reading Echard's Roman History,' &c. 'Thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy. It is a saying of Thucydides,' she goes on, 'ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved. Indeed, it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning.' Again she remarks: '. . . every girl that can read a French novel, and boy that can construe a scene in Terence, fancies they have attained to the French and Latin languages, when, God knows, it requires the study of a whole life to acquire a perfect knowledge of either of them.' She is far too wise to advocate the pursuit of real scholarship for the average woman, and this is to be borne in mind when she recommends a certain amount of education:

'Learning, if my granddaughter has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented but happy [in retirement]. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. . . . To render this *amusement*' [how wisely she chooses the word !] 'extensive, she should be permitted to learn the languages. . . . There are two cautions to be given on this subject: First, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I should wish her no further a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted and always injured by translations. . . . The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of all her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented,' and this result, she adds, 'may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share.'

Although Lady Mary permits herself now and then a little gibe at the arrogance of man, it is curious to remark, by the way, that the women, who have done the best work in art or in science, do not swell the chorus of complaint against the theory of man's superiority

in the domain of pure intellect. The English Mme. de Sévigné, and the first of women poets, as well as others who have left good work behind, have also left on record their conviction of the superiority, for the great ends of scholarship, art, or science, of the masculine mind. Perhaps, if one were a man, this fact would not clinch the argument, but it might be supposed to give pause to those of Lady Mary's own sex who are proclaimers of equality—and who are little else.

She ends her caution to girls against giving the subsidiary, however important, matter of book-learning a conspicuous place in life: 'You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune.'

In thus attributing to inevitable accident what she elsewhere admits was 'an inborn passion' (fostered, moreover, by 'indefatigable labour'), one is reminded how, in common with many persons of exceptional initiative and wilfulness, she was all her life possessed by a belief in fatality. 'The poor efforts of our utmost prudence . . . appear, I fancy . . . like the pecking of a young linnet to break a wire cage, or the climbing of a squirrel in a hoop; . . . let us sing as cheerfully as we can in our impenetrable confinement, and crack our nuts with pleasure from the little store that is allowed us.' 'The things that we would do, those do we not, and the things we would not do, those do we daily.' 'Nobody makes their own marriage or their own will.'

To the Countess of Pomfret: 'Say what you please, madam, we are pushed about by a superior hand, and there is some predestination, as well as a great deal of free will, in my being, Faithfully yours, &c.'

Thirty years before, she was writing to Mrs. Hewet:

> But destiny must be followed, and I own, was I to choose mine, it should never be to stay perpetually in the same place. I should even prefer little storms to an eternal calm.

And, with all due respect to Destiny, Lady Mary seems to have had her way, and to the end of her two and seventy years no lack of travel, nor yet of 'little storms.'

Although, as a result of her introduction of inoculation into England, Steele (celebrating her in the *Plain-Dealer*) congratulated her upon her 'God-like delight in saving every year many thousand British souls,' the clergy nevertheless denounced her in unmeasured terms, 'the medical faculty rose unanimously against the innovation,' and the populace hooted Lady Mary in the streets as an unnatural mother. It was known she had 'engrafted,' as it was called, her only son and her infant daughter. When the boy (who was said to be the first European to undergo inoculation) ran away from

school his mother identified him in an advertisement as having a scar on each of his forearms the size of a silver penny. It is recorded of this young gentleman that he 'was with difficulty reduced to the humble condition of schoolboy.' He seems to have passed a good deal of his time in running away. After being 'lost' for nearly a year, he is discovered by some one who recognised his voice crying fish at Blackwall, and is very loth to leave off that apparently fascinating occupation. He was no sooner carried home than he decamped again, working his passage out to Oporto. His mother writes to her sister in 1727: 'I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived at his age [14] to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting God knows where; and hitherto 'tis impossible to find him. You may judge of my uneasiness by what your own would be if dear Lady Fanny was lost. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much; I can hardly speak or write of it. . . . I have a mind,' she says, framing an unconscious excuse for the errantry of her son, 'I have a mind to cross the water to try what effect a new heaven and a new earth will have upon my spirit.'

Yet in spite of her love of travel she would have had every right to apply to herself the words of one of her correspondents: 'I have an ungenteel happiness in my temper that gives me a propensity to being pleased with the people I happen to be with, and the things I happen to be doing.'

This is the woman of whom a critical countryman of hers just a hundred years after her death writes: 'It now seems clear that Lady Mary was that most miserable of human beings, an ambitious and wasted woman'!!! With Lady Mary's gaiety of heart, and half her philosophy, no woman makes a failure of her life. 'Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity . . .' she bids you observe. . . . 'But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate.'

Too full of resource to settle down dully with any disappointment ('I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune'), she had too profound a knowledge of life to lose that sense of proportion which has been likened to the saving grace of humour. 'All things in this world,' she says, 'are almost equally trifling.' Another time: 'Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil—I mean acute pain.'

Again:

'We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have a real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes.'

'Fig-leaves are as necessary for our minds as our bodies, and 'tis as indecent to show all we think as all we have.'

'. . . nothing is beautiful that is displaced.'

'Whoever is under my power is under my protection.'

'I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment.'

But for all the plain things she tells us of herself, and despite her consistent iteration of them at long intervals, 'the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' says another of her critics early in this century, 'is about as little known to the generality of readers as the source of the Nile or the precise position of the North Pole.'

C. W. Dilke wrote many years afterwards: 'For more than a century the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has been a subject of discussion—a mystery which neither time nor literary research has been able satisfactorily to clear up.'

The question that seems to have occupied most those who concerned themselves with her story, is why she left her family and her country, and lived uninterruptedly for twenty odd years in foreign lands.

One of her latter-day biographers, after giving up the hopeless task of trying to convict her of some scandalous amour, believes 'Lady Mary was annoyed and left England because the men of genius' she met were 'choked with intellectual frivolities.' Oh! that any son of woman should so mistake a being feminine to her finger-tips! He fancies this critical, humorous, creature kicking so blindly against the pricks as to insist that those poor dear 'men of genius' within her reach should tell her 'Whence come I? Whither do I go?' And because the conundrum found them silent, does Lady Mary pack her boxes and shake the English dust from off her feet! Not so! Women do not go pounding about the world on a purely metaphysical quest. Even while remembering that Lady Mary was a noted wit and a famous beauty, a conspicuous favourite at Court, distinguished by the friendship (or the enmity) of the first men of the age, and celebrated in their pages and their pictures—with all this freshly in mind, one cannot get away from the impression that at heart she was and she remained incurably a child. She is sixty-six when she says, 'I thank God I can find playthings for my age.' It is because life diverted her so enormously that her mere reflection of it diverts us. For myself, I believe that her enchanting experience of foreign travel had left her not satisfied, but more eager, as it has done the born traveller since the world began. It was all very well to have once posted down the Rhine and across Europe, to have ascended Mont Cenis 'carried in little seats of twisted osiers fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders,' all very well to have observed strange manners at the gloomy, fantastic Court of Vienna, to have lived at Constantinople and written from thence 'imperishable letters'; but Lady Mary cared less about astonishing other people with her accounts, than she did about amusing herself. The woman who had written with such gusto to the Princess of Wales from Adrianople: 'I have now, madam, past a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors'—that was not the woman to settle down

in England for the rest of her days, if she could help herself—and Lady Mary could always help herself. In spite of being well entertained by the London of her time, she must have longed, in those years after the return from Constantinople, for something fresher and more exciting than the little round of Court intrigue, gossip about Pope's grotto, and stringing verses with Lord Hervey. Besides, she had done all that, just as she had done the unspeakable Turk; and if Mr. Wortley had only bestirred himself and got an Embassy to China or the moon, Lady Mary, like the dutiful spouse she had shown herself in the Turkish emergency, would have faced every peril in order never to have deserted Mr. Wortley. But there was no love of adventure in him. He occupied, with circumspection and with credit, a comfortable niche from whence no fair, disquieting dreams lured *him* forth. And for that very reason, his patience with his wife, and his generosity to her, make us think as kindly of him as it is evident Lady Mary did.

She had in her somewhat of the stuff of which the way-breakers are made. It is idle to tell such folk, that there is a path prepared, leading of a certainty to comfort and consideration. Just as strongly as this appeals to most people, at least as strongly does it repel those, fortunately few, who go the rougher road. The guide-posts set up by the prudent are there to tell such travellers: this is the way *not* to go. And yet (it is one of the contradictions which make her so interesting) Lady Mary was not only saturated with the worldly wisdom of her class, but by natural instinct she all her days looked at life and art, as well as government, from the standpoint of the aristocrat. She writes to her daughter from Lovere:

> The confounding of all ranks, and making a jest of order, has long been growing in England; and I perceive by the books you sent me, has made a very considerable progress. The heroes and heroines of the age are cobblers and kitchen wenches. Perhaps you will say, I should not take my ideas of the manners of the times from such trifling authors; but it is more truly to be found among them, than from any historian: as they write merely to get money [Oh, Lady Mary!] they always fall into the notions that are most acceptable to the present taste. It has long been the endeavour of English writers to represent people of quality as the vilest and silliest part of the nation, being (generally) very low born themselves. I am not surprised at their propagating this doctrine; but I am much mistaken if this levelling principle does not, one day or other, break out in fatal consequences to the public, as it has already done in many private families. You will think I am influenced by living under an aristocratic government, where distinction of rank is carried to a very great height [she speaks without turning a hair of a neighbour who 'racked' her cook in the course of an inquiry into the soup]; but I can assure you my opinion is founded on reflection and experience, and I wish to God I had always thought in the same manner; though I had ever the utmost contempt for misalliances, yet the silly prejudices of my education had taught me to believe I was to treat nobody as an inferior, and that poverty was a degree of merit: this imaginary humility has made me admit many familiar acquaintances of which I have heartily repented every one, and the greatest examples I have known of honour and integrity have been among those of the highest birth and fortunes.

She writes to her husband from Italy that she durst not indulge in Lady Orford's society, which would have amused her very much, since her character is held in universal horror. . . . 'She had a collection of freethinkers that met weekly at her house to the scandal of all good Christians.' Lady Mary refuses to lend her countenance to these assemblies, 'not thinking it right to make a jest of ordinances that are (at least) so far sacred, as they are absolutely necessary in all civilised governments; and it is being in every sense an enemy to mankind to endeavour to overthrow them.'

Although one is convinced that Lady Mary was at heart a pagan, she is always ready in her later days to break a lance in defence of the English Church. Hot and long were her encounters with Roman prelates, who regarded her as fanatically an Anglican. Was it to soothe some wound she had dealt their faith that she sent to England for those 'Pinchbec's watches, shagrine cases, and enamel dial-plates, price 5 guineas each,' as presents for 'two priests'? It is probable that none of those proselytising gentlemen ever heard of that poem of hers, in the course of which she says:

> I see in Tully what the ancients thought,
> And read unprejudiced what moderns taught;
> But no conviction from my reading springs—
> Most dubious on the most important things.

Those argumentative Monsignori would not have expected that the doughty theologian Lady Mary had shown herself would await the approach of death, so innocent of any orthodox vision of the spiritual glories she was about to inherit, that when she says 'I am preparing for my last and longest journey, and stand on the threshold of this dirty world, my several infirmities like post-horses ready to hurry me away,' her forward gaze is fixed on the temporal prosperity of her own country and that of 'my Lord Bute and my daughter.'

But for all her desire that other people should bow meekly before the Powers that Be and obey all the laws, from those parental to those accounted divine, she herself, it will be remembered, could elope with a commoner, without settlements or other assurance than she had in the just and steadfast nature of the man—she could please herself (turning a deaf ear to the gossip and disapproval of her own circles) by wandering about France and Italy for nearly a quarter of a century, when by all the canons of her class she should have been boring herself with the cares of great establishments in England, and helping to bring up her grandchildren—although she could do the contrary of all this and perhaps even more unconventional things, she was very earnest that the members of her family should behave in an exemplary manner, get preferment at Court, and marry fortunes. Whenever, in cruising about Italy, she encounters a young gentleman of birth and great wealth, she writes

off post haste to England, commending him to the notice of Lady Bute 'for one of my granddaughters.' Lady Mary would beyond a doubt have been the first to be down upon those blameless ladies had they discovered any of their grandmother's independence.

It is, however, my humble opinion that when Lady Mary left England she had no fixed project of remaining abroad indefinitely or of abandoning Mr. Wortley. I take her letter to Lady Pomfret, in the first year of her absence, to have been written in absolute good faith. She had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go with her to the Continent, 'and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which as yet parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her [Lady Pomfret] at Rome.' A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* thinks she was 'banished her husband's hearth,' Mrs. Jameson, that her marriage ended 'in disgust and aversion.' But there is no evidence of such a state of things in any authoritative memoir, and much in her own and Mr. Wortley's letters to contradict the notion. The truth is, Lady Mary has obliged the world with so many good stories, people have been unwilling to think there was not some lurid and sensational reason for her 'exile.' A sad and terrible reason for its continuance I do believe there was, but not of the kind to make the scandal-loving rejoice.

This lady, not yet, at all events, 'banished her husband's hearth,' writes to the Countess of Pomfret, on the 2nd May, 1739, 'I can give you no greater proof of the impression it [Lady Pomfret's letter] made on me, than letting you know that you have given me so great an inclination to see Italy once more, that I have serious thoughts of setting out,' &c. This from a woman of the ripe age of fifty, with her only daughter safely and happily married, does not strike one as entirely reckless or 'mysterious.' Three months later, she set forth on that journey, whence she returned, twenty-two years after, only to 'die among her kindred.' But she wrote to her husband from Dartford, her very first stage, from Dover, and the moment she reached Calais, wifely details about servants, carriages, prices, and her desire to know how Mr. Wortley fared; and 'I am very impatient to hear from you.' She did hear—of his anxiety as to the road she took to Dijon, and what would best minister to her health and pleasure. 'If you mention a few of the great towns you have passed, I shall see the whole journey,' he says, and 'I wish (if it be easy) you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels.' 'Though you are surprised,' he says, 'I am not at all, that your health is so much mended. I have hitherto found travelling a never-failing remedy,' &c. His sympathy and solicitude do not look much as if there had been a rupture. As for her, she goes on uninterruptedly

through the years, writing him not only her adventures and little or great social triumphs, but troubling him to send her trifles packed away among her effects in England—a tolerably good sign of an easy and confident relation. As if that old compliment to her Latinity still lay warm at her heart, she quotes Horace to him, and 'I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember I have always told you that it is in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons.' Would that all husbands and wives, after the wear and tear of nearly thirty years, stood in no less kindly and solicitous relations! When she misses a single post it is only 'hoping to have been able to have given you an account of everything I had observed at Portici.' She expects in a few days to get permission to visit Herculaneum, and 'will then give you the exactest description I am capable of.' When she does not hear from him as soon as she expected: 'though I hope your silence is occasioned by your being in the country, yet I cannot help being very uneasy, and in some apprehension that you are indisposed.' Although she has before written that the allowance he makes her is quite sufficient for her presumably not over-modest expenditure, Mr. Wortley, for all his reputation for avarice, augments her income. Later, after having written of the cheapness of things, she says: 'I desire not to have the money you intend for me till I ask for it.' In a letter from Geneva: 'I have wrote to you three times without hearing from you, and cannot help being uneasy at your silence. I think this air does not agree with my health. I have had a return of many complaints from which I had an entire cessation during my stay in Italy, which makes me incline to return thither, though a winter journey over the Alps,' &c. . . . 'I am very impatient to hear from you.' In the letter next sent: 'Yours of October 26 has taken me out of the uneasiness of fearing for your health.' Three weeks after she is again 'very impatient to hear from you, and hope your business does not injure your health.' After this we find Mr. Wortley writing her at great length his perplexities about their son, admitting his own incompetence to deal with the case, entreating her to see the scapegrace and write Mr. Wortley her impressions for his guidance. He depends upon her judgment absolutely—whatever she advises shall be done. He leaves it to her even to decide what allowance shall be made to the young man, now no longer so young. The account of the meeting is one of the most curious things in the letters; but she writes too of more cheerful things, and still of Mr. Wortley's health. 'I hope you will take care not to return to London,' she says to him in 1743, 'while it is in this unhealthy state.'

Before this she has told him of the young Englishmen of birth who in their travels came to Rome: 'They really paid a regular court to me, as if I had been their queen; and their governors told me that the desire of my approbation had a very great influence on

their conduct. While I stayed, there was neither gaming or any sort of extravagance. I used to preach to them very freely and they all thanked me for it.' No wonder she adds, 'I shall stay some time in this town.'

But we know her old and ineradicable love of change. It would have taken more than the court of young Englishmen, and the satisfaction of influencing their conduct for the good, to keep Lady Mary long even in the Eternal City. She is presently writing to Mr. Wortley from Leghorn, Turin, Genoa, and from various towns in France, and on December 20, 1743 : 'On one side of it [Avignon], within the walls, was formerly a fortress built on a very high rock ; they say it was destroyed by lightning. . . . Last summer, in the hot evenings, I walked often thither, where I always found a fresh breeze, and the most beautiful land-prospect I ever saw except Wharncliffe.'

She is reported in Avignon to have said, were the ruin hers she would 'turn it into a Belvedere.' The town, for the honour of having her resident among them, makes her a present of the 'ancient round tower' and the land about it. 'I have added a dome,' she writes her husband, 'and put up a Latin inscription,' the sixteen lines of which she copies for his edification.

Writing to him the next time, half an hour after getting a letter from him :

> I always answer your letters the same post I receive them, if they come early enough to permit it ; if not, the post following.

Later :

> I am sorry you have given yourself so much trouble about the inscription. I find I expressed myself ill, if you understood by my letter that it was placed ; I never intended it without your approbation.

May 6, 1744 :

> I am extremely glad my account of Avignon had anything in it entertaining to you . . . if there are any particulars you would have explained to you, I will do it to the best of my power. I can never be so agreeably employed as in amusing you. [Notwithstanding her eyesight at this time is very bad.]

October 29, she writes to Mr. Wortley, on the subject of poor Lady Oxford's ill-health : 'She is the only friend I can depend on in this world (*except yourself*).'

From Brescia she writes to him, after all kinds of vivacious news of many civilities from Count Wackerbath, Governor to the Prince of Saxony, and favourite of the King of Poland, of being visited by the Prince of Badin Dourlach, and the Prince Löwestein, and how 'the Doge is our old friend Grimani, and I do not doubt meeting with all sort of civility'—adding quite casually 'when I set out I had so bad a fluxion on my eyes, I was really afraid of losing them : they are now quite recovered.' But in her next to him : 'I bragged

too soon of my good health, which lasted but two days after my last letter. I was then seized with so violent a fever I am surprised a woman of my age could be capable of it.' However, she goes promptly to her favourite Italian resort, Lovere, and as promptly to the Opera, which she describes with delight.

January 10, 1746 : she writes to Mr. Wortley : 'I return you many thanks for the trouble you have taken in sending me Miss Fielding's books : they would have been much welcomer had they been accompanied with a letter from yourself.' She complains of the miscarriage of letters : 'the last I enclosed to my daughter, I have never heard from her since, nor from any other person in England, which gives me the greatest uneasiness ; but the most sensible part of it is in regard of your health, which is truly and sincerely the dearest concern I have in this world. . . . I beg you to write though it is but two lines.'

April 24, 1748 : she acknowledges 'a copy of verses' which he has sent her quite in the old way of lovers.

December 25 : 'I think you seemed to desire me to lengthen my letters, and I can have no greater pleasure than endeavouring to amuse you.'

Aften ten years' residence abroad, she writes to her husband : I received yours of January 23 this morning with more satisfaction than I can express, having been long in pain for your silence. I never had that you mention of December 12,' &c., and she gives him a banker's address. His letters will then, she says, 'come a few days later and with a little more expense ; but I hope to receive them more punctually, and there is nothing I would not pay for that pleasure.'

In 1749, when she is sixty, she returns, at ten o'clock at night, 'from a party on horseback, having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine,' to welcome one of those boxes that her daughter was in the habit of sending out from England with the newest books and all kinds of odds and ends that Lady Mary might take it into her head would add to the joys of life abroad. In spite of her sixty years, her twenty-mile ride, and the lateness of the hour, Lady Mary could not deny herself the pleasure of having the box opened ; 'and falling upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading.'

'I was such an old fool as to weep over Clarissa Harlowe like any milkmaid of sixteen over the ballad of the Lady's Fall.'

This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay sob over his works in a most scandalous manner. . . . I believe this author was never admitted into higher company [than that of the lowest class] and should confine his pen to the amours of housemaids, and the conversation at the steward's table, where I imagine he has sometimes intruded, though oftener in the servants' hall. . . . Richardson never had probably money enough to purchase any [old china] or even a ticket for a masquerade, which gives him such an aversion to them ; though his intended satire against them is very absurd on

account of his Harriet, since she might have been carried off in the same manner if she had been going from supper with her grandmamma. Her whole behaviour, which he designs to be exemplary, is equally blameable and ridiculous. . . . He has no idea of the manners of high life: his old Lord M. talks in the style of a country justice, and his virtuous young ladies romp like the wenches round a maypole. Such liberties as pass between Mr. Lovelace and his cousins are not to be excused by the relation. I should have been much astonished if Lord Denbigh should have offered to kiss me; and I dare swear Lord Trentham never attempted such an impertinence to you.

In return for all the new books, she sends home delightful accounts of the society of the various places she stays in, and the people of consequence who come to see her, of opera and carnival, of her vineyards and her gardens, her dairy, her cultivation of silk-worms ('I beg you would inquire of the price raw silk bears'), and how the good people of Brescia, where she had fitted up an old shell of a palace, had to be forcibly prevented from setting up a statue in her honour. 'Some ladies in the neighbourhood,' she writes, 'favoured me last week with a visit in masquerade. They were all dressed in white, like vestal virgins, with garlands in their hands. They came at night with violins and flambeaux, but did not stay more than one dance: pursuing their way to another castle some miles from hence.'

Some hint of Lady Mary's fondness for plays must have gone abroad, for she is petitioned to allow a theatre to be erected in her saloon. The entertainment lasted the last three days of the carnival. She hears 'the fame of paper-hangings, and had some thoughts of sending for a suit, but was informed that they are as dear as damask here, which put an end to my curiosity.'

She writes to her daughter from Padua: 'I have sometimes an inclination to desire your father to send me the two large jars that stood in the windows in Cavendish Square.' Even that hint of a request is granted. Three months afterwards we find her saying to Lady Bute, in a letter from Venice ('no city so proper for the retreat of old age'): 'I am very fond of the jars, which I look upon as a present from your father.'

From time to time, all through the latter half of her life, Lady Mary suffered from eye troubles. Out of a number of references, this: 'Brescia, 1747: To say the truth, the decay of my sight will no longer suffer me to read by candle-light, and the evenings are now long and dark that I am forced to stay at home.' But failing sight, which, by the way, she denies the moment she is a little better, does not prevent her writing constantly and voluminously to Lady Bute and to Mr. Wortley, until, in 1750, she refers her husband to a letter written to their daughter, adding: 'I do not write so copiously to you, fearing it should be troublesome to your eyes. . . . The continuation of your health is my most fervent desire, and the news of it my greatest pleasure.'

To Lady Bute: 'I am extremely pleased with the account you give me of your father's health: his life is the greatest blessing that can happen to his family.' Again to her husband, in 1751: 'I do not give you the trouble of long letters, fearing that reading of them might be uneasy to your sight,' and tells him the letters to their daughter are also for him. But despite her consideration for his eyes, she goes on writing him epistles of considerable length. There is something rather pathetic in the idea of these two (Lady Mary now sixty-two and Mr. Wortley seventy odd) persevering, albeit with difficulty, in writing long and cheerful letters to each other that with equal difficulty are read. 'I return you many thanks,' she says, 'for the length of your entertaining letter, but am very sorry it was troublesome to you. I wish the reading of this may not be so.'

In 1754 she acknowledges his 'received yesterday, which gave me great pleasure; I am flattered by finding that our sentiments are the same in regard to Lord Bolinbroke's writings,' and she quotes again her husband's favourite Horace. 'I am very glad your health is so good. May that and every other blessing be yours!'

I, at all events, am not inclined to quarrel with that judgment of herself delivered to her daughter, when Lady Mary (now sixty-six and still cruising about), writes 'To say truth, I think myself an uncommon kind of creature, being an old woman without superstition, peevishness, or censoriousness. I am so far from thinking my youth was passed in an age of more virtue and sense than the present, I am of opinion this world improves every day.'

In 1755 she tells Lady Bute: 'I am much pleased (but not at all surprised) at his [Mr. Wortley's] kindness to you; I know him to be more capable of a generous action than any man I ever knew.'

That Mr. Wortley was not, after long lapse of years, indifferent to Lady Mary's letters is shown by one from him in 1757, in which he is even a little severe with her because some of hers to him have miscarried. 'I bundle up all your letters,' he says, 'and keep a list of the dates of what I send you, so that I cannot mistake as to either. I do not recollect that any letter sent me from a foreign country besides yours ever miscarried. As to those I send abroad, I always send two servants with them to the post office, so that I do not trust to one servant's honesty, and the officer of the post sees there is evidence of the delivery, so that his neglect or fraud may easily appear.'

This is one of the last letters she writes him:

I received yours of October 15 yesterday. I was quite frightened at the relation of your indisposition, and am very glad I did not know till it was over. I hope you will no more suffer the physicians [Mr. Wortley is eighty odd] to try experiments with so good a constitution as yours. I am persuaded mineral waters, which are

provided by nature, are the best, perhaps the only real remedies, particularly that of Tunbridge, of which I have a great opinion.

Now as to the reason which kept Lady Mary away from home all those years—a reason which most women will accept as adequate, and which will be to most men a mystery still.

Lady Mary's love of travel and of foreign life, combined with her husband's generosity, offered her a blessed escape from that exhausting round in London in which, at the age of fifty, harassed by the approach of a terrible and disfiguring disease, she could no longer play her old brilliant part.

From the first year of her marriage, when we hear of her face being 'prodigiously swelled' and having to be lanced, on through the next fifty years, we get glimpses of the enemy lurking in her blood. Her pains to hide its presence there have made a censorious world think she had something worse in her life to keep from public eyes. There is no doubt that it was Mr. Wortley's view that she went abroad for her health. A score of evidences might be quoted. Dilke tells us that, 'in 1737 or 1738, she became painfully disfigured by an eruption, which shut her out from all but very friendly society, which continued through life, and sent her to the grave with a cancer.' That she received her English visitors to Venice in a mask was put down in her day as another of Lady Mary's wild eccentricities; for us it has a tragic ring, remembering the beauty that had been the inspiration of poets and painters, and how not only had the glory departed, but left that in its place of which she wrote to her daughter [N.B.—*not* to Mr. Wortley] in 1757:

> It is eleven years since I have seen my face in a glass, the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future, and shall continue that resolution to my life's end. To indulge all pleasing amusements and avoid all images that give disgust [she winds up in her Spartan way] is in my opinion the best method to attain or confirm health.

Now, long before a woman gets to the pass of being unable to look with composure upon the ravages of illness in her own face, she obeys blindly the not discreditable impulse to hide the sight from others—above all from those who would be most sympathetic and therefore most shocked, and in particular from the man who was the lover of her youth, and the best, most generous friend of her age. It was before ever she married him she wrote: 'I hope I shall always remember how much more miserable than anything else could make me, should I be, to live with you and to please you no longer.' She probably *did* 'remember.' It mattered less to go about among strangers—especially in a country where it was the custom to wear a mask (how often that mask is mentioned!)—and every day she lived abroad made it harder for her to go home. One wonders if Mr. Wortley's eyesight, instead of getting better, had got worse, whether she would not have gone back. As it was, she waited till

the Great Blindness settled on him, and then, an old woman in her seventy-third year, she turned her marred face home.

It is hardly necessary to remind any one that Lady Mary was not likely to put it in any one's power to pity her. Her vague admissions of ill-health seem to be wrung out of her, and the moment she is better she is ready to deny that she has ever been ill. 'A physician should be the only confidant of bodily ills,' she said, and with what iron resolution she lived up to that view we have the involuntarily eloquent testimony of her worst enemy. Lady Mary 'played up' to the last moment. Her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Montagu, says of her after her return to London :

> She does not look *older* than when she went abroad, has more than the vivacity of fifteen, and a memory which is perhaps unique. I was very graciously received by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses, like anybody else. Her *domestick* is made up of all nations, and when you get into her drawing-room you imagine you are in the first storey of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door ; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander ; so that, by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an Act of Parliament.

A Quarterly Reviewer reminds us that Walpole 'thus announces the approach of the moment which was to bring—for the first time —this extraordinary woman to the mere level of other mortals : "Lady Mary is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast which she concealed *till about six weeks ago* . . . there are no hopes for her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough ! Indomitable to the last !"' There are not many who could so well suffer their epitaphs to be written by an enemy. One fancies there is a savour in this that might have pleased Lady Mary herself—the notion that one of the inferior sex, one of those 'contemptible creatures,' one, moreover, whose greatest claim on Society had been held to be her delicate and flower-like beauty—that she, an old, old woman, with this fire at her breast, should be wringing the highest tribute ever paid her, out of her bitterest, most unscrupulous, foe.

SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE LAST TREATY OF PARIS: ADVANCES IN INTERNATIONAL LAW AND CHANGES IN NATIONAL POLICY

BY WHITELAW REID

IN 1823, Thomas Jefferson, writing from the retirement of Monticello to James Monroe, then President of the United States, said :

> Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one on all the earth, and with her on our side, we need not fear the world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause.

As these lines are written, the thing which Jefferson looked forward to has come to pass. For the first time since British regulars and the militia of the American colonies fought Indians on Lake Champlain, and French at Quebec, the Briton and the American have been fighting side by side, and again against savages. It seems natural, now, to count on such a friendly British interest in present American problems as may make welcome a brief statement of some things that were settled by the late Peace of Paris, and some that were unsettled.

Whether treaties really settle International Law is itself an unsettled point. English and American writers incline to give them less weight in that regard than is the habit of the great Continental authorities. But it is reasonable to think that one or two of the points insisted upon by the United States in the Treaty of Paris will be precedents as weighty, henceforth, in international policy as they are now novel to international practice. If not International Law yet, they probably will be; and it is confidently assumed that they will command the concurrence of the British Government and people, as well as of the most intelligent and dispassionate judgment on the Continent.

When Arbitration is Inadmissible.

The distinct and prompt refusal by the American Commissioners to submit questions at issue between them and their Spanish colleagues to arbitration marks a limit to the application of that principle in international controversy which even its friends will be apt hereafter to welcome. No civilised nation is more thoroughly committed to the principle of International Arbitration than the United States. The Spanish Commissioners were able to re-enforce their appeal by striking citations from the American record—the declaration of the Senate of Massachusetts, as early as 1835, in favour of an international court for the peaceful settlement of all disputes between nations; the action of the Senate of the United States, in 1853, favouring a clause in all future treaties with foreign countries, whereby

difficulties that could not be settled by diplomacy should be referred to arbitrators; the concurrence of the two Houses twenty years later, reaffirming this principle; and at last their joint resolution in 1888, requesting the President to secure agreements to that end with all nations with whom he maintained diplomatic intercourse. But the American Commissioners at once made it clear that the rational place for arbitration is as a substitute for war, not as a second remedy, to which the contestant may still have a right to resort after having exhausted the first. In the absence of the desired obligation to arbitrate, when diplomacy fails, the dissatisfied nation may have, according to the American theory, a choice of remedies, but not a double remedy. It may choose arbitration, or it may choose war; but the American Commissioners flatly refused to let it choose war, and then, after defeat, claim still the right to call in arbitrators and put again at risk before them the verdict of war. Arbitration comes before war, they insisted, to avert its horrors; not after war, to afford the defeated party a chance still to escape its consequences.

The principle thus stated is thought self-evidently sound and just. Americans were surprised to find how completely it was overlooked in the contemporaneous European discussion, how general was the sympathy with the Spanish demand for arbitration, and how naïf the apparently genuine surprise at their unqualified refusal to consider it. Even English voices joined in the chorus of encouraging approval that, from every quarter in Europe, greeted the formal Spanish appeal for an opportunity to try over in another forum the questions they had already submitted to the arbitrament of arms. The more clearly the American view is now recognised and accepted, the greater must be the tendency in the future to seek arbitration at the outset. To refuse arbitration, when it is only sought as a means of escaping the consequences of war, is certainly to stimulate efforts for averting war at the beginning of difficulties, by means of arbitration. It prevents such degradation of a noble reform to an ignoble end as making arbitration the refuge, not of those who wish to avoid war, but only of those who have preferred it and been beaten at it. The American precedent should thus become a powerful influence for promoting the cause of genuine International Arbitration, and so for the preservation of peace between nations.

When Debt does not follow Sovereignty.

More unexpected and almost as important to the development of ordered liberty and good government in the world was the American refusal to accept any responsibility, for themselves or for the Cubans, on account of the so-called Cuban Debt. The principle asserted from the outset by the American Commissioners, and finally maintained, in negotiating the Peace of Paris, was that a National Debt, incurred in efforts to subdue a colony,

even if called a Colonial Debt, or secured by a pledge of colonial revenues, cannot be attached in the nature of a mortgage to the territory of that colony, so that when the colony gains its independence it may still be held for the cost of unsuccessful efforts to keep it in subjection.

The first intimations that no part of the so-called Cuban Debt would either be assumed by the United States, or transferred with the territory to the Cubans, were met with an outcry from every Bourse in Europe. Bankers, investors, and the financial world in general had taken it for granted that bonds, which had been regularly issued by the Power exercising sovereignty over the territory, and which specifically pledged the revenues of Custom Houses in that territory for the payment of the interest and ultimately of the principal, must be recognised. Not to do it, they said, would be bald, unblushing, repudiation—a thing least to be looked for or tolerated in a nation of spotless credit and great wealth, which in past times of trial had made many sacrifices to preserve its financial honour untarnished.

It must be admitted that modern precedents were not in favour of the American position. Treaties, ceding territory, quite commonly provide for the assumption by the new sovereign of a proportional part of the general obligations of the ceding State. This is almost invariably true when the territory ceded is so considerable as to form an important portion of the dismembered country. Even 'the great conqueror of this century,' as the Spanish Commissioners exclaimed in one of their arguments, 'never dared to violate this rule of eternal justice in any of the treaties he concluded with those sovereigns whose territories he appropriated, in whole or in part, as a reward for his victories.' They cited his first treaty of August 24, 1801, with Bavaria, providing that the debts of the Duchy of Deux-Ponts, and of that part of the Palatinate acquired by France, should follow the countries; and challenged the production of any treaty of Napoleon's, or of any modern treaty, where the principle of such transfer was violated.

They were able to base an even stronger claim on the precedents of the New World. They were indeed betrayed into some curious errors. One was that the thirteen original States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, paid over to Great Britain fifteen million pounds as their share of the public debt. Another was that the payment of the Texas Debt by the United States must be a precedent now for its payment of the Cuban Debt; whereas the Texas Debt was that incurred by the Texas insurgents in their successful war for independence, while the Cuban Debt was that incurred by the mother country in her unsuccessful effort to put down the Cuban insurgents. But, as to the Spanish-American republics, they were on solid ground. It was true, and was much more

to the point than any of their other citations, that every one of these Spanish-American Republics assumed its debt; that most of them did it before their independence was recognised; and that they gave these debts, contracted by Spain, the preference over later debts contracted by themselves. The language of the treaty with Bolivia was particularly sweeping. It assumed as its own these debts of every kind whatsoever, 'including all incurred for pensions, salaries, supplies, advances, transportation, forced loans, deposits, contracts, and any other debts incurred during war times or prior thereto, chargeable to said treasuries; provided they were contracted by direct orders of the Spanish Government or its constituted authorities in said territories.' The Argentine Republic and Uruguay, in negotiating their treaties, expressed the same idea more tersely: 'Just as it acquires the rights and privileges belonging to the Crown of Spain, so it also assumes all the duties and obligations of the crown.'

The argument was certainly obvious, and apparently fair, that what every other revolted American colony of Spain had done, on gaining its independence, the last of the long line should also do. But an examination shows that in no case were the circumstances such as to make it a fair precedent for Cuba. In the other colonies, the debts to a considerable extent had been incurred for the prosecution of improvements of a pacific character, generally for the public good, and often at the public desire. Another part had been spent in the legitimate work of preserving public order and extending the advantages of government over wild regions and native tribes. The rich, compact, populous island of Cuba had called for no such loans, up to the time when Spain had already lost all of her American colonies, on the Continent, and had therefore no other dependency on which to fasten its exacting Governor-Generals and hosts of other official leeches. There was no Cuban Debt. Any honest administration had ample revenues for all legitimate expenses, and a surplus; and this surplus seems not to have been used for the benefit of the island, but sent home. Between 1856 and 1861 over twenty million dollars of Cuban surplus were thus remitted to Madrid. Then began the effort to use Cuban credit as a means of raising money to reconquer their lost dominions; and so Cuban bonds (with the guarantee of the Spanish nation) were issued, first for the effort to regain Santo Domingo, and then for the expedition to Mexico. By 1864, three millions had been so issued; by 1868, eighteen millions—not at the request or with the consent of the Cubans, and not for their benefit. Then commenced the Cuban insurrection; and from that time on, all Spain could wring from Cuba, or borrow in European markets on the pledge of Cuban revenues and her own guarantee, went in the effort to subdue a colony in revolt against her injustice and bad government. The lenders knew the facts and took the risk. Two years after this first insurrection

Philippines, then at any rate the right of the United States to them as indemnity for the war could not be contested by the generation which had witnessed the exaction of Alsace and Lorraine, *plus* a thousand million dollars indemnity, for the Franco-Prussian War. The war with Spain has already cost the United States far above three hundred million dollars. When it tried to buy Cuba from Spain, in the days of that island's greatest prosperity, the highest valuation the United States was ever willing to attach to it was a hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. As an original proposition, nobody dreams that the American people would have consented to buy the remote Philippines at that figure or at the half of it. Who could think the Government exacting if it accepted them in lieu of a cash indemnity (which Spain was wholly incapable of paying) for a great deal more than double the value it had put upon Cuba at its very doors?

It was certain then that the Philippines would be retained, unless the President and his Commissioners so construed their duty to protect their country's interests as to throw away, in advance of popular instruction, all possible chance of indemnity for the war. But there was an issue of Spanish bonds, called a Philippine loan, amounting to forty million dollars Mexican, or say about eighteen millions of American money. Warned by the results of inquiry as to the origin of the Cuban Debt, the American Commissioners avoided undertaking to assume this *en bloc*. But in their first statement of the claim for cession of sovereignty in the Philippines, they were careful to say that they were ready to stipulate 'for the assumption of any existing indebtedness of Spain, incurred for public works and improvements of a pacific character in the Philippines.' Not till they learned that of this entire 'Philippine Debt' (only issued in 1897), over one-fourth had actually been transferred to Cuba, to carry on the war against the Cuban insurgents, and finally against the United States, and the balance had all been used in prosecuting the war in Luzon, did the American Commissioners abandon the idea of assuming it. Even then, they resolved, in the final transfer, to fix an amount at least equal to the face value of that debt, which could be given to Spain as an acknowledgment for any pacific improvements she might ever have made there, not paid for by the revenues of the islands themselves. She could use it to pay the Philippine bonds if she chose. That was the American view as to the sanctity of public debt, legitimately incurred in behalf of ceded territory; and that is

vention of European Governments for the protection of their own citizens; or it might have restored them to Spain. Besides the desertion of natives whose aid against Manila had been encouraged, that would have been to say that while the United States went to war because the injustice and barbarity of Spanish rule in the West Indies were such that they could no longer be tolerated, it was now so eager to quit that, for the sake of peace, it was willing to re-establish that same rule in the East Indies!

the explanation of a money payment in the case of the Philippines, as well as of the precise amount at which it was finally fixed.

Neither the Peace of Paris nor the conflict which it closed can be said to have quite settled the status of private war at sea. 'Privateering is and remains abolished,' not in International Law, but merely between the Powers that signed that clause in the Declaration of Paris in 1856. But the greatest commercial nation, as well as the most powerful, that withheld its signature, was the United States. It was to be considered that its adhesion to the principle would bring more weight to the general acceptance among civilised nations, which is the essential for admission in International Law, than that of all the other dissenting nations.

Privateering.

Under these circumstances, the United States took the occasion of an outbreak of war between itself and another of the dissenting nations to announce that, for its part, it did not intend, under any circumstances, to resort to privateering. The other gave no such assurance; and was, in fact, expected to commission privateers at an early date; but the disasters to its navy and the collapse of its finances left it without a safe opportunity. The moral effect of this volunteer action of the United States, with no offset of any active dissent by its opponent, becomes almost equivalent to completing that custom and assent of the civilised world which create International Law. Practically all Governments are likely henceforth to regard privateering as under international ban; and no one of the States yet refraining from assent, Spain, Mexico, Venezuela or China, is likely to defy the ban. The announcement of the United States may probably be accepted as marking the end of private war at sea, and a genuine advance in the world's civilisation.

The refusal of the United States, in 1856, to join in abolishing privateering was avowedly based upon the ground that it did not go far enough. The American claim was that not only private seizure of enemy's goods at sea should be prohibited, but that all private property of the enemy at sea should be entitled to the same protection as on land, prizes and prize courts being thus almost abolished, and no private property of the enemy anywhere being liable to confiscation, unless contraband of war. It was frankly stated at the time that, without this addition, the abolition of privateering was not in the interest of Powers like the United States, with a small navy but a large and active merchant fleet. This peculiar adaptability of privateering to the situation of the United States might have warranted the suspicion that its professions of a desire to make the article in the Declaration of Paris still broader only masked a desire to have things remain as they were.

Exempt all Private Property.

But the subsequent action of its Government in time of profound peace compelled a worthier view of its attitude. A treaty with Italy, negotiated by George P. Marsh and ratified by the United States in 1871, embodied the very extension of the Declaration of Paris for which the United States contended. This treaty provides that 'in the event of a war between them (Italy and the United States) the private property of their respective citizens and subjects, with the exception of contraband of war, shall be exempt from capture or seizure, on the high seas or elsewhere, by the armed vessels or by the military forces of either party.' Is it too much to hope that this early committal of the United States with Italy, and its subsequent action in the war with Spain, may at last bring the world to the advanced ground it recommended for the Declaration of Paris, and throw the safeguards of civilisation henceforth around all private property in time of war, whether on land or sea?

Here, then, are three great principles, important to the advancement of civilisation, which, if not established in International Law by the Peace of Paris and the war it closed, have at least been so powerfully re-enforced that no nation is likely hereafter lightly or safely to violate them.

The Monroe Doctrine stands.

But it has often been asked, and sometimes by eminent English writers, whether the Americans have not at the same time fatally unsettled the Monroe Doctrine, which never indeed had the sanction of International Law, but to which they were known to attach the greatest importance. A large and influential body of American opinion at first insisted that the acquisition of the West Indian, Philippine, and Sandwich Islands constitutes an utter abandonment of that doctrine; and apparently most European publicists have accepted this view. Only slight inquiry is needed to show that the facts give it little support.

The Monroe Doctrine sprang from the union of certain absolute monarchs (claiming to rule not by the will of the people but 'by Divine Right') in a Holy Alliance against the dangerous spread of democratic ideas, which, starting in the revolt of the American colonies, had kindled the French Revolution, and more or less unsettled government in Europe. It was believed that the monarchs meant, not only to repress republican tendencies in Europe, but to assist Spain in reducing again to subjection American republics which had been established in former Spanish colonies, and had been recognised as independent by the United States. Under these circumstances, James Monroe, then President, in his annual message in 1823, formally announced the famous 'Doctrine' in these words:

The occasion has been deemed proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents,

by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers. . . . Our policy in regard to Europe . . . is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its Powers.

That is the whole substance of it. There was no pledge of abstention throughout the future, and under all circumstances, from the internal concerns of European Powers—only a statement of present practice. Far less was there a pledge, as seems to have been widely supposed, that if the Holy Alliance would only refrain from aiding Spain to force back the Mexican and South American Republics into Spanish colonies, the United States would refrain from extending its institutions or its control over any region in Asia or Africa or the islands of the sea. Still less was there any such talk as has been sometimes quoted, about keeping them out of the Western Hemisphere and itself staying out of the Eastern Hemisphere. What Mr. Monroe really said in essence was this: "The Spanish colonies are now American Republics, which we have recognised. They shall not be reduced to colonies again; and the two continents have attained such an independent condition that they are no longer fields for European colonisation.' That fact remains. It does not seem probable that any body will try or wish to change it. And the United States has not interfered in the internal concerns of any European Powers. But it is under no direct pledge for the future to that effect; and as to Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, it is and always has been as free as anybody else. It encouraged and protected a colony on the West Coast of Africa. It acquired the Aleutian Islands, largely in the Asiatic system. It long maintained a species of protectorate over the Sandwich Islands. It acquired an interest in Samoa and joined there in a protectorate. It has now taken the Sandwich Islands and the Philippines. And the Monroe Doctrine remains just where it always was. Nothing has been done in contravention of it, and it stands as firmly as ever; though with the tragic end of the Franco-Austrian experiment in Mexico, and now with the final disappearance from the Western world of the unfortunate Power whose colonial experiences led to its original promulgation, the circumstances have so changed that nobody is very likely to have either interest or wish to interfere with it.

Leaving the Continent.

What has really been unsettled, if anything, by the Peace of Paris, and the preceding war, has been the current American idea as to the sphere of national activities, and the power under the Constitution for their extension. It is perfectly true that the people did not wish for more territory, and never dreamed of distant colonies. There had always been a party that first opposed and then belittled

the acquisition of Alaska. There was no considerable popular support since the Civil War, for filibustering expeditions of the old sort against Cuba. There was genuine reluctance to take the steps which recent circumstances and the national committals for half a century made almost unavoidable in the Sandwich Islands. Now suddenly the United States found itself in possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippines. The first impression was one of great popular perplexity. What was to be done with them? Must they be developed through the territorial stage into independent States in the Union; or, if not, how govern, or get rid of them? What place was there in the American system for territories that were never to be States, for colonies, or for the rule of distant subject races?

Up to this time, from the outbreak of the war, the Administration had found the American people united in its support as they had hardly been united for a century. The South vied with the North, the West forgot the growing jealousy of the East, the poor the new antagonism to the rich, and the wildest cowboys from Arizona and New Mexico marched fraternally beside scions of the oldest and richest families from New York, under the orders of a great Secessionist cavalry general.

But now two parties presently arose. One held that there was no creditable escape from the consequences of the war; that the Government, having broken down the existing authority in the capital of the Philippines and practically throughout the archipelago, could neither set up that authority again nor shirk the duty of replacing it; that it was as easy and as constitutional to apply some modification of the existing territorial system to the Philippines as it had been to Alaska and the Aleutians; and that, while the task was no doubt disagreeable, difficult and dangerous, it could not be avoided with honour, and would ultimately be attended with great profit. On the other hand, some prominent members of the Administration party led off in protests against the retention of the Philippines on constitutional, humanitarian, and economic grounds, pronouncing it a policy absolutely antagonistic to the principles of the Republic, and the precursor of its downfall. In proportion as the Administration itself inclined to the former view, the Opposition leaders fell away from the support they had given during the war, and began to align themselves with the members of the Administration party who had opposed the ratification of the treaty. They were re-enforced by a considerable body of educated and conservative public opinion, chiefly at the East; and by a number of trades-union and labour leaders who had been brought to believe that the new policy meant cheap labour and cheap manufactures in competition with their own, together with a large standing army, to which they have manifested great repugnance ever since the Chicago riots.

In the universal ferment of opinion and discussion that ensued, the opponents of what is assumed to be the Administration policy on the new possessions have seemed to rely chiefly on two provisions in the Constitution of the United States, and a phrase in the Declaration of Independence. The Constitutional provisions are :

Anti-Administration View of the Constitution.

> The Congress shall have power to levy and collect taxes . . . and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States ; *but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.*—Art. I. Sec. 8.
>
> All persons born or naturalised in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.—Art. XIV. Sec. 1.

To serve the purpose for which these clauses of the Constitution are invoked, it is necessary to hold that any territory to which the United States has a title is an integral part of the United States ; and perhaps the greatest name in the history of American Constitutional interpretation is cited in favour of the contention. In the early part of the century, Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, of the Supreme Court of the United States, decided the case of a citizen of the District of Columbia who refused to pay his share of a direct tax, originally assessed by Congress in January 1815, on the eighteen States then in existence, and by another Act, passed the next month, extended proportionally over the District of Columbia. In this case (Loughborough *v.* Blake, 5 Wheaton, 319) the Chief Justice argued that the term 'the United States' in the first clause of the Constitution above quoted necessarily included the territories. He said :

> Does this term designate the whole or any particular portion of the American Empire ? Certainly this question can admit of but one answer. It is the name given to our great republic, which is composed of States and Territories. The district of Columbia, or the territory west of the Missouri, is not less within the United States than Maryland or Pennsylvania.

If this is accepted as a binding constitutional interpretation, it follows that when the treaty ceding Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines was ratified, that archipelago became an integral part of the United States. Then, under the first clause above cited, the Dingley Tariff must be immediately extended over the Philippines (as well as Porto Rico, the Sandwich Islands, and Guam) precisely as over New York ; and, under the second clause, every native of the Philippines and the other new possessions is a citizen of the United States, with all the rights and privileges thereby accruing. The first result would be the destruction of the present American revenue system, by the free admission into all American ports of sugar and other tropical products, from the greatest sources of supply, and the consequent loss of nearly sixty millions of annual

revenue. Another would be the destruction of the existing cane and beet sugar industries in the United States. Another, apprehended by the labouring classes, who are already suspicious from their experience with the Chinese, would be an enormous influx either of cheap labour or of its products, to beat down their wages.

Next, it is argued, there is no place in the theory or practice of the American Government, for territories, except for development into Statehood; and consequently, the required population being already present, new States must be created out of Luzon, Mindanao, the Visayas, Porto Rico, and the Sandwich Islands. The right to hold them permanently in the territorial form, or even under a protectorate, is indignantly denied as conflicting with Mr. Jefferson's phrase, in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Some great names can certainly be marshalled in support of such views. Thus, Chancellor Kent said, in 1823, with reference to the proposed colonisation of the Columbia River country, that a government by Congress as absolute sovereign, over colonies, absolute dependents, was not congenial to the free and independent spirit of American institutions. John C. Calhoun, in 1848, introduced a resolution in the Senate, saying that the conquest and retention of Mexico, 'either as a province or to incorporate it in the Union, would be a departure from the settled policy of the Government, in conflict with its character and genius, and in the end subversive of our free and popular institutions.' Mr. Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, said in his opinion, giving the decision in the Dred Scott case, that a Power 'to rule territory without restriction as a colony or dependent province would be inconsistent with the nature of our Government.' Denial of this duty to admit the new possessions as States is denounced as a violation by the Republic of the very law of its being, and its transformation into an empire; as a revival of slavery in another form, both because of government without representation, and because no tropical colony can be successful without contract labour; as a consequent and inevitable degradation of American character; as a defiance of the warnings in Washington's Farewell Address against foreign entanglements; as a repudiation of the Congressional declaration at the outbreak of the war, that it was not waged for territorial aggrandisement; and finally, as placing Aguinaldo in the position of fighting for freedom, independence and the principles of the fathers of the Republic, while the Republic itself is in the position of fighting to control and govern him and his people in spite of their will.

On the other hand, the supporters of the treaty and of the policy

of the Administration, so far as it has been disclosed, begin their argument with another provision of the Constitution, the second part of Section 3 in Article IV.

Treaty View of the Constitution.

> The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States.

They claim that, under this, Congress has absolute power to do what it will with the Philippines, as with any other territory or other property which the United States may acquire. It is admitted that Congress is, of course, under an implied obligation to exercise this power in the general spirit of the Constitution which creates it and of the Government of which it is a part. But it is denied that Congress is under any obligation to confer a Republican form of government upon a territory whose inhabitants are unfit for it, or to adopt any form of government devised with reference to preparing it for ultimate admission to the Union as a State. The clause in consideration was drafted by Gouverneur Morris. Fifteen years after the adoption of the Constitution, in answer to a question as to the precise meaning of this clause, he wrote:

> Your inquiry substantially is whether Congress can admit, as a new State, territory which did not belong to the United States when the Constitution was made. In my opinion they cannot. I always thought, when we should acquire Canada and Louisiana, it would be proper to govern them as provinces, and allow them no voice in our councils. In wording the third section of the fourth Article, I went as far as circumstances would permit, to establish the exclusion. Candour obliges me to add my belief that, had it been more pointedly expressed, a strong opposition would have been made.—3 Morr. Wr. 192.

By whom? Obviously by those who wanted to strain the clause —not still further *towards* exclusion, which was recognised as its natural tendency, but *against* exclusion, for the sake of leaving admission as States still possible for such acquisitions as Louisiana. The objection to a 'more pointed expression' thus sprang, not from doubt as to the power of exclusion, but only from a desire that the power of admission should not be absolutely and in terms withheld.

It is further denied that Congress is under any obligation, arising either from the Constitution itself or from the precedents of the nation's action under it, to ask the consent of the inhabitants in acquired territory to the form of government which may be given them. It is curious to observe that Mr. Chief Justice Marshall himself appears to have inclined to this view. In deciding a case growing out of the acquisition of Florida from Spain (Am. Ins. Co. *v.* Canter, 1 Pet. 511), the Chief Justice said that the inhabitants of Florida, though made citizens of the United States by the treaty of cession from Spain, acquired no right to share in political power. At any rate, Mr. Jefferson felt himself under no obligations to ask the consent of the Spanish and French people of Louisiana when he

purchased that territory from Napoleon; or Mr. Lincoln to ask the consent of the inhabitants before he peremptorily required South Carolina and the other seceding States to abandon the government they had set up and submit to that against which they had revolted; or any President, in the case of any territory whatever which the United States has ever acquired and ruled throughout the whole period of its history.

Still further, it is insisted, not only that Congress is under no obligations to prepare these territories for Statehood, or admit them to it, but that, at least as to the Philippines, it is prevented from doing so by the very terms of the Preamble to the Constitution itself—concluding, as it does, with the words 'do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States *of America*.' There is no place here for States of Asia.

Replies to the Constitutional Objections.

In dealing with the arguments against retention of the Philippines, based on the sections previously quoted from Articles I. and XIV. of the Constitution, the friends of the policy say that the apparent conflict in these articles with the wide grant of powers to Congress which they find in Article IV. arises wholly from a failure to recognise the different senses in which the term 'the United States' is used. As the name of the nation, it is often employed to include all territory over which the United States sovereignty extends, whether originally the property of the individual States and ceded to the United States or whether acquired in treaties by the nation itself. But such a meaning is clearly inconsistent with its use in the Constitution. Thus, Article XIII. says: 'Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States *or any place subject to their jurisdiction*.' The latter clause was obviously the Constitutional way of conveying the idea about the territories, which the opponents of the Philippine policy are now trying to read into the name 'United States.' The Constitutional provision previously cited about citizenship illustrates the same point. It says: 'All persons born, &c., are citizens of the United States *and of the State wherein they reside*.' There is no suggestion here that territories are an integral part of the United States in the sense in which the Constitution uses the name. If they had been, the latter clause would have read, 'and of the State *or territory* in which they reside.'

The contrary interpretation, which has already been mentioned, given early in the century by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, is met first by the undeniable fact that his opinion as quoted is not a decision of the Court but merely a *dictum*, possibly hasty, of the Chief Justice himself. It is next shown that, very soon afterwards, in a case already referred to, argued by Daniel Webster before the same Chief Justice, an almost exactly opposite opinion was maintained by

Mr. Webster, that the Chief Justice took no exception to it, and that the case was decided in Mr. Webster's favour, without reference to the previous case, or to the Chief Justice's previous and conflicting utterances. In this argument Mr. Webster said:

> What is Florida? It is no part of the United States. How can it be? How is it represented? Do the laws of the United States reach Florida? Not unless by particular provisions. The territory and all within it, are to be governed by the acquiring power, except where there are reservations by the treaty. . . . Florida was to be governed by Congress as she thought proper. What has Congress done? She might have done anything—she might have refused a trial by jury, and refused a legislature.—Am. Ins. Co. *v.* Canter, 1 Pet. 511.

Twenty years later, in the United States Senate, Mr. Webster again took similar ground, maintaining that the Constitution had no operation in the territories until Acts of Congress were passed to put it in force; that it was made for States and not for territorial possessions. Thomas H. Benton said substantially the same thing, both in the Senate and afterwards in his 'Thirty Years' View' (Vol. II. p. 714). Mr. Justice Matthews, of the Supreme Court of the United States, put the same view with great clearness in his opinion in one of the Utah Polygamy cases:

> The people of the United States, as sovereign owners of the national territories, have supreme power over them and their inhabitants. In the exercise of this sovereign dominion, they are represented by the Government of the United States, to whom all the powers of government over that subject have been delegated, subject only to such restrictions as are expressed in the Constitution or are necessarily implied in its terms, and in the purposes and objects of the power itself. . . . It rests with Congress to say whether, in a given case, any of the people resident in the territory shall participate in the election of its officers or the making of its laws; and it may, therefore, take from them any right of suffrage it may previously have conferred or at any time modify or abridge it, as it may deem expedient. . . . The personal and civil rights of the inhabitants of the territories are secured to them, as to other citizens, by the principles of constitutional liberty, which restrain all the agencies of government, State and national; their political rights are franchises which they hold as privileges in the legislative discretion of the United States.—Murphy *v.* Ramsey, 114 U.S. 44, 45.

And finally, to take the latest authoritative judicial construction of Constitutional powers throughout any territories the United States may possess, Mr. Justice Morrow, of California, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, in 1898, in giving the opinion of the Court on a case arising in Alaska, said:

> The answer to these and other like objections urged in the brief of counsel for the defendant is found in the now well-established doctrine that the territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organised under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law, but are the creation, exclusively, of the legislative department and subject to its supervision and control. The United States, having rightfully acquired the territories and being the only Government which can impose laws upon them, has the entire dominion and sovereignty, national and municipal, Federal and State.—U.S. Appeals, vol. lvii. p. 6.

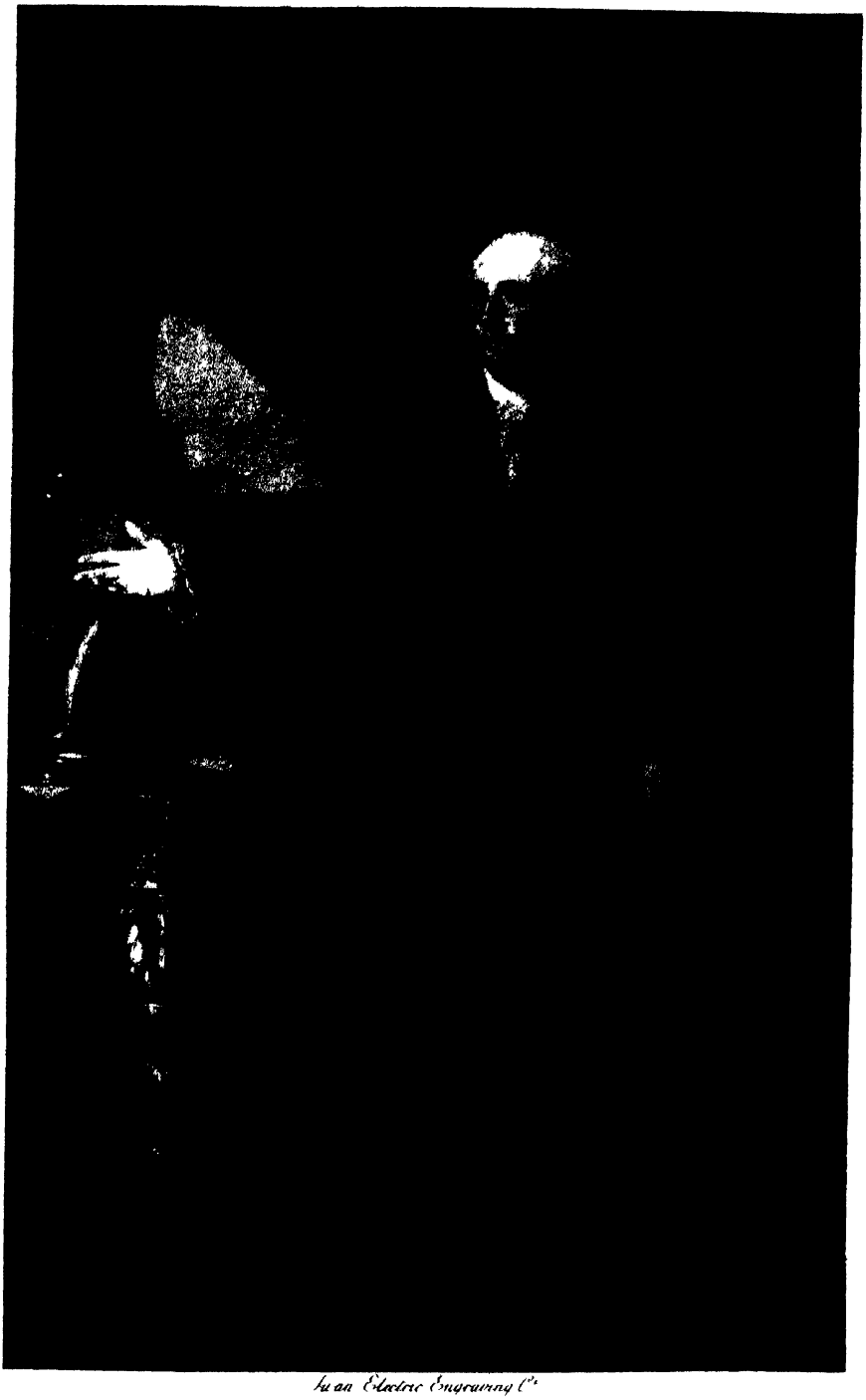
It has been thought best, in an explanation to readers in another country of the perplexity arising in the American mind, in a sudden emergency, from these disputed points in Constitutional powers, to set forth with impartial fairness and some precision the views and authorities on either side. It is essential to a fair judgment as to the apparent hesitation since this problem began to develop, that the real basis for the conflicting opinions should be understood, and that full justice should be done to the earnest repugnance with which many conscientious citizens draw back from sending American youth to distant tropical regions to enforce with an armed hand the submission of an unwilling people to the absolute rule of the Republic. It should be realised, too, how far the new departure does unsettle the practice and policy of a century. The old idea that each new territory is merely another outlet for surplus population, soon to be taken in as another State in the Union, must be abandoned. The old assumption, that all native inhabitants of territory belonging to the United States are to be regarded as citizens, is gone. The rule that government derives its just powers only from the consent of the governed is unsettled; and thus, to some, the very foundations of the Republic seem to be shaken. Three generations, trained in Washington's warnings against foreign entanglements, find it difficult all at once to realise that advice adapted to a people of three millions, scattered along the border of a continent, may need some modifications when applied to a people of seventy-five millions, occupying the continent, and reaching out for the commerce of both the oceans that wash its shores.

But, whatever may be thought of the weight of the argument, either as to Constitutional power or as to policy, there is little doubt as to the result. The people who found authority in their fundamental law for making paper currency a legal tender in time of war, in spite of the Constitutional requirement that no State should 'make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts,' will find there also all the power they need for dealing with the difficult problem that now confronts them. And when the Constitutional objections are surmounted, those as to policy are not likely to lead the American people to recall their soldiers from the fields on which the Filipinos attacked them, or abandon the sovereignty which Spain ceded. The American Government has the new territories, and will hold and govern them.

A Republic such as the United States has hitherto not been well adapted to that sort of work. Congress is apt to be slow, if not also changeable; and under the Constitution the method of government for territories must be prescribed by Congress. It has not yet found time to deal with the Sandwich Islands. Its harsher critics declare it has never yet found time to deal fairly with Alaska. No doubt Executive action, in advance of Congress,

might be satisfactory; but a President is apt to wait for Congress unless driven by irresistible necessities. He can only take the initiative through some form of military government. For this, the War Department is not yet well organised. Possibly the easiest solution for the moment would be in the organisation of another department for War and Government beyond the Seas, or the development of a measurably independent Bureau for such work in the present Department. Whatever is done it would be unreasonable to expect unbroken success, or exemption from a learner's mistakes and discouragements. But whoever supposes that these will result either in the abandonment of the task or in a final failure with it does not know the American people.

GEORGE WASHINGTON



by an Electric Engraving Co

George Washington

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart in the collection of the Earl of Rosebery, K G

STUART'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

THIS fine portrait of the First President of the United States was painted in 1796 by Gilbert Stuart, and presented to the first Marquess of Lansdowne. It has now passed into the possession of the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., who has kindly allowed it to be reproduced for this magazine.

Gilbert Stuart painted Washington from the life three times. The first time was in 1795, a bust portrait turned towards the spectator's right, and showing the right side of Washington's face. The second time was in 1796, when Stuart painted the full-length portrait, here reproduced, showing the left side of the face, another version of which portrait, signed and dated, hangs in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia.

Stuart had a sitting from Washington for the third time in the same year, when he painted the unfinished head now in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. From this head, which is the best known of Washington portraits, Stuart completed a great many copies himself, the number of which has been trebled and quadrupled by later copyists throughout the United States.

Stuart also painted a full-length portrait, not from the life, somewhat similar to the one reproduced here, but with the hand resting on the table. This version is often known as the 'Teapot' portrait, from the position of Washington's arms. This Stuart repeated several times himself, with varying details, and it was also copied more than once on a smaller scale by a British artist, Winstanley. A small version of this 'Teapot' portrait in the National Portrait Gallery is generally attributed to Stuart, but may be one of the copies by Winstanley.

It has been handed down from the painter, Stuart, himself, that, before sitting in 1796, Washington had just had inserted a set of false teeth, which gave to his mouth the hard and constrained expression which is so familiar. Who was the dentist who thus set his mark upon the history of the world?

LIONEL CUST.

LETTERS TO VERVAINE FROM THE GARDEN OF E. V. B.

LETTER I

March 12, 1899.

DEAR VERVAINE,—The March winds are out: I hear them roll in the distant trees, and there's a weird sound in the window. You know the effect the wind has on me, mentally and physically? Last night sleep fled, scared by the continual hard tapping of magnolia leaves against the glass, the rattling of doors and fitful gusts of wind which swept round the house. Sometimes, when at night the wind howls down the chimney—I like it; the mighty rushing does but lull one into sounder slumber. I am thinking of a good many things to-night: and out of the waste of years crops up unbidden a curious little memory of something heard in earliest childhood—the strange experience of a very old clergyman and his young curate who were passing the night in an ancient manor-house somewhere far in the country. At dead of night the two priests were awoke by a terrible blast of wind which raged against the house, shaking the walls and the windows as if it would shatter them to pieces. In the midst of the uproar they hurriedly left their beds and went all over the house. They passed through every room and passage upstairs and downstairs, expecting at every moment the windows to be blown in. But nothing happened. All the time there was no wind; the night was calm and clear and the stars were shining. On the mind of the child who, unnoticed, had listened to the tale there remains to this day an impression that the unearthly storm had been raised by the power of the Evil One.

'The sorry wind' is singing now. A little of the sorry wind goes a long way; and even in my new garden-room with the wide delightful window of leaded panes—made to catch the full south pouring in great floods of light—I do not care to listen. The sorry wind in a solitary evening, singing, chaunting, reciting all the time, is most melancholy. What it says I am never sure of; but I know that in the music of the sorry wind is never heard aught but a strain of hopeless sorrow. It sings for ever a song of 'old, unhappy, far-off things,' as from some forgotten past, or of some remote, immeasurable future. If pathos be, as has been said, 'the sense of loss and longing, mingled with melancholy,' then the sorry wind is surely pathos itself. It is the saddest sound in the world to listen to. Yet even as I write, it changes and swells into a roar as of many waters, and one's thoughts turn to overwhelming waves and storm-tossed ships at sea. The darkness covers it, but I know how our great Wellingtonia in the garden rocks and bends before the wind! Oh,

if it might but break it and lay it even with the ground! A forlorn hope; for that tree is built like the Eddystone Lighthouse, with a girth of over thirteen feet at two feet from the ground, tapering up ninety feet or more. No natural force can undo a structure planned with art so consummate. Young giants such as these were never meant for a small lawn of half an acre.

March winds and psychic phenomena, however, have nothing to do with what is in my mind to tell you. I am required to write something about 'June Roses.' How can one write of 'Roses laden with the breath of June,' while June is yet such a great way off? And is it the same with you as it is with me, I wonder—that each new month we forget the flowers that went before—nor with distinctness fore-think or see imprinted in the mind those which are to come? The rose of yesterday is as though it had never been, and to-morrow's rose 'into the world will blow' and surprise us like a new creation. How can one imagine the beauty of the rose while still the eye is not satisfied with seeing the glory of purple and yellow crocus? A good providence for us indeed is the year's procession in the garden; in no other manner could we entirely enjoy each flower as it appears. In the sweet perfection of each new comer we forget those others who have gone before: each flower in its turn is loveliest of all; and we are off with the old love and on with the new almost ere yet the old one is well out of the way. And so it will be for ever—let us hope in the garden only!

For two weeks past the pure white of the snowdrops under the limes has been a continual refreshment and delight. Sometimes when the gardener passes my window carrying a basketful to send away, you would think it a basket was heaped with snow. The autumn leaves are always left to drift and gather in heaps in the lime avenue to make protection for our beloved snowdrops, who lie spread like a white sheet underneath the trees, outside the old wall that bounds the garden on the western side. Last evening at sundown I opened the little door in the wall to look out at them, illumined as they would be by the light of a sea-green sky, glowing with such mysterious splendour from behind the dark line of leafless trees. In the garden, when I returned and had shut the door—seen through an arch in the great, solid yew hedge, were quiet breadths of lawn glimmering grey and still between clipt box and yews. Little points of shut-up crocus standing upright in the grass, the stone sundial and dark plots of heather, troubled not the unity of the whole soft twilight sketch of perfect peace. The garden is in a state of impatience: things in green up-springing everywhere, and already low musical mutterings are heard among the trees. In the morning sunshine the lawn, which evening made so dim, will sparkle with a thousand open cups of crocus, purple and yellow. Most people, bees and sparrows included, as a matter of taste seem to

prefer the yellow. Early bees dive busily in the yellow chalices, while sparrows and white fantails, with fatuous inconsequence, tear them into ribbons. You and I, Vervaine, know which we like best: the purple with anthers of red gold. That contrast of purple with green grass is dreamily delicious. Then there is the white crocus. These are the ice-cold flowerlets travellers see peering from under crusts of frozen snow as it melts along the path on some Alpine mountain pass. A pale lilac sort also, like striped muslin, is just opening into bloom. All over the long green we call 'Nut Close' there are signs of a coming blaze of crocus, gold mingling with flames of purple. So closely are these flowers set that almost one might say with Andrew Marvell's mower: 'Not one blade of grass you spy'd, but had a flower on either side.' In Iris Court every almond-tree is ringed about with a ring of silver and gold or of turquoise scilla.

The garden-men will soon have to be busily threading crocus borders with black thread twined round little sticks to circumvent the sparrows. This single fine thread is defence enough, for they are far too clever not to suspect treachery of some kind from us. It is amusing to watch these poor little well-hated beings doing 'their level best' to swallow Indian corn which we scatter for the white pigeons. The little robbers may be clever, but they don't yet know how to hold down the grain with one foot in the way that comes so naturally to a titmouse, so the difficulty of hammering out the soft edible part is almost insurmountable. I am confident, however, that with time, sparrows will succeed in learning everything they mean to learn. A colour contrast that would gladden your heart made for me the surprise of my early walk before breakfast this morning: Iris reticulata growing out of a tuft of primrose. The fine deep violet-purple of the iris, with the full yellow of the primrose, was one of those chance arrangements of Nature that delight us by their unexpectedness. The two grew together among the rough stones of the rockery, just below the spot whence earlier had bloomed a patch of Iris Danfordiana. It is a plant of but a few inches high, and we watched with pride the first unfolding of its brilliant daffodil-coloured flowers. Brief was our pride: the attention of every bird in the place was immediately attracted, and after a single morning's work only a few yellow rags remained of its short-lived loveliness. The commoner sorts of iris increase so rapidly as to become a burden to the garden. It is foolish tenderness, I know, yet it goes to my heart to destroy the overplus, as in other gardens. To divide and throw away half a beautiful plant in winter, just because of the very luxuriance that had in summer rejoiced our eyes! One autumn day I saw, a little way off, a primrose cloud settled down by the roadside on the outskirts of a fir coppice. Nearer, it became a heap of garden refuse overgrown with tall ænothera, or evening

primrose, blooming in solitary magnificence in the wild country road.

The little snake's-head iris will soon appear, to puzzle those who seek to find the flower, so well concealed within the mass of green; flower and leaf being all one shade of almost dusky green. The black velvet tips of the small head, that is, of the flower's falls, will alone betray its presence. Have you observed how curiously snaky all through, this iris is? the slender, upward-darting stalk, the thin, vicious-looking flower and forked green tongue? I cannot recall whether you are of the number of them, who turn cold at the mere semblance of a serpent? Likely enough it is so, since for true friendship friends have to be diverse; and I confess that the serpent race is to me entirely pleasant! Shall I send you a box full of snake's-head by post, and trust your true word to tell me by return if you faint on opening it? And did you ever hear the story of the Gliding Girl? If not, remind me.

From snakes to angels is but a step; and in order you may learn how nobody's garden is, or can be, all Eden, know that the shower of angels' tears (in the Latin, Triandria alba) that impearled the rockery last spring is stayed—and to-day they are not; the sole sign of former existence, a few narrow spears of green piercing the dull, dry earth. I suppose these fragile little things make thus mute protest against a something unpleasant to them, either in soil or situation or both; or, it may be, the kind of personal dislike to ourselves in which I fear some plants indulge! A new sensation in this flattest of all gardens is a low mound in the midst of a little lawn of daffodils. The great Douglas fir came down, and the mound our nursing care had from time to time raised gradually about the roots remained, picturesquely streaming with the small-leaved wild English ivy. The idea at once suggested itself of planting the mound with all manner of delightful things. With Scotch roses and Rosa rugosa and Berberis Darwinii and iris, and a sprinkling of autumn crocus in between, and pale blue Delphinium at the back. It is done, and it is ideal!

And now, a word in your ear. It was no tempestuous wind that caused that Douglas fir to fall. . . . It was done by order, and a green length of seventy-five feet one day lay low along the ground. No one else must know, or my character would be gone! The great elms stood near in line—but they will never tell. Nor do I fear the birds of the air, that they should carry the tale.

The poor tree had had his day: it was time that he should go. I saw no special beauty of growth, as the branches bore upwards instead of feathering down. And the tiny lawn which he shared with two ancient apple-trees had grown to be too narrow for all. So the Douglasii was doomed: and none remember nor regret save perchance the gardener who nurtured it—or the birds who nested

there and sang 'from the pulpit of his tender boughs.' Now that the tree is down and his rings can be inspected, we know how neat and clear is their cyclometry, and of how 'a subtle chain of countless rings the next unto the farthest brings' the record of thirty-five years, from seed to maturity.

Besides the two old Blenheim orange apple-trees, a conifer or two remain upon the lawn. Nordmaniana, darkly green, who each year loses his leader, and Excelsa, with long cones hanging from long fringed and tasselled branches. Excelsa grows so crookedly that in aspect it is more shrub than tree. The rather lanky lowest limbs of it lie along the moss, entangled within a mass of withered pine needles. (Why do we always say *needles?* When an old man tidying up his fir-bordered lawn at Bournemouth said 'he had been picking up *pins* all the morning!' the expression sounded quaint.) How few moderate-sized gardens have space for conifers! We dot them about the lawns with no forecasting of their future growth, and for many years we may take pleasure in increasing size and height. I used to take half the credit to myself as the Douglasii rose year after year—ten, twenty, even thirty feet: tall and straight and beautifully green from head to foot. On April evenings a thrush would take possession and make the tree vocal, while from his full heart he sang to the sunset sky. Sometimes on clear nights we saw the first star sparkling between the black upper boughs, then watched it rounding the edges of our green pyramid, and launch out into the open dark. Later on, came unspoken misgivings, when we were conscious of undue expansion, and filling up of the lawn. The hoar old apple-trees, singular amongst all the others for this: that their branches never bear the fatal death-bloom, are dear to us when autumn suns gild the fruit and encarnadine their vine-wreathed stems; in summer when shadows of their leaves variegate the turf with cool pommele-grey, and in winter beloved for hoary lichen and hanging mistletoe. These were being crowded out by the younger fir-tree. At last, on a sudden as it were, we understood how the yews across the lawn were blocked and the silver birch and pink thorn, with many another favourite were lost to sight, and how the whole garden wanted breathing room! Thus it came about that Destiny wound the web of fate around our Douglas fir.—Yours ever,

E.

LETTER II

HUNTERCOMBE, *March* 28, 1899.

DEAR VERVAINE,—'The Vervaine and the Dill, that hindereth witches of their will.' Don't you sometimes like a motto? And how well we two should carry out the old distich if only I could fancy myself 'Dill' to your Vervaine! The description of Dill in

old books is not taking. 'The leaves be all to-jagged.' . . . 'The floures be yeallow.' . . . 'When they are vanished there cometh the seed . . . and the roote dieth yeerely.' Vervaine is much more pleasant. It is 'Sacra herba,' 'Juno's teares,' 'Holy herbe.' And Pliny tells that 'guests will be the merrier if the dining room be sprinkled with water in which vervaine hath been steeped.' Yet it is certain that 'the Devell did reveale it as a secret and divine medicine against the plague.' So, after all, Vervaine is not to be trifled with!

Will you be glad if I tell you that the rose has come? The joy of the rose has returned to me. It is not of course the advent of her glorious self, but there has happened in the garden a little, strange illusion. The illusion was but momentary, yet it made a lovely moment, and made me image vividly June roses in their beauty. At dusk last evening the snow fell in deep silence; it fell all night, and this morning our garden and the fields around were one wide glittering plain. The whole world was white until the sun arose in strength. Then the snow gradually vanished away from grass and tree and laurel leaf, till only within the shade there lay long drifts of white. But the evergreen rosemarys, and mezereons, and some too forward rose trees still held the snow in knots and knops all up and down their leafy branchlets. These knops of snow had the effect of flowers: and under my very eyes, for one instant, Summer stept into the garden! The garden suddenly awoke and burst into bloom. Ten thousand untimely snow-white roses laughed and shone with joy in the cold March afternoon. . . . Have you seen the green rose? you would love it, if you knew it well. Ours—with a plant of that rare delight, white lavender—was sent to me from Tabley Hall, whose lady devotes herself to all old-fashioned garden flowers. It is very curious; yet far too fine a thing to rank only as a curiosity. I have grown to think the green rose beautiful, in its own weird way. Yet is there something of the sorceress in it; and in June when bees are humming round it, the name 'Sidonia' seems to tremble on the air! So I call her Sidonia. When the green rose is generously treated in a good south border it will grow to be a large, well-furnished shrub, fresh green from June to January, not so much with leaf as flower. Sidonia's roses are round and full, in colouring deep green, the outmost petals flushed with red. You must go close up and look it in the face, or you will not know the bush is really flowering. Then, what seemed at first all leafage, is transformed into a mass of roses green. As for perfume, strange to say, I know not whether it has scent or no. The old China or monthly rose, beloved for its sweet pink clusters and delicious smell, is as a heavenly half-sister to Sidonia. It has almost gone out of print! and there is sometimes difficulty in getting it at the nurseries. Since all the world runs

after the French tea-roses, the China rose is nowhere. These French roses are certainly as useful as they are beautiful, for you may have them blooming profusely throughout the summer up to the end of November. I first saw them in a Kentish garden a year ago last June, and thought never had I beheld such lovely rose colours. Apricot and peach and golden, and that indescribable 'Rosa color d'angiolo,' set off by the crimson-black of one named 'Dr. Grille.' You may be sure some scores were at once ordered from Lyons for the rose garden. M. Bernaix, the 'Rosiériste,' sent us fine strong plants, for which we prepared the honour of new beds. And now, against that time when you shall once more create a garden of your own, these are the names of some sorts which do the best in our climate—Princesse Sargan, Marie Van Houtte, Anna Olivier, Madame Hoste, Madame Cochet, Madame Blanche Cochet, Marquise de Vigers, Papa Gontaut, also black Dr. Grille. It is true that French roses possess not the soul-moving fragrance of our own old English damask, or hybrid perpetuals, nor the attar of roses of La France or Lady Folkestone. Their scent is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it: yet such as it is, it does greatly please. I have also peopled for you your garden of the future with cuttings struck from our Ayrshire roses. We have planted them all over the garden and orchard, setting them diligently to climb the apple, pear, cherry, and double peach trees. As soon as they are settled in they grow away fast, and cover themselves thick with bloom.

Long ago there might have been some twenty different garden roses. To-day the varieties named in the rose-growers' catalogues are endless. In 'Henrie Lite, Esquier's,' English translation of a 'New Herbal or Historie of Plants,' 1586, the number described is just ten, including 'the Eglentine, which is like to the wild rose plant, full of sharpe hooks or crooked prickles and cruel shoots, springs, and rough branches.' Mr. Henrie Lite's pages are often very entertaining. He tells also, how 'the ancients dreamed that white roses became red, although at first they were all white, and became red afterwards with the bloud of the goddess Venus who loved the younker Adonis better than the warrior Mars, and for very anger and despite for the killing of her faire friend Adonis, she threw herself into a herbor of prickly roses. And the roses all bedewed and sprinckled—they became red, the which colour they do yet keepe (more or less).' This ancient myth of the white rose turned to red by red blood spilt on it survives in other forms. Little now, however, remains of the picturesque rainbow-colouring of the old heathen poetry: of such imagery as the story of poor rose-torn Venus: or the nectar that dyed white roses red on this lower earth, when the bowl was upset by Cupid's wings as he led a dance at the Olympian banquet. It is a vein of graver poetry that runs through sacred legends of roses in

the first Christian centuries. Was it not from you I had a couplet about the Crown of Thorns? (which was supposed to be of rose-briers):

Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.

A hundred years ago the Lancastrian tradition still lived, of Towton battlefield, where, they said, wild roses of a peculiar kind sprang up; and the more the field was ploughed the more abundantly they flourished. But in truth it was only corn-roses, or scarlet field-poppies: which is disappointing! Tales of the mystic rose of the modern day, seem to have something of a gruesome flavour; at least it is so with one which I found last week in a cutting from some far-back number of *The San Francisco Call.* The cutting was gummed on a fly-leaf at the end of a little old forgotten book of 'poems on various subjects' sent me by an unknown friend. The authoress, Henrietta Harris, is as unremembered as, poor thing, she deserves to be. (I feel sure she wrote out all the rhymes first, and afterwards filled in.) Her patron was the Countess of Essex of that date, 1805, and the sole interest of the book is the newspaper cutting at the end, 'The Romantic Story of a Florida Flower,' which is thus described:— In the western part of Jeaffreson County, Florida, grows and blossoms into magnificent beauty a rose found only in a small area of country, five miles round, and that will not flourish in any other latitude. The leaves are very light green and glossy; the petals curve inwards, and are of the colour of bright arterial blood. The odour, pungent and fascinating, is yet repellent, and the marvel of this strange rose is that the dew which drops from it is of a faint pinkish cast. It is called 'The Grand Rose,' and the story of its origin is heartrending. Tragedies such as this, were however common enough in the new world of those days, 1834. There is a young married couple with their one little child living in a farm near the Ancelia River; and soon after the birth of the child the Seminole Indians start on the warpath. And then follows the usual sequence of horror. The man, riding out one evening a few miles from home, is killed and flung into the river. The woman, escaping with her little one in her arms into the woods, is soon tracked and overtaken, and both of them murdered while the glare of the burning cabin lights up the scene. Then, two days after, a party of hunters find the bodies and bury them. And the red earth of their grave in time bore the mysterious bleeding rose which was discovered a few years later in full vigour by one of the same party of hunters, on the very spot where mother and baby had met their death. The account given in that old newspaper is well told; especially the part where the wife, in her lonely night-watch, listens in vain for the sound of her husband's horse returning; and when 'the yellow

hound gets restless, and whines as he snuffs the air '—and then the sudden savage yell that breaks the silence. . . . I can easily imagine an unbelieving smile as you read! Unlike you, I, on the contrary, believe always. And the more incredible the firmer my faith that nothing is too strange not to be true. Please consider this as a case in point! I have just happened to interrupt a man off the road in the act of gathering my precious daffodils. He was hard at work in the wet grass, calmly making up a big bunch. . . . And, strange to say, I refrained from anger! The man did not run off. He stood up and laughed. Tried to argue that it was all right. I said, 'Do you know you are stealing?' He said it was 'stealing, and not stealing.' I said, 'Do you know I planted every one?' He said, 'I'm so poor; and I'm only getting them for Lady H——. She wanted me to get her daffodils, so I come here for them. And Lady H. is very respectable; and you've so many! and it's such a pity I'm so poor!' It was rather pathetic, and I simply *couldn't* get angry. The daffodils were past their prime, so he was presented with one more, a quite fresh one, and a small silver threepenny, and the gate was shut on him and his flowers with an injunction not to forget to tell Lady H. he had stolen the daffodils, and never to do it again.—I am, yours ever,

E.

Letter III

Huntercombe, *April* 7, 1899.

I feel sure, dear Vervaine, that you will agree with me about hyacinths. Both you and I love the favourites of former years, the old, spare, fragrant hyacinths of many colours; and we agree in our almost loathing for the stiff, fat, overgrown creature of the shows, which is almost the only hyacinth to be found now. Far, indeed, has the garden hyacinth been forced to wander from her lovely blue wild woodland type with the down-bent head! We always try to get the thinnest sorts now to be had; but none now excel in classic beauty certain very aged pink and white and blue, which have come up year by year in the rose-garden borders for the past seven and twenty years. Ant. Roozen sends us every spring our supply. This season they are put in with no formal order, under the south wall, near to the Green-rose bush and the moss-rose, and all amongst great sumptuous leaves of autumn crocus and slender stalks of pale star-like daffodils. Most even of these chosen hyacinth-beauties in pink, grey, purple, and white are too fat; but in a mass this is hardly remarked, and they send forth a most sweet smell as we pass by. At mid-day, when the April sun is hot, this south border is delicious: and there at that magical moment meet together the bees and the beetles and newly awakened butterflies, whose small history repeats itself in the garden with each returning spring-tide.

With the dawn of spring they are there. Exactly the same species appear, so personally like their predecessors, they might be taken for the same individuals; and they all do exactly the same things as in preceding Aprils they have done. The first sulphur butterfly is there, splendidly spreading his wings. Solitary bees in crowds (!) hover up and down before the old red bricks, prying into every hole and cranny, between the branches of red and white Pyrus japonica. They never seem to find a hole to their mind. Little black humble bees try to be busy with the hyacinth honey. But a tiresome fly, made just the same as the bee, only tawny instead of black, shadows them wherever they go, with a provoking shrill buzz.

What may be the fly's ultimate motive I cannot guess. He is not satisfied till he has worried away the bee, and his aspect is decidedly malignant. (Mr. Grant Allen could tell us all about him!) Amidst of these divers interests the hive-bees gravely go about their own business, and take no heed. The garden would lose half its joy without its living things to share and enjoy it with us. Moles have made mountains on the tennis-lawn; and provoking as are their ways when they throw out our pot-plants or choice bulbs, &c., I own a liking for them, as one of the few species of wild quadrupeds still left alive in England. But it is rather uncanny suddenly to become aware that a scarlet geranium, for instance, is swaying and toppling over, in one of the beds just before your eyes without apparent cause! Once in my life I actually beheld a tiny pink hand, put out and instantly withdrawn, after waving in signal, from the top of a mole-hill. What I was meant to understand I never knew.

Those two fine cuttings we had of the Macartney rose, sent me from Hertfordshire, are dead. It is certainly the most difficult of roses. Years ago one of great size covered part of the rose-garden wall, but as it never flowered I cut it down. Ever since the memory of it has remained one of my regrets. The foliage is uncommon and beautiful, but it seems useless trying to grow it. Do you mind, how prettily in his 'Third Booke of the History of Plants,' loyal old John Gerarde brings in the exhaustless subject of the rose? He says: 'The plant of roses, though it be a shrub full of prickles, yet it had been more convenient to have placed it with the most glorious floures of the world than to insert the same here among base and thornie shrubs: for the rose doth deserve the chiefest and most principal place among all floures whatsoever; being not only esteemed for his beautie, vertues, and his fragrant smell, but also because it is the honour and ornament of our English Scepter.' He puts into a chapter between garden and brier roses: 'divers sorts . . . indifferent whether to make them of the wild rose or the tame, seeing we have made them denizens of our gardens.' (What would Gerarde say to our tame

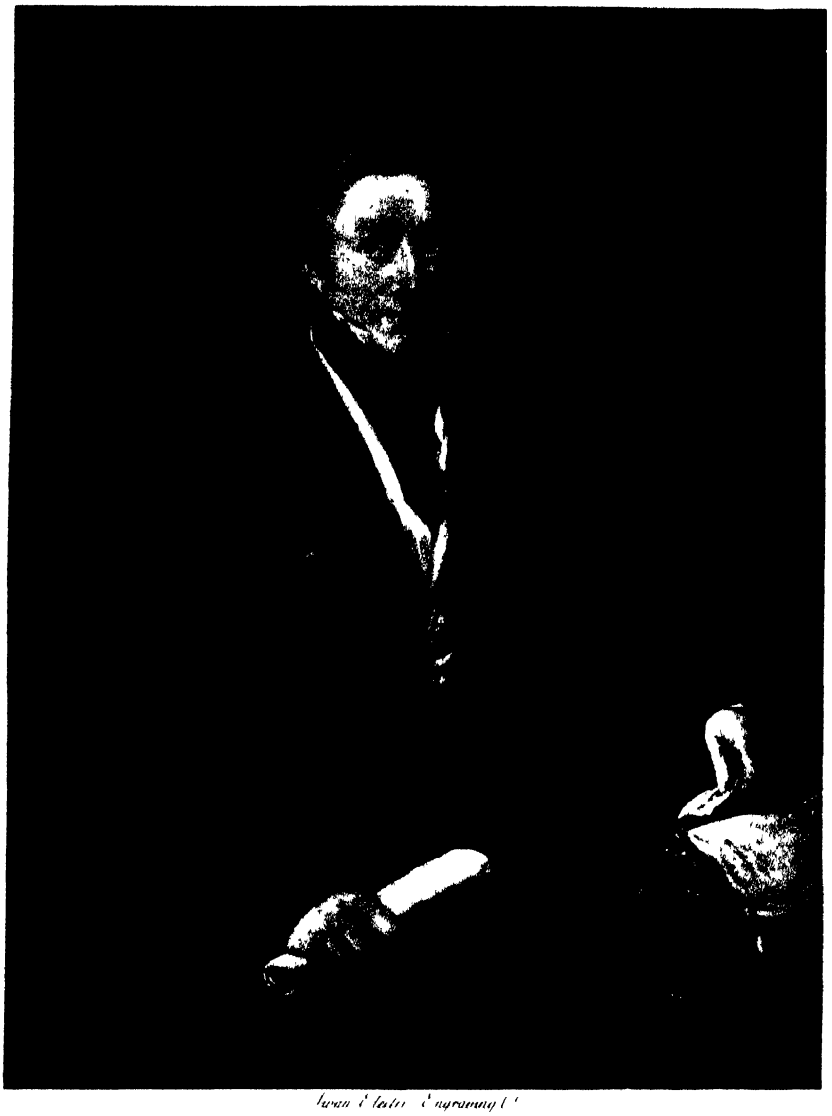
tea-roses?) Of 'wilde roses' he says: 'We have them all except the brier in our London gardens, which we think unworthy of the place.' And again: 'It (the wild rose) groweth likewise in a pasture as you go from a village called Knightsbridge hard by London, into Fulham, a village thereby.' Can you fancy those dear green pastures of long ago, where the hard, noisy streets are now? The great luxuriant un-trimmed hedges, full of birds and white-wood and honeysuckle and hazel, and hedgerow timber which was the glory of England—and graced with wild garlands of the rose. Only 250 years ago; and then, the Brompton Road as it is!

The promise to write a paper on June Roses is not forgotten; nevertheless it is not to be fulfilled. For my head is full just now of the lines by Mr. Andrew Lang, which, of course, you know, but which I copy out here for the pleasure of transcribing them. They give so rich a sense of the soul of June's fairest triumph as would make *my* commoner words poor indeed. So, they shall remain unsaid.—Yours, evermore,

E. V. B.

This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses,
They were bound with the lace that my bosom encloses;
But the breast-knots were broken, the roses together
Flitted forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,
And they floated afar on the foam of the sea,
And the waves were aflame as when sunset uncloses;
But my raiment is drenched in the dew of the roses,
Thou shalt know, Love, how fragrant a memory can be![1]

[1] By permission of the author, from his volume of poems entitled 'Ban and Arrière Ban.'



Sir Robert Peel Bart M.P

From the painting by John Linnell in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery K.G

SIR ROBERT PEEL
BY LORD ROSEBERY

THE historical monument to Sir Robert Peel is now almost complete, and three massive volumes set forth fully, but not redundantly, the career of a statesman who ended or commenced an epoch.

Almost, but not quite. In the first place, the present work does not pretend to be a complete biography, for it scarcely notices what has appeared elsewhere—such as the correspondence with Croker; the speeches; the appeal from Cobden on Peel's resignation and the reply to it, which is the most striking, passionate, and vivid letter of Peel's that we possess. This last we regret, though the editor has, on the whole, exercised a wise discretion; for to have taken any other course would have swollen the volumes to an intolerable bulk. What is here attempted and achieved is the selection of all that is characteristic and interesting from the Peel papers, and so the delineation of Peel's career by himself and his correspondents.

Again, the monument to Peel will never be complete without a new edition of his speeches. The published collection in four volumes is, we believe, the least common of such publications. It contains much of permanent interest, and some models of parliamentary speaking. But it is vilely printed, and cannot be said to be edited at all. Two or three volumes of fair type and respectable paper would contain all that it is necessary to preserve. It is not much of a tribute to pay to the man who gave his fellow countrymen 'abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice'; and without it the record of his career is still inadequate and unfair.

The course of the present biography has been strange. Six or seven years after Peel's death there appeared two volumes, prepared for publication by himself, which embraced the three capital crises of his life. Then we wait for forty years. The chests of his papers, bequeathed in solemn trust, slumber in silence: there are rumours of documents which affect living statesmen and which impose reserve: the statesmen die, and yet there is no sign: the trustees themselves die, and are replaced by others: an eminent author dips into them, and brings up a magazine article: the appetite of posterity remains whetted and unappeased: the documents remain, an unexplored treasure of political history.

There is a story that Sir Robert, in the last year of his last administration, appeared late at night in the bedroom of Cardwell, then his private secretary, and paced up and down without saying a word; Cardwell watching with amazed perplexity from his bed. At last he broke silence. 'Never destroy a letter,' he oracularly said, 'No public man who respects himself should ever destroy a

letter.' He then turned on his heel and left the room. It was understood that he was referring to the solace which might be derived, under the philippics of an alienated supporter, from the possession of the orator's applications for office. Be that as it may, we may be sure that as Sir Robert preached so did he practise. He preserved his papers, and so the most exact revelation of himself.

But now at last we have the papers, or a careful selection of them, and we feel that we have only gained by having to wait for them ; as the editor may be cited as a chief among the rare masters of that fastidious calling. Laborious, conscientious, and fair, Mr. Parker is anxious never to obtrude himself on the reader's attention. We might, indeed, wish that he had given us more illustrations derived from his close intimacy with Lord Cardwell, one of the original trustees. But with one exception—the essay at the end of the volumes—Peel is allowed to speak for himself. It must, therefore, be felt that that essay, clever and interesting as it is, is out of place. Without it, the direct and majestic delineation of the statesman is consummate and complete. The piety and enthusiasm of his descendant jar with the austere self-revelation of the man.

A portrait such as this can only be produced of one of the princes of mankind. They gain by that scrutiny which would kill and damn lesser beings. Nothing personal to them can be spared or omitted—not the wart of Cromwell, or the burlesque mask of Gibbon, or the deformed foot of Byron. It is at once their glory and their penalty, for it is only the great in spirit and in truth that must and can endure the glare of minute biography.

How does Peel bear this test ? To that question there can be, we think, but one answer—that few can endure it so well, that we have here the picture of a public career, happily not unique, but illustrious and unalloyed. It is little derogation to add that he had lived in the search-light of the world, or prepared for it, from the beginning of things. The tradition goes that on his birth his father, in a transport of pious gratitude, had on his knees vowed the baby to the service of his country, and had expressed the hope that his child might tread in the steps of his political idol, Pitt. From his childhood, then, when he repeated to his father critical abstracts of the sermons he had heard in church, in order to strengthen his memory in view of a political career, the little Robert lived, as it were, devoted to the public, in the very eye, so to speak, of the Muse of History.

So far back as we can discern him at all, we find him from the outset the same able, conscientious, laborious, sensitive being, that we leave him at his death. But this preparation for politics was not wholly an advantage. It was carried on under the auspices of his father, who called himself a Pittite, when that name was monopolised by High Tories and High Protectionists. Peel, then, found his

creed prepared for him without an option. He was sworn to Toryism before he understood the meaning of the oath. This was unfortunate, for Toryism was by no means congenial to the character of his mind. He was a representative of the great middle class, commercially a Liberal, with no aristocratic prejudice or tradition to hamper his examination of any question on its merits. His habit of mind would thus, had he been left untrammelled, have made him a Whig, but a Whig who would have developed in the popular direction. Indeed, it once seemed possible that a Whig he might actually become. Arbuthnot told the Duke of Bedford that the old Sir Robert Peel had once uttered a significant warning that, if Robert were not secured by high office, he would go over to the Whigs, and be for ever lost to the party. This story, on the face of it, does not seem improbable, and derives a shadowy support from a letter which the father wrote to Mr. Perceval. It is likely enough that young Peel, had he remained a free lance, would have broken loose from the Toryism of that day. Greville, as he relates the anecdote, makes his own characteristically acid comments:

> Never [he says] did any father do a greater injury to a son, for if Peel had joined a more congenial party, he might have followed the bent of his political inclination, and would have escaped all the false positions in which he has been placed . . . As it is, his whole life has been spent in doing enormous mischief, and in attempts to repair that mischief.

But it was otherwise fated, not perhaps for his own welfare or happiness. He was in 1829 to deal High Toryism an almost mortal blow; to re-constitute a new Toryism by patience and labour; and to shatter all in 1846.

But throughout life there was in him a streak of what we call Liberalism. The inner habit of his mind, though essentially cautious, was indeed essentially Liberal. Even in opposing the Reform Bill of 1832 he urged, as one great objection to it, that it confined the franchise to the higher and middle classes and excluded the labourers, disfranchising those possessed from time immemorial of the privilege. This was not the objection of his party, or even akin to their objections. It is, indeed, safe to say that these volumes do not present the portrait of a Tory, as Toryism was then understood. They contain the constant protests and struggles of a candid mind against class prejudice and class jobbery. What he had in common with the old Toryism was the historical apprehension of a man born before the French Revolution; and obvious traces of this feeling may be found in a letter he wrote to Goulburn in August 1836. It is probable that he clung to this abstract and negative principle, as a base of support for the reactionary attitudes which he was sometimes compelled to assume. But it may safely be said that in the everyday business of life, in the distribution of patronage, in the dealing with abuses, Peel worked in a spirit of severe public duty, and of constant

protest against privilege, or bigotry, or jobs—a spirit alien to the older Toryism. It must, indeed, be admitted that in 1825 he wrote to Liverpool asking for preferment in the Church for one brother, and for secular promotion for his brother-in-law, so that another brother might occupy the post held by the brother-in-law. This letter in the light of these days reads oddly enough, but then it must be read by the light of those. Peel's general stand against High Tory ideas of patronage is none the less clear and strong. And there is further to be noted, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, that, as there were two Pitts, so there were two Peels: the Peel before and the Peel after the Reform Bill. To put it otherwise, before the Reform Bill Peel was a Tory; after it he was a Conservative. He recognised the new conditions resulting from that Bill; he endeavoured to shape his policy and adapt his party to them. In this attempt he bent his party to the breaking point; but for a time, by his Parliamentary skill and the loyalty of Wellington, the catastrophe was averted.

Nothing, indeed, appears more clearly in these volumes than the fact that it was only the climax of the disruption of the Tory party that was reached in 1846. Since the death of Lord Liverpool there had been an increasing fissure. In 1834–5 there was a momentary closing of the ranks, against further reform, and in support of the spirited stand made by Peel. The old Duke of Newcastle—the very pontiff of High Toryism—mindful, perhaps, that Peel had defended him in the House of Commons, had tendered to Peel an elaborate support, and had offered, with superfluous ardour, to accompany him to the scaffold. At the same time, being against every description of reform, wholesale and retail, his 'satisfaction at seeing Peel at the head of affairs was not pure and unmixed.' When, however, a Newcastle could affect even a moderate contentment with Peel, High Toryism could support him with apparent cordiality. But, between the fall of Peel's Government in 1835 and his return to office in 1841, the difficulty of combining the extreme and moderate sections of his party taxed all his resources. Peel himself in his later years, after his final resignation, wrote as follows: 'On reflecting on all that passed, I am much more surprised that the union was so long maintained than that it was ultimately severed.' And in July 1845, Prince Albert, a shrewd and close observer, writes to Stockmar:

> In politics we are drawing near the close of one of the most remarkable sittings of parliament. Peel has carried through everything with immense majorities, but it is certain that he has no longer any stable parliamentary support. His party is quite broken up, and the Opposition has as many different opinions and principles as heads.

He had to experience, as Pitt had before him, the difficulties that attend a Liberal Minister governing by a majority of old Tories;

while his strength lay, negatively, in a Liberal opposition, distracted by multifarious principles and conflicting chiefs.

By the word 'Tory' no reference is, of course, here intended to the party now existing, which is sometimes called by that name, which can scarcely be said to have survived, even in a languishing condition, the cataclysm of 1846, and which finally disappeared in 1867. Since then there have been Tories in name, or Tories of a different kind. Lord Beaconsfield loved to call himself a Tory, so did Lord Randolph Churchill. But the followers of this last were commonly identified as Tory-Democrats, a conjunction of terms which sufficiently explains the change. What would Sidmouth, or Eldon, or Sir Robert Harry Inglis have said to such a combination? An imaginary conversation between one of them and a Tory-Democrat would transcend the imagination of a Landor, unless indeed he resorted to the compendious forms of the Commination Service. No: what is meant by Tories, relatively to Sir Robert Peel's career, is a party opposed to Whigs, and the Whigs of 1840 would be considered by many Tories of to-day to be retrograde and fossil politicians. The Tories of Sir Robert's time cherished the names of Eldon, Sidmouth and Inglis. He himself acknowledged the discrepancy between himself and them by adopting the term 'Conservative.'

From the time of Roman Catholic emancipation, if not earlier, there had reigned an atmosphere of distrust round Peel. His reserve, his awkwardness, a certain slyness of eye, which appears in some of his portraits, may account for this as much as the suspicion of Liberal tendencies, though this also prevailed. That expression of the eye is noticed by Disraeli in the study of Peel which he wrote for his Life of Lord George Bentinck. 'The eye,' he says, 'was not good: it was sly, and had an awkward habit of looking askance.' It does not appear that anything in Peel's public or private career justifies the imputation of slyness. His shyness may have given him occasionally the 'awkward habit of looking askance.' The sly expression of the eye was probably the indication not of cunning, but of humour. For even on public and solemn occasions Sir Robert was known not to be deficient in that saving salt; though its full abundance has only been revealed in these last years. His reputation in that respect rested on the famous passage in the speech of May 18, 1841, often quoted, but too good to leave unquoted as we pass.

> Great as is my commiseration, I cannot assist you. I view with unaffected sympathy the position of the right honourable gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It has been remarked that a good man struggling with adversity is a sight worthy of the gods. And certainly the right honourable gentleman, *both with respect to the goodness of the man and the extent of his adversity* presents at the present moment that spectacle. Can there be a more lamentable picture than that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on an empty chest, by the pool of bottomless deficiency, fishing for a budget? I won't bite: the right honourable gentleman shall return home with his pannier as empty as his chest.

That passage is classical. But during the last decade there has been abundant proof that the humour lurking in Peel's eye represented a strong but severely repressed characteristic of the man. Carlyle, who was, at any rate, an admirable portrait-painter, had noticed this. 'A warm sense of fun, really of genuine broad drollery, looks through him; the hopefullest feature I could clearly see.' But perhaps it finds its most frequent vent in his letters to Croker, written at the time when he trusted Croker. Mr. Parker too, especially in his first volume, gives several letters with that same happy note; nor is it even absent during Peel's last desperate session as Prime Minister, when, in the House of Commons, he bantered the Recorder of Dublin with regard to the housemaid: 'Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.' Sir William Gregory, who saw him often at this period, has told of his fun, sometimes broad, his ready stories, his robust fits of laughter, and quotes Lord Strangford to a similar effect. Even in the solemn moment between his resignation and resumption of power in December 1845, Greville tells us that Peel was full of jokes and stories, enlivening a hilarious Cabinet. All this seems worth notice, for it does not represent the ordinary view of Peel.

With regard to another force of Peel's nature, equally strong and almost equally suppressed—his fiery temper—Mr. Parker adds something to what was already known. He records how Peel called out Townshend, his opponent at Tamworth in the 1837 election. He tells us what is to be told of the abortive duel with O'Connell. He gives us the correspondence in which Peel called Hume to account for 'expressions not consistent with the usages of Parliament;' and that in which he exacts an apology from Hobhouse. He narrates the painful scene in the House of Commons when Peel lost his self-control under an attack by Cobden, ill-timed and ill-expressed, but not that, when, with inexplicable fury, he repelled a contemptible cannonade from Cobbett. There is, moreover, we have always understood, but little doubt that at one time he had it in contemplation to challenge Mr. Disraeli; though on this point the papers are silent. But scarcely in the Irish Parliament, or in Lever's novels, is there any memory of so peppery a politician with so constant an inclination to the 'sawhandles.' There is, indeed, ample documentary proof, besides the tradition of those who knew him, that the cold, cautious exterior of Peel concealed a highly-strung, nervous temperament, and a prompt pugnacity which we can scarcely realise in these days.

But, except in regard to these two points, there is nothing in these volumes to vary materially the popular conception of Peel's habit of mind. To work hard had always been his practice. 'Work,' Dean Cyril Jackson had early exhorted him, 'work like a tiger, or like a dragon, if dragons work more and harder than tigers.'

And in his last tenure of office Peel speaks of himself more than once as working seventeen hours a day. Even with that desperate diet of labour it seems difficult to understand how Peel accomplished all that he did at that time.

For he was the model of all Prime Ministers. It is more than doubtful, indeed, if it be possible in this generation, when the burdens of empire and of office have so incalculably grown, for any Prime Minister to discharge the duties of his high post with the same thoroughness or in the same spirit as Peel. To do so would demand more time and strength than any man has at his command. For Peel kept a strict supervision over every department: he seems to have been master of the business of each and all of them. He was conversant with all departmental questions, and formed and enforced opinions on them. And, though he had an able Chancellor of the Exchequer, in whom he had full confidence, he himself introduced his great Budget of 1842 and that of 1845. The War Office, the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, the administrations of India and of Ireland felt his personal influence as much as the Treasury or the Board of Trade.

In the House of Commons he, with Graham, mainly bore the burden, so much to the exclusion of even so brilliant a colleague as Stanley, that we find this last demanding his removal to the House of Lords, on the ground that business in the House of Commons was done entirely by Peel, Goulburn, Graham, and Gladstone, and that he had therefore become a cypher: an extraordinary testimony, when we reflect that this Stanley, for whom no use could be found, was incomparably the first debater in Parliament. Charles Villiers, an opponent, but even then a practised parliamentarian, offered evidence of equal weight: 'See how those two men (Peel and Graham) do their business and understand it.' It is probable, then, that no Prime Minister ever fulfilled so completely and thoroughly the functions of his office, parliamentary, administrative, and general, as Sir Robert Peel; though it may perhaps be found that Peel's greatest pupil followed in his footsteps during the famous administration which began in 1868. But in these days of instant, continuous, and unrelenting pressure, the very tradition of such a minister has almost departed; indeed, it would be impossible to be so paternal and ubiquitous. A minister of these days would be preparing or delivering a speech in the country, when Peel would be writing minutes of policy for the various departments. Which occupation is the better or more fruitful is not now in question: it is sufficient for our purpose that the difference exists.

Nor, perhaps, would such a minister be now altogether welcome to his colleagues. For Peel was in name and in deed that functionary so abhorred and repudiated by the statesmen of the eighteenth century—a Prime Minister. With a collection of colleagues perhaps

unparalleled for ability and brilliancy he stood among them like Alexander among his Parmenios and Ptolemies. In these days we have returned, perhaps necessarily, to the views of the last century. A Prime Minister who is the senior partner in every department as well as president of the whole, who deals with all the business of government, who inspires and vibrates through every part, is almost, if not quite, an impossibility. A first minister is the most that can be hoped for, the chairman and on most occasions the spokesman of that board of directors which is called the Cabinet; who has the initiation and guidance of large courses of public policy; but who does not, unless specially invoked, interfere departmentally.

Peel, himself, in 1845—more than half a century ago—had arrived at the conclusion that the task of a Prime Minister in the House of Commons, as he understood the office, had become almost impossible. In August 1845 he writes:

> I defy the minister of this country to perform properly the duties of his office—to read all that he ought to read, including the whole foreign correspondence; to keep up the constant communication with the Queen, *and the Prince;* to see all whom he ought to see; to superintend the grant of honours and the disposal of civil and ecclesiastical patronage; to write with his own hand to every person of note who chooses to write to him; to be prepared for every debate, including the most trumpery concerns; to do all these indispensable things, and also sit in the House of Commons eight hours a day for one hundred and eighteen days.
>
> It is impossible for me not to feel that the duties are incompatible and above all human strength, at least above mine.
>
> The worst of it is that the really important duties to the country—those out of the House of Commons—are apt to be neglected.
>
> I never mean to solve the difficulty in one way—namely, by going to the House of Lords. But it must be solved in one way or another. The failure of the mind is the usual way, as we know from sad experience.

This is surely a striking pronouncement. His detail of his duties, his speaking of himself as 'the minister of this country,' which defines in a phrase his view of his position, his indication of the real danger, long since realised, that administrative must necessarily be neglected for parliamentary duties, his allusion in the last sentence to Liverpool and Castlereagh are all noteworthy. So is his declaration that he would never take refuge in the House of Lords. In Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort' (i. 266), it is stated, on the authority of Mr. Anson and Lord Aberdeen, that Peel had come to the conclusion that the Prime Minister should be in that House. The question has scarcely more than an historic interest, since the conditions are no longer the same. But it is impossible, even as a matter of historic interest, altogether to ignore any definite opinion on such a subject, pronounced by so consummate a master of his craft.

What is a Prime Minister? That is a question which it would require a pamphlet to answer, but in a few sentences it may be possible

to remove a few hallucinations. For the title expresses much to the British mind. To the ordinary apprehension it implies a dictator, the duration of whose power finds its only limit in the House of Commons. So long as he can weather that stormful and deceptive ocean he is elsewhere supreme. But the reality is very different. The Prime Minister, as he is now called, is technically and practically the Chairman of an Executive Committee of the Privy Council, or rather perhaps of Privy Councillors, the influential foreman of an executive jury. His power is mainly personal, the power of individual influence. That influence, whatever it may be, he has to exert in many directions before he can have his way. He has to deal with the Sovereign, with the Cabinet, with Parliament, and with public opinion, all of them potent factors in their various kinds and degrees. To the popular eye, however, heedless of these restrictions, he represents universal power; he is spoken of as if he had only to lay down his views of policy and to adhere to them. That is very far from the case. A First Minister has only the influence with the Cabinet which is given him by his personal arguments, his personal qualities, and his personal weight. But this is not all. All his colleagues he must convince, some he may have to cajole: a harassing, laborious and ungracious task. Nor is it only his colleagues that he has to deal with: he has to masticate their pledges, given before they joined him, he has to blend their public utterances, to fuse as well as may be all this into the policy of the Government: for these various records must be reconciled, or glossed, or obliterated. A machinery liable to so many grains of sand requires obviously all the skill and vigilance of the best conceivable engineer. And yet without the external support of his Cabinet he is disarmed. The resignation of a colleague, however relatively insignificant, is a storm signal.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the cohesion of Cabinets, except that strange institution itself. To the Briton, who found it existing at his birth, it seems the natural if not the inevitable form of government. To the inquiring foreigner, however, nothing can seem more extraordinary, in a country with so much of democracy about it, than the spectacle of a secret council, on the Venetian model, and sworn to absolute silence, conducting the business of a nation which insists on publicity for everything less important. The secrecy of the Cabinet in such a condition of things would resemble, one would surmise, the secrecy of the ostrich—the material fact would be visible to all while a shallow head was imbedded in the sand. But it is not so. The secrets of the Cabinet are, as a rule, preserved. After the sharpest internal discords the members will present a united, even if a silent and sullen, front. Whether the system of Cabinet Government be an efficient one or not is not now the question: whether the collection of the heads of departments at sparse intervals to discuss hurriedly topics, for which they

are often unprepared, be a good arrangement for business is not the point: but what may confidently be asserted is that of all anomalous arrangements for executive government in an Anglo-Saxon community, during the present epoch and under the present conditions, the strangest is the government of the British Empire by a secret committee. That it works well, on the whole, is a tribute less to the institution itself than to the capacity of our race to make any conceivable institution succeed.

Of course, it may be said that the public and the Press are excluded from the counsels of all executives. But it will be found not infrequently elsewhere, that the conclusions at which executives have arrived are announced to the public. In Britain it may safely be said that this is never, or scarcely ever, the case. Nor is even the subject of discussion ever known, though enterprising editors make spirited conjectures on the subject, which sometimes take the form of authoritative paragraphs. Practically, then, during the whole of the parliamentary recess at least, we have not the faintest idea of what our rulers are doing, or planning, or negotiating, except in so far as light is afforded by the independent investigations of the Press. This is said in a spirit, not of criticism or deprecation, but rather of meditation—which, however, must not be allowed to allure us too far from our subject.

Of this secret committee, such as it is, the Prime Minister is the chairman. He is also the channel by which its decisions reach the Sovereign. We do not know how Peel acquitted himself in the first capacity, though we think it probable that he left something to be desired; but in the second he acquitted himself admirably. He had, in 1841, to surmount, perhaps, some memories of the difficulties which had prevented his accepting office in 1839; though between 1839 and 1841 these had been removed by the tact and wisdom of the Prince Consort, acting on behalf of the Sovereign. But nothing is more delightful than the account of his relations with the Queen and her young husband. There is a paternal tender note which seems infinitely graceful in a man of his cold and awkward reserve. Had he been more genial, more tactful, more a man of the world, the difficulty of the Household in 1839 would have easily been overcome. But as the relations of the Sovereign and the minister became more constant and definite, when the one was able to see how warm a heart, how wise and generous a nature was concealed under a formal exterior, when the other realised that no natural prepossessions would prevent fair play to the new Government, mutual appreciation was easy and complete; until it culminated in the scene of December 20, 1845, when the Queen required the minister to remain in her service, and the minister replied, as he records himself, 'I want no consultations, no time for reflection. I will be your minister, happen what may. I will do without a colleague rather than leave you in

this extremity." Comment or addition would only mar so chivalrous a picture.

The relations with the Sovereign are, however, only a part, though they may be the pleasantest part, of the Prime Minister's personal relations. He has, as has already been pointed out, to keep in such touch with his Cabinet that they may act cordially with him.

Here Peel in one great instance may be said to have been less successful. He did not, indeed, owe everything, but he owed much to the Duke of Wellington. Without Wellington, Catholic Emancipation could not have been carried in 1829. Wellington consented to act as warming-pan for Peel in 1834. He helped Peel loyally, sometimes against his own convictions, in conducting Opposition from 1835 to 1841. Without Wellington, it is safe to say that Peel could not have maintained himself in 1845–6. The loyal old soldier acted not from any particular sympathy for Peel, but from a stern resolve that the Queen's Government should be carried on. This is not to say that he was an altogether easy colleague, but it is to establish that Peel was bound to him by every tie of gratitude and interest. These volumes, however, teem with proofs that Peel took little pains to keep the Duke in a good humour, that he communicated with him as little as possible, that their relations were sometimes strained, and that Arbuthnot, the Duke's bosom friend, was instant at all seasons to try and bring about more intimate consultation. Over and over again he intimates in various forms, as if the statement were a startling novelty, that the Duke, 'if he has a weakness,' has the weakness of liking to be consulted. Peel on one occasion answers that he knows of no pleasure comparable to that of consulting the Duke. But he showed a singular self-denial in availing himself of this gratification. Sometimes common friends intervene. On one occasion, in answer to such expostulation, Peel confesses himself aggrieved, and states with his usual moderation the causes of offence. But in any case the result is always the same: renewed want of intercourse, renewed complaints, and, at most, communication through the channel of Arbuthnot.

One short correspondence is, however, so fascinating that it deserves to be noticed. Sir Robert's second son William, then a midshipman—afterwards, in the Crimea and in India, so famous and beloved—writes home to his father an account of the naval operations on the coast of Syria in 1840. Peel, breaking through his habitual reserve, sends the letter to the Duke, who returns it with rare commendation. The delight of the father is as irrepressible as it is charming, and forms a grateful oasis in his relations with his illustrious colleague.

Strangely enough, if one turns to Greville, one finds almost the same complaint of the Duke. In 1841 Wellington had, it seems, fallen into strange and morbid ways. Once so accessible, he would

see no one. Once so fond of being consulted, he avoided everything of the kind—indeed, all communications with his fellow creatures. He retired for the time into a gloomy and silent solitude, denying access to every one with passionate and almost brutal vehemence. It is not probable that this fit lasted long. But it is only fair to note the fact in the controversy as between Peel and the Duke.

That there were faults on both sides is probable. It is impossible, however, not to feel that Peel was the most to blame. The position and qualities and age of Wellington were such as demanded an attention little short of homage. When Peel was sharing with Byron the education of Harrow, Wellington had won Assaye. When Peel entered Parliament, Wellington had stemmed the universal dominion of France, and before Peel was eight and twenty, had put an end to it. He was incomparably the first, the most illustrious, the most venerable of living Englishmen. What his political services had been to Peel has already been stated. He had, moreover, for many years endeavoured to bring a hostile House of Lords into harmony with Peel's views, and by his matchless authority had succeeded. Peel, it is clear, should have taken endless pains to gratify and conciliate the supreme old man. If he took any, or any but the slightest, it does not appear in the present biography.

With others of his colleagues he laboured more effectually. For example, Ellenborough had proceeded to India as Governor-General. Even before his arrival at Calcutta the restless and exuberant vanity of the new Viceroy had displayed itself in an ominous manner. After he had landed a few weeks it developed a thousand-fold. His predecessor he offended by the careless candour of his egotism. He outraged two successive Presidents of the Board of Control. He flouted the Court of Directors. His generals, Nott and Pollock, he openly denounced as incompetent; but afterwards arrogated, or seemed to arrogate, to himself the merit of their achievements. He wished to have a commission that would enable him to command the army himself. Without it, he followed the army with the pomp and parade of a Xerxes. He undertook daring, and in Peel's judgment unjustifiable, measures of policy without consultation with any home authority. In one part of a letter to Hardinge he hints at a march to the Dardanelles, in another at the conquest of Egypt. In fine, there never was, it would appear, with all his ability, so impossible a Governor-General.

But to read Peel's correspondence with him, and with Fitzgerald and Ripon, his official chiefs, is a lesson in itself. The tact, the sagacity, the patience, are as rare as they are admirable. Swollen with arrogant importance, Ellenborough disdained the post in the Cabinet offered to him by Peel when he returned from India; intimating that Cabinet office was beneath the notice of one whose mind was devoted to sublimer subjects. Peel turns away with a smile.

With Stanley, if we may judge from this biography, he was never cordial. Nor is this wonderful, for perhaps no two men were ever endowed with more opposite natures than these two Lancashire leaders; though it seems probable, fiery as was Stanley, that Peel's was the more fiery nature of the two. So, too, they both had humour. But Lord Dalling reports a tradition that Peel suffered much under the irrepressible banter of Stanley; to such an extent, indeed, as to have resolved to be rid of him. It has been remarked by an eminent writer that a difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections. But we doubt if it has ever seriously strained those of a Cabinet; we feel sure that it never produced a schism in Peel's. Indeed, the tradition is in itself a joke. Nor do we find any trace of intimacy between the not less brilliant Lyndhurst and the Prime Minister. Ripon and Fitzgerald have to be soothed under the irritating vagaries of Ellenborough, and are dexterously appeased. Of Mr. Gladstone we catch only glimpses, mainly at the time of his resignation in 1845. Then he perplexed his chief, who complains of sometimes finding great difficulty in exactly comprehending what he means. But that was not wholly surprising. Mr. Gladstone's resignation was based on a high and honourable refinement, arrived at during a period of stress, if not of transition. It was consequently not easy to explain. Moreover, First Ministers usually find a difficulty in understanding the intellectual processes of colleagues who wish to resign.

Yet Gladstone writes of Peel in 1853 as 'my great master and teacher in public affairs.' The younger Newcastle, too, declares '*He* is my leader still, though invisible. I never take a step in public life without reflecting, how would he have thought of it.' But with three exceptions we only see the ministers dimly. With these three, however, Peel's relations were warm and intimate.

Lady Peel, in the exquisite letter which she addressed to Lord Aberdeen a month after her bereavement, says: 'My beloved one always talked of you as *the friend* whom he most valued, for whom he had the sincerest affection, whom he esteemed higher than any.' From this testimony there can be no appeal (though it may be contrasted with Peel's letter to Graham, of July 3, 1846), but it finds little support in the present biography. Aberdeen inspired the warmest regard in those who penetrated beneath a somewhat cold and taciturn exterior. Both the Queen and Mr. Gladstone seem to have felt for him an affection which it is rare for statesmen to attract. But in the correspondence with Peel this is not so apparent. Indeed, there was once a crisis. For Aberdeen felt so complete a trust in France and the government of Louis Philippe that he and Guizot were, it is complacently stated, on the footing rather of colleagues than ministers of different countries; they showed each other their despatches, and exchanged their secret letters. This anticipation of a

political millennium seemed to the British Cabinet premature. At any rate, they declined to allow it to extinguish a modest scheme of national defence. Thereupon Aberdeen tendered his resignation: 'a policy of friendship and confidence' had, he thought, 'been converted into a policy of hostility and distrust.' On the other hand, the Cabinet agreed with the Duke of Wellington in thinking that nothing would so much contribute to friendly relations with France as the placing ourselves in a position of efficient security. Guizot protested, and declared that 'the ancient maxim, "si vis pacem, para bellum," had become dangerous and absurd.' Peel summed up the controversy with tact and judgment. The ancient maxim might be unwise, but he certainly doubted if the converse were true. 'I do not believe that there would be security for peace by our being in a state which would unfit us to repel attack without several months' preparation.' The controversy is worthy of attentive study, for it relates to a subject of capital and permanent interest. But the point on which it touches our present purpose is that the note of the correspondence does not seem very close or cordial, though Peel declares that he should consider the loss of Aberdeen as irreparable.

That lack of expansiveness would not, perhaps, be so noticeable did we not read the correspondence with Aberdeen beside that with Graham and with Hardinge. Had it not been for the letter of Lady Peel quoted above, it would appear to the impartial reader that the colleague whom Peel most trusted was Graham, and most loved was Hardinge.

Constant consultation on all points of policy and administration point to Graham as Peel's right hand man. So, too, does their close concurrence of view. In 1842, for example, they seem to have been agreed that the repeal of the Corn Laws was only a question of time, and of a short time. But, on all questions, day by day, Peel and Graham keep in touch. 'I have never doubted for a moment,' wrote Graham in 1845, 'your kind support in every difficulty. It has never failed me, and happily the most cordial agreement in feelings and in opinions prevails between us.' And, when the battle was over, and the minister had gloriously fallen, Peel writes to Graham: 'With what pleasure shall we talk over the stirring events of the last five years. Your cordial support and entire and unreserved confidence have been my chief stay.' And Graham replied: 'I shall remember our past union with pride, and I hope that till the end of our lives we may never be divided.'

But the correspondence of Peel and Hardinge touches a still more exquisite note. There had always been a peculiar closeness of friendship between the two men. On at least two occasions Hardinge had been named as Peel's second in his projected duels. One would, indeed, infer from Hardinge's letters that there is no service

that he would have refused to one for whom he felt the most generous form of hero worship. When Hardinge goes to India as Viceroy, the Prime Minister finds time to write to him constantly in terms of confidence and affection which distinguish these from all his other letters, and which as the recipient declares 'give me energy to work.' One ends 'most affectionately yours,' a rare form with Peel: another, in the heat of the Corn Law struggle, written from the Cabinet, 'God bless you, my dear Hardinge. Excuse my hurried letter. I am fighting a desperate battle here; shall probably drive my opponents over the Sutlej: but what is to come afterwards I know not.' One almost, as one reads, hears the beating of the writer's heart. And the correspondence as between Viceroy and minister closes with an almost impassioned testimony of sympathy and devotion from Hardinge.

If any letters more noble in themselves, or more creditable to the writers and their school, have passed between two public men, we cannot call them to mind. Nor is it difficult to understand why such letters should be rare. There is never a calm on the political ocean: its most serene temper is the ground swell which follows, or the grim stillness which precedes the storm, often more awful than the storm itself. The unresting waves seldom permit politicians to remain in close cordiality for any length of time. The billow that bears one friend buoyantly on its bosom lands the other high and dry, sometimes among strangers, sometimes among enemies. Constant changes of atmosphere produce constantly new combinations. And so the correspondence of statesmen who have survived their first ingenuous enthusiasm is apt, in view of possible contingencies, to be clouded with a forbidding wariness.

With politicians at large Peel was not exuberant. He was beset by the busy attentions of Croker; and his letters to Croker before 1827 are the happiest specimens of his youthful period. He was tormented in his later years by the irrepressible amity of Brougham, from which he disengaged himself with tact and skill. Of his relations with Disraeli it is only necessary to say this much—apart from the famous correspondence itself—that Disraeli was, probably, in every way, in appearance, in style, in manner, profoundly antipathetic to Peel; and that Peel not improbably was wholly wanting in that cordiality or attention which might have appeased a pique which became implacable. Peel can scarcely be blamed for not perceiving, as Lyndhurst did, the wild and strange genius which was concealed under the rings and the ringlets, the velvets and the waistcoats of the young Jewish coxcomb. There was something in all this too Bohemian and garish for Sir Robert. But, at any rate, he must have understood that the pen of Disraeli was a power, that he was a member of the House of Commons having influence with other young members; and, that, even if unwilling to try him in political harness, it was worth the while of the leader of the House to attempt to keep

him in good humour. Such an effort seems to have been repugnant, or impossible to Peel. And the complaint of Disraeli is not without dignity and even pathos: 'Pardon me if I now observe, with frankness but with great respect, that you might have found some reason for this [deficiency in hearty goodwill] if you had cared to do so, in the want of courtesy in debate which I have had the frequent mortification of experiencing from you, since your accession to power.' The applications for office and the subsequent denial of them are happily outside our scope. But, as to the philippics arising from Peel's refusal, it may perhaps be felt by politicians that it would be a churlish and mawkish morality which would deny to baffled ambition the natural relief of invective and lampoon.

There is another aspect of a Prime Minister's relations with mankind scarcely less difficult than his communications with colleagues, political writers, and members of Parliament. Patronage Peel always detested, or believed himself to detest. 'The odious power which patronage confers,' he calls it in his famous letter to Cobden. But the Prime Minister is the guardian of the honours of the Crown, and he discharged this duty with a fidelity, a wise caution, a pervading sense of responsibility, of which the very traditions have almost faded away. What is perhaps most important of all, he remembered that each case was capable of becoming a precedent of the largest and most distorted application. And so the chapter on patronage reads to us like a dream, like a chapter dropped from the annals of some Utopia or Atlantis. In five years Peel only recommended the creation of five peerages—all for marked public service. His last great government of 1841 has not left a single name on the British baronage. We can scarcely, as we read, believe that this period occurred only fifty years ago. Peel had adopted this superhuman strictness owing to the 'immense additions recently made to the House of Lords.' What would he have said had he lived in the last quarter of the century?

And yet, even as it was, he felt that the whole world was bursting prematurely into blossom. 'The distinction of being without an honour is becoming,' he writes with sardonic gravity, 'a rare and valuable one, and should not become extinct.' And again:

> There would not be a simple squire in the land, if the fever for honours were not checked. I never yet met with a man in Ireland [he adds] who had not himself either refused honours from the Crown or was not the son of a man, or had not married the daughter of a man who had been hard-hearted enough to refuse the solicitations of the Government. In general it is a peerage that has been refused.

To Monckton Milnes he writes:

> You will quite understand me that it is from the unfeigned respect I have for the talents of your father that I advise him to retain the distinction of not being a baronet.

This is cynical enough, but it is the cynicism of a purpose to main-

tain a principle, which is perhaps better than the cynicism which neither investigates nor refuses.

To Hallam, to the father of Mr. Gladstone, and to Sir Moses Montefiore he offered baronetcies. To Wordsworth and Tennyson and Owen he gave pensions. Death interposed to prevent a similar favour to Hood. 'Dear Sir,' wrote Hood, 'we are not to meet in the flesh,' and adds with pathetic pleasantry, 'it is death that stops my pen, you see, not a pension.' The care and delicacy and conscience with which he treated his patronage seem to us not the least of Peel's claims to our admiration as a minister.

We have endeavoured thus briefly and hastily to consider him from his administrative and personal aspects as Prime Minister, but even thus we have left ourselves little space to consider it from the aspects which mainly appeal to the public—policy and Parliament. But an attempt must at least be made to consider Peel as a Parliamentary and political leader.

In a country like ours, great and, indeed, disproportionate importance attaches to a minister's faculty of public speaking. The greatest of statesmen, the most consummate administrators, the most sound and fertile projectors of public measures, avail little in a parliamentary nation without the power of explaining, and, so to speak, advertising themselves. This in itself is not a subject for complacency. Nations are built up in silence. Their addiction to oratory is usually a sign of decadence. But in any case the fact remains, and makes it necessary to examine for a moment this part of Peel's equipment.

It is almost sufficient to say, in a sentence, that his speeches represent the best and most potent style of speaking for the days in which he lived and the parliaments in which he sat: grave, dignified, weighty, with the roll of phrase which veils so many defects, and which in an argument acts as a permanent saving clause. There are no alarming flights, and no shivering falls: no torrents or cascades: but an ample flow, clear, but full of matter, and leaving a rich permanent deposit. Speeches, as a rule, even the best, are as evanescent as fireworks or thistledown: they are explored for untimely quotation during the speaker's life, and when that useful purpose ceases at his death, they cease to be opened at all: they are even less read than old sermons, which possess an elect public of their own. There are, however, a few of Peel's speeches which are still classical, still consulted by experts; such as the speech on Repeal of the Irish Union in 1834, or on the Currency in 1844, or on Free Trade in 1849. There are, too, such speeches as that in 1817 on Roman Catholic Emancipation, the subjects of which have lost something of their savour, but which are read by those who desire to study great parliamentary arguments. A great parliamentary argument is a noble work of art, and one that Peel could always achieve. But beyond

that limit he could not pass. It is not possible to conceive his arousing enthusiasm, or rising to the tender or the sublime. An acute and experienced journalist used to say that it was always possible to tell when Peel was beginning the peroration which he had written or prepared—there was a mechanical change. To a generation which has glowed with the gradually swelling perorations of Gladstone and Bright this suggests a shortcoming, and indeed these efforts of Peel's do not much impress the reader—not even the most famous of all, that on his resignation in 1846. But, when all is said and done, any wise leader of the House of Commons would gladly surrender all chance of an occasional inspiration of the highest eloquence for so consummate a parliamentary instrument as the speaking faculty of Sir Robert Peel.

Of his voice Disraeli says that it was admirable; on the whole the finest heard in his day, except perhaps the thrilling tones of O'Connell. But with all its excellence it may be doubted if it attained the rich and melodious tones of his son, the late Sir Robert, which have been extolled as supreme by both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield. 'With such an organ,' said the last, 'he might have achieved anything.' 'I have only known two perfect things,' the former is reputed to have said, 'the handwriting of Lord Palmerston, and the voice of (this) Sir Robert Peel.'

As a leader in the House of Commons, on either side of the House, he had great excellences. His knowledge of that gregarious, wayward assembly was complete, and his tact when dealing with it, except on the rare occasions when his passion mastered him, unerring. But his manner with his followers was, it is said, shy, ungraceful, and ungenial. This is the commonest charge brought against leaders, and it is easy to understand how often, when oppressed with cares known only to themselves, they find it difficult to assume a genial briskness in the lobby. There can, however, be little doubt that Peel, reserved with his closest colleagues, was not expansive to his followers, and that the twin curses of shyness and self-consciousness condemned him to that awkward manner, 'haughtily stiff, or exuberantly bland,' to which his party never accustomed itself.

One or two lights on the more important side of his parliamentary tactics are, however, obtainable—partly from himself. He was in the first place extremely careful as to the perfection of the measures which he proposed to Parliament. He made it, we are told, a point of honour to prepare his bills so that they should pass with little amendment. And consequently he was able, just after he had finally left office, to write: 'I pique myself on never having proposed anything that I have not carried.' A proud and perhaps unrivalled boast, founded on elaboration and foresight, never likely to be repeated in these more listless and slatternly times.

Disraeli, whose brilliant sketch of Peel seems to us, with some

reserves, neither ill natured nor unfair, thinks that he carried this pride in his measures too far. He tells us that even after the election of 1834 Peel, though in a minority, did not despair. 'I have,' he said, 'confidence in my measures.' His commentator justly insinuates that the bills proposed by an archangel in office would not conciliate an opposition in a majority. This is true enough, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But there is a spirit in Peel's remark, unworldly though it be, which is not ungrateful to that great controlling mass of the nation which eventually puts measures before majorities: though it may be admitted that the Tadpoles and the Tapers, wriggling under their exhausted receivers, can never understand it.

Another light on Peel's qualities as a leader is afforded by himself:

> I would not [he writes in March 1845] admit any alteration in any of those bills. This was thought very obstinate and very presumptuous; but the fact is, people like a certain degree of obstinacy and presumption in a minister. They abuse him for dictation and arrogance, but they like being governed.

There is probably much truth in this, but it indicates a sort of veiled autocracy in Peel, which is also perceptible in his readiness to stand alone in 1828 and 1846; the result of an honest self-confidence; but significant also of his aloofness from his party.

Aloof from his party he certainly was. In the Tom, Dick and Harry business, as it may be called, he was certainly deficient: it is the charge brought against all great ministers. But he had one crowning merit which finds its place in any view of him as a parliamentary leader. He had disciples: he made men: he formed a school. Of no other minister since Pitt can this be said, and even of Pitt only in a lesser degree. What men he shaped! What a creed of honest work he left with them! What a tradition of public duty! Graham, Gladstone, Hardinge, Dalhousie, Canning, Cardwell, Sidney Herbert, and Newcastle. These men stood together after his death like the last square of a broken army, firm in their faith, in their leader, in their cause. To be a Peelite was a distinction in itself: it denoted statesmanship, industry, conscience. In the course of years the froward currents of politics tumbled them hither and thither; death dealt hardly with them; for only two of those we have named were in public life a decade after Peel's death; but to the end they bore the marks of Peelism, the high sense of public duty, the unlimited estimate of labour and devotion. Such men and their principles were a precious national possession: nothing of the kind, so far as we know, has ever taken their place. Our wolves are not, it is to be supposed, of the breed that suckled them.

So much for Peel in Parliament and as regards the stamp he left on part at least of Parliament. With regard to Peel as a statesman there is one preliminary remark which must be made. He was at his greatest, not in power, but in a minority. This, so far as we know,

is peculiar to him : it can be said of no other Prime Minister. Yet no one who examines Peel's life can doubt that, of the two epochs in his life when he stood supreme, the first was the period in 1834–35 when England waited breathlessly for his return from Rome, when he formed a Government, and, after a hopeless struggle against a party overwhelming in numbers, elated by enfranchisement, and drunk with victory, he retired from office the foremost statesman of his country. The second was the period of four years that elapsed between his resignation and his death, when, although he had nothing left of his former army but the staff, although he was detested by the mass of his former followers, although he was aloof from and indeed above party connection, his voice was the most potent and trusted in the country. But when he was in office with a majority behind him, though he achieved great things, he was always in a false position, always marching with confident utterance and intrepid bearing to an inevitable abyss. There were in consequence two great catastrophes. In 1828 he had been the principal opponent, as he had been for many years, of the Roman Catholic claims, and in 1829 he was the minister who passed through Parliament a measure for the satisfaction of those claims. In 1841 he commenced his term of office as the champion and leader of the Protectionist party, and concluded his term of office in 1846 by putting an end to Protection and the party.

With regard to these two salient points there will always be a controversy as eternal as the Junian or the bimetallic, that of the Iron Mask or the candlesticks of Hugo's saintly bishop. It is not denied that on both occasions the policy was right, though, strangely enough, seventy years after the interment of one of these questions, and fifty years after the funeral of the other, there appear to the attentive observer more symptoms of anti-Catholic and anti-Free Trade fanaticism than at almost any period in the interval. But though it is not denied that the policy was right, it is and always will be stoutly contested whether Peel was the minister to carry it out. It is not our intention to examine this discussion in detail. Neither party to it will ever convince the other, so in itself it is fruitless and endless. Moreover, before engaging in it, it is necessary to examine not merely the history of each question in detail, but also the nicest issues of political conscience, and even political casuistry. Still, it is impossible to pass it by altogether, as it is capital in any survey of Peel's career. One point at any rate is clear, that a favourable verdict on the first transaction does not necessarily imply a favourable issue on the second, and, to some apprehensions, makes it more difficult. Granted that he was right in the first transition, he should not have repeated it : the character of public men cannot stand two such shocks : we incline as it were to the old verdict of ' Not guilty, but don't do it again.'

The briefest recital of the familiar facts will suffice. Wellington, with the concurrence of Peel, had in January 1828 formed a ministry on the plan of Liverpool's, leaving open the question of Catholic Emancipation. Three months afterwards, the section favourable to Emancipation resigned; a resignation, it should be noted, which could easily have been averted by Wellington, who, in his military fashion, treated the disquieted Huskisson as a deserter. Peel declares that but for this resignation he should himself have resigned, in consequence of a narrow vote in the House of Commons favourable to the Roman Catholics. The resignation of the 'Catholic' ministers from power, strangely enough, resulted obliquely in Emancipation. For one of the offices they had resigned was accepted by Vesey Fitzgerald, who had in consequence to vacate his seat and seek re-election for Clare. He polled all the forces of ascendency, the gentry to a man, and the fifty-pound freeholders: the constituency was held by an overwhelming military force. But O'Connell, though incapable of a seat in Parliament, was returned, on a wave of national uprising, at the head of the poll. This one election let the ocean through the Protestant dykes, and made further resistance, in the opinion of Peel and Wellington, impossible.

The philosophical observer cannot help here turning his gaze for a moment fifty-eight years forward. In 1828 one Irish election was held to warrant Peel in a great change of policy: in 1886 eighty-five were declared insufficient to justify Mr. Gladstone.

To return to Peel. He came at once to the conclusion that the election opened up the whole Irish question. He considered it, to use the words in which Cornewall Lewis concisely summarises his views, 'as a national and not a religious question. Not merely the removal of disabilities from a body of religionists, but the pacification of Ireland was at issue.' At the same time he determined to resign. These views he communicated to the Duke of Wellington in August 1828. The Duke answered briefly, and did not combat Peel's desire to resign; indeed, he expressly acquiesced in it. And so matters went on through that dark and distracted autumn, varied only by the removal of the Lord High Admiral and the Viceroy of Ireland; for the Duke, from high notions of discipline, had in those days a passion for removals. But the dismissal of Anglesey in no degree affected the resolution of Peel and Wellington that the Roman Catholic question must be settled, nor the apparent agreement that Peel himself must go. A strange incident now made Peel waver as to his resignation. In January 1829 the Duke endeavoured, at an interview, to persuade the Primate and the Bishops of London and Durham to acquiesce in a measure for Catholic Emancipation. The prelates refused. Thereupon Peel, in an evil hour as we think for his own fame, fearing that the King was behind the Bishops, or might base a veto on the Bishops, wrote to Wellington to offer to continue in

office should his retirement, in the Duke's opinion, be an insuperable obstacle to the prosecution of his policy. The Duke of course eagerly replied that it would be, and Peel remained.

We are here compelled to part company for a moment from Mr. Parker. He thinks that the Duke's letter left Peel no option. But it was in truth Peel's own letter that had this effect. He made the offer to remain when the Duke had long agreed that it was necessary that they should part. Conscious as he was of enormous difficulties, Wellington eagerly clutched at Peel's suggestion; it is not too much to say that in common politeness he could scarcely have done otherwise. It was not the Duke who bound Peel, but Peel who bound himself. To us, anxious as we are to concur with so real an honesty of character and purpose, it seems that the reasons adduced by Peel are inadequate to explain or condone his course. In May 1828 he had been the champion in Parliament against the Roman Catholic claims; somewhere between May and August 1828 he had been convinced that those claims must be admitted; in August 1828 he was not less convinced that he could not decently be the minister to settle them, and remained in that conviction till January 1829. Then the attitude of the Bishops made him fear a declaration of *non possumus* from the King, and so he agreed to remain. In the letter itself it may be noticed that there is no mention of such an apprehension. That does not appear to have transpired till 1831, when Peel alluded to it in the House of Commons. And he proceeded to ask what, had he resigned, and the King had said to him, 'You advise this course, and ask me to sacrifice my opinion and consistency, why will you not make the same sacrifice?'—he could have replied. As the speech is reported his point is not clear, for the sacrifice of opinion and consistency would be made by Peel whether in or out of office. But it is obvious that the King was supposed to intimate that, as he was compelled to sacrifice his convictions and remain King, Peel, in making the same sacrifice, should remain minister.

All this seems to us shallow reasoning, and to indicate some self-delusion on the part of Peel. It is in the first place obviously irrational to confuse the positions of a constitutional Sovereign and a constitutional minister. Constitutional Sovereigns are often compelled to agree both to measures and to men of whom they disapprove; but there is no question of their retirement. But a minister who considers a measure inevitable, which he has always opposed, has no other course honourably open to him. This Peel himself felt both in 1828 and 1845, though on neither occasion did he definitely withdraw.

But Peel urges, or seems to urge, that had he retired the King would have found the courage to declare publicly that he would never consent to Emancipation. We see, we confess, but little

grounds for such an apprehension. Unnerved as he was, with the fear of rebellion in Ireland, with the army open to doubt, with the great captain of his country and the Protestant champion both against him, with no one indeed to rely upon but the forces of fanaticism, not more violent than feeble, we do not believe that the King would have done anything of the kind. The Duke of York had, indeed, made such a declaration, printed on silk, stamped on pottery and pocket-handkerchiefs, applauded at the banquets of bigots. But the Duke of York was both less responsible and more intrepid than the King. The only reason, in fact, which Peel seems to give for his belief is that the King would have founded such a veto on the hostility of the Bishops, and, of course, the House of Lords. For this hypothesis we can find no foundation whatever. Nor in any case can we see how the question whether Peel was in or out of office when supporting the Bill could have made any material difference in the King's attitude. It is rather our firm conviction that Peel out of office could have given the Bill a much more potent advocacy than as a minister: his arguments would have been as efficacious; his conviction more manifestly pure; he would have prevented the cancer of personal suspicion, and he would have maintained beyond all question his character as a public man. In fine, we agree with Peel in August 1828 and disagree with his recantation of January 1829.

In point of fact we can scarcely doubt that Peel deluded himself. He sincerely believed, as all men do at times, and as some, like Althorp, do really and always, that he disliked office. In December 1845 he speaks of his loathing of office. But we believe on the contrary that he was unconsciously attached to office, and for the highest motives: that he enjoyed official work knowing how well he did it: that he liked leading the House of Commons because he knew how well he did it: that he greatly preferred the fruitful task of administration to the spent candour of criticism: that, to sum all, he was convinced that as a minister he could render excellent service to his country. He did not go so far as Chatham, and believe that he alone could save the country, but he felt that his rectitude and capacity would always tide his country over a difficult crisis.

Then, as the session drew near, he saw the great measure, framed by another, carried through the Commons by another, and certainly inferior, hand. Under the mastery of these feelings he wrote to Wellington, and offered to remain. It does not seem to have occurred to him that out of office he could have taken as great a share as he chose in constructing the Bill, and that out of office he could have taken a much more weighty part in carrying it than he could as a minister. He could, in fact, as a private member have sheltered and assisted the Duke's Government, just as from 1846 to 1850 he sheltered and assisted the Government of Lord John Russell.

All this, it may be said, is pure hypothesis. But in a discussion of this kind, where hidden motives and inconsistent action have to be considered and reconciled, it is necessary to have recourse to conjecture; we cannot, indeed, when the documents are exhausted, employ any other guide.

In 1845–46 the circumstances were somewhat different. Peel resigned, not because of the inconsistency of his proposing the abolition of the Corn Laws, which his party was sworn to defend, but because he thought that he required a unanimous Cabinet to help him to carry his measure. In 1828 he had written: 'I have been too deeply committed on the question—have expressed too strong opinions in respect of it . . . to make it advantageous for the King's service that I should be the individual to originate the measure.' In 1845–46 he does not seem to have felt this difficulty. And having resigned, and the Whigs having failed to form a Government, he may have felt that he was on stronger ground. In any case, he resumed office with buoyancy, and, as we have been told on high authority, confidently reckoned on carrying his party with him. So far, it may be said that the Whigs had had their chance, and that it therefore became a matter of absolute necessity that Peel should return and carry the measure to avert a famine. It is difficult to resist this view. Nor is it necessary to weigh whether Peel might not have given larger promises of support to Russell, for Russell inexplicably renounced his task, because he could neither satisfy Grey nor proceed without him. Russell seems, if we may judge from his explanation at the opening of the session, to have required two conditions to enable him to form a Government: stronger assurances of support from Peel, and complete unanimity among his own colleagues. Both requirements denoted a sanguine nature. But, so far as Peel was concerned, it must be felt that, in view of the crisis and of the fact that Russell was in a considerable minority, his assurances of support should have been as ample as possible. Russell, however, failed, and Peel returned.

There seems, then, a clear case of necessity. But it is impossible to avoid the feeling that there is something extremely unfortunate, if not sinister, in the fate which drove Peel a second time to carry as minister a measure of which he had been the principal opponent. And it is obvious from the remarkable letter which Graham addressed to Peel in December 1842 that Peel and his closest intimates had foreseen for three years the inevitable change, and had viewed it calmly. 'The next change,' wrote Graham, 'in the Corn Laws must be to an open trade': this seventeen months after Peel had entered office as the last hope of the Protectionists. 'But,' he adds, 'the next change must be the last. it is not prudent to hurry it; *next session is too soon;* and, as you cannot make a decisive alteration, it is far better to make none.' We have not the answer to this, or the

letter which elicited it. But it is impossible to doubt that it represents the views of Peel. Peel, therefore, amid every outward semblance of political prosperity, was doomed. The leader of a party pledged to Protection, with the clear consciousness that his next step, which might at any moment be taken, must be to Free Trade, he was, in 1842 and for three years onwards, standing on gunpowder ready to explode. He was pontiff of a church with the conviction of being in truth a heretic. It is possible, or even probable, that he felt confident that the course of events would soon convince his followers as well as himself—that he was only anticipating that conviction. If so, we can only say that he little understood the temper of the agrarian knights behind him. They, at any rate, knew what they wanted and what, so long as was possible, they intended to maintain. They did, indeed, suspect their leader's hesitation. But they were determined that their force should not merely intimidate the enemy, but keep that leader, whether willingly or not, in his place. Should he falter, their weapons should prick him forward, or, if necessary, hew him as a traitor. So when he suddenly appeared before them, not in their uniform, but in the clothes he had a second time appropriated from the bathing Whigs, they had no thought but revenge. We can hardly then be surprised at the attacks which were made on him in 1846. Lord John Russell summed it all up in his dry, drawling way :

> I cannot express surprise or wonder at any warmth or vindictive feeling being directed against the right honourable gentleman, because in his political career he has done that which perhaps has never happened to so eminent a man before. He has twice changed his opinion on the greatest political question of his day. Once when the Protestant Church was to be defended and the Protestant Constitution rescued from the attacks of the Roman Catholics, which it was said would ruin it, the right honourable gentleman undertook to lead the defence. Again, the Corn Laws were powerfully attacked in this House and out of it. He took the lead of his party to resist a change and to defend protection. I think, on both occasions, he has come to a wise conclusion, and to a decision most beneficial to his country ; first, when he repealed the Roman Catholic disabilities, and, secondly, when he abolished protection. But that those who followed him—men that had committed themselves to these questions, on the faith of his political wisdom—on the faith of his sagacity, led by the great eloquence and ability he displayed in debate—that when they found he had changed his opinions and proposed measures different from those on the faith of which they had followed him—that they should exhibit warmth and resentment was not only natural but I should have been surprised if they had not displayed it.

Peel, in the memoir which he himself prepared, has left us his defence. It amounts simply to this : that his duty to the nation was greater than his duty to the party. As regards the grave but minor charge that he did not try and take his party into his confidence, his defence seems to us to be words and merely words, a fog through which there flashes the one clear sentence 'I should have failed in carrying the repeal of the Corn Laws.' It was obviously then as a question of strategy that he refused his confidence to his

followers. He had no right to be surprised that they withheld theirs from him. Nor is it pleasant, bearing in mind our conviction that Peel's unconscious attachment to office was greater than he knew, to remember the remark inferred or recorded by the Prince Consort: 'Peel . . . says to himself "the minister who settles the Corn Laws is not so easily turned out."' We would rather he had said, 'History will wish to forgive anything to the minister who settles the Corn Laws.'

But we return to the larger issue. Peel held that his duty to the nation was greater than his duty to his party. So stated, the proposition is a meritorious platitude, and one of which party men cannot be too often reminded. But all depends on the application; for it may be employed for the basest as well as the sublimest purposes. We can conceive a minister thinking it his duty, in some agony of his country, to sacrifice his party, his future, his fame, nay, his good name, as Brutus sacrificed his sons. On the other hand, such a maxim might easily be utilised to cut at the very root, not of party alone, but of political honour. A political knave or a political mountebank might perennially dwell on the same note to excuse every tergiversation. 'Pledges, my dear Sir, promises, nay even principles, what are they in comparison with my duty to my country?' Peel, with a high consciousness of his aims and character, saw nothing of this. To himself he was saying, 'Perish my party, let me save my country.' But parties do not like perishing, and always see more available and comfortable methods of saving the country.

So the year 1846 was destined to be fatal to high principle in politics. Peel, with the view of saving his country, betrays his party. His party revenges itself on him by a coalition as discreditable as that of North and Fox. And the mischief does not end with the moment. Twenty-one years afterwards, Peel's bitterest censor, from the point of view of political consistency, imitated his tactics with that fidelity which is the sincerest form of flattery. 'First pass the Bill and then turn out the Ministry,' said Mr. Disraeli in 1867. This was Peel's attitude in 1846. The year 1846 scarcely seemed perilous to political principle, the retribution was so swift and severe. But it produced 1867. From the transactions of 1867 English public life received a shock which it has scarcely recovered.

Our view is that Peel did not exhaust the alternatives before returning to office. We think that he should have reasoned thus: 'Nothing but Free Trade in breadstuffs, promptly given, can avert a famine in Ireland, but I am the last person who should pass the measure; for I cannot a second time be placed in the position of a minister betraying his political position. All that I can do, I will do. I will co-operate with any Ministry that will take the necessary steps, and give it my cordial support. If I am consulted, and I must inevitably be consulted, I will give

my best counsel. I will do anything and everything, except remain in office.' We cannot doubt that, had Peel used this language, Lord John Russell would have disregarded or overcome the hesitations of Grey, would have formed a Government, and have passed the Bill. In any case we hold that it was Peel's duty to try every conceivable and inconceivable combination to obviate the necessity of his remaining minister, and so lowering the standard of English public life.

Peel thought differently. He considered himself absolved and freed by a genuine resignation, followed by the failure of the Opposition, and the apparent impossibility of any other combination. Nor is it possible to judge him hardly. It is difficult for a minister to exercise an absolutely clear and unbiased judgment, when the horror of famine is upon him, and when the literal rules of the political game appear to have been observed. Moreover, he had hoped not to break up his party but to carry it with him ; he had also to remember that he was the rock and pillar of essential Conservatism, not merely in Britain alone, but in Europe. This was no light trust and responsibility, and it made him, we doubt not, reluctant to relinquish his post.

So he judged, and we will not judge him. If he deceived himself, he deceived himself nobly, and he wrought an immortal work. He paid moreover the full penalty; he redeemed his reputation by his fall; his political sins or errors, if sins or errors at all, were condoned by the affection and gratitude of the nation. On the night of his resignation a silent multitude awaited him as he left the House of Commons, and, with bared heads, escorted him home. As he lay dying, a sadder crowd surrounded that home day and night, waiting breathlessly for the tidings of the father of their country. This was his reward. And his expiation became a triumph. The two extremes of political party combined to overthrow him. Both, to use a familiar expression, turned their backs upon themselves, in order to secure his defeat ; and both acquired those fruits of victory which they coveted. The Protectionists obtained the desert-apples of revenge : the Whigs the more succulent substance of office. Lord John Russell and his followers, including Grey, who now sacrificed his scruples, occupied Downing Street ; but propped and overshadowed by Sir Robert Peel. For then, and now, and for all time, above and beyond that Government and the perished passions of the time, there looms the great figure of the great minister, with feet perhaps of clay as well as iron, but with a heart at least of silver, and a head of fine gold.

OSBERN AND URSYNE. A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

HUGH, EARL OF CARLIOL.
OSBERN, *his cousin; a member of Count Geoffrey's household.*
EADRIC, *a Saxon.*
THE ABBOT.
COUNT GEOFFREY.
URSYNE, *his daughter.*
ARLETTE OF BELESMES, *his niece and ward.*
CECILY, MURIEL, JACQUELINE, BLANCHE } *Ladies attendant on Arlette of Belesmes.*
HENRY, ALAN } *Members of the household.*

PERIOD—1098.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A room in the castle of Count Geoffrey.*
SCENE II.—*A copse near the castle.*
SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

Four hours elapse.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The great hall of the castle.*

Five minutes elapse.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The great hall of the castle.*
SCENE II.—*Osbern's room.*
SCENE III.—*The great hall of the castle.*

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE: *Room in the English Castle of* COUNT GEOFFREY. URSYNE, *a girl of twenty, very delicate in expression and countenance, but with no suggestion of morbidity, is standing on a kind of raised stool, looking out of the window. The room is lit by two torches. One is placed in the corner away from* URSYNE; *the other*

at back of stage near OSBERN, *who is working at a table with his back to the audience. At the opposite end of the room, which can be divided by a long curtain, a group of girls are sitting together*—ARLETTE, MURIEL, JACQUELINE *and* BLANCHE. CECILY *sits apart with an instrument, and is apparently resting as the curtain goes up.*

URSYNE.

[*To herself.*] Setting sun and joy of life all quenched,
Trembling sea, and trees tall in the dusk.
The north wind drives the fallen leaves,
They dance and reel,
And seem to feel
Spring thrilling with her soft reprieves
From winter's blight.
Birds in their nests lie warm ;
But black rooks take their flight.
Wild restless ones !
Why will ye fight with sleep ?
For night—night comes.

[URSYNE *sighs deeply and continues looking out of the window.*

CECILY.

[*Singing.*] " Adieu," said he. Adieu she could not say.
" Farewell," said he. " Farewell, this is a day
That we must long remember, you and I."

" He's gone," said they. " Come forth, clouds fill the sky,
The rain will fall ere you have felt the sun."
" Shines the sun still ? I thought rain had begun."

[URSYNE *comes down from window, drags curtain across, separating herself from the rest of the girls.*

URSYNE.

Here it is cold. [*She goes back to the window.*

BLANCHE.

How desolate she seems !
No song of love has ever reached her ears,
For who that loves doth ever sigh for death ?

ARLETTE.

Hush ! Hush !

BLANCHE.

Why hush ?

ARLETTE.

She never talks of love.

MURIEL.

How oft, then, must she think of it !

BLANCHE.

Oh, hush !

ARLETTE.

New damoiselle from France, you should be courtly.

[ARLETTE *goes out.*

CECILY.

She could not hear. We hate her. She's a witch.

JACQUELINE.

[*Mysteriously.*] Secrets have I,
Not from the sky !
Ursyne could tell
Better than well,
Why she is sad
While we are glad,
Why it is cold
In towers old,
When maidens sing
Of anything
Which brings to mind
Lovers unkind !

BLANCHE.

Jacqueline !

JACQUELINE.

Earl Hugh came here from Normandy
Two years ago. He sailed to see
Whether the praise he heard was verity,
Concerning Arlette of Belesmes,
Lovely of face and sweet in fame,
Not yet sixteen.—What piteous blame !

BLANCHE.

Jacqueline !

JACQUELINE.

Betrothed were they, but, since her years
Were still so new, the Earl had fears
Marriage would bring but showers of tears.

He thought this more when he saw there
Her cousin Ursyne's raven hair,
And eyes that drew him with flames more fair
Than Elfin light on marshes deep.
Whene'er he looked, she seemed to weep.
Little by little, false love did creep
Into his heart. Betrothed was he
To Arlette, yet, O, misery !
Ursyne did hold him in captivity.

MURIEL.

Arlette, methinks, can have no pride,
Despised so soon—not yet a bride.
Ships borne to sea by an unwilling tide
Are often wrecked !

JACQUELINE.

She never knew.
But when the silver trumpets blew
For Holy War 'gainst sinful Turk and Jew,
Scarce were her tears at his desire
To win a martyr's crown, or fire
All infidel mosques. He rode away :
His cross was red : the morning grey
Was glittering as some moonlit bay
Of waters dark, for his bright spear
And helmet shone like crystal clear.
" One kiss," he cried, " then pray for me, my dear ! "

BLANCHE.

Jacqueline !

JACQUELINE.

Earl Hugh was slain : Arlette is free :
Ursyne in woe must ever be,
Dreading the doom of her iniquity.

BLANCHE.

Jacqueline !

CECILY.

[*Peeping through curtain at* URSYNE *and pointing to* OSBERN.]
The witch is still,
But, by her will,
She calls the spell
Of madness from Hell,

For Osbern, the knave,
Handsome and brave,
Ignoble in birth,
Cursed on the earth,
His father's sin to bear,
His mother's shame to wear !

MURIEL.

Who is this Osbern ?

BLANCHE.

'Tis Carliol's cousin.

MURIEL.

The great Earl's cousin? Is't by virtue of blood ?

JACQUELINE.

Nay, rather by his mother's lack of virtue !

BLANCHE.

For shame ! for shame ! Count Geoffrey much regards him.
He's something lunatic and would be a poet.
Meanwhile he casts long sums and writes in Latin
Old stuff that's counted precious.

JACQUELINE.

I would not read it.

MURIEL.

And I had rather sleep and eat and dance
Than hear a nightingale any day o' the week !
Come, come. Let's to the court and laugh awhile.

[*They all go out.* OSBERN, *who has been seated at the back of the stage, now comes forward. He rubs his eyes and draws back the long curtain and looks at* URSYNE *for some moments before he speaks. He is a young man, about twenty-six, vigorous in appearance, but with an ascetic countenance.*

OSBERN.

What do you think of while you sit alone ?

URSYNE.

I think of summers that are past and stars
That fall.

OSBERN.

But, if they fall from heaven to earth,
The earth is very fair, Ursyne!

URSYNE.

Alas!
I do not see it so.

OSBERN.

Then through your eyes,
I'll watch a wretchedness so set in beauty.

URSYNE.

Is stark damnation sadder than the world
Which, compassed about with happiness, still feels
No touch of it? For what is good, I find not.

OSBERN.

[*Going up to her and looking into her eyes.*
O, more mysterious than an autumn night,
Grave as a wintry sea with all its storms
Enchanted and entranced! Let me sink deep
And drown myself!

URSYNE.

You have your cousin's voice—
Your cousin's very voice.

OSBERN.

But he is dead.
We live—we live, Ursyne, and this is life.

URSYNE.

Once he said that.

OSBERN.

And he said all things well!
But, as thou sayest I have his voice to speak with,
Give me the kiss that taught his lips their utterance,
Then you shall hear what desperate men dare do
When they are cursed in loving, and all the war
They make is on their mutinous hearts. God knows!

URSYNE.

God sees that I am trembling—yet, I listen.

OSBERN AND URSYNE

OSBERN.

Stars that are brightest tremble most, sweet lady!
In overwhelming love—in jealousy's grief,
Vainly I sought to say what I say now.
Be but a little patient! I have had patience
While sore incurable hopes grew on my soul.
Teach me your sorceries that I may know
When seven devils come to me. Their malice
Could not be half so subtle as this hair
Which, like a serpent, winds around my being,
Till I could faint in ecstasies of love
Or—death. I know not which, I am become,
So strange from desperation.

URSYNE.

I fear your mind.
'Tis treacherous, bound to the Furies, all
Uncertain.

OSBERN.

Was I not born without the law?

URSYNE.

Why dost thou always harp upon these wrongs?
Hate will undo you: there shall be madness next.
[*With terror.*] At night I hear the crackling laugh of fools,
Yet my room's empty but for owls and bats.

OSBERN.

O, how this acid passion of grief doth waste
Thy conscience! One would think there were more causes——
Nay, I'll not think it. [*Aside.*] Sin would be more silent,
Would show a smoother resignation. Sin
Would fold its disannulling hands, and speak
Gaping beatitudes about God's will—
But this once answer me—did he, at any time,
Threaten or breathe that thou wast greatly loved?

URSYNE.

He came for Arlette. Laughing, I peeped to see
My little cousin's bridegroom: he looked also.

OSBERN.

That glance became intangled, past unravelling. . .

URSYNE.

Arlette played melodies ; I stole away
Into the outer court and watched our men,
Who, barely strong enough to lift his armour,
Were cleansing it from dust. In mirth I breathed
Upon the heavy plate that shields his breast,
And, with my sleeve, did make it bright as glass,
Where, bending low, I could discern no Arlette,
But my own face affrighted at its joy.

OSBERN.

O, woman's loving is more soft than ours,
And gains such rapture from some foolish omen
As we, in all our might, cannot extract
From Nature's best reality.

URSYNE.

No more
We looked, and, after that, I laughed no more.
We met and passed and passed and met each day.
Each evening, from the hall where others danced,
I crept away ; nor did I think of love,
Nor anything disloyal to Arlette.
But it was sad to sleep whilst others danced

OSBERN.

And did you sleep?

URSYNE.

Yes ; for in sleep I lost
The dreams life gave. . . . Then, after twenty days,
He rode away and I was left continuing. . . .
That morn we spoke. What words he said, I heard not,
But, now he's dead, I do remember them,
And they come back like distant music played
Behind great gates of bronze and adamant.

OSBERN.

And is this all ?

URSYNE.

Could there be more than this ?
He was betrothed to Arlette.

OSBERN.

[*Ironically.*] I had forgotten !

[*A knocking is heard.*

URSYNE.

My father has come.

OSBERN.

Hath he found the lovers?

URSYNE.

[*Smiling.*] *Lovers!* Thou art handsome but thou art crazed!

OSBERN.

[*Mocking.*] Ursyne sees the dead; she is blind to the living!

URSYNE.

What have I missed, wise Osbern?

OSBERN.

The game of Fate, swifter than God! [*With a hidden sneer.*] I can tell you the tale of a maid who is not weeping like a widow. She does not sit a poor languishing bird, without mate or answering voice. Her love is not for the absent.

URSYNE.

What would you say?

OSBERN.

I say that Arlette hath found a husband—Eadric the Saxon. They meet in the twilight by the lake, and in the orchard, and in the copse. There are pretty meetings. The man hath honour: on his side it is worship, and on hers it is innocence. But if there is much honesty, there is more love.

URSYNE.

[*Slowly.*] How soon she hath learnt forgetting! Carliol now is surely mine, for I am found faithful.

OSBERN.

[*Mocking.*] You touch derision's bell! Hast no interest in thy yearning cousin? Shall she marry a Saxon? I speak of Arlette, I hint at peril—the peril of marriage; straightway you thank God for her fickleness, saying, Carliol is the more mine. I, only I, am faithful. Blessings on Arlette—blessings on her new love. Who is he? Yet no matter; I am found faithful! Girl! girl! thou shalt surely die of this. I read it! I read it!

URSYNE.

I would read gladly in that book.

OSBERN.

Wouldst thou then yield thy fragrant youth to death?
Sink this soft image of white perfectness
In those dark dregs where roots and creeping things
Seethe in the primal heat ere they become
Matter that's fit for th' sight. Art thou declined
To that foul kettle? And why? Is it for God?
His greater glory? Nay, 'tis a spleen—a rage,
A sick discouragement, that comes from loving
Some pretty, strutting, eloquent, hardened dust
You took to be a man. I see too well.

URSYNE.

He who seeks love must have himself the quality
To comprehend its essence. Thou art far
From that deep knowledge. [URSYNE *goes out.*

OSBERN.

O, not so far, Ursyne.

[*He throws up his arms in despair, then casts himself down at the table, burying his face in his hands. Enter the* ABBOT.

ABBOT.

My son, thou art cast down. For three things do young men suffer—the vain love of this world, the excessive love of self, or the inordinate love of some creature!

OSBERN.

I do confess my great affection. I deny it not, just as I do not deny that I am a man. I can feel pain, and that in spite of myself. I can love a woman. You may call this carnal. I say that it is human.

ABBOT.

Let thy affliction instruct thee, not destroy thee. All things fall short of being perfect; none are safe; many are beyond thy prayer.

OSBERN.

True. Yet I have blood in my veins, and where the knife pierces I must bleed; and if I am stricken I must grieve.

ABBOT.

Take upon your brow and your shoulders the mark of salvation; march, in arms, under the standard of the living God. Give your life to the service of your brothers, and so find peace.

OSBERN.

Aye, in peace is my bitterness most bitter!

ABBOT.

Join this holy pilgrimage, and a hard road under thy feet will ease thy troubled spirit.

OSBERN.

Ask me again—not now, not now.

ABBOT.

The pilgrims go at daybreak.

OSBERN.

Not now!

ABBOT.

Such wilfulness, my son, is sin.

OSBERN.

So be it, then. My will is all I have; when I renounce that I give up everything, and I am not yet ready for that sacrifice. I can fast; I can spend whole nights upon my knees. I can let chains fret into my flesh; I fear neither cold, nor heat, nor scourgings, nor austerities. But my will is my will.

ABBOT.

The pilgrims go at daybreak!

OSBERN.

My father, I shall rise earlier than they to watch their setting forth! . . .

[*The* ABBOT *lifts up his hands, shakes his head, and goes out.*

OSBERN.

O God! I give Thee all—except my will!

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II

SCENE: *A copse.* EADRIC *waits by the path, and through the trees* ARLETTE *is seen approaching. She walks slowly and reaches him in silence.*

EADRIC.

The wood is white with your paleness, sweet Arlette.

ARLETTE.

Accusing cares flock round my joy this day.
I dared not think or speak the name of Eadric.
Love that is secret hath remorse for friend.

EADRIC.

My sweet Arlette, from sunny France you came
To these bleak hills, black woods, and skies forlorn.
My rose, more beautiful than the shining sun,
If you should go away, how should I live?

ARLETTE.

I could not leave thee though they bore me hence,
And, under fathoms of ground, laid me to sleep.
My home is in thine heart and there I'll rest,
As some small seagull nestling on the sea,
Floats o'er the agitations of each tide
With confident peace.

EADRIC.

O, my sole joy on earth,
Flower too silken, too delicate and white
For my rough hold, how I do worship thee!
Yet, I'll not call thee angel lest thou change
By that rash word into the phantom beauty
I may adore but never quite possess.
In wrath I lived here, heartsick, sorrowing,
Thrall to one constant thought which was a hate
Against thy race. My murdered kinsmen stood
With dreadful wounds entreating swift revenge
For injuries dire.

ARLETTE.

Beloved, say no more.
You look so sternly toward me, I could weep.

EADRIC.

Dear love, I feel ashamed at thy pure face.

It is a milky pearl set in the air
To make my blackness seem the more corrupt.
Yet, when I turn aside, my eyelids ache,
And I would seek once more humiliation
Given with a recompense that's infinite !

[*Kneels at her feet.*

ARLETTE.

[*Looking away from him.*] Around the pallid south, stars pierce the twilight.
Dear, I must go. But yes—Ursyne is waiting.
I trust her well. She is an intercessor
Who hath compassion for fidelity.
She once did love a great lord who is dead.
She does not speak of him : his name I know not.
Often I sit close by her while she thinks.
Companions in our silence, we have watched
The blaze of many fires and heard the logs
Sing their shrill song while the hot flames consumed them.
" Ah," said she once, " a woman would die thus ! "

EADRIC.

I doubt a sorrow when it mutters words
Too wise. Witches do that.

ARLETTE.

She is no witch !
Swiftly I'll go and beg her influence.
Get you to prayer, then wait upon my uncle.

EADRIC.

But he shall hear defiance, not entreaties.

ARLETTE.

Thou art a Saxon—free—the son of kings,
And when thou call'st, I follow, not rebellious,
But conquered by the pride of my own choice.
Be sure that Norman love is as thine own. . . .

EADRIC.

Eternal !

[*They embrace ; she leaves him. He watches her till she is out of sight, then follows at a distance.*

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III

SCENE: *The same as Scene I.* URSYNE *enters bearing a torch, followed by* COUNT GEOFFREY.

URSYNE.

Why are you late? Colder now grows this room.
[*She goes back to her place by the window.* COUNT GEOFFREY *watches her from where he stands by the fire.*]
The wind, more dismal still, howls the lament
Of everlasting love, bound in the air,
To feel both fire and frost and chilly rain,
But never the sweet flowering of the Spring.
My element is earth, yet I could sob
With thee! O, dark, cold night—if I had wings!

COUNT GEOFFREY.

The night is quiet and I hear no wind.

URSYNE.

Then it must be presentiment of woe
That gnaws my heart whilst I sit watching here.
Watching—for whom? Waiting—for whom?

COUNT GEOFFREY.

I bring
Strange news that will interpret well these portents.
[*She comes down the stage.*
Turn thy white face toward me. It is sad.
How old art thou?

URSYNE.

Twenty, and that's too long.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Dost thou hate all men?

URSYNE.

All living men save thee.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Many brave knights have begged thy hand, Ursyne.
Though thou art poor, thy beauty looks more rare
Than all the land and dower of Arlette.

URSYNE.

Let Arlette be.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

No envy need afflict
Thy girlhood's pride because of this rich cousin.
Arlette may buy a husband, while for thee
There's the devotion that a man achieves
When he's competitor and not the prize.

URSYNE.

My mind is not for marriage. Oft I think
That my wild heart is with some damned soul
Already suffering all the pangs of hell.
My body's here, my spirit's far away,
Driven and tossed, and tortured on a rack,
Which does not rend the less because it is
Invisible! O God!

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Go and confess.
Thy solitude is shared by whispering fiends.
Thou art too much alone. Acts of contrition
Will drive away these mad and gloomy thoughts.
Come, be not sullen. What? She loves no man?
She has no curiosity—perverse!
I have great news. Wilt thou not beg for them?

URSYNE.

All tidings come full soon. Is England lost?
Is Normandy become a wilderness?
Has the day's sport been somewhat better or worse
Than the day's sport this day, this month, last year?

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Now wide astonishment, larger than any hope,
Will catch these roving eyes, and light these cheeks.
My news affects thy cousin more than thee,
And her young soul, more womanish and frail
Than thine, may grow distraught from th' violence
Of unexpected joy. Tranquillity
Broods o'er thy nature and to thee emotion
Is but a lake that sleeps among high hills.
Therefore, I'll make no phrase. Hear the plain truth.
Hugh of Carliol is not dead. He lives!

URSYNE.

[*Stupefied.*] Hugh of Carliol is not dead! He lives!

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Send for thy cousin, and, if thou hast a heart
Under that iron shell which seems a girl,
Say this: Kind Heaven, perceiving her distress,
Has heard our supplications and preserved
Her bridegroom from that sleep the sword doth give
More certainly than either drug or herb.

URSYNE.

[*Repeating mechanically.*] That sleep the sword doth give
more certainly
Than either drug or herb.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

What dost thou say?

URSYNE.

I say thy news is strange.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

I'll call Arlette, and, at the curfew bell,
Th' assembled household shall give thanks to God
For this deliverance from the enemy.

[COUNT GEOFFREY *goes out.*

URSYNE.

O, at his rumoured death my spirit left me
To join its wild associate in pain.
Then we were one—to-night we are dissevered.
I fall again to life as one that wakes
From fierce delirium to the surgeon's knife,
But to exchange the anguish of the mind
For butchery's cold steel.—O, who would live,
Or who would love this world or any on it,
When penalties await each pitiful joy
Snatched from the aching littleness of time!
And he was mine, being dead, no barrier
Could stay the dear approach of our two wills.
Supreme, insatiable was the thirst
Each owned for the other's self, till, made one wave,
We lashed the world's harsh shore, and ever gained,
Recoiling, newer force to smite that sand!

This is no more. Already, love, thou'rt gone,
And, as the amber east of this bleak morning
Was fast obscured by clinging, feverous mists,
So doth thy spirit fade from my desire,
And all I journey with is emptiness !

Enter OSBERN.

OSBERN.

Ursyne !

URSYNE.

Alas !

OSBERN.

Alas ! Hast thou no word save this ? I hate Carliol and I curse the good news. So much, then, for my hate. But is thy love of such ethereal quality that neither death nor life affects it ? Is it " Alas ! " both ways ?

URSYNE.

Yes, for my will is struggling against treason. If I kill the treason—as I shall—I must die for the sorrowful victory ! And if my will is overpowered—as it must not be —I shall perish from the shame of defeat. And thus—it *is* " Alas ! " both ways !

OSBERN.

What wilt thou say to Carliol when he comes ?

URSYNE.

There is nothing left to say. My heart—which holds my words—is broken.

OSBERN.

[*Passionately.*] And me ? and me ? and *me?* Do you never think of me, or understand me ? There are women who will give love for love. There are women who, seeing that they may save a soul by loving it, do love it for that reason ! But you are cold, dumb, merciless !

URSYNE.

No, no ! If I still live, Osbern, it is because of thee.

OSBERN.

Ah ! [*Touches her hand.*] Is this true ?

URSYNE.

And I know more—I would not have thee marry another. Take vows, dear Osbern—take vows. Never marry. No woman could make thee happy.

OSBERN.

No other woman could make me unhappy! When I see some beauty, I ask myself, Could this paragon give me one minute of despair? I laugh! Ah, Ursyne, thou hast no cause for jealousy. Thou art the one source of my undying wretchedness. In this you have no rival!

URSYNE.

When I look at you, and hear you, I think it is well I do not love you.

OSBERN.

Why?

URSYNE.

Because I should have loved you far too well!
Ah, had I known you ere Carliol came,
Then all my life had changed from woe to rest,
Then, as some poor white sail shines by the sun
And seems a wing of brightness till the night,
So I had been rejoicing in your love.
But you were born for more than woman's praise,
And I come as a sad song in your way,
You'll hear me and pass on, and think at last,
"I wonder was that song some winter's dream?"

OSBERN.

Extreme grief hath no fear, nor limit, nor shame . . .
Its violence, impalpable as the wind,
Scatters our inmost nature till we seem
Bare empty trees with neither wood nor leaves—
But only bark that's brittle, and soon dust!

[ARLETTE *enters, and* OSBERN *goes out.* ARLETTE *comes timidly and takes a stool by the fire.* URSYNE *hesitates a moment and then goes to her.*

URSYNE.

Why do you sit apart so white and still,
And colour suddenly when footsteps follow?
Why do you watch the burning embers till
They flush too bright and in the ashes die?

And, ever through your laugh, a cutting sigh
Pricks through the mirth. My bird, Arlette, say truly.
Is it because you morn the dead unduly ?

ARLETTE.

[*Surprised.*] The dead ! Now, speak not of the dead ! I pray
Their souls may rest in peace. Thoughts more prolonged
Spoil what remains to us, and, shedding tears,
We miss an immediate glory. Is it not so ?

URSYNE.

How love will teach the purest heart deception !
My bird chirps well the teaching of the Church !

ARLETTE.

Those great long words, I know, are not my own,
Yet I feel all their sense.

URSYNE.

[*With mockery.*] Why then this pallor !
This pensive look when, supperless at night,
You steal away to watch the glittering sky,
And rise at dawn ere the empurpled clouds
Have risen like mountains on the east horizon ?
When the last morning stars retreat to heaven,
When the moon's light doth mingle with the sun's
First radiance—my Arlette then doth wake,
It may be, murmuring prayers, but I think not !

ARLETTE.

Ah, dear Ursyne . . . [*She pauses.*

URSYNE.

Now is the white face red,
The bud becomes a flower, the thought a blush.
Denials would be vain, my accusation
Blames not the purity of your dreaming mind,
For, where's the harm, though you are sick with love.
The state is unfamiliar to your knowledge.
How could you guess that when you search the clouds,
Or sigh because a melancholy note
Drives you to think the passingness of life
Is all too swift—that *this* is love—not wisdom !

ARLETTE.

I think if I did love I could discern

The difference between an orison
And this compelling, sweet, perpetual spell.
I say, if I did love, Ursyne.

URSYNE.

And do you?

ARLETTE.

Should I declare outright that intimate secret
I scarce could breathe even to him who holds
My heart's allegiance? Help me, Ursyne.

URSYNE.

Here's woe indeed!

[OSBERN *enters during following speech, unperceived by the two women.*

ARLETTE.

Let me come near thee now.
Stay with me but a while. It frightens me
When, in a sombre mood, you fly away
From my poor presence, and ominously talk
To unseen ears. Somewhat I have to tell . . .

URSYNE.

Nay, tell it not, save to the one who holds
Thy heart's allegiance! The Earl still lives.
Thy lover was not slain. Carliol comes
To claim thy promised faith.

[*Voices heard from the chapel chanting the* Te Deum. ARLETTE *falls in a swoon.*

URSYNE.

[*Contemptuously.*] Why does she fall?

OSBERN.

[*With a sinister laugh.*] I think it must be joy! *Te Deum laudamus.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

OSBERN AND URSYNE

ACT II

SCENE: *The great hall of the castle, showing entrance door at* R. *Large staircase at back of stage. At* L. *a large fireplace, near it a narrow table spread with supper for two or three persons. At* R. *there is a high-backed carved-oak seat, long enough to seat several people. Torches are placed all round the hall, and garlands.* BLANCHE *and* JACQUELINE *stand well forward. Enter* ALAN, *an attendant.*

ALAN.

Haste! Haste! Go, call our mistress. Soon they come.
Soon shall we hear the trample of glad hoofs!
Where is our lady? Ill will it seem and rude
If she wait not with torch and outstretched arm
To greet the miraculous coming of her lord.

[*He rushes out. At top of staircase* URSYNE *and* ARLETTE *appear, both carrying torches.* ARLETTE *leans heavily upon the staircase as she comes down.* URSYNE *is self-possessed and exultant.*

BLANCHE.

Lo! she appears. Never was love like this
Death, e'er its final triumphing, is such.

JACQUELINE.

Yet mark Ursyne! As Lucifer she shines
Beside that perished light flickering in tears.

[URSYNE *and* ARLETTE *have now reached the foot of the staircase.*

ARLETTE.

Have I my torch, Ursyne?

URSYNE.

Aye, hold it straight,
As I do mine. Some little spark may fall
And burn into your cheek the crimson hue
Which joyous love strangely omits to paint there.

ARLETTE.

Stand close, Ursyne. Be near me when he comes.
If I am wordless, and I think I shall be,

Speak my just welcome. Say I honour him.
But, say I honour him as handmaid should
A majesty so high. . . . If, because I seem—
If . . . O, my heart doth sicken, stir and droop.
I have done no wrong, and yet, a guilty wretch,
I see this, as it were, a judgment hall,
With yellow faces peering through the gloom,
And all around black shapes and questionings.

URSYNE.

Give me your hand. Poor leaf, it flutters here,
Vanquishing by its weakness my disdain,
Drawing from my stone heart th' imprisoned pity
I thought to keep there in its dungeon sealed.

OSBERN *enters.*

OSBERN.

[*Shouting.*] Carliol comes! Hail! my great cousin, hail!
Carliol comes to see the immovable world
Spin at his bidding! Miracles, no longer
Worked on the commonalty, are for him
Reserved. Arise, new Lazarus, from the grave!
Sweet bride, it is Carliol; lift up thine eyes.
Thou art a wife of youth! It is the Earl,
Thy husband, thy beloved! It is he
To whom thy being, body and soul, belongs.
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone. The Law
Is grand and overwhelming on that point.
Ursyne, endorse my orthodoxy. Own
That I speak words of simple edification!

URSYNE.

With an entireness love might wish less full!

OSBERN.

Ah, women think of love, men are for doctrine!
I meant no more.

ARLETTE.

Would doctrine were enough!

[ARLETTE *moves away.*

OSBERN.

Hath she seen Eadric since this news of Hugh?

URSYNE.

No.

OSBERN.

Hath she sent word to him by messenger?

URSYNE.

No.

OSBERN.

I would spare youth such grief.

URSYNE.

Art thou not young?

OSBERN.

[*With sarcasm.*] But have I grief? Am I not blessed and glad?
Do I long, in my folly, for one look,
One touch, one sight of creature that I love?
Do I love? can I love? Nay, I'm too wise—
My youth doth differ from all other youth!

URSYNE.

Ah, Osbern, on this night of desolate joy,
I need thy care, not thy philosophy!

OSBERN.

My care? Is that then something in thy life?

URSYNE.

Nay, not something—all!

[CARLIOL'S *voice is heard in the courtyard. The household form in two lines.* ARLETTE *and* URSYNE *stand together waiting to receive* CARLIOL. OSBERN *watches them from the opposite side.*

CARLIOL.

[*Heard without.*] Give God the glory! [*Enters.*
Nay, nay, you will unman me. I am stronger
Before the enemy than with friends so kind.

[COUNT GEOFFREY *goes towards him, leading* ARLETTE.

Arlette!

ARLETTE.

[*Kissing his hand.*] I am Arlette, but greatly altered.

CARLIOL.

[*Embracing her and drawing her apart.*

This is Arlette, the child that I have dreamed of,
When retrospects were all the semblance left me
Of earth's delight : when, in an alien camp,
A foe's uncertain charity watched me sleep,
Thy shadow fell upon my measure of life,
Making it rosy as the blossoming may
In that fair garden where I walked with thee
First, and told my love. Dost thou remember ?

URSYNE.

[*Aside.*] At the last day much shall be pardoned me
For that I suffer now.

ARLETTE.

There is Ursyne.

CARLIOL.

Ursyne ! [*Pauses, then goes towards her.*

URSYNE.

My Lord.

[*They look at each other without speaking.*

OSBERN.

[*Dashing forward.*] Now let us sup and dance !
These unimaginable moments lack
Th' appropriate language we would give to them.
For daily talk and excellent occasions
There is a stock of sentiments all wound
Like skeins of wool around our tongues. We hold them
Deliciously tinged for every use.
But, for an hour like this, what's there to say ?
Light souls may leap ; sound stomachs crave strong food,
And hearts of sensibility cease beating
Fearing to live, lest th' ineffable silence
Should be too swiftly broken by a word.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*To* CARLIOL.] Admirable sense ! much lurks in that scorned head !

CARLIOL.

Poor Osbern ! I had thought to see thee wed !
'Tis not in woman to neglect thy heart.

And, never yet did men of our strong wills,
Our race, our age, our temper, live without love !

OSBERN.

There's time for love.

CARLIOL.

Such patience sings a song !
I know the tune. Husbands hum it often—
Under their breath—bachelors, who are fortunate,
Whistle it while they run to meet their joy !
[*Turning to the company.*
This rascal hath a wife hid in some nest,
Or else there is some virtuous, secret lady
For whose chaste soul it is a pleasure to pray !

OSBERN.

[*Bowing.*] My cousin is too gracious in his wit.

CARLIOL.

[*Bowing.*] Cousin, you may be saint or trespasser,
But either way a woman is the cause,
And, as a ship, she's crossed thy life's wild pool
And left her wake ! Come, own !

OSBERN.

[*Lightly.*] And if I own—

CARLIOL.

[*Giving him his purse.*] There's money for a gift.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Most generous.

OSBERN.

[*Returning it with mock courtesy.*
Spend this in masses for thine own soul, Hugh !
I take thy jesting and thy cousinship
For they are rights of blood. But, when I woo,
My gifts must be my wrongs—contempt and poverty ;
My claim must be my very lack of claim,
My charm, my humours, and my gold, my grief !
Yet, for her love, I'll give a love so vast,
So constant, honest, true, and unremitting
That queens shall weep because they know it not,
And blame their courts because they teach it not,
And hate their wealth because wealth buys it not !

CARLIOL.

Plainly, our Osbern must be kept from queens
Or there shall be such scandal—

OSBERN.

[*Laughing.*] Mere froth, cousin,
Mere braggadocio : I have no love,
I think I cannot feel : I am a grave,
A grave without an epitaph. Alas !

ARLETTE.

[*In terror.*] Hark ! hark ! there's one that knocks.

ALAN.

[*Peering out.*] Some stranger comes.

OSBERN.

[*With a sardonic glance at* ARLETTE.
To grace the festival with that scarce virtue
We call a neighbour's love !

CARLIOL.

Bid him come in.

ALAN.

He rides a gaunt white horse.

ARLETTE.

[*Aside.*] Now let me steel
My spirit's broken wing. Up, up, faint love,
Thou hast a flight to fly past barbèd arrows.

ALAN.

[*From the door.*] It is Sir Eadric, son of that Saxon chief,
Who, unbelieving in the Norman right,
Did foolishly rebel. They hanged him high.
I saw him swing for days. Can his son love us ?

CARLIOL.

Still, let him enter.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

My lord, I know the knight,
A bold, daredevil youth, mad at the chase,

Impatient under law, despising all
Who are not Saxon born.

ALAN.

No good, I'll swear.
Will come from this admittance.
[*With veiled sarcasm.*] Welcome, Sir Knight!

EADRIC *enters, and advances, bewildered.*

ARLETTE.

[*Going to meet him and speaking with a strong effort.*
Welcome, Sir Eadric. Much we feel thy courtesy.
'Tis the acquittal from that debt of malice
Accumulated 'gainst us both by fortune.
And as beforetime there was enmity
Let there be blessedness now.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

You see us here,
Our senses all but overthrown with joy.
Thanksgiving makes us dumb. 'Tis well that God,
Who reads the secrets of all hearts, can weigh
The gratitude that surges in us all.

OSBERN.

Much He will weigh, be sure, and much requite!

EADRIC.

[*Bitterly.*] My lord, I look upon this countenance,
Which, being too young to smile deceitfully,
Is to be read as well by men as angels!

OSBERN.

[*To* URSYNE.] Not all are blind that feel the scourge of love.
Eyes washed by grief lose beauty but dust also!

URSYNE.

[*To* EADRIC.] Sir Eadric may not know the instant cause
Of our contentment.

EADRIC.

This only do I know,
That where there are fair women there will be
Causes enough, without intemperate wonder,
To drown men in perdition.

ARLETTE.

Good Sir Eadric,
Have gentler thoughts, you do misunderstand us.
Carliol, whom we thought was foully slain,
Hath come again.

[*The sound of the harpists tuning up is heard from the next room.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

And it is their betrothal,
Doubly insisted on, that we celebrate.

[*Servants bring in dishes and place them on table.*

ARLETTE.

[*Staggering toward* URSYNE.] Ursyne !

URSYNE.

She hath stood too long.

EADRIC.

I shall recount
This day in my joy's calendar !

CARLIOL.

[*Going to* EADRIC.] Sir Eadric,
In time to come we'll speak of this event,
Saying, The Saxon prince conquered unkindness,
And, by that act, did make us bondsmen ever
To his nobility. Come, my Arlette,
Come, true chivalry's king ! Old wine shall give
Ripe feeling to new friendship !

ARLETTE.

[*To* EADRIC.] Will you not come ?

OSBERN.

What sly excuse shall be accepted for him ?
Pray, sirs, lead on. We, lacking brides, have hunger.
Our uninspired bodies crave some food
More real than beauty.

For indeed a man possesses most surely such good as he can put into his mouth and swallow. The rest is all appearance, phantasm, and the means to certain damnation. Lead on ! Lead on !

EADRIC.

[*To* ARLETTE.] Madam, I'll sup to-night, and this brave welcome
Will make my hard farewell a kind of grace.

[ARLETTE *goes to the table between* EADRIC *and* CARLIOL. COUNT GEOFFREY *makes a sign to* URSYNE, *which she disregards.* OSBERN *goes to table, fills a goblet with wine and returns to* URSYNE.

ALAN.

[*To* OSBERN.] "Will make my hard farewell a kind of grace."

Blackish words! Arrogancy and desperation run unexpiated in his veins. Take good heed! We swung his father high. Ah, it is silliness to pass a wolf because one is hunting foxes. Take good heed!

[*He goes to help at the table.*

OSBERN.

The Earl doth wear the proud apparel of glory
As though he had digested it! This seems
To have enriched his bones, glistened his eye,
And filled his soul with satisfaction's balm.

URSYNE.

Thine eyes oft see that which thine heart would veil!

OSBERN.

His glance—his kingly strut—his glory to God!
Such are the men that women hang their souls on
As votive trifles offered to the Highest.
Trifles, with just the gift of fiery tears,
Laughs, songs, smiles, blushes—all the armoury
That puts weak flesh to torment: all the love
That purifies our natural baseness.
Trifles, which, made for heaven, may merit hell,
By putting their whole trust on things like that!
O, 'tis a poor affair! Poverty most sick!
Why dost thou love him, Ursyne? Thy clear soul
Hath immortality for better use
Than this cold mountebank's pleasure. Did'st thou not see
His tenderness to Arlette?

URSYNE.

Could one be rough
To singing linnet frightened from her song ?

OSBERN.

Could one not swear, watching his deepening gaze,
The lowering of his voice, the arm's fond crook,
That he had never loved a maid save Arlette,
That his one thought, e'en e'er her birth, through years
Was Arlette—Arlette—Arlette ! Never for him
Had woman virtue, comeliness, delight,
Away from Arlette. Hypocrite ! Perjured ! False !

URSYNE.

You do him wrong. Is there a man would feign
He had loved one—one only all his days ?
That fool I have not met.

OSBERN.

This fool doth say so !
This fool must mean it too. His constancy
Is thought his prime misfortune, but I know
'Tis the sole good he hath. Ah ! doubt it not.
Why dost thou love *that*, Ursyne ?

[*Pointing to* CARLIOL.

URSYNE.

Why dost thou
Love me ? If I could give thee reasons, Osbern,
I might, by speaking them, perceive their frailty.
There is some cure whilst one can pick and argue.
The *worst* I know : that is the worst of all !
If, by discovering some mote or blemish,
Which, to my locked, enchanted sight had passed
For beauties in the earliest, mad, glad fever,
Then might I say it was the erring shadow
Of my own fantasy that I had loved,
No man at all, no soul, no great ambition.—
But, 'tis not so. I see the one thou seest.
The glance—the kingly strut—the glory to God,
All this I see. Yet, there is something more
That hath escaped your jealousy, but not
My heart. O, there's a winged spirit in him,
That, when our eyes may meet, looks o'er the brink
Of his humanity. This calls to mine,
And, as the sun draws vapour, so I rise
To that irresistible force.

OSBERN.

Alas, poor vapour! Alas! foul, trumpery sun,
Lit up by artifice to shine at festivals
On women! O, vile lier in wait for dreams!
Never was talk so bitter-sweet of souls
But soon the creature fell with bodily hurt
Into a deep abyss. So help me God!
I'll save thee if I die for it!

URSYNE.

Osbern,
Thy death would be my loss, and not my safety.

OSBERN.

[*Muttering.*] Shall man do less than he ought, or venture less,
Because Almighty God doth as he wills?

URSYNE.

Dear, we talk too long. I think they call me.

OSBERN.

I hear no call.

URSYNE.

Surely . . .

[URSYNE *rises as though drawn by a compelling force and goes to the table.* OSBERN *looks at her.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

How now, singers!

[*Singers come forward. There is a song;* OSBERN *remains on the settle, watching moodily the group at the table;* MURIEL *sidles up to him at the conclusion of the song.*

MURIEL.

Sir, that's a sweet air.

OSBERN.

And the sentiment?

MURIEL.

Sweet! [*Pauses.*] I was loved once.

OSBERN.

Who was he?

MURIEL.

He died stone blind, and so he loved me till the end.

OSBERN.

Madam, some have passions of the mind ; others have passions of the body. It is as vain to make a virtue of the one as it is blasphemous to despise the other. All power comes from God, whether in the flesh or in the spirit ; yea, even the power to work evil. For out of evil itself comes nought but weakness, rottenness, destruction.

MURIEL.

Sir, if all knights wooed thus, the world would be free of much temptation !

OSBERN.

Listen, poor sparrow. I have really a great and terrible passion, but 'tis a spiritual madness, an intoxication of the mind and nerves. I have sunk into a well of unappeasable longings, which, not fixed for any mitigation in this world, have fastened on my soul like the desire, hunger, and thirst for death and deliverance.

MURIEL.

O, sir, is all this for me ?

OSBERN.

God forbid ! What, should I offer thee so meagre a gift as my eternal perdition ? Timid dove ! Thou must learn men better. There's a love can find its one expression in sympathy and all its happiness in understanding. This do I feel for thee. Adieu !

MURIEL.

'Tis a sad case. He is not sick ; this is sorrow of heart.

[*There is a dance, in which all join. At its conclusion the company scatter ;* OSBERN *and* URSYNE *come down stage.*

OSBERN.

Thou hast danced well.

URSYNE.

Thy step suits.

OSBERN.

Mine?

URSYNE.

With thine.
'Tis the first time, I think, we two have danced,
Or heard, together, music tuned for joy.
Yet, of my life, this is the darkest night,
The longest, saddest, weariest, last night.

OSBERN.

Wherefore *last* night?

URSYNE.

Day hath deserted me.

OSBERN.

Day comes at dawn.

URSYNE.

I shall not see the dawn.

OSBERN.

Art thou afraid?

URSYNE.

Of what?

OSBERN.

Of loving me.

URSYNE.

What meanest thou?

OSBERN.

This is false loyalty.

URSYNE.

You hurt my hand.

OSBERN.

I thought it was a flame!

URSYNE.

[*Smiling.*] Wouldst put it out?

OSBERN.

Nay; I would burn myself.

URSYNE.

[*Musing.*] And we have danced.

OSBERN.

As any lovers might!

URSYNE.

I forgot all.

OSBERN.

I lived.

URSYNE.

It was the harp
Bewitched us so.

OSBERN.

No harp!

URSYNE.

Harps may do much.

OSBERN.

Hath love less power?

URSYNE.

Not less . . . [*Confused.*] I know not.
Let us but say we have been happy once.

OSBERN.

And is that all?

URSYNE.

It is the very world,
And worlds again, and still a heaven of worlds!

OSBERN.

Happiness, *once!*

URSYNE.

Remembrance for all time.

OSBERN.

And then, despair!

URSYNE.

Then, waiting quietly.

OSBERN.

We were not happy once—for I was sad,
Thou dost constrain thine heart and torture mine,

This is not gladness ; never think it is,
Nor ever think 'twas either harp or dance
Which gave thy face the perfume of the rose
And something fairer than the rose's flush.
This is love's miracle when love meets love !

URSYNE.

I met no love : it is too far from me.

OSBERN.

Need that have been ?

URSYNE.

God saw that there was need !

OSBERN.

He sent me near.

URSYNE.

Thou art not he I loved.

OSBERN.

And yet one day—

URSYNE.

It was an Autumn day.
You found me sleeping, and you watched me long
Until I spoke and called you.

OSBERN.

In your dream !
I answered you, and you stretched out your hand,
And said, ' Thy love is stronger than our fate,
Thy spirit, when I die, shall join with mine,
And keep it fast for ever. This I know ! '

URSYNE.

O strange and faithful words ! That dream was true.

OSBERN.

Fate is strong . . .

URSYNE.

As life.

OSBERN.

Love hath no master.
And if I win . . .

URSYNE.

I would not have thee fail !

OSBERN.

Tell me thy thought.

URSYNE.

Pure love doth conquer hell.

OSBERN.

I'll strive with . . .

URSYNE.

What ?

OSBERN.

With death and hell for thee.

URSYNE.

And never tire ?

OSBERN.

Love tires not.

URSYNE.

Promise this.

OSBERN.

Hast thou a doubt ?

URSYNE.

O, promise this to God !

OSBERN.

I promise it.

URSYNE.

Thy love shall save us both.

OSBERN.

Is there sore peril threatening us, Ursyne?
Tell me thy thought.

URSYNE.

Thy love shall save us both !

[*She moves away. The bell is heard ringing for Matins.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*Rising.*] Now prayer and praise give unction to our peace.

This holy hour will pour its consecration
On hopes so long deferred, fulfilled at last.

[*He goes out, and all follow him into chapel, beyond where there should be an iron screen concealed by a curtain, which, being drawn back, may show the Monks passing through.* URSYNE *is following the rest, when* CARLIOL *intercepts her.* OSBERN *escapes up the staircase, where he crouches.* URSYNE *waits for* CARLIOL *to speak.*

CARLIOL.

Ursyne ! I cannot pray. In agony
All is sensation. My part shall be to kiss
Lips that shall speak to me no more this night
Till they have learnt some kindness, and are less
Like scented alabaster, cut to tempt,
Not to be tempted. [*He embraces her.*
Ah, my very self,
Long have I ached and fretted for this nearness,
This heart more passionate than a wave, and purer
E'en than th' intangible breeze that fans great storms.
[*She tears herself away.*
Ah, not so cold ! Your snow puts out my fire,
Is this a way to win love or to keep it ?

URSYNE.

I had no way of winning or of keeping
That which I gave to thee—my faithful love.
Faithful it is and love it is. What else—
It would bereave thee—couldst thou know—to learn.
When I did think thee dead, the woman in me
Was all distinguished. Hast thou not seen lights
Burn brightly for a while, then, suddenly,
After some futile waving in the wind,
Go out in utter darkness ? I was so.

CARLIOL.

I'd sooner drink the wine of the condemned
Than guess the saltness of thy tears. But look,
We waste the moments men may hardly buy
At grim Eternity's unchangeable price.
A kiss—though nothing less or more—a kiss !
A brief close union of our arms.—My life
Was surely given back again for this.
Much love. . . . [*He embraces her.*

URSYNE.

But that is perfidy, not love!

CARLIOL.

Hast thou cast off all pity for me, Ursyne?

URSYNE.

Would that I had!

CARLIOL.

God put into my portion
Certain advantages, which, falsifying
Their promises, have turned into calamity.
Vigour, high station, tastes, desires, aims
Pitched far above my compeers; but, to mar all—
I was betrothed, while yet a senseless boy,
Careful of beasts and dogs—amerced in muscle,
A fellow most detestable, small doubt——

URSYNE.

Ah, never!

CARLIOL.

Be that as it may. I was
Betrothed, and, at the unlikeliest age for choosing.
Nought do I urge against Arlette.

URSYNE.

You could not.

CARLIOL.

God save her—no! 'Tis innocence on earth
Her eyes do swim in awe. It thinks, I swear,
It has for husband Michael the Archangel!—
No smaller prize! I would not have her make
An idol of me, Ursyne!

URSYNE.

Let us pray not.

CARLIOL.

[*With meaning.*] Sweetheart, there is some future for us still.

URSYNE.

Aye, there's a future. [*A pause.*

CARLIOL.

Therefore let no gloominess
Rob thy enchantments of their potency.
Weave all around this burning heart thy charms,
And Carliol the dauntless will be wax
For these small hands to mould for good or evil.

URSYNE.

[*Looks at him for some seconds before she speaks.*
My lord, this may not be.—What good I do
(And even such as I may still do good)
Must be by faltering prayers and not by witchcraft.
What thy reported death did to my love
This last hath well accomplished for my body.
Shadows already seem to me like sisters.
I'll come again. [*He makes a protest.*
I have forgiven thee.
I'll come again.
[URSYNE *goes into the chapel.*
[OSBERN *waits till she is out of sight, then creeps down the staircase and confronts* CARLIOL.

OSBERN.

O, we are kin indeed!
Whilst you are traitor, I am eavesdropping.
I have no land, no patent of nobility,
But I will make thee come into thy kingdom
By shorter road than thou hast travelled yet!

CARLIOL.

What! dost thou play the madman in my presence?
David, forsooth, before the wicked foe!
As thou hast David's wit, show David's heart.
He loved fair women!

OSBERN.

Aye!

CARLIOL.

When he repented,
'Twas not for fugitive, effeminate thoughts,
But for some certain deeds which prophets censure,
Philosophers define, and men commit!
I love that lady. When the mad hour comes

That preludes all true penitence, I'll beg
Thine honourable absence. Virtue hath grace!

[OSBERN *springs at him and strikes him to the heart with his knife.*

OSBERN.

Fierce glittering snake in my dark wilderness!
Evil am I, and evil too art thou!
Thy love is cruel—mine is but a curse.
From hell thou cam'st—to hell thou shalt return!

[*Strikes again.*

[*The body falls so as to be concealed by a high-backed seat. Before curtain descends,* OSBERN *creeps up the stairs stealthily, taking a torch with him.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE: *The same as Act II. As curtain rises,* EADRIC *comes out of the chapel, goes to the table where he had been sitting before, and sits there plunged in thought. A faint murmuring may be heard of the prayers in the chapel. This may last for two minutes, then the household come out of the chapel and pass up the stairs.* MURIEL, JACQUELINE, *and* BLANCHE *run across, followed by some men.* CECILY *and* HENRY *are last.*

CECILY.

Canst catch me, Henry?

HENRY.

If I wished I could. Women are easily caught.

CECILY.

Yes, they are full of kindness.

HENRY.

But they are better loved when they are less kind.

CECILY.

True, for man is such a reptile of ingratitude that he

can only give love with cheerfulness where it is not wanted.

HENRY.

Dost doubt my love for thee, Cecily?

CECILY.

Nay, for I abhor—detest, loathe and repudiate thee, therefore thou must love me for ever. There's no cure either way. We may make a happy marriage yet!

[*She rushes past him up the stairs, and he follows her amid laughter from the other girls.* EADRIC, *as the household comes out, has stood aside.* ARLETTE *now comes out and looks round to see if they are overheard before she speaks to him.*

ARLETTE.

And must you go? O, is't good-bye between us?
When in old days I heard of woe like ours,
I cried to think such sorrow ever was.

EADRIC.

And shall you be Carliol's happy wife?

ARLETTE.

I am his wife, for I am bound to him.

EADRIC.

But you love me?

ARLETTE.

Yes, so I bid thee go.
I'll take my memory from its broken frame
And give it up to God. I shall not think of thee,
For, when I may, it will mean I love thee not.
Now leave my soul, my heart, my mind, my sight
While I can say good-bye and hear thee answer. . . .

EADRIC.

Arlette!

ARLETTE.

Eadric!

EADRIC.

Yet he will call thee Arlette,
And watch this face and kiss these stars that weep. . . .
There's much for men to do, yet, when all's done,

All's said, all planned, all's thought, there still is much
That men have to forget. And this is hardest
Of all his labour underneath the sun.
Farewell, sweet Arlette, now an end is come
To time and words! All that remains is life.

[*He kisses her hand; she unbars the door and lets him out. She leans against the doorpost and seems stunned with grief.* URSYNE *and* COUNT GEOFFREY *come out of the chapel.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

I take it ill. There will be talk of this!
And an example of indifference
To Heaven's bounty. I fear lest swift rebuke
Is near upon him. He should have joined us.

[URSYNE, *during this speech, has been looking down the stage to where she left* CARLIOL; *she now gives a piercing shriek, and throws herself upon her father, covering her eyes.*

URSYNE.

O, I see forms and horrid spectres raised
To drive me mad!

COUNT GEOFFREY.

How now, what ails thee, Ursyne!
There are no spectres. This is some sudden sickness.
Look up, look well, defy these childish fears!

[URSYNE *looks again, and this time seems petrified with terror.* GEOFFREY *follows the direction of her gaze, and observes in the darkness the form of* CARLIOL *on the floor.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*With a laugh.*] 'Tis Alan drunk again. Ho! there—
a torch!
Discipline at these times is hard maintained.
A torch, I say!

URSYNE.

[*Slowly.*] Then, dost thou see it too?

[*She leaves him and glides down to the body, kneels and lifts the head.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*Going up and out, calling.*] Ho! there—a torch!

[ARLETTE *comes down from doorway, bringing with*

her a torch from over it. She brings it down close and sees URSYNE *in the darkness holding the head of* CARLIOL *in her arms.*

ARLETTE.

But there is blood upon him—see—there is blood!

URSYNE.

[*Slowly.*] This wound cannot be stanched—he hath been dead
A little while. [*After a long pause.*
Who hath done this, Arlette?

ARLETTE.

How should I know, Ursyne?

URSYNE.

This is base murder.

ARLETTE.

Hath he an enemy?

URSYNE.

Thou couldst answer that.

ARLETTE.

Indeed, there's no one who would hate Carliol.

URSYNE.

Oh, crowning falsehood! Cast no thorns in mine eyes!

ARLETTE.

What meanest thou by these harsh blamable words?
His very enemies praised him.

URSYNE.

A bad sign.
An enemy's praise heralds all treachery,
And grows the sweeter as revenge looks surer!
Who praised him last?

ARLETTE.

All truly praised him always!

URSYNE.

My life for yours if this crime hath no punishment!

I could have pardoned much hadst thou not lied.
But to stand there with innocent, startled face
As though some eagle had thee in his claw,
When thou art full to th' crop with deadly venom—
Deceit past our conception and all credence—
That fear would rather be for honest eagle,
Who touched a thing so stuffed with perfidy!
Think of the name thou never utterest!

ARLETTE.

[*With a cry of horror as though a sudden suspicion struck her.*

Eadric! [*Then hastily covers her face with her hands.*

URSYNE.

[*Laughing.*] Had Eadric cause to work Carliol harm?
Say—had he cause, urged on by thy white evil
To plot and execute this coward's thrust?
[*Gazing down on* CARLIOL.
Death never gathered pain from face more tranquil.
No fearfulness is here. This filthy world
Has ta'en its cruellest tax. [*Kisses the brow.*
I'll come again.
[*She rises, quits the body, and goes towards* ARLETTE.
I would have spared thee—nay, I shall spare thee yet.
The vengeance that cries out in me still fails
From all its purpose, for as I loved thee once,
And thought thee pure—habit remains to bind
A judgment horribly reversed by proof—
By hideous proof of thy corruption.
Yet . . . I cannot forsake thee. . . .
But, for the mean, false, fierce, and brutish villain,
Who taught thee how to lie, and schooled thy glance
To look on murder with a little gaze,
There is no mercy——
[*Enter* COUNT GEOFFREY, *followed by* ALAN.
ALAN *bears two torches, one in each hand.*

URSYNE.

Come, why do ye wait?
Carliol hath been dead this little while.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*Going over to the body and kneeling by it.*
God in high heaven!

ALAN.

Is there a God or heaven?

URSYNE.

Aye, drunken ape! there are both, and something more.
Canst thou, through thy drugged wits, detect the hand
That could inflict a stab on heart so rare?

ALAN.

The Saxon hath done this. Did he not speak
Of hard farewells? This is that in good faith!
I did foretell it all. God rest his soul!
Help! help, there! help! God rest his soul! Here's murder!

[*Some of the men of the household come down the staircase and go toward* COUNT GEOFFREY.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Lift up his body with great reverence.
He was a king of princes, and a knight
Who fought no foe save infidelity, and loved
His enemy as himself. Most brave Carliol!

URSYNE.

Let the dead bury their dead! Shall we shed tears?
Shall we lament while we should be avengers?
Eadric hath done this.—Eadric then must die for it.
Then, when bare justice hath been satisfied,
There will be time enough to greet the sorrow
I dare not yet encounter, and, for this present,
Hold far away lest its kiss come too soon!

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Hath Eadric gone? Did any see him leave?

ALAN.

[*Pointing to door of chapel.*] He knelt there by the door, and rose from's knees
Before the Fidelium Animæ was reached,
Or I had thought of waking. His gross step
Disturbed the servants' prayers, but when he murdered
He had a lighter grace! I'heard no noise.

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Then let us hunt this hell-rat! I'll not sleep,
Nor eat, nor rest, until the time to weep.

[*The men lift the body on to a bench.* URSYNE *stands by, looking down upon the face.* ARLETTE *does not move from the floor where she is crouching.* COUNT GEOFFREY *and the men go out.*

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II

SCENE: OSBERN'S *room.* OSBERN *is sitting on his bed.*

OSBERN.

Nay, no remorse: no wishing that undone
Which, being done, sends triumph, like hot smoke,
Through all my veins, till I seem as a cloud
Floating in the pre-eminent infinite, and gathering
Fresh transports while I move. O, depths and heights!
If I know not thy joy I know thy fury,
And, whirling in thy giddy impetus, I toss
On thy distracted currents. Love is not mine,
Th' obliteration of self in passion's intense
Delight;—the horror of war and its mad issue
'Midst fire and pain and blood and arrogance—
The odour of death and groans of wounded men—
The carrion crows for corpses and the banquet
For licensed murderers—these two are not
In my damnation! But, I have killed a spirit
So vile, corrupting and insidious
That it could seem a man and flatter life
By adding to the crowd of things existent
His admirable form. His heart could bleed:
I saw the purple stream. Its lethal fumes
Have crept from thought to thought till all I feel,
Or know, or think, or have remembrance of
Is that first thrill on touching his life's pulse
With this keen blade. Yet if they slay me now,
Would not wild joy so steep my mind in gladness
That torture would be impotent, and death
But th' augmentation of my consciousness,
Increasing bliss somewhat restrained and vexed

By this confinement in the body's cell.
[*A knocking is heard.*
They come for me.

HENRY.

[*Outside.*] Sir, sir, open the door!

OSBERN.

Is there such haste?

HENRY.

O, sir, 'tis past all haste!
[OSBERN *opens the door and* HENRY *enters.*

OSBERN.

[*Surprised to see him alone.*] Did you dare come alone?

HENRY.

Aye, sir, to you.
'Tis a fair haven here. I'll tell thee all.
First let me bar the door.

OSBERN.

Wouldst sit with me?

HENRY.

I trust none other after this night's deed!
I've heard of chattering teeth—mine chatter now!
Carliol hath been butchered by Sir Eadric!

OSBERN.

What's this? Speak clearer! Who hath done it? Speak!

HENRY.

The Earl went not to Matins. He erred through wine,
And sate unarmed, asleep, helpless, alone,
With half the torches gone, and not a soul
To warn him of Sir Eadric's stealthy step.
He crawled from prayers and crept along the floor,
And smote the great Carliol as you hit
Some swinish beast. The blood came pouring out.

OSBERN.

Didst thou then see Sir Eadric when he struck?

HENRY.

Nay, but that's how he struck. 'Tis the received

Belief, none can gainsay the truth of that.
Our lady Arlette grows into the earth,
So low is she with sorrow. Lady Ursyne . . .

OSBERN.

Ursyne !

HENRY.

She watcheth by the body and doth seem
More used to death than life. Count Geoffrey hunts
The murderer, and hath sworn to take no rest,
Nor bite, nor slumber, till he hath the wretch,
And burnt his eyes in their sockets, and quartered him,
And drawn him limb from limb, and hanged him high
To rot and shake in chains on some bleak tree
On ground accursed for ever ! O, that he had
Ten bodies to be slaughtered ! One skinful of flesh
Is not enough to appease our appetite
For vengeance !

OSBERN.

Is Ursyne pale ?

HENRY.

So pale—
She is as white as rain, and seems to fall
Although she is upright.

OSBERN.

Have they left my horse ?

HENRY.

Nay, Alan rides him.

OSBERN.

Then get me what thou canst.
Wait not for bit or saddle ; I must ride
And overtake the pursuers ere they slake
Their thirst in innocent blood. Go—I will follow.

[HENRY *goes and* OSBERN *looks round the room.*

Walls, ye have seen much suffering : the worst
Must be endured in ravenous publicity.
Yet, when I die, I'll think of this bare room,
And wonder if the grave will be so gentle
As these still granite wings ! . . . For the last time.

[*He looks round the room and dashes out.*

END OF SCENE II.

OSBERN AND URSYNE

SCENE III

SCENE : *The same as Scene I.* URSYNE *is standing by the bier, at each corner of which a torch burns.* ARLETTE *crouches on the ground at the foot of the body of* CARLIOL. *A lad is waiting by the door. The monks are heard chanting in the chapel :—*

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

[*As they finish this verse,* OSBERN *appears at the top of the staircase and loud shouting of men is heard at the door. It is opened by the lad.* COUNT GEOFFREY, ALAN, *and other men drag in* EADRIC, *who is bound, pinioned, and gagged.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Bring in the slayer. Confront him with the slain.
Look on thy handiwork : drink in the sight,
For 'tis the last that thy malignant eyes
Shall see till they awake to scorch in hell.

ARLETTE.

Wilt thou not let him speak ?

OSBERN.

Unloose those cords
And bind them where they fit more righteously !
If there were guilt in sending this bright toad
Down to th' infernal slime wherein he grew,
Then lay this to my charge, for I am guilty !

URSYNE.

All I have ever loved ! O, my soul dies.

[*She looks down at the knife in* CARLIOL'S *belt and her hand moves toward it.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

[*To* OSBERN.] This grief, poor Osbern, hath estranged thy reason !

Wert thou arraigned for this mad, heinous crime,
It would go hard with thee. I could not spare
Where God most merciful hath cursed. The penalty
Is so severe that, thinking on't, my bones
Melt, and all my blood is changed to brine.

OSBERN.

Ah! take thy justice. Here's my knife—'tis stained!

ALAN.

What! shall fiends walk among us boasting thus
Of their iniquity?

[*The men rush upon* OSBERN *and seize him.*

URSYNE.

[*Rousing herself.*] First loose the innocent.

[*The men leave* OSBERN *and go to* EADRIC. URSYNE *goes up to* OSBERN, *concealing behind her the knife.*

URSYNE.

Osbern!

[*A look passes between them. She turns to* COUNT GEOFFREY.

Let me speak with him.

[*They step apart from the others.*

OSBERN.

No words.

URSYNE.

This was fierce jealousy.

OSBERN.

Not jealousy
Yet I was jealous. And it was not doubt:
Although I doubted. God!——

URSYNE.

It was not fear,
Fear is not in thy nature. What then was't?

OSBERN.

A jest one thought too deep: it sank to hell:
I kept it there—lest it should crawl to thee.

URSYNE.

They'll burn thine eyes, and draw thee limb from limb—

OSBERN.

Don't weep for that—

URSYNE.

And torture thee and hang thee . . .

OSBERN.

All too quick. I'd have more time for loving—
I'd have more time to think on thy farewell,
And dream again I danced with thee one night,
And know again, in memory, the scent
Of that white flower, thy face. I need no sight.

URSYNE.

My kinsmen, once resolved, do never pause
From their intent. And I foresee such things——

OSBERN.

Man must deal justice ; mercy is with God.
I pray to God—not men. Here I'll not falter.
The end is nearly come. . . . God forgives much.
He suffered much.

URSYNE.

The flood of pain that waits thee
Fills up the cup of vengeance to the brim,
And flows till hate itself is drowned in anguish.
[*Hoots and cries are heard outside.*

COUNT GEOFFREY.

All hell will soon be loosed ! Horror on horror
Presses.

URSYNE.

[*To* OSBERN.] What I shall do, I do for grief, not hate.
[*Aloud.*] So—ere a worse befall thee—I give thee this,
In token of my wrath and some compassion.
[*She stabs him; she covers her face and reels backward with a cry;* COUNT GEOFFREY *rushes forward, but* OSBERN *stands between them and takes* URSYNE *in his arms.*

OSBERN.

Leave us together now : have I not won ?

She's mine. O Ursyne, thou art mine at last !
Had I another heart to be thus riven
I'd take its agonies surpassing all I've felt,
To know again thou caredst enough for me,
O, my beloved, to do this mortal sin !

URSYNE.

The night is gone and morning is come unto me . . .
Yet . . . am I still alone ?

OSBERN.

[*Points in the distance.*] See . . . see . . . one waits !
My love shall save us both : 'twas given for this.
Our path is scarleted though not with flowers !
Our hearts must hover o'er that smoking chasm
Which reaches to the nethermost. But look—
Not downwards ; love, we are not wingless yet,
Still may we rise though centuries shall pass
Ere we can reach the sky !

[*He kisses her as she dies, then rolls over on his face, dead.*

ARLETTE.

O, are they dead ?

COUNT GEOFFREY.

Now let the world come in !

EADRIC.

Rest to their spirits ! Satan hath tried them sore.
God shall adjudge them now : man, never more !

[*The Monks are heard chanting in the chapel.*

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ :
Ne me perdas illa die.

THE END.

ALL THE WORLD'S MAD
BY GILBERT PARKER

UP to thirty-two years of age David Hyam, of the village of Framley in Staffordshire, was not a man of surprises. With enough of this world's goods to give him comfort of body and suave gravity of manner, the figure he cut was becoming to his Quaker origin and profession. No one suspected the dynamic possibilities of his nature till a momentous day in August, in the middle Victorian period, when news from Bristol came that an uncle in chocolate had died and left him the third of a large fortune, without condition or proviso.

This was of a Friday, and on the Saturday following David did his first startling act: he offered marriage to Faith Marlowe, the only Quaker girl in Framley who had ever dared to discard the poke-bonnet even for a day, and who had been publicly reproved for laughing in meeting—for Mistress Faith had a curious, albeit demure and suggestive, sense of humour: she was, in truth, a kind of sacred minuet in grey. Faith had promptly accepted David, at the same time taunting him softly with the fact that he had recklessly declared he would never marry, even saying profanely that upon his word and honour he never would! She repeated to him what his own mother once replied to his audacious worldly protests:

'If thee say thee will never, never, never do a thing, thee will some time surely do it.'

Then seeing that David was a bit chagrined, Faith slipped one hand into his, drew him back within the door, lifted the shovel hat off his forehead, and whispered with a coquetry unworthy a Quaker maid:

'But thee did not say, Friend David, thee would never, never, never smite thy friend on both cheeks after she had flouted thee.'

Having smitten her on both cheeks, after the manner of foolish men, David gravely got him to his home and to a sound sleep that night. Next morning, the remembrance of the amorous smiting roused him to an outwardly sedate and inwardly vainglorious courage. Going with steady steps to the Friends' meeting-house at the appointed time, the spirit moved him, after a decorous pause, to announce his intended marriage to the prettiest Quaker in Framley, even the maid who had shocked the decorum of the community, and had been written down a rebel—though these things he did not say.

From the recesses of her poke-bonnet Faith watched the effect of David's words upon the meeting; but when the elders turned and looked at her, as became her judges before the Lord, her eyes dropped; also her heart thumped so hard she could hear it; and in the silence that followed it seemed to beat time to the words like

the pendulum of a clock, 'Fear not—Love on: Fear not—Love on!' But the heart beat faster still, the eyes came up quickly, and the face flushed a deep excited red when David, rising again, said that, with the consent of the community—a consent which his voice subtly insisted upon—he would take a long journey into the Holy Land, into Syria, travelling to Baalbec and Damascus, and even beyond as far as the desolate city of Palmyra; and then afterwards into Egypt, where Joseph and the Brethren of Israel were captive aforetime. He would fain visit the Red Sea and likewise confer with the Coptic Christians in Egypt, 'of whom thee and me have read to our comfort,' he added piously, looking at Friend Fairley, the oldest, and heretofore the richest, man in the community. Friend Fairley rejoiced now that he had in bygone days lent David books to read; but he rejoiced secretly, for though his old bookman's heart warmed at the thought that he should in good time hear, from one who had seen with his own eyes, of the wonders of the East, it became him to assume a ponderous placidity—for Framley had always been doubtful of his bookishness and its influence on such as David. They said it boded no good; there were those even who called Fairley 'a new light,' that schism in a sect.

These God-fearing dull folk were present now, and, disapproving of David's choice in marriage, disapproved far more of its consequence: for so they considered the projected journey into the tumultuous world and the garish Orient. In the end, however, an austere approval was promised, if the solemn commissions of men and women of the community appointed to confer with and examine the candidates found in their favour: which in this case should be largely a matter of form; for thirty thousand pounds bulked potently even in this community of unworldly folk, though it smacked of the world, the flesh, and the devil. If David, however, would stand to the shovel hat, and if Faith would be faithful for ever to the poke-bonnet and grey cloth, all might yet be well. At the same time, they considered that Friend David's mind was distracted by the things of this world, and they reasoned with the Lord in prayer upon the point in David's presence.

In worldly, but religiously controlled, dudgeon, David left the meeting-house, and inside the door of Faith's cottage said to his own mother and to hers some bitter and un-Quakerlike things against the stupid world—for to him as yet the world was Framley, though he should soon mend o' that.

When he had done speaking against 'the mad wits that would not see,' Faith laid her cool fingers on his arm and said, with a demure humour that only showed in her eyes:

'All the world's mad but thee and me, David . . . and thee's a bit mad!'

So pleased was David's mother with this speech that then and

there she was reconciled to Faith's rebellious instincts, and saw safety for her son in the hands of the quaint clear-minded daughter of her old friend and kinswoman Mercy Marlowe.

II

Within three months David and Faith had seen the hills of Moab from the top of the Mount of Olives; watched the sun go down over the Sea of Galilee; plucked green boughs from the cedars on Lebanon; broke into placid exclamations of delight in the wild orchard of nectarine blossoms by the lofty ruins of Baalbec; walked in that street called Straight at Damascus; journeyed through the desert with a caravan, when the Druses were up, to Palmyra; and at last came to look upon the spot where lived that Pharaoh who knew not Joseph.

In this land they stayed; and even now far up the Nile you will hear of the Two Strange People who travelled the Nile even to Dongola, and part way back—only part way back, for a long time. In particular you will hear of them from an old Dragoman called Mahommed Ramadan Saggara, and a white-haired jeweller of Assiut called Abdul Mazar. These two men still tell the tale of the two mad English folk with faces like no English people ever seen in Egypt, who refused protection in their travels, but went fearlessly among the Arabs everywhere, to do good and fear not. The Quaker hat and saddened drab worked upon the Arab mind to advantage.

In Egypt, David and Faith found their pious mission—though historians have since called it 'whimsical and unpractical': David's to import the great Syrian donkey, which was to banish the shame of grossly burdening the small donkey of the land of Pharaoh, and Faith's to build schools where English should be taught, to exclude 'that language of Belial,' as David called French. When their schemes came home to Framley, with an order on David's bankers for ten thousand pounds, grey-garbed consternation walked abroad, and in meeting the following First Day, no one prayed or spoke for an hour or more. At last, however, Friend Fairley rose in his place and said:

'The Lord shall deliver the heathen into their hands.'

Then the Spirit moved freely and severely among them all, and Friend Fairley was, as he said himself, 'crowded upon the rails by the yearlings of the flock.' For he alone of all Framley believed that David and Faith had not thrown away the Quaker drab, the shovel hat, and the poke-bonnet, and gone forth fashionable, worldly, and an-hungered among the fleshpots of Egypt. There was talk of gilded palaces, dubious Saracenic splendours and dark suggestions from the Arabian Nights.

Still the ten thousand pounds went to David and Faith where

they smilingly laboured through the time of High Nile and Low Nile, and kamseen and sirocco, and cholera, and, worse than all, the banishments to the hot Siberia of Fazougli.

But Mahommed Ramadan Saggara babbles yet of the time when, for one day, David threw away his shovel hat; and Abdul Mazar the jeweller tells how, on the same day, the Sit—that is, Faith—bought of him a ring of turquoises, and put it on her finger with a curious smile.

That day David and Faith, the one in a pith helmet, the other with a turquoise ring on her left hand, went to dine with Kahoum Pasha the Armenian Governor of the province, a man of varied talents, not least of which was deceit of an artistic kind. For, being an Armenian, he said he was a true Christian, and David believed him though Faith did not; and being an Oriental, he said he told the truth; and again David believed him but Faith did not. He had a red beard, an eye that glinted red also, and fat smooth fingers which kept playing with a string of beads as though it were a rosary.

As hard as he worked to destroy the Quaker in David, she worked against him; and she did not fear the end, for she believed in David Hyam of Framley. It was Kahoum Pasha's influence, persistently and adroitly used for two years, which made Friend David at last put aside for this one day his Quaker hat. And the Pasha rejoiced; for knowing human nature, after a fashion, he understood that when you throw the outer sign away (the sign to you since your birth like the fingers of your hand), the inner grace begins decadence and in due time disappears. Kahoum Pasha had awaited this with Oriental patience, for he was sure that if David gave way in one thing he would give way in all—and with a rush some day. Now at last he had got David and Faith to dine with him: he had his meshes of deceit around them.

When they came to dinner, Kahoum Pasha saw the turquoise ring upon the finger of Friend Faith, and this startled him and pleased him. Here, he knew, was his greatest enemy where David was concerned, and yet this quaint pretty Saint Elizabeth was wearing a fine turquoise ring with a poke-bonnet, in a very worldly fashion. He almost rubbed his eyes, it was so hard to believe: for time and again he had offered *antichi* in bracelets, rings, and scarabs, and fine cottons from Beni-Mazar; and had been promptly and firmly told that the Friends wore no jewellery, nor gay attire. Kahoum Pasha, being a Christian—after the Armenian fashion—then desired to learn of this strange religion, that his own nature might be bettered, for, alas! the snares for the soul were many in the Orient. For this Faith had quietly but firmly referred him to David. Then he had tried another tack: he had thrown in his interest with her first school in his Mudirieh; he got her

Arab teachers from Cairo who could speak English; he opened the large school-house himself with great ceremony, and with many kavasses in blue and gold. He would willingly have put David out of the way, and played the game of the fabled Aboo Zeyd with Faith; but she was English, and Kahoum Pasha knew better! He said to himself, however, that you never could tell what would happen in this world, and it was well to wait, and to watch the approach of that good angel, Opportunity.

With all his devices, however, he could not quite understand Faith, and he walked warily, lest, through his lack of understanding, he should, by some mischance, come suddenly upon a reef, and his plans go shipwreck. Yet all the time he laughed in his sleeve in a devilish sort of way, for he foresaw the day when all this money the Two Strange People were spending in his Mudirieh should become his own. If he could not get their goods and estate peaceably, riots were so easy to arrange—he had arranged them before. Then when the Two Strange People had been struck with panic, the Syrian donkey-market, and the five hundred feddans of American cotton, and the new schools would be his for a song—or a curse.

When he saw the turquoise ring on the finger of the little Quaker lady, he fancied he could almost hear the accompaniment of the song. He tore away tender portions of roasted lamb with his fingers, and crammed them into his mouth, rejoicing. With the same greasy fingers he put upon Faith's plate a stuffed cucumber, and would have added a clammy sweet and a tumbler of sickly sherbet at the same moment; but Faith ate nothing save a cake of dourha bread, and drank only a cup of coffee.

Meanwhile Kahoum Pasha talked of the school, of the donkey-market, the monopoly of which the Khedive had granted David; and of the new prosperous era opening up in Egypt, due to the cotton David had introduced as an experiment. David's heart waxed proud within him that he had walked out of Framley into the regeneration of a country. He likened himself to Joseph, son of Jacob; and at once the fineness of his first purposes became blunted.

As Kahoum Pasha talked on, of schools, of taxes, of laws, of government, to David with no hat on—Samson without his hair—Faith's mind was working as it had never worked before. She realised what a prodigious liar Kahoum Pasha was; for talking benignly of equitable administration as he did, she recalled the dark stories she had heard of rapine and extortion and cruel imprisonment in this same Mudirieh.

Suddenly Kahoum Pasha saw the dark blue eyes fastened upon his face with a curious intentness, a strange questioning; and the blue of the turquoise on the hand folded over the other in the grey lap did not quite reassure him. He stopped talking, and spoke in

a low voice to his kavass, who presently brought a bottle of champagne—a final proof that Kahoum Pasha was not an ascetic or a Turk. As the bottle was being opened the Pasha took up his string of beads, and began to finger them, for the blue eyes in the poke-bonnet were disconcerting. He was about to speak, when Faith said in a clear voice :

'Thee has a strange people beneath thee. Thee rules by the sword or the word of peace, friend ?'

The fat smooth hands fingered the beads swiftly. Kahoum Pasha was disturbed, as he proved by replying in French—he had spent years of his youth in France—

'*Par la force morale, toujours, Madame*—by moral force always,' he hastened to add in English. Then casting down his eyes with truly Armenian modesty, continued in Arabic : 'By the word of peace, O woman of the clear eyes—to whom God give length of days !'

Kahoum Pasha smiled a greasy smile, and held the bottle of champage over the glass set for Friend David.

Never in his life had David the Quaker tasted champagne. In his eyes, in the eyes of Framley, it had been the brew especially prepared by Sheitan to tempt to ruin the feeble ones of the earth. But the doublet of David's mind was all unbraced now, his hat was off, his Quaker drab was spotted with the grease of a roasted lamb which had been cut from the body of its mother ere the time—a morsel for a Christian's table ! He had tasted freedom, he was ready for licence now.

He took his hand from the top of the glass, and the amber liquid and the froth poured in. At that instant he saw Faith's eye upon his, he saw her hand go to the poke-bonnet, as it were to unloosen the strings. He saw for the first time the turquoise ring ; he saw the eyes of Kahoum Pasha on Faith with a look prophesying several kinds of triumph, none palatable to him ; and he stopped short on the road with an easy gradient which Kahoum Pasha was macadamising for him. He put his hand up as though to pull his hat down over his eyes, as was his fashion when troubled, or when he was setting his mind to a task.

The hat was not there ; but Faith's eyes were on his, and there were a hundred Quaker hats or Cardinals' hats in them. He reached out quickly and caught Faith's hand as it undid the strings of her grey bonnet.

'Will thee be mad, Faith ?'

'All the world's mad but thee and me, David, and thee's a bit mad !' she answered in the tongue of Framley.

'The gaud upon thy hand ?' he asked sternly ; and his eyes flashed from her to Kahoum Pasha, for a horrible suspicion crept into his brain : a shameless suspicion ; but even a Quaker may be human and foolish, as history has shown.

'The wine at thine elbow, David, and thine hat!' she answered steadily.

David the friend of peace was bitterly angry. He caught up the glass of champagne, and dashed it upon the fine prayer-rug which Kahoum Pasha had collected with a kourbash for taxes of a Greek merchant back from Tiflis—the rug worth five hundred English pounds, the taxes but twenty Turkish pounds.

'Thee is a villain, friend,' he said to Kahoum Pasha in a voice like a noise in a barrel; 'I read thee as a book!'

'Through the eyes of your wife, effendi: she read me first—we understand each other!' answered the Governor, with a hateful smile, knowing the end of one game was at hand, and instantly beginning another with an intelligent malice.

Against all Quaker principles, David's sinful arm was lifted to strike, but Faith's hand prevented him, and Kahoum Pasha motioned back the Abyssinian slaves who had sprung forward menacingly from behind a mushrabieh screen.

Faith led the outraged David, hatless, into the street.

III

That evening the Two Strange People went to Abdul Mazar the jeweller, and talked with him for more than an hour; for Abdul Mazar, as Egyptians go, was a kindly and honest man. He had taught Arabic to David and Faith. He would have asked more than twelve pieces of silver to betray them.

The next afternoon a riot occurred around the house of the Two Strange People, and the school they had built; and Kahoum Pasha would have had his spite of them, and his will of the donkey-market, the school, and the cotton-fields, but for Abdul Mazar and three Sheikhs, friends of his—at a price—who addressed the crowd and quieted them. They declared that the Two were mad folk with whom even the English would have nought to do; that they were of those from whom God had taken the souls, leaving their foolish bodies on earth, and were therefore to be cared for and protected, as the Koran said, be they infidel or the Faithful. Furthermore, said Abdul Mazar in proof of their madness and a certain sort of holiness, they wore hats always, as Arabs wore their turbans, and were as like good Mahommedans as could be, sitting down to speak and standing up to pray. He also added that they could not be enemies of the Faithful, or a Christian Mudir would not have turned against them. And Abdul Mazar prevailed against Kahoum Pasha—at a price; for Faith, seeing no necessity for martyrdom, had not hesitated to open her purse, when it was a question of saving David and herself, especially David.

Three days afterwards, David, with Abdul Mazar, went to the Palace of the Khedive at Cairo, and within a week Kahoum Pasha

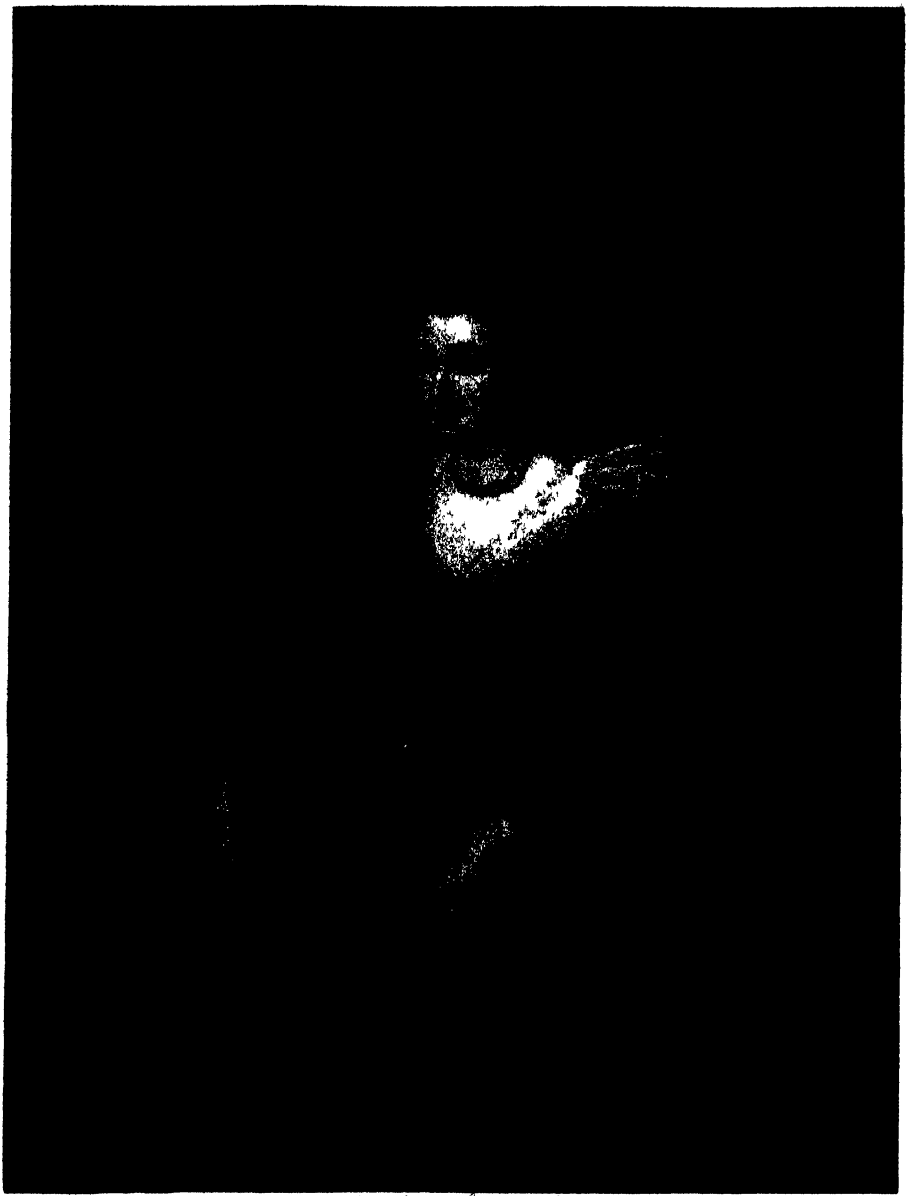
was on his way to Fazougli the hot Siberia. For the rage of the Khedive was great when he heard what David and Abdul Mazar told him: of the murderous riot Kahoum Pasha had planned! David being an honest Quaker—for now again he wore his shovel hat—did not realise that the Khedive had only hungered for this chance to confiscate the goods of Kahoum Pasha, who was reputed to have become rich in five years. Was it not justice to take for the chosen ruler of the Faithful the goods an Armenian Christian had stolen from the poor? Before David left the Palace the Khedive gave him the Order of the Mejidîyeh, in token of what he had done for Egypt. Though it was against the laws of the Quaker community, David took the decoration—as a curious emblem of infidel justice, he said afterwards.

In the end, however, David took three things only out of Egypt: his wife, the Order of the Mejidîyeh, and Kahoum Pasha's pardon, which he strove for as hard as he had striven for his punishment, when he came to know the Khedive had sent the Mudir to Fazougli only that he might take his goods and estate. Having brought Kahoum Pasha to his doom, David could not rest now till he had leave to bring him back. He only achieved this at last, again on the advice of Abdul Mazar, by giving the Khedive as backsheesh the Syrian donkey-market, the five hundred feddans of cotton, and Faith's new school. Then, believing in no one in Egypt any more, he himself went with an armed escort and his Quaker hat, and the order of the Khedive, to Fazougli, and brought Kahoum Pasha penniless to Cairo.

Nowadays, on the mastaba before his grandson's door, Abdul Mazar, over ninety, 'by the grace of Allah,' still tells of the backsheesh he secured from the Two Strange People, for his help on a certain occasion. The rest of the story he relates with much ornamentation.

In Framley, where the whole truth never came, David and Faith occasionally take out the Order of the Mejidîyeh from a secret drawer to look at it, and, as David says, to 'Learn the lesson of Egypt once again.' Having learnt it to some purpose—and to the life-long edification of old Friend Fairley, the only one who knew the whole truth—they founded three great schools for Quaker children. They were wont to say to each other, as the madding world made inroads on the strict Quaker life they had won back to: 'All the world's mad but thee and me, and thee's a bit mad.'

ANNE OF AUSTRIA



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Anne of Austria, Queen of France.

From the painting by P. P. Rubens in the collection of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough

ANNE OF AUSTRIA BY PETER PAUL RUBENS

MANY were the feats of the dazzling George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, but hardly any excelled in audacity his behaviour at Amiens in 1625, when on a mission to bring home his master, Baby Charles's, new bride, Henrietta Maria, from Paris. Buckingham had been thwarted in his political intrigues by the craft of Richelieu and the stupid conceit of the young King of France, Louis XIII. Was it an outburst of genuine affection, or merely a deep-laid scheme for personal revenge, which led Buckingham to make violent love to the young Queen of France, Anne of Austria, then about twenty-three years of age? Did the Queen Mother, Marie de Medicis, aid him and abet the intrigue? Could even a Buckingham penetrate to a queen's bedchamber and pour forth passionate avowals of his love before all her ladies without some previous connivance? The incident has become historical through its brilliant travesty by Alexandre Dumas in 'Les Trois Mousquetaires.'

It was this queen, Anne of Austria, the victim of Buckingham's insolence, who was painted by Rubens in the plenitude of her royalty. A princess of the house of Hapsburg, a daughter of the royal house of Spain, married at thirteen to Louis XIII. of France, the son of the glorious swashbuckler Henry IV. and that indiscreet intriguer Marie de Medicis, Anne's married life was unhappy in all its splendour, since she did not possess the affection of her worthless husband. Perhaps she did lend an ear to, allow her eye to be dazzled by, the beauty and brilliant plumes of the renowned Buckingham. Few women would have escaped such a fate. It is clear, however, that she rejected his suit with contumely. No scandal has tarnished the fair fame of Anne of Austria.

As her early years had been under the domination of Richelieu, so did Anne's later life come under the despotism of Mazarin. Mazarin ruled Anne with a tyranny tempered by genuine personal affection. Anne was Regent, but Mazarin ruled France, until the day dawned of the young *Roi Soleil.*

Anne of Austria does not appear to have been really beautiful; few Hapsburgs were; but she, like her race, was always queenlike, a thing apart. She was famed for the beauty of her arms and hands. 'Ses mains et ses bras,' says Madame de Motteville, 'avaient une beauté surprenante, et toute l'Europe en a ouï publier les louanges; leur blancheur, sans exagération, avait celle de la neige.' Rubens was too good a courtier not to notice so remarkable a feature in his royal sitter. He painted Anne more than once, and kept her portrait in his own collection, perhaps the one now reproduced, which was formerly one of the chief glories of Blenheim Palace.

LIONEL CUST.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST 1898. BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

'Horatio Nelson—Honor est a Nilo'

A HUNDRED years have lightened and have waned
Since ancient Nile by grace of Nelson gained
A glory higher in story now than time
Saw when his kings were gods that raged and reigned.

The day that left even England more sublime
And higher on heights that none but she may climb
Abides above all shock of change-born chance
Where hope and memory hear the stars keep chime.

The strong and sunbright lie whose name was France
Arose against the sun of truth, whose glance
Laughed large from the eyes of England, fierce as fire
Whence eyes wax blind that gaze on truth askance.

A name above all names of heroes, higher
Than song may sound or heart of man aspire,
Rings as the very voice that speaks the sea
To-day from all the sea's enkindling lyre.

The sound that bids the soul of silence be
Fire, and a rapturous music, speaks, and we
Hear what the sea's heart utters, wide and far
'This was his day, and this day's light was he.'

O sea, our sea that hadst him for thy star,
A hundred years that fall upon thee are
  Even as a hundred flakes of rain or snow :
No storm of battle signs thee with a scar.

But never more may ship that sails thee show,
But never may the sun that loves thee know,
  But never may thine England give thee more,
A man whose life and death shall praise thee so.

The Nile, the sea, the battle, and the shore,
Heard as we hear one word arise and soar,
  Beheld one name above them tower and glow—
Nelson : a light that time bows down before.

MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE PAINTED BY MARC GHEERAERTS

'NO spring till Now.' Such is the inscription which accompanies the date of March 12, 1614, on the beautiful portrait by Marc Gheeraerts of Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, which once decorated the old home of the Scudamores, Holme Lacy, in Herefordshire, and has now found a permanent home in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Countess of Pembroke was no longer young in 1614, but she still preserved much of the beauty and the wit which had been the subject of the poet Spenser's verse. Few ladies of high degree have been related to so many historical personages as Mary, Countess of Pembroke. She was daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, the famous Lord Deputy of Ireland, and her mother was Mary Dudley, daughter of the rash schemer, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and sister of that Lord Guilford Dudley, who, with his wife, the gentle Lady Jane Grey, fell a victim, like his father, to the fatal results of Northumberland's ambition. Her uncle was the great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Mary Sidney was brought up as a child in the close companionship of her immortal brother, Sir Philip Sidney. Their childhood was spent more at Ludlow Castle than at Penshurst, and they were only separated by her marriage in 1577 to Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke. At Wilton she spent some of the happiest days of her life. Her brother, Philip, was with her for many months. They shared each other's taste in literature, and there he wrote for her his famous prose-poem, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,' written, as he told his sister, 'on loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done.'

Truly a learned lady was the Countess of Pembroke, for, besides being her brother's literary executrix, her 'genius lay as much towards chymistrie as poetrie.' So at least says Aubrey, the scandalmonger of the period, who did not spare even the Countess of Pembroke's character.

Wilton was the Parnassus, the Academy of the period, and the Countess of Pembroke its priestess. Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Nash, Breton, all wove garlands of poesy to lay at their gracious lady's feet. From his mother her son, the third Earl of Pembroke, inherited those tastes which gained him the reputation of being 'the greatest Mæcenas to learned men of any peer of his time or since.' Even if it was not to the youthful Pembroke that Shakespeare addressed his impassioned sonnets, it can hardly be doubted that among the votaries of the Countess of Pembroke and her brilliant son there was found the 'Swan of Avon,' the world's greatest poet.

MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' is her claim to immortality, as set forth in William Browne's well-known epitaph. After her husband's death in 1601, she resided chiefly at Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street, London, where she died in 1621. But the meaning of the inscription on her portrait, the event which led to its expression, still remain materials for conjecture.

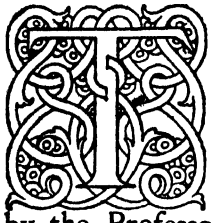
LIONEL CUST.

Walker & Boutall Photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co

Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke

From the painting by Marc Gheeraerts in the National Portrait Gallery

THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. BY PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE



recent development in a practical telegraphic direction of the previously known method of signalling across empty space by ether waves has excited so much general interest that a popular description of the scientific principles involved may possibly be acceptable. It has, indeed, been asserted by the Professor of Electrical Engineering at University College, London, in the *Times*, that the public care nothing for the purely scientific work and discoveries which precede and render possible any special application of those discoveries; all that they care for, he says, is the application itself and its immediate usefulness to the community. It is to be supposed that he is in a position to know, and of a certain section of the public the statement may perhaps be granted true; but so far as the experience of the present writer goes, he considers, and at any rate hopes, that the statement is a libel on the intelligent and educated portion of the public. These must by this time be aware of what is true to a somewhat exceptional extent in the present instance—viz., that an immediate special application to some useful end, such as excites the interest of the general Press and of the City, is not made without having been preceded by a mass of more or less unobtrusive scientific work; published in Transactions and other recognised channels of intercommunication among the workers, explained every now and then, it may be, to select audiences by one or other of the workers in a lecture or two, but not brought home and driven into the ears of the general public, unanxious for information, who, as long as the matter remains in the scientific stage, are, as a whole, quite deaf and uninterested. To stir up these the sensational paragraph is necessary, and from scientific workers the sensational paragraph is not forthcoming. Indeed, if they were willing to concoct such a paragraph, they would not know how to pick out the items which would be most widely impressive. It is, as a rule, not the really surprising part of the phenomenon that excites general interest; it is usually some accidental or trivial concomitant, so familiar to the worker as to seem a matter of course, which seizes the imagination and stimulates the interest of the uninstructed outsider.

Thus, in the present instance of wireless telegraphy, or signalling by waves in the ether excited at one place and perceived at another, it is not the details of the process nor the sensitiveness of the detector which has excited wonder; it is the bare fact that signalling can be carried on without wires at all which has aroused the most astonished and astonishing interest: and a belief in the possibility of the

otherwise established fact of telepathy, or thought transference, is now beginning to be confessed to by a number of persons, on the strength of the possibility of wireless signalling, upon whom the real evidence for telepathy made hardly any impression at all. Yet the fact that signalling can go on without wires is nothing surprising and nothing in the least novel: all the most ancient methods of signalling are of this character. Signalling by means of wires is quite a recent invention—entirely a matter of the present reign. Is it supposed that there was no signalling and no telegraphy before the invention of the electric telegraph? Evidently the electric system of communication by means of wires has so seized upon the public imagination that all other methods are ignored or forgotten; and people forget also that they themselves make use of wireless methods of signalling over short distances—by means of waves, too—every day of their lives. Why is this? It must be because they do not realise the real nature of the processes of communication which are rendered possible by the possession of certain marvellously sensitive sense-organs which they instinctively and thoughtlessly employ.

Yet a moment's thought must remind anybody that in the larynx he has an instrument for emitting waves of sound, more or less in all directions—waves which spread and decrease in intensity with the inverse square of the distance from the source, and which travel through the air at the speed of about a mile every five seconds. These waves he has the power of modifying in a number of different ways, each modification representing some tinge or fraction of meaning, so that by the aid of a most elaborate conventional code—called language—a very perfect system of communication over moderate distances exists. Unfortunately, there are far too many such codes in use, and will be until the race is civilised enough to reduce their number; and the labour of learning more than two of them is responsible for a great part of the waste of time associated with the process termed 'education,' a process which seldom (in this country, at any rate) results in a competent practical knowledge of any code other than the mother tongue after all.

There is also about this method of communication the usual objection to combat as regards secrecy. Since the sound spreads more or less in all directions, it can to a great extent be heard by other persons; but, like the discreet Kamschatkan during domestic dressing operations (of whom Nansen tells us), we are moderately well trained to abstract our attention from conversations not addressed to us; though in what corresponds on a small scale to war time, eavesdropping undoubtedly may exist, and with it the two other hostile operations—drowning of speech on the one hand, and communication of lying messages on the other—as they will doubtless hereafter occur in more modern methods of wireless telegraphy.

Naturally an organ for the production and emission of sound

waves would be useless if other people were not provided with a sensitive and natural receiver or detector of the signals thereby produced. In the ear we have a most ingenious and elaborate piece of mechanism, more sensitive than anything else that has been contrived for the same purpose; a mechanism whereby, notwithstanding the rapid decrease of the wave in intensity, some impression can be received at surprising distances, even when started by so small a source as the human larynx; although, no doubt, in order to appreciate every quality and detail of the waves—that is, to hear clear articulation—the intensity of the received waves must be decidedly greater than the minimum needed to disturb the receiver at all.

But now it will be objected that these sound waves are not electric, that they do not travel through the ether, but make use of the commonplace and material medium air—or it may be even wood or iron or water or glass.

Quite true, but then we have another quite different and even more important sense organ, not more sensitive, about equally sensitive, which responds only to waves coming through the ether: waves travelling at the gigantic pace of 186,000 miles per second. We have not in this case any natural instrument for making and emitting these ethereal waves; some animals have, but we have not. We have learnt, however, how to emit them artificially, by means of mechanism: we can strike a match, long ago we could strike flint on steel, we can light a candle,—indeed, all through the present century we have been able to start a brilliant arc-light, and to direct its energy in any required direction. This method of signalling is at work at all our important coast stations, and it only becomes ineffective during fog.

But these direct methods of emission are not what we chiefly depend upon. We live half our time immersed in a blaze of ether-waves emitted by a gigantic massive body we call the sun—hot by reason of its massiveness, and emitting ether waves because it is hot. Consequently our ethereal signalling is not limited to the production of a beacon fire, or a series of flash lights, though these have been used, but can be extended so as to include the movements of any object rendered visible by the blaze of sunlight in which we live,—movements of flags and semaphore arms, sky signs and conspicuous advertisements generally, movements of our own bodies or features,—every gesture, in fact, constitutes part of a system of ethereal telegraphy.

The emission of these waves which we call light is controlled or modified at one place, and the modification is perceived, possibly by the aid of a telescope but ultimately by the extraordinarily sensitive instrument called the eye, at another place.

If the name 'telegraphy' be denied to this very ancient method of

signalling through the ether across space, then it is only necessary to appeal to the heliograph, a carefully adjusted, slightly movable mirror, which tilts a beam of sunlight into or out of the eyes of a person distant some twenty or thirty miles, and thus conveys information interpretable in the language of the sender by means of the succession of long and short flashes which constitute the customary telegraphic code called the Morse alphabet.

Perhaps objection will now be raised that this system of telegraphy, this utilisation of the waves of light travelling from one station to another, is not electrical, and naturally does not require a wire. That it does not require a wire is true, but whoever says that it is not electrical is not aware of the facts. Light is now known to be an electrical phenomenon; the oscillations which are the essential features of light waves are electric and magnetic oscillations. It is electric oscillations alone which appeal to the eye: to nothing else is the eye sensitive. The eye is not, indeed, sensitive to every electric oscillation, only to those of appropriate frequency. If the ether vibrates electrically ten thousand times a second or ten million times a second, the eye does not feel it; to such vibrations the eye is blind. It requires quicker vibrations than that before it can be excited. Even ten million million ethereal quivers per second is not sufficiently rapid to stimulate the eye. Forty or fifty times this rate, however, will do; and it is by an ethereal tremor of this astonishing rate of vibration that we are enabled to see. If this rate of vibration did not anywhere exist, we should be blind—as blind as if we did not possess eyes. But, from certain sources, waves of this rapidity *are* sent out into the ether. From the sun and every star, from a candle and every beacon light, from a glow-worm and from phosphorescent objects, the necessary tremors are emitted; and it is by these that we see. We do not, indeed, see the waves themselves: we see the objects which emit the waves, or still more usually the objects upon which these waves have struck and rebounded. We do not see anything which does not directly or indirectly send these ether tremors into the eye.

Regarded as a system of wireless telegraphy, the optical method is more perfect than the acoustic method; for, whereas a shout spreads in all directions and can only with difficulty or by means of a speaking-tube be controlled and directed to one ear alone, a flash, though it, too, may spread in all directions, can much more easily be controlled and directed towards one eye alone; or if not accurately to one eye, at least it can be sent almost entirely in a definite direction by means of mirrors and lenses. It is a part of the science of optics to teach us how to do that; and it is done with more or less precision in some of our lighthouses, in search lights, and in the heliograph.

It is not to be supposed that the eye is the only detector for

ethereal waves. It is perhaps the most sensitive; it is certainly the one longest known to us. But the present century has taught us many others, and some of these are able to detect waves to which the eye is blind, waves of either too great or too small rapidity of vibration. It is hardly necessary to mention the photographic plate on the one hand, and the thermopile on the other.

The eye detects the waves physiologically; its retinal membrane contains an ill-understood mechanism which enables an impinging ethereal tremor to stimulate the ends of certain sensitive nerves spread out in its substance.

The photographic plate detects the waves chemically; it is coated with unstable chemical compounds, which the ethereal tremor shakes into re-arrangement.

The thermopile detects the waves thermally; its exposed face is covered with black pigment, whose molecules are by the ethereal tremor thrown into a state of vibration—a molecular motion which we call heat—which is displayed by any of the means appropriate to detect a small rise of temperature.

All these methods of detection are for waves not very much lower nor excessively higher in vibration-rapidity than those which we call light. But there must be in the ether a series of possible vibrations far more extended than this: an immense range of pulses lower down in the scale, deep organ notes, to which the visible waves are as it were a shrill octave high up in the treble. For these waves there is a great range of possibility. Anything from ten billion vibrations per second to a few thousand vibrations per second may include them; but we will consider specially a range of vibrations from, say, one million to a thousand million per second, and the waves emitted by such vibrations.

These, too, are electrical; these, too, are ethereal; these travel at the same rate as those we call light: but they have no effect on the eye, no effect on the photographic plate, no effect on any of the ordinary methods of detecting ethereal radiation. Some other kind of detector is necessary for them. Moreover, these long waves do not seem to be emitted by any natural object. They are not known to emanate from the sun or any star, they have not been observed to be emitted by the earth or any living being upon it; nevertheless, they are easy to generate artificially, just as ripples on the surface of a pond are easy to generate.

Clerk Maxwell, in 1865, showed their possibility; Hertz, in 1888, produced them, or rather proved accurately and completely their production, for produced they had been constantly before, (Franklin could hardly have performed an electrical experiment without producing them); and observed, too, in a tame way, they had occasionally been; most notably in the forties, by that eminent man and excellent experimenter, Joseph Henry, Secretary of the

Smithsonian Institution at Washington, U.S.; by others also occasionally, both in America and England. Not, however, till the epoch of Hertz did they take their place as undoubted scientific realities.

Given a suitable medium, waves are always easy to produce. An insect, a dead leaf, a fish, cannot strike the surface of water without sending a shiver of ripples along it. We who live in the air can hardly move without sending a corresponding shiver of air waves in all directions, which, when they fall upon an ear, produce what we call a sound. A physicist in an electrical laboratory can hardly perform an experiment without sending through the ether a pulse or series of pulses again in all directions, constituting a solitary or a succession of ethereal waves. For let him give to a conductor an electrical spark, or discharge a conductor by means of a spark (one of the simplest and oldest experiments); what is a spark but a sudden rush of electricity? and wherever there is a sudden rush of electricity there will be oscillations, just as when water is poured suddenly from one vessel to another. Drop a single drop of water into a bath, and ripples are visible. Throw a bucketful of water into one end of a bath, and large oscillations are set up, so that it is quite likely for it to splash over at the other end. Every electrical experiment is a disturbance in the ether, and every disturbance in the ether, unless carefully adjusted otherwise, will set up ether oscillations and ether waves.

The ether is like a harp which every tap sets quivering, and the quiver once excited continues long after it was produced. Ripples travel away with diminishing intensity towards the furthest limits of space.

The production of the waves then by electrical means is easy. An electric splash is all that is wanted. If a vessel containing liquid is to be tilted or let down without exciting waves, the operation must be performed circumspectly and slowly. Similarly it is possible with care and slowness to avoid disturbing the ether. When strong waves are wanted, then slowness is to be avoided, a sudden splash is the way to get them; and a sudden splash, that is a sudden discharge of a charged body, is the best and most usual way of exciting waves in the ether.

It is possible, however, to excite either a single wave or a train of such waves. Sometimes one is wanted, sometimes the other. For simple signalling to a great distance, a single sharp impulse is often best. The shock is momentary, but sharp while it lasts. More noise can be got out of a piece of string by tying it to a stick and jerking it, than by stretching it on a sound-board and plucking it; more noise out of a piece of cat-gut made the terminal of a whip than if stretched on a violin. A whip-crack can be heard farther than a harpsichord; so also with the electric disturbance. If a succession of

waves with a definite rate of vibration is wanted, they can be had by properly adjusting the circumstances of the discharging body; but if a momentary crack or splash or pulse is required, that also can still more easily be had, and its influence felt at a surprising distance.

But now how felt. What are the means for detecting these ethereal impulses or waves when they are of far too gross and coarse a character for the eye or a photographic plate or even a thermopile to be thought of. No one could have proved the existence of the waves unless they had discovered means of detecting them. Hertz discovered a means of detecting them in 1888, and was thus enabled to perform his accurate and admirable work. He found that isolated conductors exposed to their influence were able to give off minute electric sparks, proving the remarkably energetic character of the ethereal disturbance that must exist in the neighbourhood of such a conductor; for no known intensity of visible *light* falling upon a conductor is able to make it emit the slightest sparks. The long-wave radiation experimented upon by Hertz, although of the same nature, was far more energetic than ordinary visible light, even the brightest sunlight.

The spark method of detecting waves, however, is by no means a sensitive one, and it involves much tedious and trying observation in the dark. Nevertheless for certain measuring purposes it is sometimes employed to this day.

After Hertz many other methods of detection were discovered, some of them more some less convenient. But of all the methods that were devised, or accidentally come across, not one exceeded in beauty and convenience that based upon a discovery of the first importance made in Paris by the Professor of Physics at the Catholic Institute there, Monsieur Edouard Branly, about 1890—namely, that certain metallic powders increase in conducting power while under the influence of an electric spark, and continue so to conduct until subjected to some slight mechanical violence. His method of experiment was extremely simple, so simple that it may be here described.

In the circuit of a battery and galvanometer let a piece of wood or ebonite be introduced, and let this be smeared with a coat of porphyrised copper, an exceedingly fine form of copper powder. If thickly smeared and properly coated, it does not wholly interrupt the continuity of the electric circuit, and the galvanometer is slightly deflected by the weak current which is able to pass through the layer of powder thus prepared. Now let an electric splash occur anywhere in the neighbourhood—that is, let there be an electric spark somewhere; it may be from an ordinary frictional machine, or from an induction coil, or from the sudden stoppage of an ordinary fairly strong current, or it may be the little sparks which occur inside the handle of a hand gas-lighter. The spark or electric jerk need have no tangible connection whatever with the circuit containing the

porphyrised copper just arranged. It need not even be very near, it may be at the distance of several yards, it may even be in the next room with the door shut. The electric tremor is not stopped by a shut door,—it is weakened but not stopped. It is not wholly stopped by a stone wall a foot thick. Obstacles weaken it, as distance weakens it; the only thing that stops it is a sheet of metal; when the ethereal waves reach metal they are reflected; they do not go through it unless it is extremely thin, thinner than paper. Avoid any such metallic screen, and this is what happens: Directly a spark occurs, an eye watching the galvanometer sees an instantaneous movement of the needle—it moves up to indicate a stronger current, and it stays there, proving that the coating of powdered copper has improved in conductivity, and now conveys more current than it did before the impact of the electric waves which were started by the sudden splash or spark. Thus a signal has been given, a movement has been produced in one room by waves or an ethereal impulse generated in another room. But if another spark succeeds the first, the copper powder will hardly be able to respond again; it may respond a little, and in that case the galvanometer will show a current still more increased; a third spark may send it up a trifle more, or, as often happens, may send it perhaps a little way down. But, after the first, the subsequent electrically caused movements of the galvanometer needle are comparatively capricious and insignificant; except perhaps for purposes of scientific investigation. A mechanical tap, however, on the piece of wood or ebonite on which the powder is spread, a tap given with a paper-knife or with the finger-nail or anything convenient, restores everything at once to its original condition, and destroys the extra conductivity of the powder until a fresh electric impulse arrives.

Monsieur Branly investigated other materials besides this fine powder, trying a number of different metals, and trying them also in the form of filings enclosed in a tube; the column of filings being put in circuit, as before, with a battery and galvanometer, or with a Wheatstone bridge arrangement, by which the resistance of the column of filings could be measured before and after the electric stimulus, and before and after the mechanical tap.

Monsieur Branly at that time does not seem to have been specially interested in the sending part of the apparatus, or in his fresh demonstration and detection of the waves discovered by Hertz; but he was interested in, and carefully investigated, the curious changes of resistance experienced by a number of different substances and arrangements of substances. He made and recorded many measurements in 1890 and 1891.

Meanwhile, and subsequently, other observers specially interested in Hertz waves very nearly but not quite hit upon Monsieur Branly's mode of detecting them.

Not till 1892 and 1893 was Monsieur Branly's discovery definitely introduced into this country, and through it apparently to the world, as the best and most sensitive detector for Hertz waves.

It would be tedious to enumerate the further stages of the development of this method of signalling by electric waves, emitted at one end by a modification of Hertz's apparatus, and detected at the other end by a modification of Branly's apparatus. Many have been the experimenters on it between 1890 and 1896, most of the more important experiments being conducted from a scientific point of view, as throwing light on recondite portions of optical theory with regard to polarised light, and as possibly helping towards some perception of the processes occurring in the retina of the eye.

To this scientific and optical work other countries have contributed. Prominent among the workers must be mentioned Professor Chunder Bose, of Calcutta, and especially Professor Righi, of Bologna.

All that the writer cares to say about the matter here is that in 1894, both at the Royal Institution of Great Britain and at the British Association in Oxford, he demonstrated, and, as he thought, made sufficiently well known, this method of signalling,—with an emitter adapted to give a single splash or whip-crack at one end, with a receiver, sometimes like Branly's, sometimes one with a single contact still more sensitive now known as a 'coherer,' with a copper box for protecting the coherer from undesired disturbances, with a collecting wire or other surface for conveying to it the effect of the desired impulses, and with an automatic tapper-back for restoring it to its pristine state of sensitiveness after it had received each impulse and given the desired signal.

Although an application to actual telegraphy occurred to the minds of several who witnessed the demonstration, not by any means the first but certainly the most complete demonstration of the kind, and though telegraphic experiments on a small scale were tried by more than one, no attempt at actual utilisation was made till Captain Jackson, at Devonport, conducted, on behalf of the Admiralty, a series of experiments, having for their object the communication between ship and ship of her Majesty's navy, or between ship and shore.

The writer understands that Captain Jackson made some progress in the details of this method of communication, but that owing to the rules of the Service they have not (so far as he knows) been made public, and he is, therefore, unable at present to report on them further.

It was not until 1896 that the British public became in any sense aware of the result of all the work which had for so many years been going on, for at that date Signor Marconi, having learnt about the subject from Professor Righi, conceived an idea of its extreme importance in actual telegraphy, and having made small

scale experiments in Italy which satisfied him of the feasibility of his project, he came over to England with the view of introducing it to influential men here, especially to the chief Engineer of the Government Telegraphs, who was well known to be interested in other and different methods of communicating electrically between stations unconnected by wire.

The importance of the telegraphic application was now fully recognised. It was enthusiastically introduced to the British public by Sir William Preece, and with the aid of the Post Office officials the matter was put on a sound and satisfactory basis for commencing practical experiments.

From 1896 to the present time, assisted at first by Government officials and afterwards by a private syndicate and by skilled workers employed by them, Signor Marconi perseveringly continued to improve the details of his apparatus and methods, so that what was at first only possible at intervals and for a moderate distance has become an almost dependable system, and one which is available for the surprising distance of twenty or thirty miles.

The method adopted by Signor Marconi for the purpose of telegraphy is in every respect, in principle, the old one already described. At the sending station (and, of course, either station can be employed as sending station alternately) an electric splash is made by the sudden discharge of a conductor. The disturbance set up by this splash is conveyed, partly, it may be, through the earth or conductors embedded in the earth, but also certainly partly through free space, to a distant station, or rather to all stations within a certain range. Here the receiving or collecting apparatus is set up, consisting, as usual, of a wire, sometimes terminated by a surface, to receive and convey the effect of those waves to an assemblage of metallic filings in light contact in a tube. This tube is in circuit with a battery and with any ordinary signalling apparatus, so that whenever the waves arrive and the tube improves in conductivity the signal is given ; an automatic tapper-back then restores the tube to sensitiveness, a fresh signal is given, and so on.

The signals are given just as in the case of the older experiments, not by a single spark, but by a rapid succession or torrent of sparks, which torrent may last a brief or a prolonged time at the option of the sender who works the key ; and thus the signals received are of brief or of prolonged duration, and can easily be arranged accordingly to give the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphic Morse alphabet.

The chief peculiarity of Signor Marconi's arrangement over that of the older experimenters is that he employs an elevated pole with a wire running down it to the coherer (as Professor Popoff in Russia now turns out to have done, in the experiments related in his memoir dated the previous year). At the sending station likewise

he employs a similar lofty pole with a wire leading from the spark-gap to a plate at the top. By this excellent arrangement he obtains signals over a very extended area of country, especially over a region free from obstacles and intercepting projections, such as the sea.

There is no succession of vibrations about such an arrangement. It is not the harpsichord method of signalling that Signor Marconi employs, but the whip-crack method. Each spark causes a powerful impulse, a faint residuum of which is sufficient to stimulate the distant coherer into activity.

It may even be surmised that the principle partially made use of in this plan of the two elevated plates or terminals is one much older than Hertz, having been specially observed and recorded by Lord Mahon in connection with lightning—namely, what he called the 'return-stroke.' Lord Mahon noticed that when a thunder-cloud discharged itself in a flash of lightning, all elevated conductors, even those at a considerable distance, were liable to spit off a spark to earth. This result is a straightforward effect of what is known as electrostatic induction, and it seems not improbable that Signor Marconi's elevated plates exhibit to some extent a trace of this phenomenon. The plate at the sending end represents the charged cloud, whose lines of force reach the earth in all directions—very feebly at a distance, but not theoretically limited so long as the space is open. Then comes the sudden discharge through a spark-gap (or lightning flash) into the earth. The lines of force all suddenly collapse, and the induced charges held at the distant ends likewise subside. The charge thus induced in a plate many miles distant must indeed be excessively minute, and perhaps it can hardly be supposed that this effect unaided achieves any practical result; but it is to be remembered how excessively delicate a coherer is, and how truly infinitesimal a discharge is sufficient to stimulate it.

There are three co-operating causes which may be appealed to to explain the action on the coherer at so great a distance as thirty miles. One is the rush through the earth, which must be insignificant unless there is a submarine cable in the vicinity of the two stations; another is the impact of an electric wave or pulse through the ether, which is possibly the main cause; and lastly, there is the effect of the release of electrostatic induction, or 'Lord Mahon's returning-stroke.'

Actual telegraphy at a considerable distance, by aid of precisely the same kind of apparatus as had been employed by other experimenters over small distances, is now a reality, and Signor Marconi is warmly to be congratulated on the result of his enterprise and perseverance.

It has been publicly suggested, but untruly, that the scientific men of this country were unduly critical and unreceptive towards Signor Marconi in his early stage; but in that stage, that somewhat

late stage, viz., in 1896, he had nothing new to show, nothing of the slightest interest or novelty to scientific men. Since then, however, by pertinacious practical work he has established his claim to recognition. He has repeated the experiments on a very large scale, and has demonstrated the commercial practicability of the new telegraphy. This practical success speaks for itself, and scientific men, though no doubt they are more fully aware of what had been done previously in establishing all the principles and devising all the essential apparatus which has now been applied (with the exception of the tall sending and receiving poles), are no more likely to forget than is the British public that the pioneer in the actual application to coast telegraphy of the ether-wave method of signalling is Guglielmo Marconi.

In other countries the method is now being pursued. In Italy, where Professor Righi was one of the earliest to advance and teach the subject, the matter is taken up under Government auspices. In France a large number of skilled experimenters are working at the subject. In Germany Professor Slaby was the first to attain excellent results across land and ordinary country, his results being probably the best of this kind yet attained. While in America Mr. Tesla promises many advances, and with his great experimental skill and opportunities is extremely likely to carry out his promise. In England the writer, among others, has made some progress in the difficult branch of what is called 'syntonic' telegraphy—that is, telegraphy which is able to excite and speak to any one selected station without exciting response in the receiving instruments of other stations, within range, to which it is not at that time desired to speak.

By methods other than that of Hertz waves he has been able to accomplish this very perfectly, though it is not yet time to say much about the practical usefulness of these other methods except to scientific societies; but by Hertz waves also something can be accomplished in the same direction.

Enough of this; to enter upon other methods of signalling or quite recent progress is foreign to the scope of this article; and only because it is a question universally asked is any reference made to the possible *future* of this method of signalling.

Taking all the possible methods of signalling without directly connecting wire into account, the author confesses to a considerable feeling of sanguineness as to the practical results that may be achieved, though he must guard himself by saying that it has never for a moment appeared to him in the least likely that any of these methods will displace a single existing permanent wire or cable. Wherever direct wire connection is possible, that is in every respect the best and the most satisfactory plan—whether for long distances or short; but, as is well known, there are places where wire connection is either impossible or very troublesome by reason of constant breakdowns.

The lighthouses and lightships round our coast have been connected as far as possible by the Post Office system of telegraphs; yet in many cases their occupants remain of necessity inhumanly isolated. The ambition to weld all these into permanent speaking connection with the coast is a worthy one. Again, the advantages of a speaking connection between ship and ship, and between ship and shore, even in fog, is obvious to every one, and, as we have already seen, has secured attention and some scientific practical action on the part of the Admiralty and their highly competent officers. In all these ways there appears to the writer to be manifest scope for the various methods of ethereal or space telegraphy, both in times of peace and in time of war; one method being best in some situations, another method being more suitable in others. But as regards any other and more enlarged future for wireless methods, such as some have dreamed of, he prefers to leave that to the future to develop, for to attempt the *rôle* of a prophet he has neither competence nor inclination.

ABOUT THE SUDAN
BY SLATIN PASHA

FROM the time of Mohamed Ali, that is to say for more than seventy years, the Sudan was under Egyptian rule and proved its capacity for civilisation. In the more important towns of the country, merchants, both Egyptian and European, were to be found ; in Khartum, the capital, different foreign powers had regularly established consulates, and travellers of all nationalities were not only allowed free access to the land, but were sure of protection and assistance. Telegraph wires and a systematic post connection made intercourse, even between the most remote territories, an easy matter. Mosques and Christian churches were built, and missionary schools busied themselves with the religious and moral training of the young. Then Mohamed Ahmed came on to the scene in the part of regenerator of the Mohamedan faith, which was sunk in lethargy.

As Mahdi (or 'Master') he soon incited the bulk of the people to rise against the existing *régime;* victory followed his flag, and with the fall of Khartum he found himself, early in the year 1885, master of the Sudan. From that date no European dared cross the frontier ; from Wadi Halfa, along the Nile to Redjaf, and from the shores of the Red Sea to the outskirts of Wadai, the bold pioneers who had penetrated into the country were cut off from all communication with the civilised world, and death or imprisonment for life was the penalty they had to pay for their presumption.

For years Europe, absorbed by widely different interests, regarded the anarchy in the Sudan with indifference. But at last the hour of atonement struck. The time came to make amends for an ancient wrong and to repair a discreditable blunder; and in the middle of March 1896, England and Egypt began that series of campaigns for the reconquest of the Sudan which came to a swift and victorious close with the capture of Omdurman on September 2, 1898.

Now that the justifiable enthusiasm over so great a military success has subsided, and the satisfaction of Europe at this new victory of civilisation over barbarism has found jubilant expression, it is well to pause and ask ourselves the question : 'What will be the future of the reconquered Sudan? What have we to expect from these new territories, and will these expectations be realised?'

The population of the Egyptian Sudan falls naturally under two great heads : the settlers who live in the towns and villages, and the nomad Arabs. The latter, again, may be subdivided into camel-breeders (*Siad il Bill*) and bullock-owners (*Baggara*).

The settler population occupy themselves in the main with

husbandry, and in a secondary degree with commerce; the nomad Arabs live almost entirely by cattle-breeding. Both groups were intelligent enough from the first to enter into communication with each other for the satisfaction of their mutual, homely needs. The Arabs brought cattle to the settlers' markets to barter for corn, the settlers went with corn and small articles of trade, such as Manchester cottons and imitation pearls, to the Nomads to exchange them for cattle. The foreign trade was in proportion to the extent of the country very insignificant. Transit was slow and cumbrous, and a great deal of time was wasted at the different export stations waiting for the necessary camels and boats for transport. It is clear that it must have been several months before the traders got back to their starting-point with the imported articles—Manchester cottons, glass, pearls, scent, sandalwood oil, copper cooking utensils, &c., for which they had exchanged their goods.

The inhabitants of the Sudan, dwelling partly in clay houses and straw huts, partly in tents constructed by themselves, have very simple needs and are not promising material for the trader. The women, especially in the southern districts, are attired in what may be called atmospheric clothing, and their husbands go naked to the neck. There is no pretension to comfort in their way of life. Consequently the imports have always lagged considerably behind the exports; and at the time of which I write the country would have been moderately prosperous but for the excessive taxes and duties. The hand which collected these taxes did not wear a silken glove, and much friction and dissension arose, which developed into serious discontent. Fresh fuel was continually added to the flame by the avarice of the collecting officers, especially the native Sudanese, whose violence and oppression knew no bounds. A further source of danger lay in the ignorance of the country displayed by the European administration, which often, with the best intentions in the world, issued orders and enforced measures directly opposed to the instincts and traditions of the Sudanese. This provoked profound indignation and increased the general ferment.

Mohamed Ahmed understood the spirit that was abroad in the country, and understood also how to make use of it. He knew the power of religion in uniting discordant elements, and he declared himself the 'Mahdi' sent from God. As such he was accepted, and he conquered. But six months after the capture of Khartum he died, and his power passed into the hands of his Vizir, the Khalifa Abdulla ebn Seid Mohamed, sprung from the race of Taasha (Baggara). The Khalifa, who from his youth had been engaged in cattle-breeding, had also dabbled in slave-hunting. He had proved his possession of the peculiar energy of his race, and he was absolutely incapable of compassion, and seldom had a generous impulse.

Although—or rather because—he was absolutely uneducated himself (he can neither read nor write) no one dared offer him advice; and his suspicions led him to see enemies everywhere. He ruled merely by brute force, and he cared little if the measures he adopted made him popular or the reverse with the people.

Having come from western Darfur, he was a stranger in the Nile Valley, and thus it was necessary, as he was wise enough so see, for him to increase the number of his immediate associates, in order to consolidate the power of his personal following. He therefore sent mandates to all the Arab tribes of the west, commanding them to journey to Omdurman. He promised them secretly through his agents rich territories—the property of the inhabitants near the river, which he designed to divide among these new settlers. As this policy did not succeed as quickly as he had expected, to accelerate it he ordered his creatures commanding the troops in Kordofan and Darfur to bring the tribes who would not come of their own accord by force to Omdurman.

A regular migration from west to east followed. At different intervals of time streams of these new-comers from the west flowed into the east, and fresh contingents continued to arrive until quite recent times. Many of these tribes did not come voluntarily, and had to be forcibly ejected from their ancient homes before they would make the pilgrimage to Omdurman. Thousands succumbed owing to the length and difficulty of the journey. Those who survived begged their landlord, the Khalifa, for an armed force sufficiently strong to keep in check the riverside inhabitants, who by this time had conceived a not unnatural mistrust of the Khalifa's impartiality and good intentions. These Western tribes had on their journey lost most of the herds which had formed their whole wealth, and arrived in the Nile Valley in a state of abject poverty, but inspired with the hope that the Khalifa would restore them to prosperity. It was obviously to his own interest to strengthen and provide for his partisans and tenants who had come into his country as strangers, and who, as they were absolutely dependent on him and the permanence of his power, might be counted upon to be faithful to him under all circumstances. For this reason he sent a large proportion of the people of Gezireh (that is, the country of the Blue Nile), as also the inhabitants of the Nile Valley, from Khartum to Dongola, to the frontiers of Egypt, Abyssinia, Regjaf, where they perished, either in the different engagements which took place, or of hunger and fatigue. Thus, for example, the army under Abdrahman wad e Negumi, which had been commanded to invade Egypt, but was defeated by General Grenfell at the beginning of August 1898 near Toski, was composed almost exclusively of members of the Nile tribes; so was the army which was defeated in February 1891 near Tokar. In both armies the Western tribes

were feebly represented. Those of the riverside inhabitants who had remained in their homes were disarmed in the course of the year, and weakened, morally, physically, and economically, by forced migrations and by the system of organised oppression which the Khalifa was so ingenious in devising. By these methods, and with disease and starvation as allies, it came about that a few years after the Khalifa had gained possession of the Sudan scarcely a third of the original population was in existence.

The eyes of the ill-treated subjects of the Mahdi were now perforce opened to the real character of this tyrannical system. The Dervishes, as they are erroneously called, who, at the beginning of the disturbances, had been animated by religious ardour, and had fought with fierce fanaticism, gradually became conscious that they had been deceived and maltreated. It was now clear to them that their religious ardour had been used merely as a means to an end, and that they had driven out the Egyptian officials, amongst whom there had at least been some who were upright and zealous, only to replace them by the Baggara tribesmen, who behaved, one and all, with oppressive brutality. Thus enlightened, they were anxious for the close of the drama which they themselves had been so eager to begin. So things stood at the opening of the campaign. But it was right not to reckon too confidently on the disaffection against the Khalifa. His family, his clan, and the greater part of the Baggara, were ready to fight to the death for their lord. The negro tribes, accustomed to regard him as their head, were now, as always, true to him ; the interests of the new inhabitants of the Nile Valley were closely bound up with his, and they were ready to take up arms for him. So it was with a disposition rather to exaggerate the strength of the enemy than to treat it with the contempt which has often brought disaster that the preparations for the reconquest of the Sudan were made. The incidents and result of the campaign, which lasted two years and a half, are so well known that it is unnecessary for me to describe them in detail.

The Dongola Province was wrested from the Dervishes in September 1896, and we entered into possession. Just a year later, when Berber was taken, Dongola, which under the Mahdi could scarcely produce enough corn for its own consumption, was in a position to export grain. The water-carriers' (*Sakieh's*) trade was trebled in a single year, and the date harvest was so plentiful that large consignments of this fruit, in which Dongola is so rich, were taken on the Kerma Railway to the market at Halfa.

In June 1897 the Galün, who live between Berber and Omdurman, and are the strongest and most numerous tribe in the Sudan, rashly and prematurely assured us of their sympathy by moving against the Khalifa, contrary to our intentions. The Khalifa sent

his cousin Mahmud with a considerable force (the whole of the Western army, which had been moved from Darfur to Omdurman) against the insurgents, and they were defeated at their capital of Metemmeh, and almost annihilated. Thousands of men perished, women and children were slaughtered, and those who escaped were brought to Omdurman and sold as slaves. Some of the fugitives from the southern villages were lucky enough to reach Dongola. We received them gladly, and, thanks to the increasing prosperity of the country, were able to maintain them there. The country from Dar al Gimeab to Atbara was devastated by Mahmud up to the very shores of the Nile, and where thousands of busy water-wheels had been at work a death-like silence now reigned; the districts where, in spite of the oppressions of the Baggara, there had been a considerable prosperity, were deserted, and one might go a hundred miles without meeting a human being. On our way to Omdurman we traversed this stretch of country, and only the ruins of burnt villages betrayed the fact that it had once been inhabited and had fallen a prey to a pitiless enemy.

On September 2, 1898, the Battle of Omdurman was fought and won; and on Sunday the 4th the English and Egyptian flags were hoisted, amid the thunder of artillery, on the ancient royal palace on the Blue Nile, now half destroyed by the Dervishes, but once tenanted by General Gordon. This was the outward and visible sign that it was these two Powers in conjunction who had defeated the enemy and taken possession of the country.

The trade and prosperity of a country depend chiefly on its geographical position; the nature of its soil; its facilities for communication with the interior, and with neighbouring states; and finally, on the density of its population, their characteristics as individuals, and various other economical factors. The position and character of the Sudan justify a sanguine view as to its future. A fruitful land, intersected by navigable rivers, a land apparently rich in valuable natural products and in precious minerals, must have good, even exhilarating, prospects. The improvements in communication are being carried out with diligence, skill, and rapidity. The pillars of the iron bridge over the Atbara are in position, the railway is completed nearly up to Shendy, and there seems every reason to hope that direct communication between Wadi Halfa and Khartum will be established before the end of the year. Soon a journey which took weeks, in addition to being fraught with every sort of inconvenience and danger—badly built boats if you went by river, sand-storms and water-famine in the desert—will be accomplished safely and comfortably in two or three days.

We shall then set to work to break through the 'Sudd,' that great vegetable barrier which at present stops all steamer traffic

between Fashoda and Regjaf, and so set up direct communication with the Upper Nile. Should Mr. Cecil Rhodes realise his project of carrying his railway through the continent, the North of Africa will be directly connected with the South—Alexandria with the Cape of Good Hope. Although the through route of transit is not likely to be much utilised for commerce, for the products of Egypt will scarcely be conveyed to the Cape, or *vice versâ*, still this line of communication would be of the greatest importance to the commercial development of Central Africa. The products from non-maritime centres could be stored along this line for transport north or south as required. I hardly think, however, that at present any one will want to carry the line south of Khartum. When once the 'Sudd' is penetrated, a steamboat service would not only prevent the river from getting permanently choked up again, but, as the White Nile is navigable for large boats throughout the year, it would do all that is required in the way of commercial intercourse.

The Sudan population has always been sparse in proportion to the extent of the country, and, thanks to the Mahdi's policy of extirpation, two-thirds of the original inhabitants have now disappeared. Districts which could formerly boast of at least a scanty population are now absolutely deserted. Large tracts of land, at one time cultivated and even built over in a modest way, present a picture of complete desolation. Everywhere human agency is lacking to turn to good account the material in which the soil is so rich. The Sudanese—whether they be free-born Arabs or the descendants of the negro aborigines—have no disposition to work for anything beyond the bare necessaries of existence. In the Nile Valley, as in Kordofan and Darfur, agriculture was carried on by slaves. Slave-dealing, which was practised secretly under the first Egyptian Government, was openly sanctioned under the Khalifa. Fearful crimes were perpetrated in connection with this slave traffic. Villages were burnt, whole districts laid waste, and countless lives sacrificed. The survivors, however, who were tough enough to come unscathed through this initial brutality, did not meet with such a hard fate as might have been expected. The slave in the Sudan stands in much the same relationship to his owner as a servant does to his master. Further, from the fact that he is a luxury, he enjoys a certain prestige, and is treated with consideration because he invests the house to which he belongs with dignity. The nomadic Arabs employed their slaves as shepherds; and if they showed pluck and fidelity, they were allowed to follow their masters on marauding expeditions, and received a share of the booty. Very often, if the slave had luck and energy, he could, in accordance with established custom, arrange for his emancipation. The settlers' slaves were chiefly employed in digging the fields and in domestic service. The

girls were made concubines, as was permitted by the Muhammedan religion, and the result has been that, through the consequent mingling of Arab and negro blood, the free tribes of Arab origin have for the most part the dark complexion of the negro, and can with difficulty be distinguished from the autochthonous African tribes. It was very seldom indeed that the owners behaved with cruelty towards their slaves, and the children of the latter were generally brought up with those of their masters. In well-to-do houses it was not uncommon to find an excessive number of slaves who spent their days in idleness, and fulfilled no other function than that of testifying to the wealth of their owners. In other cases, the slave was required to obtain his own livelihood, and as a tribute of dependence was called upon to give his master a proportion of his earnings—if he were a tiller of the ground in the form of corn ; if he were an artisan, a small part of his hire.

It is obvious that slavery must be suppressed by every possible means, and that the spirit of modern humanity cannot tolerate the continuance of the relationship between slave and owner, even though it be comparatively innocuous and nearly allied to that between master and servant. But as the emancipated slaves possess neither land nor stock, nor the most elementary equipment for following any trade, the Government will be at pains to find employment for them. And, owing to the easy-going disposition of the Sudanese, it will often require a stern incitement to make them unfold their hands, and turn the products of the earth to account. It is hardly possible to prophesy what industry the Sudan will develop. In former times pretty filigree work in gold and silver was done in the northern towns, and found a ready market in Egypt ; but owing to the scarcity of the precious metals this craft has fallen into desuetude, and the few skilled workmen who had inherited the traditions of its practice have died out. Of iron they make lances and spears, knives, bits for horses and donkeys, and agricultural implements. Wood is used for building boats, and in the manufacture of saddles for 'angarabs' (bedsteads) and various domestic articles. The leather industry is confined to the manufacture of sandals, shoes (which are, however, seldom worn), saddles, and harness. The sheaths of knives and swords, and the amulets, which are sold in great numbers, are also made of leather. The cotton industry is of rather more importance. Nearly all the women and girls spin, either for their own requirements or for the market ; and weavers, who are to be found in every village, convert the yarn into material, which is then made into clothes, turbans, sails, &c., according to its texture. The women also employ themselves in basket-work, and they plait mats and covers out of palm-leaves for household use. From this it will be seen that the manufactures are merely home industries, and can scarcely be reckoned with as a factor in the

economical development of the Sudan. The only profession to which every Sudanese is attached, and which he follows with zeal and real affection, is that of forcibly appropriating another's possessions. With the population in the Nile Valley, in consequence of their manner of life, which had modified their native roughness, and of the strict surveillance of the Egyptian Government, this characteristic gradually disappeared. But the Arab tribes and the other inhabitants of the Western provinces, on the contrary, actuated by an insatiable greed of booty, continued to indulge in every kind of brawl and quarrel. Bisharia fought against Hadendowa, Batakin against Shukerich, Kawahla against Gihena, Selem against Gimeh, Hauzmah against Hamr, Hamr against Zajadieh and Kababish, Rizegat against Messerieh, Hommr and Habbanich, Taasha against Benni-Nalba, Birket against Beger, and so on.

After the Mahdi's death, the Khalifa did not adopt the policy of appealing to the religious instinct of these tribes, which had at one time hushed their internecine strife, but deemed an exactly opposite course desirable. He thought that it was likely to tend to the duration of his power, to prevent any permanent alliance between them. He was aided in the execution of his policy by the Sudanese love of fighting and their greed, always easily roused at the promise of plunder. This explains why for several weeks after the capture of Omdurman, isolated bands of Dervish marauders plundered and ravaged Gezireh ; and even the natives, east of the Nile as far as Gedaref, and westward to the eastern frontier of Darfur, being well accustomed to acts of robbery and violence, used the interregnum merely as an excuse for getting fresh booty. The Khalifa was at that time in southern Kordofan, formerly the country of the Sheiks wad Awdun ; when he realised his defeat he escaped to the desert. His hasty flight—he had hitherto passed for a man of great personal courage—convinced many that, after all, he was nothing better than an enervated tyrant, that he had lost his energy, and sunk to the level of a mere coward. He who, to attain his objects and consolidate his power, had allowed his adherents almost to exterminate the tribes who refused him allegiance ; he who, for no reason but that of inspiring awe and terror, had in one day executed, with every kind of atrocity, sixty-seven men, and had ordered his own *Cadi* (chief magistrate) to be starved because he was jealous of his wealth and influence ; who, in a fit of suspicion, had imprisoned his principal general and allowed him to die of thirst—this man, after ruthlessly sacrificing thousands, now fled through the forests of his fallen kingdom like a scared wild beast.

Too faint-hearted to fight to the death for his honour's sake, too much of a craven even to give himself up to the enemy and thus ensure his family against destruction, intent only on the preservation

of his own life, he urged his wives (of whom he had hundreds) forward with him in his desperate flight; but when he discovered that we were already on his track, he left them to fall helpless and half-starved into our hands. He even abandoned Sarah, his cousin and principal wife, and the mother of his son Osman. She was found by us lying under a tree in a terrible state of hunger and fatigue. Osman, whom he forced to come with him, reproached him for leaving his mother to her fate.

'She is only a woman,' answered the Khalifa. 'Yes,' said Osman bitterly. 'I know that if your life is saved, you can easily find more women, but I cannot find a second mother.' All the same the son hurried on with his father, leaving the unfortunate woman to her pursuers. The other women, who had for the most part been forced into the Khalifa's harem, were taken back to Omdurman and there clothed and fed, and then sent back to their homes. Many of them married our Sudanese soldiers and bore their separation from their former lord with equanimity. Meantime the Khalifa, convinced that he stood in no immediate danger of further pursuit, established himself strongly in Kordofan, to await coming events. He would most likely have taken the direct route to Darfur, and would have tried to reach his native land, Dar el Taasha, but that he had with him the Khalifa, Ali Wad Helu, who had been dangerously wounded. Now Ali's tribes, the Deghem Arabs, came from the right bank of the White Nile in Gezireh, and they therefore refused to accompany the Khalifa and his followers further westward.

The forces of the Khalifa are but small in comparison with what they were in former times—at any rate, too small to mean serious danger, but large enough to stir up disaffection in the hardly subdued provinces. Through the tribe of Ali Wad Helu and his supporters, he still maintains relations with that part of the country from which we expelled him. His army consists of Baggara and Jehadia negroes, who fled with him, and Osman Digna with some few of his people. It is now his object to make war upon those tribes of northern Kordofan up to the White Nile, who have either submitted to us, or are amicably disposed towards us, in order to secure a means of subsistence for himself and his followers, as famine reigns in the district where he has halted. It is possible that in the conquered provinces there are some, though not many, who, out of a certain feeling of feudal obligation to the Khalifa, or else from discontent with the measures of the new Government, are anxious to change their habitat and begin a new life in the far West. If he could be isolated, the remnant of his former forces would soon find themselves compelled, through their miserable plight, to disperse, and then it would be an easy matter to capture him. For the present, however, it is only possible to keep a sharp look-out and limit operations

to the defensive, for in the province between the White Nile and Shakela, water-famine lasts all through the summer, and to traverse this territory at this time of year would involve great danger to the troops.

If the Khalifa succeeds in maintaining his position till the beginning of the rainy season, an expedition for his suppression will be inevitable, although his movements have now assumed more of the character of a nuisance than of a danger to the Sudan. Should he, however, succeed in forcing his way into the mountains of Southern Kordofan, as, for instance, into Gebel Nubar or Tekeli, the difficulties of an expedition would be enormously increased. Not only would the great distance make transport a difficult matter, but the work of surmounting the various obstacles presented by the ground throughout the march, and of attacking positions the natural features of which are all in favour of the defenders, would involve great exertions and privation on the part of the troops. Lord Kitchener, a man quick to discern the nature of a country, has shown us what he can do, and knows what he has still to accomplish, and he will carry it through with as much caution as energy, aided by such excellent officers as Wingate, Macdonald, Maxwell, Lewis, Collinson, Long, Broadwood, Talbot, and many others, who will now be able to turn to account the experience of the country and knowledge of dialects gained on the Egyptian frontier during the Sudan campaign. When a general has such subordinates and such troops, brave, dependable, and enduring, like the Sudanese, he and the whole civilised world may well count on a successful issue to whatever they undertake. No longer need the Government fear the disquieting influence of the Khalifa in the Valley of the Upper Nile. Even though many of the new ordinances and regulations, such as enfranchisement of slaves, reorganisation of taxation, and stronger police control, have naturally not met with universal approval, but, on the contrary, with a good deal of discontent and opposition, still the present *régime*, undertaking as it does the protection of the life and property of the individual, is essentially a benevolent and just one, and this will soon be gratefully recognised.

The inhabitants of Gezireh—the veritable granary of the Sudan—have been unable to cultivate the land of late years, hindered by the Khalifa's policy and the duration of the different campaigns; and owing to the uncertainty which prevailed until last October they could not even gather in such crops as they had. Famine has consequently ensued, and the inhabitants of the White Nile districts are the chief sufferers. It is to be hoped that, under the new Government, the Sudan will come triumphantly through these evil times, and will then be able to look forward to a bright and prosperous future.

Already there have been many projects for the formation of companies to exploit the Sudan and many a visionary has seen in it the source of fabulous wealth. There is some justification for these golden fancies, for there is no doubt that the Sudan combines all the elements which promise a great future.

And thus I conclude by expressing the hope that among the many who have undertaken this task of civilisation there will be one who will be inspired, at no distant time, to write a pendant to my book, ' Fire and Sword in the Sudan,' and that this book will bear the title, ' Peace and Prosperity in the Sudan.'

A MEZZOTINT
BY SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM

AFTER many years' intimate acquaintance with Malays of all classes, I have come to the conclusion that the scheme of a Malay woman's existence is so ordered that, while the sordid element is usually there, the romantic not seldom, and the tragic, perhaps, oftener than among Western people, it would still be difficult to set down, in black and white, the life-story of any typical Malay woman and invest the telling with interest to a Western reader. The reason is that the Malay, like all Eastern women, lives a life apart. As a girl she mixes only with those of her own family, and, if she ever sees men, it is practically never to speak to them. Her intercourse with other girls is very limited, and older women treat her as a child until she marries. Her intellectual education is so slight that one can only be surprised at the quite uncommon intelligence shown by many of the better class, when once they have attained the position which allows them to be seen and heard. The Malay passes straight from childhood to womanhood; for her there is practically no girlhood. In the choice of a husband she has no part, and may never have seen her suitor till he comes in the character of a bridegroom, to claim his affianced bride.

From our point of view the traditions of her country, the prejudices of her society, are very much against her; but the Malay woman has feminine instincts, qualities, and characteristics which do not greatly differ from those common to others of her sex more happily circumstanced. Only she has very few opportunities of indulging in aspirations, and she knows practically nothing of the 'Rights of Woman.' To her, those Rights are precisely limited by the power and influence which she can exercise over men, by reason of her personal attractions, her superior intelligence, or the possession of wealth.

Ages of custom, and generations of law-giving, cannot stifle natural impulses, though they may control or punish their indulgence. It follows, therefore, that, if the romance of girlhood is denied to the Malay woman, the craving for adoration, for the exercise of some freedom of choice, even the desire to awaken affection in others, to gratify curiosity, or measure the power of physical attractions, will find opportunities for indulgence at a later period of life. Here again the field of adventure is narrowed, by the ease with which divorce is secured and re-marriage contracted. Still, passions run high among a people living within shout of the equator, and Malays are so constituted that neither custom, nor law, nor the power of easy arrangement suffice to prevent them giving way to some measure of passionate madness, of blind stupidity, or of

criminal wickedness, in their social relations. That is perhaps the more strange as there is no Malayan Grundy, and society never turns its back on any man, or any woman, no matter how heinous their offences in this regard. If morality is a question of latitude, one form of it is, by Western standards, decidedly lax throughout a good many degrees north and south of the equator.

So far I have referred only to the women—gentle and simple—of Malay society; where there is no admixture, or any but the most ceremonial intercourse with Europeans, or the people of any other nationality. The stories of such lives would, I repeat, make but dull reading for foreigners. There will be occasional exceptions, tragic or pathetic tales, which only reach the ears of Malays, or of those few sympathetic and trusted Europeans from whom nothing is hidden. Even in these cases, the bare facts would supply a foundation so slender that, to make it support a respectable edifice, the builder would have to add materials which would destroy the character of the structure. Malays build with bamboo and palm-leaves, at best with wood and thatch, and, in a way, the dwellings formed of these flimsy materials are typical of the inconsequent lives of those who inhabit them.

From what I have said, it might be thought that a little education, a little emancipation, is what the Malay woman chiefly needs. I doubt it. That form of experiment, though full of interest to the operator, is sometimes fatal to the patient. A little learning is not so dangerous as to plant the seeds of aspirations which can never grow to maturity. It is easy for the teacher to make a child entirely dissatisfied with all its old surroundings, to fill it with a determination to have something better than the old life, or to have nothing at all. But, when the time comes to satisfy the cultivated taste of the educated mind, the teacher is powerless to help, is probably far out of reach, and the lonely soul of the misdirected girl will find little comfort in her old home and the society of her own unregenerate people.

I have been drawn into these serious considerations by the recollection of certain disjointed confidences made to me by one, Edward Cathcart, of whom I have something to say before I repeat his story.

When I first met Cathcart he was about one and twenty; tall, dark, well made, lithe, and strong. He was the son of a noted Indian civilian, but both his parents were dead, and he had been brought up by an indulgent aunt. The boy had been educated at a great public school, where he had distinguished himself as much by his intellectual gifts as by his pre-eminence in all athletic sports. Unlike most English boys, he was extremely musical, knew by heart the works of many of the great composers, most of the popular music of the day, and could play by ear almost anything

he heard. Besides this, he had a manner of such charm that his popularity, especially with men, was quite extraordinary, and more than once I have known men quarrel because they thought he showed a preference for one or other in the circle of his nearest friends.

On the other hand, partly by character, and partly, I think, by reason of the fact that he hardly remembered either father or mother, he was self-willed and self-indulgent, careless of his own interests and thoughtless of those of others. The charm of his manner and the fascination of his many gifts had doubtless made those who surrounded him indulge him as a boy and try to spoil him as a man. For all that, there was nothing to show that he had been affected by a worship that might easily have turned a weaker head.

Cathcart left England, went eastward, and sought a career in Malaya. There his ability at once attracted attention, and his manner, his address (for he was even then a man of the world), made him a host of friends. A born linguist, he had no difficulty in learning the language of the country, and everything seemed to promise him a brilliant future.

For the rest, I can only try to repeat what he told me. The story is vague and fragmentary, the incidents few and of doubtful interest; but I must leave them to speak for themselves. If I tried to make a finished picture of what he left with me, I should only mar the outlines. The paper is too old, the colours too faded, to permit of any successful re-daubing now.

When Cathcart made his first acquaintance with the East, there dwelt in one of the Malay States a chief of Arab blood, not, perhaps, wholly unmixed with Malay, but still pure enough to distinguish him from the people of the land. He had married a woman of his own class, but in her case the Malay character and features were predominant. In all the Malay States these so-called Arab families are to be found, sprung originally from some wandering Seyyid, who, recently or remotely, had visited Malaya and taken a wife from the best of the people. The descendants are regarded with the same respect and addressed by the same titles as the children of a Raja. The chief in question, a mild, intelligent, but rather colourless man, had a large family of sons and one daughter—the Unku Sherifa when formally addressed, but 'Long' to her relatives and intimates.

Unfortunately for her, this girl had nothing in common with either her parents or her brothers. Her mother, a sweet, gentle lady of middle age and charming manners, might probably have been well favoured once, but there were only faint traces left to give grounds for the assumption. The brothers, with one exception, were decidedly plain, and none of them was gifted with more than

moderate intelligence. The girl, on the contrary, was quite unusually attractive. Tall, slight, and graceful, very fair in complexion, with the Arab cast of feature—the high forehead, straight nose, marvellous eyes, eyebrows, and eyelashes. A mouth like Cupid's bow and perfect teeth of dazzling whiteness, an oval face and dimpled chin; the head, with its wealth of jet-black hair, firm-set on a slender neck; small delicate hands and feet, an unformed figure, and a carriage which suggested pride of station, completed my friend's description of Unku Sherifa when first he met her.

Wide as was the difference in appearance between the girl and her family, far greater was the intellectual gulf which divided them. I seem to have read somewhere: 'It is a serious misfortune when the solitary girl of a family has more intelligence than parents or brothers.' Whether or not my memory betrays me—for I cannot place the words—the dictum applied in this case; for it no doubt bred in the girl a certain contempt for her own people, and for the Malay neighbours who were even less intelligent, while it drew her towards those of another race and a higher education, with whom Fate chose to throw her.

Whilst quite a child—from the age of ten years or so—Unku Sherifa had paid long visits to a British possession, where she had been taken up by the wife of a high official, who had two girls of her own of much the same age as this Arab-Malay. No doubt the child's good looks and unusual intelligence first led to this intimacy; and her winning manner soon made her the friend and constant companion of the two bright English girls. Unku Sherifa's father, an easy-going man, was probably flattered by the attention paid to his daughter, and, feeling that she was of finer clay than himself and his other children, he was willing enough to see her in such good hands.

In the house of the English official, and in constant companionship with his wife and daughters, Unku Sherifa soon grew accustomed to meeting and speaking with Europeans, and the shyness common to native girls rapidly wore off. This life, this imperceptible education, where the half-Arab girl found herself an ever-welcome guest in the English house, continued for some years, during which Unku Sherifa acquired a taste, not only for the refined surroundings, but also for the companionship of those whose ways and appearance were, to her quick eyes, so different to those of her own home and her own people.

Then her friends left the East for ever; and she returned to her own country and her father's house, with all her time leisure in which to draw comparisons between the past and the present, and to speculate on the uninviting prospects of the future.

Unku Sherifa found, on her return home, that an English officer was stationed within a few miles of her father's house, and, as this

From Electro Engraving

Georgiana Spencer. Duchess of Devonshire

From the unfinished painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire K G

officer had frequent interviews with the chief, and the latter had, at once and with some pride, introduced his daughter to the white man, the girl soon struck up a friendship with this stranger. She was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to find, in this new friend, a chivalrous, simple-minded gentleman, whose sympathies were entirely with the people of the country, and whose heart went out to this girl, who brightened the loneliness of his solitude.

Unku Sherifa, or Long, as her new friend soon learned to call her, had a girl companion of her own rank and about her own age, and these two used to visit the Englishman almost daily, and spend the most of their time in his house; driving down in the morning and home in the evening. The chief and his wife, very easy-going people, as I have said, were entirely satisfied with an arrangement which they realised gave pleasure to a daughter whose natural intelligence and special opportunities had carried her into a realm of knowledge beyond their old-fashioned ideas and more limited capacity. Matters continued on this footing till destiny sent Cathcart to this remote country. With his coming the girls found an occasional companion more nearly of their own age and possessing greater attractions than the friend, who was old enough to be the father of either of them, and who had always treated them like children.

The elder girl, when Cathcart first met her, was sixteen or seventeen, and owing to the special circumstances of her social education she possessed the manners of a woman of her class and nationality rather than a girl. By a very malignant trick of fate it happened that the chief and his family were so immeasurably superior in intelligence, in birth, and in what may be called education to the other Malays of the place, that the only two white men in the country were drawn to their society, not only by official relations, but by inclination, by their own isolation, and by what seemed to them in those early days the uninteresting character of their other neighbours. The attraction, therefore, was mutual, and the chief himself helped to cement the bonds of friendship by constantly consulting his daughter on the affairs of his country and by entrusting her with messages to the Englishmen when he could not himself find time to visit them.

A year or two passed, and the girls, who were cousins, had often found their way to Cathcart's quarters either accompanied by their white friend, by Unku Long's mother, or simply without chaperon. They would arrive in the afternoon and laugh over their unskilful attempts to play lawn-tennis, or they would drive together to some place of interest, or simply stroll about the house and garden till night drove them home. The country-people, seeing these girls so constantly about with the white strangers, were astonished, and hardly knew what to make of it. At first they were inclined to

gossip, but as there were no developments, and their chief seemed entirely satisfied, they accepted the situation as something beyond the comprehension of ignorant villagers.

With two people like Cathcart and Unku Long, constantly thrown into each others' society, and that under such circumstances, it was perhaps not very surprising that the man became greatly attracted by the girl's beauty and intelligence, or that she realised his admiration not less than his own personal charm. In telling me this part of the story, he was neither very explicit, nor did his manner invite me to ask more than he chose to divulge. I gathered, however, that one evening, when the rest of the party were amusing themselves indoors, and he found himself alone with Long in the garden, he had been led by the disturbing beauty of the Eastern night to declare an insane love for the girl, and to ask her if she would trust herself to him.

It did not seem to occur to her to show any maidenly resentment against that proposal. She only said : 'I will not do what you ask; because if I did, I should stay here always. How would you like that?'

That simple question robbed the night of all its glamour, and, while it left Cathcart speechless, it conjured up a vista of trouble that showed him he had neither counted the cost nor was he prepared to face it. Not only that, but he was suddenly and bitterly conscious of the very unpleasant light in which he now stood revealed to his companion and his better self.

Then she said, very quietly : 'When two people love each other, one always loves best, and you are not that one.'

Cathcart's fury with himself was, for the instant, forgotten in his astonishment at hearing these words from a Malay girl's lips ; but he concluded that the hearts of men and women speak but one language all the world over, and he sought the first excuse he could find to relieve the embarrassment of a situation for which he could not sufficiently blame himself.

In the weeks and months which followed Long's manner towards Cathcart never changed ; she was always the same beautiful, self-possessed, perfectly natural girl, the same bright, intelligent companion. But Cathcart, very conscious of his own ill-doing, rather avoided his former friends, and spent any leisure he had in the, usually fruitless, pursuit of the tiger, the bison, and other denizens of Malay jungles. He was not even very grieved when circumstances took him from a society he did not rightly understand, and sent him to reside in a British Settlement. A man does not easily forgive himself for making a false step, especially when it leaves him with a sense of his own unworthiness. He is, not uncommonly, apt to visit some of his anger on those against whom he has sinned, more especially if he is indebted to them for past favours.

Time passed, and with it Unku Long's father and earlier English friend. The Malay soil claimed their bodies, but the spirits of both are still alive in the land, which to one was an inheritance, and to the other an adopted home. With the death of the chief Unku Long's family fell on evil days. Their means were greatly restricted, and they were no longer the greatest people in the place; for another king reigned, who had no special sympathy for their troubles. Worst of all, perhaps, their tried friend was 'lost,' as the Malays say; and his successor was more interested in the reigning chief than concerned with the fallen fortunes of a family that would grow strong in importunity as it grew weak in power. The widow, Unku Long's mother, a tender-hearted lady of weak character, was not constituted to fight against unkind circumstance, and, amongst her numerous sons, not one of whom had fairly reached manhood, there was none fit to take his place as head of the family. In this stress, the old lady, urged by tradition, by her relatives, and to some extent by her sons, made up her wavering mind that her daughter ought to be married. Acting on this reluctantly accepted advice, the widow consented to betroth Unku Long to the son of a neighbouring potentate, who rejoiced in a great title and very slender means. The youth in question was the merest boy, younger, if anything, than his *fiancée*. In appearance, he was insignificant, in intelligence, rather below the common standard of youths of his class, and having lived almost entirely in the interior, he was *gauche* and mannerless, what Malays slightingly term 'a jungle-wallah.'

Just at this juncture Cathcart, who had not been in the State for at least two years, who knew nothing of what was going on, and who had married and was settled in Singapore, was compelled to pay a flying visit to the scene of his former sojourn. To emphasise the strange perversity of fate, Cathcart found himself—a soldier-friend his only companion—the tenant for three days of an isolated house, within stone's-throw of the old chief's dwelling.

On the afternoon of his arrival Unku Long and her mother drove over to this house, and, while the girl said little, the old lady made no concealment of her unfeigned pleasure at seeing Cathcart again. There was much to say, and she spent an hour talking of the old days, of her husband, and their lost friend the white man, and in recalling his many virtues and kindnesses she could not restrain her tears. By-and-by the soldier appeared and was duly presented. Almost as it seemed without intention, Cathcart found himself walking through the garden with Long, having left the mother trying to make herself understood by the very much bored officer, who did not in the least appreciate the situation, or his own share in it.

There was not much time in which to waste words, and the girl made no attempt either to recall the past or dally with the present.

Without preliminary or hesitation, but looking Cathcart straight in the eyes, she said : 'I am to be married in two days.'

Then passionately : 'I loathe it ; I will not consent to it, I cannot marry the man. I hate him. It is impossible. I don't want to marry any Malay. Oh ! take me away, take me away with you back to Singapore.'

'I am very sorry,' said Cathcart ; 'I had no idea of anything of the kind, but I can't take you to Singapore. What should I do with you ?'

'Whatever you like,' she replied. 'Oh ! have pity on me and take me away with you ; I cannot stay here to be made to marry this man.'

'I cannot,' he said ; 'indeed, it is imposible—I am married.'

'I don't care,' said Long, 'I don't care ; take me with you, and find me a house in Singapore, and I will do anything you please. You know you can if you wish. Ah ! for pity's sake take me ; you must not leave me here. I shall kill myself or kill him, or do something dreadful.'

'I cannot,' he said ; 'you do not understand. What you ask is impossible. But I will speak to your mother, and see if something cannot be done to prevent the marriage.'

'Ah ! that is useless,' she replied, in a hopeless way ; 'if I stay here nothing can prevent it, for it is to be the night after to-morrow. Let us go back to my mother.'

Cathcart, deeply moved by the girl's distress, and rebelling almost as much as she did against this marriage which was being forced upon her, sought the mother, and used all the arguments and persuasions he could think of, to plead the daughter's cause. He felt all the time that he had no right to interfere, and that he would do no good, but for all that he appealed to the old lady, and, when he had exhausted all other means, asked her what their dead friend, the Englishman, would have thought of forcing Long into this distasteful alliance. It hardly wanted that to touch the widow, who was accustomed rather to be led by her daughter than to dictate to her. When she parted with Cathcart she was tearful, distracted, and full of regrets for her own forlorn position, without husband to relieve her of responsibility, or adviser whom she could trust and whose word would carry weight with her relatives. She promised to see what could be done, but said that as all the preparations for the ceremony had been made, she feared it was too late to make any change in the arrangements, or find excuses to satisfy the bridegroom and his friends.

The girl said nothing. She had made a desperate appeal to Cathcart, and it had failed. She knew that nothing but death could save her. It was Fate, she said, falling back on the Malay's last word.

Under somewhat similar circumstances, Malay girls occasionally say they will destroy themselves, but they very, very rarely carry out the threat. It is not because they fear death, I am rather inclined to believe that it is because suicide is not the custom. Men, over-wrought and over-tried, seek and obtain death by the blind onslaught on friends and foes which has gained for them an unenviable reputation. Women do not *měng âmok*, they submit, outwardly, while in their hearts they rebel passionately against the cruelties of life, the necessities imposed by custom and the rules of Muhammedan society. Therefore, nothing further happened to interfere with Unku Long's marriage, and the ceremony was duly performed in a quiet way befitting people in straitened circumstances. Two nights later Cathcart and his friend, the former much against the grain, attended the final stage of the proceedings. The girl's face of stony misery, misery so hopeless that she seemed to be unaware of what was going on, and never by the slightest glance showed that she recognised him or any of those about her, drove Cathcart from the house, with some lame excuse for his apparent rudeness. He left the State the next morning, and never saw Unku Long again.

That is all of her ; at most all that I am prepared to tell, beyond this brief statement. The marriage was a failure—a failure of the worst—and in a few weeks, or at least months, the girl was divorced from her husband. The rest does not concern this tale, and I did not hear it from Cathcart. Unku Sherifa, the chief's daughter, fell on evil days, drank of the dregs from the Cup of Life, and, after two or three years' wandering with her poor old mother, the girl died, and was buried in a foreign land, far from her own people.

Ages afterwards the girl-friend of her childhood told me, with tears in her eyes, the pitiful story of Unku Long's death. As I looked at that plain woman, with her courtly manners and all the evidences of worldly contentment, I could not help contrasting her lot with that of her long-dead cousin. Yet it was the other who seemed to begin life with all the advantages. Truly it is a dangerous thing for white people to take up attractive native children, and, while spoiling them for the life of their race and inheritance, set their faces towards a road which their unaccustomed feet can only tread with pain and misery, while the bourne, more likely than not, will be disaster.

As for Cathcart, it is curious that much the same fate overtook him. He became reckless, almost to the point of loss of principle, alienated his friends, fell into difficulties, and incurred some measure of disgrace. He left this country and died, thousands of miles away, on the borders of yet another of the many outposts of the world-embracing British Empire.

* * * * *

A MEZZOTINT

As I was writing these last words a beautiful green cicada, with great eyes and long transparent wings, flew into the room and dashed straight at a lamp. In spite of several severe burns, and all my efforts to save her, she has accomplished her own destruction, and now lies dead and stark ; the victim of a New Light which excited her curiosity and admiration, but the consuming power of which she did not understand.

She would have been wiser to remain in the cool, moonlit jungle, where, at least, she was at home with those of her own kind ; but the creatures of the forest have not yet learned the danger of giving way to natural instincts.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE BY THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

WHEN I was asked by Lady Randolph Churchill to contribute an article to the opening number of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW, it occurred to me that a selection of the early letters of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, would meet the requirements of a by no means easy task. For I was expected to bring something that was new, and that, without being dull, should possess historical interest.

Though the memory of 'Fox's Duchess' is likely to last perhaps as long as that of Fox himself, little is in reality known of her outside the circle of her descendants, except what survives in anecdotes and references, of which by this time the heavy hand of the historian has rather worn away the point. And in these there is hardly enough to account for the extent and depth of her influence at a time when there was perhaps more genius in public life than could be safely employed or controlled, and when, in social life, a pretender to wit would have had no chance in the face of its many eminent possessors. The following extracts will, it is hoped, throw a new light upon this 'phenomenon,' as Walpole called her.

It was the habit of the Duchess from the first year of her married life to write almost daily to her mother, the Countess Spencer. In these letters she recorded not only her everyday doings and employments, but her inmost thoughts. Much, therefore, of what she wrote remains too trivial, and not a little too intimate, for publication, and my choice has been limited to passages illustrating the events or the manners of the period, or that introduce names elsewhere celebrated which the student will be glad to meet again in other company.

The Duchess, like most of her contemporaries of wit and fashion, was addicted to the elegant habit of composing verses in French as well as in English. In fact, she rarely got through a long letter to her mother without dropping into poetry. Her talents in this respect were praised by Walpole with, to all appearance, at least as much sincerity as usual; while, if Coleridge did not mean all that his eulogium conveys, it was his own fault, for at that time the Duchess had passed beyond the reach of flattery. Anyhow, I have decided to offer one or two of her little compositions to the indulgence of the reader, who will remember that at this remote epoch the star of Byron had not yet risen, and that Dr. Johnson—whom both the Duchess and her mother held in due respect—'did not think much of Gray.'

The letters have been printed as they stand, with all their old-

fashioned quaintness of spelling ; for if it is true that *il n'y a pas de mauvais documents*, it is also true that the less documents are tortured, the more they disclose. My thanks are due to Mr. S. Arthur Strong, who has supplied me with notes upon some of the historical allusions.

The first few months after her marriage the Duchess spent quietly at Chatsworth and Hardwick, occupied chiefly with reading and with music, at which she seems to have worked hard under the direction of Giardini the great violinist. For instance, she writes :

'Giardini has composed a new trio for me, extremely pretty, but requires practising.' And again, later :

'We had some very good music, and some new minuets of Giardini that are vastly pretty ; he played on the harpsichord the lesson made on *toute fille en province* amazingly well.'

Here is an account of her first ball :

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Oct. 9, 1774)

HARDWICK, *Sunday the 9th of October.*

Here we are my Dearest Mama & I take the first opportunity of writing you an account of my yesterday's ball—Just after I despatched my paquet to you I din'd & set out for Derby—I went to Mrs Gisburn's & as soon as I was drest to the ball—(I was Drest in a demi saison silk, very like one I brought from abroad & wore at Bath, Pink trim'd with Gauze & Green Ribbon)—We met *F.* on the stairs extremely Drunk & I stood up with young Mr Coke[1] for almost ten Minutes in the middle of the Room before they could wake the Musick to play a minuet & when they did they all of them play'd different parts—I dance'd Country Dances With Mr Coke but as nobody was refus'd at the Door the Ball Room was quite full of the Daughters and Wives of all the Voters, in check'd aprons &c. Mr Coke the Father[2] is gone to be chose for Norfolk . . .

[1] Thomas William Coke, afterwards (1837) Earl of Leicester, of Holkham (1752–1842). At this time he had just returned from the grand tour, in the course of which he acquired the name of 'the handsome Englishman.' On August 18, 1774, Mr. Walpole writes to Conway: 'The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels, in love with the Pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture.' He—at least for some time—'gloried in the reputation of being the first commoner of England.'

[2] Wenman Roberts, son and heir of Philip Roberts, Major in the 2nd Horse Guards, by Anne, sister of Thomas (Coke) Earl of Leicester (1744). On succeeding (1759) to the estate of the latter, he assumed the surname and arms of Coke. He died in 1776.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

(Oct. 31–Nov. 5, 1774)

Thursday the 3rd.

I went out this Morning with Lord Rockingham[1] to see some new stables that he is making as his Old ones are extremely bad and intercept the view before the House They are vastly well design'd for shew and convenience are built of white stone and have blacksmiths shops behind them—I shot off two or three Guns at a mark (for the first time in my life) with Lord R. and the Duke for as they were Wind Guns there was no fear of their recoiling—Lord R. took me all round the Park which seems to be extremely fine and it is amasing what improvements he is making—He shew'd me too his new Apartment which is not quite finish'd but will be a Glorious one—It was with great difficulty I got dressed for Dinner and I found all the company (with the addition of Sir George and Lady Armitage and a Mr and Mrs Hall) assembled—We play'd again at Whist and after supper Sir George Armitage who has a very fine voice sang to us—Adieu mon adorable Maman croyez que je vous aime de tout mon coeur. . . .

WENTWORTH CASTLE.

LADY M. SOMERSET[2] *to the* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ST. JAMES'S STREET, *Nov.* 22, 1774.

It is impossible my Dearest Duchess to have received the agreeable permission you gave me of writing to you sometimes and not to make use of it, which is the reason of my now troubling you with this and likewise to thank you for your very kind letter which gave me more pleasure than I can express.

Lord and Lady Spencer were in Town for a week during which Lord Spencer and Lady Harriot were so good to let us see as much of them as the shortness of their stay and their engagements would allow of, but not so much as we could have wished, we were quite happy to see Lady Spencer look so well for we had heard she had not been so at Chatsworth which must have been very distressing to you my Dear Duchess; Lady Harriot is vastly grown and I think and am pleased to see looks much more healthy than she used to do she was in delightful spirits and was so good to say she was very happy to see us and I am sure we were not less so to see her.

Through Lord Rich[d] Cavendish's goodness we have had a sight of your charming House and Pictures in Piccadilly with which we

[1] Charles (Watson-Wentworth), second Marquess of Rockingham (1730–1782), First Lord of the Treasury, 1765–66, and again from March to (his death in) July 1782.

[2] Mary Isabella, youngest daughter of Charles Noel (Somerset), fourth Duke of Beaufort (1756–1831). She married (in 1776) Charles (Manners), fourth Duke of Rutland, and became well known as 'the beautiful Duchess of Rutland."

were much delighted but long to see it graced with its Dear and lovely Mistress which will add a very great Beauty to those of which it has already so many.

We have at length got a House in Berkeley Square which I am very glad of as we shall there not be far from you; Mama once talked of taking one in Mansfield Street or Portman Square which I should have been mighty sorry for as we should then have been at very great distance. I think I never saw worse Weather than it is for the time of Year surely the Winter comes in very early the Country now I immagine begins to grow dismal. I wish it might be a means of your coming up to town sooner than you thought for, I hope you will be so good when you do come to let me know that we may fly to see you as soon as you arrive, which time I long for with the greatest impatience. The amusements here are beginning as the town fills. I have been to two Operas and two Plays, the former I think not very good, there is but one fine Man Singer and the Woman is very Bad, the dancing as most abominable; but you know after one has seen that at the grand Opera at Paris it is hardly possible to be pleased with any other: the first dancer here is only 65 years old, is very short, but however what he wants in height He makes up in breadth, and poor Man he does his best but that is only to put himself very much out of Breath and set the whole House a laughing; the rest are all very bad. I am sure my Dear Duchess it is high time for me to put an End to this long Epistle and to release your Patience I shall therefore only add Mama's and Betty's[1] most Aff.te love and Comp.s to you and that I hope you will believe me Your very Affte. and faithful Friend

MARY ISABELLA SOMERSET.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Nov. 23, 1774)

Tuesday, Nov. 23rd.

. . . You wish to know my Dear Mama how I spend my time here. I am afraid I have nothing to boast of yet, however this is my plan for the rest of the time we stay here—besides the Books that belong to Londesborough I have some of my own purchasing at Chesterfield, where I have taken a poor Bookseller a little *en protection* and as I should like to read French as well as English I am going to begin Goldsmith's History of Greece and The Siècle de Louis 14—for as those two periods are so distant there will be no Danger of their interfering so as to puzzle me—When I have finish'd

[1] Elizabeth, only daughter of Charles (Compton), seventh Earl of Northampton (1760–1835). She married in 1782 Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish (youngest son of the fourth Duke of Devonshire), who, in 1831, was created Earl of Burlington.

this study if I have time I intend to begin Vertot's Revolutions Romaines and Robertson's History of Scotland—Besides these Employments I have a musick master in the House and shall take some Lessons in Drawing From the Delightful Mr. Thomas[1] . . .

Tuesday the 29th.

. . . I receiv'd a delightful letter from you this morning my Dearest Mama, and besides answering it I employ'd some part of my time in my Painting—A propos de Bottes I have always forgot to send you some Verses made by a Nottinghamshire Gentleman (it is not known who) on the Duchess of Kingston,[2] which Lady Strafford gave me for you when I was at Wentworth—it is suppos'd to be

The Duchess of Kingston's Petition to his Holiness the Pope.

Since thines the only Power on earth I know
To make the blackest Sins as white as Snow
Great Sire of mercies, humbly deign to meet
The first of Sinners prostrate at thy feet,
Strange to relate! Who once a married Maid
As Wife and Widow now implore thy aid
Spare her confession, lest it wound thee Sore
To hear such sins as priests ne'er heard before
The easiest Way's to lump them all at once
And Absolution in a trice pronounce
Then fix the Pennance which may last for life
To the *true Husband* give the *spotless Wife*. . . .

MISS SHIPLEY[3] (*afterwards* LADY JONES) *to the* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

SPA, *Monday, August* 21, 1775.

. . . Lord Chesterfield[4] spent a fortnight here he has not yet sacrificed to the Graces if one may judge by his reply to Lady

[1] Perhaps the architect, William Thomas, who, in 1788 designed Willersley Castle, Derbyshire, for Richard Arkwright.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Governor of Chelsea Hospital (1720–1788). She was privately married (in 1744) to the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards the sixth Earl of Bristol (died 1779), from whom (in 1769) she obtained a divorce which she supposed—though erroneously—to have annulled the marriage. Later in the same year she was married by special licence to Evelyn (Pierrepoint), second Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull, whose mistress she had been since about 1760. Shortly after the Duke's death in 1773, she went on a yachting expedition to Italy, and in Rome was received with marked favour and distinction by His Holiness Pope Clement XIV. In 1776 she was tried for bigamy before the House of Lords, and found guilty. She thereupon quitted the country, and resided first in St. Petersburg and afterwards in Paris, where she died.

[3] Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.

[4] Philip (Stanhope) sixth Earl of Chesterfield (1755–1815). He succeeded his cousin—Dr. Johnson's Lord Chesterfield—in 1773.

Orwell[1] who found fault with his playing at Whist he got up in a violent passion Vow'd he would not bear to be scolded by any but young and handsome Women and added many other grosièretés till she fell into tears, he left Spa the next Morning but I hear today has written to beg her pardon. . . .

CHATSWORTH, *Aug.* 1775.

Summer and the Rose.

As summer, with declining ray
To autumn's sober shades gave way
A Rose that ow'd its blooming pride
Its budding charms and perfumes sweet
The blushing leaves that deck'd its side
All to her gentle friendly heat
Now finding that its bloom must go
And droop to evry gazers eye
Its leaves dispers'd must to the Zephyrs flow
Adrest Her thus with many a scented sigh.

'Sweet Season lov'd by evr'y flower
Blest parent, of the Vernal Hour
Why was I ever doom'd to taste
The pleasures of thy blooming reign
Since thou to other climes must haste
And leave thy votary in pain—
No longer shall my timid charms
Bid evr'y flower with envy burn
I droop with pensive grief and sad alarms
And wait in anxious care thy wish'd return.'

The laughing Season thus replied
'Of evry vale and grove the Pride
My favourite Rose, tho' now I go
Far distant from thy winning smile
Tho' absence bids my tears to flow
That absence lasts but for a while
For soon again thy rosy hue
Thy leaves that with the Zephyrs play
Thy gentle tints shall brighten at my view
And dazzle in the vermil dawn of Day.'

[1] Alice, daughter of Samuel Ibbetson of Denton, co. York. She was married (January 14, 1747/8) to Francis Vernon, of Orwell Park, Suffolk, who was created (1762) Baron Orwell of Newry, Viscount Orwell (1776), and finally (1777) Earl of Shipbrook of Newry. He died in 1783.

No Rose could ever droop its head
As Summers much lov'd moments fled
  Could ne'er its grief sincere impart
In sign of Melancholy woe
  With half the grief that feels my heart
When what it loves is forc'd to go
  Nor when the blooming days appear
No Rose could half that pleasure prove
  As that with which my beating heart must burn
At the Dear presence of the friend I love.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Nov. 19, 1775)

Sunday Evening.

. . . We had there Mr De Tessier he is the best Actor that ever was seen and read to us a *petite pièce* himself only in which he kept up all the Characters so that Lord Huntingdon[1] Mr Walpole and all the audience agreed it equal'd a performance at Paris, he sung and play'd on the harp like an Angel. Mr de Guigne says he did not ask you as he knew you did not like the going out on a Sunday and that the rest of the company you were not much acquainted with but that if you will put off your journey till Thursday he will give you a supper with us and your own society on Wednesday (M. Tessier is engaged tomorrow and tuesday) and that you shall hear him. I conjure you my Dear Mama to agree to this for the thing is unique and will charm Papa and you. Let me know your answer directly that I may write to Mr de Guigne if it is yes, if it is no I must come and try to persuade you for you can't conceive how well worth it is to be seen, a propos de bottes we dine with you, if you please.

LADY CLERMONT[2] *to the* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

1775.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS,—I beg you will be so good as to buy three or four books of english country dances, particularly *over the hills and far away*, and write on that tune this is the dance that Lady Clermont had the honour of speaking of to the Queen at Madame Guimnée's, you know child you must write it in french, I should have begun my letter with excuses to your Grace for giving

[1] Francis (Hastings), tenth Earl of Huntingdon (1746–1789).

[2] Frances Murray, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Col. John Murray, M.P. for the county of Monaghan. She was married in 1752 to William Henry Fortescue, Earl of Clermont, Viscount and Baron of Clermont (1722–1806). 'He was the father of the turf, and ranked among the most intimate friends of the Prince' [of Wales] ('Annual Register,' 1806, p. 556).

you this trouble, you are so good to me my Dear Dutchess that I sometimes forget that you are *a sober* Dutchess and think I am talking to the wild Lady Geo. You would laugh if you were to see me here, I am ashamed when any english are present, it is not to be describ'd the rought the King and Queen make about me, and of course all the courtiers. Lord Clermont says it is like a fairy tale, the day before yesterday he found the Duc de Lauzun[1] waiting in my room at Paris to see me, I was gone out, and nobody knew where I dined, the Queen sent him to know what day I *chose* to hunt, when I came home I found a note to say la Reine a ordonné a M de Lauzun de demander de sa part à Miladi Clermont s'it elle aimait mieux chasser mardi ou vendredi M. de Lauzun a été deux fois chez Miladi pour prendre ses ordres, il la suplie de vouloir bien lui mander a quoi elle se desciede pour qu'il lasse Parvenir sa réponse à la Reine. You know I cannot write french, Lady Spencer was not with me, I wrote a very fine note in english to say I should set off directly for Versailles, to be at her Maj.^{ty} commands. The Duc understands english. I din'd with Madame Guimnée, whom the Queen sent to desire she would keep me till she came in the evening she talked a great deal of your Grace and said she was much flattered at hearing I said she put me in mind of you, she said she was in great distress she had a book of english country dances which she had lost, I told her I would write to the Dutchess of Devonshire to send some books, which I beg you will direct to the Princesse Chamey dame de cour for the Queen you can send them by one of M de Guines messengers or by post inclosed a Monsieur le Baron D'ogny Intendent des postes à Paris and get it franked by Lord Weymouth or some person that can frank it. The Queen told Lord Clermont that she and the Chevalier de Lauzun had settled the night before (bye the by he is in the greatest favour) that I was to spend this winter at Paris, Lord C. said he wished very much that I should she then said it depends upon you Lady Clermont, the Duc de Courcy will lodge you very well you can not refuse when so many people wish for your company. I was very much distress'd, I said I spent my time so pleasantly and lik'd France so much that I dare not live any longer in so agreeable society and must fly from it, which I certainly shall in ten days. I cannot find out any reason for their liking me so much but that it diverts them to hear me speak french so ill. . . .

VERSAILLES, *Nov.r 26th.*

[1] Armand-Louis de Gontaut, Duc de Lauzun (1747–1793). In 1778 he went to America, where he took an active part in the War of Independence. After his return to France he inherited (in 1788) the title of his uncle the Duc de Biron. He was guillotined in 1793.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(July 26, 1776)

Fryday July 26.

. . . We staid at Milton two days, the Beauclerks Lord Westmorland[1] and a Mr Jones his tutor or toadeater, were our party—Lord Westmorland seems a very good humour'd awkward boy—so awkward that I was near suffering by it for in handing me out of the boat the day we were on the water he was very nigh pushing me into the meer . . . the regatta on Whitlesea meer was not worth seeing for the race as they were sailing boats and moved very slow—but the thing most worth seeing was Lord Orford's[2] fleet who passes six weeks every summer on the water without either dining or sleeping on shore, it is compos'd of four wooden cabins fix'd on small boats, the 1st his bedchamber the 2d his dining room the 3d his attendant's appartment and the fourth his kitchen. . . .

We had the pleasure of seeing his cook and his mistress who is the strangest animal I ever saw, but we did not see him. . . .

(July 26–31, 1776)

Wednesday the 31st.

. . . I am going to give the greatest prooff of my *honesty* by telling you a thing I might almost be sure you would not know, the Day was they all said quite *Italian*, We went out a riding, when I chose to take my hat off to *flap* it and to let go the reins, my hat freightened my horse, it kickd and Lord Carlisle's[3] horse (he was holding mine) got away with him that I but just had time to get the reins and away I went, they none of them dared follow, and I in my fright held out my hat which frightened the horse still more, it run a little way and then had the goodness to set me gently down at the top of a hill, I was not the least hurt and much the least frightened of the company for I never saw such dismal figures as the Duke's Lord Carlisle's Mr Storer's[4] and Mr Boothby's[5] they sent for a chaise

[1] John (Fane), tenth Earl of Westmorland (1759–1841). He succeeded to the peerage at the age of fifteen. Byron in the *Devil's Drive* thus refers to him:

'He saw the Lord Liverpool, seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland, certainly silly.'

[2] George (Walpole), third Earl of Orford (1730–1791).

[3] Frederick (Howard), fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748–1825). Byron alludes to him in the well-known lines beginning:

'What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!
Lord, Rhymester, Petit-Mâitre and Pamphleteer!'

[4] Anthony Morris Storer (1746–99), bibliophile and man of fashion. He was at Eton with C. J. Fox and the Earl of Carlisle mentioned here. The latter, in his 'Verses on his Schoolfellows' (1762), alludes to Storer's 'sense and good nature.' He was member for Carlisle from 1774 to 1780, and afterwards (1780–84) for Morpeth.

[5] Brooke Boothby (1743–1824), eldest son of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., of

to come home in and Mr Boothby rode very goodnaturedly to the house to say I was not hurt, for which Dennis intends to love him all her life—The only bad thing of my fall is that I have lost a good horse by it for I am never to ride it again. . . .

Saturday the 10th.

. . . We went out a riding and had a race of two heats, between some horses of the Duke's and of Mr. Fawkener's, everything was *en forme*, the grooms rode in their waistcoats, we all of us betted, all the servants were out and Mr. Wood was judge, so that it was a parody on Newmarket ; the studd groom who has the care of the old running horses was so delighted with the idea of a race, which recall'd to him his being young and seeing old Atlas or Shirley run—that he went about the course screaming I bet a guinea to a shilling on the Captain's horse meaning Everard Fawkener's[1]—and was quite jumping with eagerness. . . .

Sunday the 11th.

. . . This morning was so extremely bad there was no possibility of getting out, and as it was such good exercise Lord Edward[2] taught me the menuet de la cour, I am reckon'd a very apt scholar for I have already learnt to dance it tolerably well. . . .

I took some more lessons of the menuet from Lord Edward and the Duchess,[3] it is quite luxury dancing to Giardinis playing as every tone encourages one to dance gracefully and to make one's steps imitate the softness of his musick.

(Oct. 12–21, 1776)

Wednesday the 2nd October.

. . . We left Chatsworth this morning at about ten o'clock, and set out for Welbeck, Mr.[4] and Mrs. Ponsonby Lord Frederick the Duke and I,—We got there time enough to dress before dinner, and found the Miss Walpoles,[5] Miss Gold Lord George *l'ainé* and Mr

Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1789. A 'pretty gentleman du premier ordre,' he attached himself to the literary coterie of Dr. Darwin and Miss Seward, and subsequently became a warm defender of the principles of the French Revolution against the attacks of Burke.

[1] Younger son of Sir Everard Fawkener, the friend of Voltaire and ambassador to Constantinople.

[2] Lord Edward Bentinck, second son of the second Duke of Portland.

[3] Of Portland.

[4] William Brabazon Ponsonby (1744–1806), eldest son of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, second daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire. He married (1769) Louisa, fourth daughter of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth.

[5] Katherine and Mary, daughters of Horatio, second Lord Walpole of Wolterton, and Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire.

Ben Langlois[1]—the Duke of Portland[2] is gone into Lancashire—Miss Mary Walpole is one of the gravest girls I ever saw, and when she does speak which is but seldom, it is in the sharpest shrilest voice I ever heard, however I took a resolution to get the better of her gravity and I so effectually fastened myself on her, that before the end of the evening we were great friends, and she even condescended to laugh—Lady Charlotte Bentinck[3] who is a year old today is grown a very fine girl and Lord William[4] is the more beautiful than can be expressed—C'est la santé, l'innocence, et la gayté personnifiés. . . .

MRS. CREWE[5] *to the* COUNTESS OF CLERMONT.

Oct. 17, 1776.

No Madam it is quite impossible I should be surprised at any thing I hear and I believe you will think so when I tell you that the enclosed was handed about last night at the play for a likeness to the *Duchess of Devonshire*—the foreigners were very much surprised when they saw it and had it not been for me who was struck with indignation at Mr. Bunbury for giveing it as such, and who took all the methods I could of undeceiving them, and of getting the drawing into my own possession, many people would at this hour have supposed that her Grace's figure had suffered to the degree it appears to have done by the false representation I send you of her. Her Parasol and her Derbyshire Uniform I assented to as being like, but the rest I give upon my honour I would by no means allow of bearing the smallest degree of resemblance to her—Pray tell my Mother I purpose dineing at Tunbridge upon the Day you receive this and if you all like better that I should come to Devonshire House pray fix it so, as I am *quite agreeable.*

The Duke of Queensbury[6] is much better. Lord Middleton[7] [*sic*] is to marry Miss Pelham, Lord Petersham[8] Miss Flemming [*sic*] and

[1] Benjamin L'Anglois, commissioner of the Board of Trade. He was succeeded in 1781 by the Mr. Storer already referred to.

[2] William Henry (Cavendish-Bentinck), third Duke of Portland (1738–1809).

[3] Only daughter of the Duke of Portland. She was married (in 1793) to Charles Greville, Esq.

[4] Lord William Henry, the second son (1774–1839). Governor-General of India from 1827–1835.

[5] Frances Anne, daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq. She was married (in 1776) to John Crewe, of Crewe Hall, Cheshire (1742–1829), who was created (in 1806) Baron Crewe. His elevation was due to the influence of Fox, who 'preferred Mrs. Crewe to all women living.'

[6] Charles (Douglas), third Duke of Queensbury. He died in the following year.

[7] George (Brodrick), fourth Viscount Midleton (1749–1836). The marriage in question took place in 1778.

[8] Charles (Stanhope), third Earl of Harrington (1753–1829). He was styled Viscount Petersham until he succeeded to the Peerage in 1779, in which year he married Miss Fleming.

Mr. E. Foley Lady A. Coventry[1]—I have seen almost every Lady since I came to town but I will not make my letter long for fear I should leave myself nothing to say. The Fish and Mr. Grenville[2] talk of visiting us to a day at Tunbridge but I fear they won't. I hear that Dr. Johnson had written to Mrs. Thrale and had informed her of Dr. Burney's[3] recovery but I saw him this morning and he is well. Mr. Sheridan has promised me the new prologue to bring with me—I can assure you that the Farce is charming and the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Worseley[4] and I cut very good figures in it. . . .

LADY CLERMONT *to the* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

I received my Dear childs letter at Fontainebleau and return you Madame Chimays,[5] the day after I got to Paris the Queen sent for me to go to Choisy, she received me with her usual goodness. One of the first things she said to me was, why did you not bring the Duchess of Devonshire, I said there was nothing you wish'd so much, and that you would have come but that the Duke was obliged to stay in England, she is a delightful creature, and puts me very much in mind of your Grace when she is distracted at the Chasse. We went out the day before yesterday the finest day that ever was seen, she got off of her horse several times and we all sat down on the grass. She looks ill, is grown very thin and her hair since her illness has fallen allmost all off, the heads are full as high as last year, but not *near so high* as in England, and thow not tight, looks dressd. . . .

FONTAINEBLEAU, *October 20th.*

[1] Anne Margaret, second daughter of the sixth Earl of Coventry. She married in 1778 the Hon. Edward Foley, M.P., second son of the first Baron Foley of Kidderminster, from whom she was divorced in 1787.

[2] George Grenville (1753–1813), second son of the Right Hon. George Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister (1763–65). In 1779 he succeeded his uncle as Earl Temple; in 1783 he was Secretary of State, and in 1784 he was created Marquess of Buckingham.

[3] It will be remembered that Dr. Burney stood as the representative of the Duke of Beaufort at the baptism of Miss Greville, afterwards Mrs. Crewe.

[4] Walpole alludes to this lady in his letter of December 31, 1781: 'Two young married ladies are just gone off—no, this is a wrong term for one of them; for she has just come to town, and drives about London, for fear her adventure should be forgotten before it comes into the House of Lords. It is a Lady Worseley, sister of Lady Harrington.' And again (February 25, 1782): 'Accustomed as you are to the newspapers, you will read in them with astonishment the detail of a late trial for adultery between Sir Richard Worseley and his wife, sister of the Countess of Harrington.' The farce is of course 'The School for Scandal,' of which the prologue was dedicated to Mrs. Crewe.

[5] The Princesse de Chimay, niece of Madame de Mirepoix.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Nov. 1, 1776)

Fryday the 1st of November.

. . . We went to the House at one Lady Jersey[1] and me, under the protection of Lord Charles the crowd was very great. There was some very bad speaking of a Mr Mackworth a Mr Whitmore a Mr Wombwel a Mr Temple Lutterel etc., and the address was mov'd by Mr. Nevil and seconded by Mr. Hatton, but *en revange* we had some very fine speeches—the ammendment of the address was to have been mov'd by Lord Granby but he took fright and it was mov'd by Lord John,[2] C[l] Barry and Governor Johnston[3] spoke very well and Charles Fox outdid himself. Lord George and Lord North spoke on the other side—G[l] Conway[4] made a short speech in excuse of his voting against the King. . . .

(Nov. 3, 1776)

Sunday the 3d of November.

. . . the news of New York's being taken and part of it burnt is true, there was only 500 men kill'd—General Howe has the red ribbon—Princess Dachkoff[5] was at the opera with her order—so was M[me] Faniani who looks a very odd figure with her very black hair without Powder. The heads are full as high and in this shape[6] my father says I look like the head of a Base. I did not get up till late this morning I have not been out, and I have seen Lady Harriet Lady C. Beauclerk and Mrs Ponsonby—there is a fashion some of

[1] Frances, posthumous daughter of the Rt. Rev. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe. She was married to the fourth Earl of Jersey (1735–1805) in 1770.

[2] Lord John Cavendish (1732–96), fourth son of William, third Duke of Devonshire. Burke spoke of him as 'one of the oldest and best friends I ever had, or that our common country possessed.'

[3] George Johnstone (1730–87), appointed in 1763 Governor of West Florida.

[4] Henry Seymour Conway (1721–95). He was a strong opponent of the war with America. This was not the first occasion of his voting against the King. In 1764, for speaking and voting against the legality of 'general warrants,' he was deprived of his regiment, whereupon the Duke of Devonshire pressed him to accept £1000 a year until it should be restored to him.

[5] Catherina Romanovna, Princess Daschkof (1744–1810). The order of Saint Catherine is the one here alluded to. She became Director of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg in 1782, and President of the Russian Academy in 1784.

[6] The shape is drawn in the margin. Lord Carlisle thus accosted the Duchess in full dress :

'When on your head I see those fluttering things,
I think, that Love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers helped Jove to fan his amorous flame,
Cupid has feathers, angels wear the same.
Since then from Heaven their origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace.'

the Ladys have got which is much wore at Paris amongst the *filles* and the *mauvais ton* people but not by the women of fashion there and I think it very ugly. It is wearing a quantity of silver and spangles in their caps—I am sure you will guess Lady Essex[1] to be one of its *protectrices*. . . .

(Nov. 4–10, 1776)

Thursday the 7th.

. . . We went to the Play after dinner, the play was stupid and ill acted it was the Maid of the Oaks and Polly Honeycomb, there are some new dancers that are very good, Mon[r] Gallet and M[lle] Dupré. The Orchestre play'd one of the Dances very ill which put M[r] Gallet into a great passion he came forward and said in french, —'Je demande bien pardon au publick, mais Messieurs (to the orchester) il est impossible d'avoir moins de tête que vous n'avez'— the house wrung with applause, it was lucky for the man it took that turn for I suppose the Gallery did not understand a word. . . .

COUNTESS OF JERSEY *to the* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

(1776)

. . . Mr. Garrick is just going to read something to us, its to put us all in fits. It is over he did not read a word, he only acted a scene, which he actually saw in Ireland, a man was playing with his only Child upon a bridge, the rails gave way, it fell backwards and was kill'd upon the spot, he never spoke afterwards—but utter'd inarticulate sounds more shocking than can be imagin'd, he has taken his laugh in Lear from it—there is no describing how terrible to see it is, we were all in boisterous spirits and now we all look as if some great misfortune had happened to us, Miss Lloyd holds her hand upon the side of her stomach, and seems afraid to look at all—I feel quite gone, as if somebody had drop'd an extinguisher and put me out—I will write no more till tomorrow. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the* COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Jan. 20, 1777)

The Birthday was extremely full but not compos'd of the best company for Sir George Warren[2] had his order cut off and stole— The most magnificent Dresses were, Lady Priscilla Bertie[3] who was presented and had a white satin embroider'd in pailletes, Lady

[1] Harriott, daughter of Col. Thomas Bladen, second wife of the fourth Earl of Essex, to whom she was married in 1767.

[2] 'Sir George Warren lost his diamond order in the Council Chamber at the Birth-day in the crowd of loyal subjects.'—Walpole, January 19, 1777.

[3] Priscilla, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Ancaster.

Melbourne who was in white satin with great Draperys of Puce and gold gauze and sable, Miss Warren who had the same on Pink sattin, Lady Catherine Henley[1] who had a white pettycoat with silver gauze and a Rose colour gown—there were very few fine drest men—the Duke of Devonshires coat was light green with Roses in pailletes the D. of Hamilton, and Sir Harry Featherstone in green and pink and George Hanger,[2] who was to be all simplicity in a plain grey coat with Puce enameild buttons set round with something like Diamonds, a plain silk hat etc.—I danced with the D. of Hamilton a minuet and two country dances—I was yesterday at the Duchess of Beaufort's and Lady Harrington's—M^me^ de Crèvecoeur is devilish ugly. But they say she is very much oppress'd for that whenever she goes to speak Mad^me^ de Masseran says 'ma fille ne dites pas des sottises.' . . .

(Aug. 6, 1777)

Saturday the 9th.

. . . Mr Walpole who was here was oblig'd to set out to night on his having receiv'd an account of Miss Mary Walpole's being run away with an officer in the guards a Colonel Husey[3]—on peut dire d'elle que c'était le feu caché sous la cendre. . . .

Thursday the 14.

We return'd to Chatsworth this morning *old George* was there and Lord Frederick[4] and Lord John went to dine at Lord Scarsdale's—Mr Townsend and Mr Fox came this evening from town—*Charles Fox is a l'ordinaire* Jack Townsend[5] is really a very amiable young man he has great parts though not such brilliant ones as Charles Fox's and I dare say he will make a very good figure hereafter—he is just twenty now, though he has the appearance of being older—I have always thought that the great merit of C. Fox is his amazing quickness in seizing any subject—he seems to have the particular talent of knowing more about what he is saying and with less pains than any body else—his conversation is like a brilliant player at billiards the strokes follow one another, piff paff—and what makes him more entertaining now is his being here with Mr Townsend and the D. of Devonshire, for their living so much in

[1] Catherine, daughter of Robert (Henley) first Earl of Northington. She was married in this year to Viscount Deerhurst, who was one of the principal witnesses at the trial of Lady Worseley.

[2] George Hanger, fourth Baron Coleraine. He served throughout the American War, and 'was a well-known figure in fashionable society.'

[3] Thomas Hussey, Esq., of Galtrim, co. Meath. They were married on August 4, 1777.

[4] Lord Frederick Cavendish (1729–1803), second son of the third Duke of Devonshire. Field-Marshal and Colonel, 34th foot

[5] John Townshend (1757–1833), second son of George, fourth Viscount Townshend.

town together makes them shew off one another—Their chief topic is Politicks and Shakespear. As for the latter they all three seem to have the most astonishing memorys for it—and I suppose I shall be able in time to go through a play as they do. . . .

Sunday the 17th.

. . . We have had a disagreeable accident this evening that might have been attended with bad consequences—Sir C. Bunbury and Mr Townsend were running a race from the foot of the Cascade, they imagined it a gradual slope to the gravel walk and by not seeing the wall till it was too late to stop they fell down 12 or 14 feet—they are both extremely lame but not essentially hurt. . . .

Thursday the 21.

. . . The Duke of Dorset[1] came about 9—he has just left York and goes from hence to Lord Derby's. I always have look'd upon him as the most dangerous of men for with that beauty of his he is so unaffected and has a simplicity and persuasion in his manner that makes one account very easily for the number of Women he has had in love with him—Lord[2] and Lady Sefton arriv'd just before supper Lord Sefton is the most disagreeable and noisy of fools, as for her she is a compound of vanity nonsense folly and good nature —for though many people deny her the last qualification I am sure she possesses it only she always contrives to put her faults in the clearest light—of all women I ever knew she is the soonest affronted and the soonest appeas'd—and if she really likes any person she'll fight through thick and thin for them. . . .

Wednesday the 27.

. . . There were several races run, one between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Robert, Lord John and Mr Fox, Mr Fox and Mr Townsend Mr Townsend and Lord John—I think Mr Townsend was victorious. . . .

(Sept. 2, 1777)

Wednesday the 3d.

We set out for Hardwicke this morning Mrs Ponsonby Mr Townsend and little John and I in the coach and Lord George, Henry, Mr Ponsonby, Lord Frederick and Lord John on Horseback —Mr Hare[3] left us to go to Knowsley and the Duke of D. staid to

[1] John Frederick (Sackville), third Duke of Dorset (1745–99).

[2] Charles William (Molyneux), first Earl of Sefton (1748–94). He married (in 1768) Isabella, second daughter of the second Earl of Harrington.

[3] James Hare (1749–1804), the well-known wit and man of fashion, from whom a bow at the opera was a greater distinction than one from the Prince of Wales.

shoot at Chatsworth—The day was very fine and Hardwicke looks extremely well. We walk'd all about the house and paid our compliments to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth I never look at the melancholy picture of Mary which was drawn in the 10th year of her imprisonment and which has a countenance that looks worn by misfortune without pitying to the greatest degree the misery she must have liv'd in—for even the pomp she was treated with, and those melancholy hangings and coffin like beds must have added to the tristesse of her situation. . . .

Fryday the 5th.

The D. of D. and Mr Townsend went out of shooting, I walked a little, but it was so very hot It was impossible to take much exercise—Mr Mason din'd here, I did all I could to pay my court to him and I hope I have succeeded—I am afraid he was very much bored at dinner for Lord Grosvenor[1] and poor dear Lord Edward chose to engross the whole conversation which though very loud was neither brilliant or amusing—To make it up to him we gave him some musick after dinner and Giardini plaid him some charming solos. . . .

Monday the 8th.

I was so afraid of not being drest for dinner that I took but a short walk and did not go to see some charming races they had, Mr Fox returned this morning, he travel'd all night—and yet won, either 1 or 2 races which considering his not having been a bed and his size, is doing a great deal. . . .

We have pass'd this evening as usual, it is now between twelve and one, and the D. of D. Mr Fox and Mr Townsend are playing a match at Billiards, I have left them to finish my letter which Lord Frederick carrys to town with him to morrow. . . .

Countess Spencer *to the* Duchess of Devonshire.

Paris, *Oct. the* 2, 1777.

. . . Mr. Gibbon is more the fashion than ever Hume[2] was Mad^me^ du Deffant says 'Mr. Hume était un Homme de Mérite, bon Historien, Genre solide—Mais le petit Gibbon a non seulement tout cela, mais de plus il est aimable il posséde superieurement le talent de la Conversation, il est amusant,' in short he is every thing, and I think almost rivals Craufurd. . . .

[1] Baron Grosvenor of Eaton (1731–1802). He was subsequently (1784) created Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor.

[2] It will be remembered that Hume acted as Secretary in Paris during the embassyof Lord Hertford (1763–65).

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

FONTAINEBLEAU, *Oct.* 13, 1777.

. . . On Saturday we went to a Horse Run on the Plaine des Sablons, where the Queen was and sent for us up into the Pavilion (vulgarly call'd a stand) she was very good humoured and pleasing talk'd a great deal about you and said a thousand pretty things—I took notice of her Dress which is rather an uncommon thing for me to do—it was a Polonaise of a slight gros de Tours, d'une Couleur de Chair bien tendre Garni de douze Rangées de Ruban fond Blanc brodé en Guirlande de fleurs bleues avec les feuilles Vertes et les tiges Brunes ; les Glands les Rubans le Mantelet et le Chapeau étaient blancs et les Souliers brodés comme le Ruban. La Robe etait bordée d'une blonde légère et le tout ensemble etait parfaitement beau, et du meilleur goût. In the evening we went to see Le Guin act for the last time in Zaïre,[1] he was as usual très Grimacier and unnatural in many parts of the play but in some he was likewise as fine as was possible, and the Peals of applause were innumerable. . . .

[1] Voltaire's masterpiece, brought out in 1732, and dedicated to the father of the Everard Fawkener mentioned above.

(To be continued)

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS

IN the politics of the hour Imperialism is still dominant. Anglo-Saxondom is occupied with its relations to the external world. It looks outwards instead of within. Only a few years ago, the young man of intelligence, when he began to take an interest in public affairs, would naturally concern himself with various economic and social problems. One sees the kind of thing in the earlier novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, which are redolent of the tone that pervaded University circles in the later 'seventies. But the Arnold Toynbee type of Oxonian, with his absorbing interest in labour questions, and his passion for legislative and municipal reform, is not now in evidence. The ingenuous youth, who proposes for himself the modest *rôle* of leader of men, no longer spends his nights and days over the reports of Factory Inspectors and the works of German Economists; he does not go about lecturing on the Housing of the Poor, or hold forth over the dinner-table on the Sweating Commission. His 'special subjects' are likely to be of a different character. He knows all about China, South Africa, the Soudan, the Indian Frontier; he is an expert on Naval Defence and Routes of Trade; he is more interested in the writings of Captain Mahan than in those of Mr. John Morley. No wonder Liberals of the older school exclaim despondently that no one now worships by the ancient altars, and that the young men go lusting after Dagon and Bel and the other false gods of the Philistines.

Indeed, as an unfavourable critic might urge, there is a certain connection between Imperialism and Philistinism. For the former is in politics to some extent what the latter is in literature and art. It is, one may say, a preference for the actual over the ideal, a tendency to seek for material success and ignore 'the things of the spirit.' It is because they cast their eyes too exclusively on this side of the movement that some of the most estimable persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, are wholly against it. Expansion, annexation, the extension of national influence—what are these, they say, but synonyms for mere greed, selfishness, and a common kind of vanity? What is the use of acquiring huge blocks of territory, of waving our flags defiantly over continents and islands, if in the end Americans and Englishmen are no better, no happier, no, not even richer? Man does not live by bread alone—even though Imperialism baked loaves instead of eating them. Why spend our money and our thoughts on ships and sailors and soldiers, if in the result we get only half-savage populations and unprofitable dominions on our hands, while social and political development stands still, and while the national taste and temper are steadily blunted by the coarse materialism of aggression and military adventure?

So the more serious Anti-Imperialist—he who is not merely a crabbed or hysterical Little Englander—may argue; and there is enough in his contention to make it worth consideration by those who take the opposite view. Imperialism is just now on its trial. Every political tendency must be judged by the manner in which it answers, not merely to the needs, but also to the aspirations, of its age. It is only a rather shallow cynicism which attempts to divorce morality from politics—particularly among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, at the bottom of whose consciousness lies a deep ethical and religious sentiment. Englishmen and Americans, with all their surface parade of indifference to higher emotions, are not quite happy unless they believe that what they are doing is right as well as profitable. If Imperialism is to vindicate itself, it must do so by satisfying this instinct. It cannot be accepted merely because it helps, or is expected to help, our commerce, or because it gratifies our pride of race. In the form of Jingoism—which is the mere carnal enjoyment of power and bigness for their own sake—it is as vulgar and offensive as the delight of the millionaire *parvenu* in his diamonds, his palaces, and his orchid-houses. After all, in spite of our frantic race for wealth, and our shuddering abhorrence of poverty, the Anglo-Saxon peoples do not admire a man for what he *has*, but for what he is, or rather for what he can do. And the unspoken thought of many thousands, who pause to consider the new turn our public policy is taking, is guided by this feeling. What is to be the outcome of British and American Expansion, besides painting a large part of the map of the world with our colours? Will it make us better people—wiser, stronger, more capable, more likely to do our duty, whether as nations or as individuals?

In America, the question is asked with more insistent heart-searching than in England; because the responsibilities of Empire are coming suddenly and consciously upon the newer country, whereas in the other they have been accumulating gradually for a century and a half. Still in both nations there is the same desire to find a justification by works for the enlargement of dominion. It is this circumstance which goes some way to explain that sudden passion for Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his writings, into which the English-speaking countries have recently plunged. Some hostile critics choose to represent Mr. Kipling as the Laureate of Jingoism. But that is just what he is not. He is, no doubt, the poet, the novelist, the story-teller, of action. He likes to see something done, whether it be the fighting of a battle, the running of a goods engine, or the playing of a game of polo. But everywhere, and at all times, he admires energy only when it is controlled by law and directed to definite useful purposes. If, like Carlyle, he worships the strong man, it is the strong man armed with righteousness and employing

his strength, disciplined by training and self-command, to war with lawnessness, with savagery, with foolish perversity. There is not very much in common between Tennyson and the young Tyrtæus of Tommy Atkins and Sergeant What's-his-name; but, if we read Mr. Kipling's sermons aright (and he has hardly written a line which is not part of a sermon) he would say with Pallas Athena in 'Œnone':

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> Yet not for power (power of herself
> Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
> Acting the law we live by without fear;
> And, because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It was surely in this spirit that Mr. Kipling cooled the hot fever of the Jubilee summer with his warning 'Recessional.'

Another aspect of the same truth was put in 'The White Man's Burden,' which roused the United States to a ferment of enthusiasm. In the midst of their expansionist perturbations and perplexities, their doubts and fears, Americans thrilled to the word which seemed to send light through the labyrinth. Here was a doctrine that justified Imperialism. When Mr. Kipling talks about the 'White Man' he uses the term, inaccurately enough, to express the Anglo-Saxon populations, English, American, and Colonial. If the white man's business is 'to stay the savage wars of peace,' to bid sickness and famine cease, to turn 'the silent sullen peoples' into civilised human beings, and generally to make the world a better place, because of their conquests, their annexations, their restless activity in 'bossing the show'—then the whole process becomes suitable to the mental habits of a pre-eminently 'white' race. The domination of the larger part of the non-Aryan world by the English-speaking nations may be defended by the benefits it confers.

The absorbing interest of this group of questions is illustrated by its dynamic and disintegrating effect upon political parties, both in England and America. The controversy on Imperialism is breaking up the old combinations and it may end by welding them afresh in new forms. In the United States it seems highly probable that the next Presidential election will be a contest between those who favour, and those who oppose, the policy of over-sea expansion. If Mr. Bryan were to be the candidate of the Democracy, and Mr. Roosevelt should be put forward as the nominee of the Republicans, the rival schools would be admirably represented by two of their ablest champions. On the one hand we should have a brilliant man of affairs, with more claim than most politicians to talk of national self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, since he has himself risked his life on

the battlefield, and who thoroughly believes in the salutary effect on the nation's character of conquest, dominion, and responsibility. On the other side would be the fiery Tribune of the People, the Radical-Socialist, who bids the State elevate and improve its own toil-worn, over-driven masses, and get rid of its industrial abuses, its monopolies, its financial oligarchy, before it seeks to 'ride abroad redressing human wrong,' with the extreme probability of making that wrong worse. It does not seem likely that the Republican 'bosses' will care to instal in power a man who has so openly defied the 'machine' as the Governor of New York State; but whoever is chosen will scarcely be able to escape the task of defending the policy which has saddled the United States with the obligation of protecting Cuba, pacifying the Philippines, and administering Hawaii. In the Democratic platform Silver will no longer assume the most prominent place, and thus one great source of weakness will be removed. Mr. Bryan's Socialism will be associated with a vigorous denunciation of militarism. The two things will go together, since both expansionism and the individualist system of industry can be represented as working in favour of the monopolists, the capitalists, and the great trading corporations, and against the farming and operative Proletariat, the *menu peuple*, who will have to pay for it all. There is thus, with many surface differences, a certain resemblance between the Bryanite Democrats and the middle-class Liberals who chiefly ruled England between the two Reform Bills of 1832 and 1868. There is the same attack on privilege, the same bitterness against an aristocratic class, which in the one case was territorial and in the other is plutocratic, the same implicit belief that it is the main business of government to attend to 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number'—of voters.

In England, if the division does not follow the lines of the parties, it has already cut deep into one of them. The Liberals are invited by rival statesmen, of great influence and ability, to choose between the two policies. The party finds itself just now in a truly singular situation. The leadership is for the moment practically in commission. Two much respected politicians, a peer and a commoner, who in the ordinary way could never aspire to be more than efficient lieutenants to stronger men, are appointed as official liquidators to carry on the affairs of the association pending reconstruction. While Lord Kimberley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with praiseworthy devotion and self-sacrifice, are doing their best to keep the concern in working order, the fight between the "retired" Chiefs goes on over their heads. Lord Rosebery, in a number of brilliant speeches, which have captivated the popular imagination, has held up the Imperial ideal. He began the process last autumn, when the Fashoda crisis gave him an opportunity of

demonstrating that the Unionists were not alone in caring for the larger interests of Britain, and he has continued it steadily ever since. In the course of the operation those 'cross-currents' have been developed which have shaken Sir Wm. Harcourt and Mr. Morley out of the Opposition Cabinet; and since their so-called retirement they have occupied themselves at intervals in protesting against the proposed conversion of their party to what they like to call Jingoism. The two views are placed fairly before the country. We need perhaps hardly explain on which side our own sympathies lean; this REVIEW would be false to the ideas under which it is conceived if it were not Imperial—one may say cosmopolitan—rather than insular, or if it dreaded the extension of 'Anglo-Saxon' influence in the waste places of the earth. At the same time we are not prepared to deny that the aspect of the question, on which Sir Wm. Harcourt and Mr. Morley dwell, is one of profound importance; and we think that they are doing good service in continuing to render it exceedingly prominent. In his speech at Nantyglo in Monmouthshire, Sir William Harcourt defended himself vigorously against the charge of being a 'Little Englander':—

> What does this Imperialism you hear so much about mean? If it means pursuing a policy which is the wisest and the best for that great Empire to which we belong, of course we are all Imperialists in that sense. But then remains the practical question, What is the policy? It is a policy which has its first regard to the consolidation of the vast dominions, the countless millions and the varied interests which compose our unequalled Empire; the development of their resource, the lightening of their burdens, the fostering of their natural growth, the relief of distress within it, and the raising of the standard of all sorts and conditions of men who are the subjects of the Queen. That is Imperialism as I understand it. That is a policy which makes the Empire great, and which keeps it so. . . . In my judgment, it is a greater and a wiser policy to cultivate an Empire than to boom an Empire. It seems to be thought, from the point view of the Extensionists, that acquisition by every other nation is a wrong to ourselves, and so we become the sworn rivals of every State, and, if occasion arises, their foes. These people hold that the 'Earth is ourselves and the fulness thereof,' and that for this object no limit is to be placed to the expenditure of the country or the taxation of the people. To these ends the principal genius of administrators and the energy of Parliament are directed and social reforms are neglected. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain told us, in a scornful tone, that to talk of social reforms was merely parochial, and that what we ought to occupy ourselves with is this inflated Imperialism. Now what is the end of that? It means that the Empire is committed to land speculators, to mining syndicates, and that they are to determine the limits of the Empire and the method of its administration.

The Imperialist, of course, has a ready reply to Sir William's eloquent diatribe. He would say that he does *not* mean to 'commit the Empire' to land speculators and mining syndicates, and that he is not so foolish as to advocate extension merely for its own sake; further, that the development of resources, the fostering of the natural growth of the subject population, and the relief of their distress, are precisely the objects he has at heart; finally, that

we are not precluded from practising social reform at home by the fact that we are also attempting it abroad.

Nevertheless, if he is candid, he would have to admit that some of the evils suggested by Sir William Harcourt are not wholly imaginary, and it is well that there should be an influential party which is constantly ready to dwell upon them, even to the point of exaggeration. If the Liberal orators are able to prevent Imperialism from becoming Jingoism, they should earn the gratitude of all thinking Imperialists. And if they insist, though with excessive emphasis, that in our dealings with savage peoples, whether in war or peace, we are to act as 'White Men' should, we need find no great fault with them. Mr. Morley's indignant refusal to condone the barbarous orgy of revenge over the corpse of the dead Mahdi, may be somewhat misplaced, but it represents a healthy sentiment. It will be a bad day for Britain when a piece of needless brutality can pass unquestioned because the men who are responsible for it have been brilliantly successful on the battlefield. The 'practical man'—with his customary incapacity to see six inches beyond his nose—may ask what all the fuss is about. It can matter little whether the head of a dead fanatic is left to moulder in the grave, or whether it is thrown into the Nile, or boiled into an interesting souvenir for a victorious General's library. But the spirit that animates the whole business does greatly matter. We are bound to set an example to these dusky peoples, not only of superior strength, but of superior civilisation, superior humanity, superior gentleness and consideration. We contrive to get on in India without mutilating the bodies of dead enemies. And if, in our Eastern history, we have done some terrible deeds, it was well that there were men in England to protest against them, even when in so doing they had to oppose the popular favourites of the hour. Imperialism, as we began by saying, must be judged by its fruits—by its efficiency, and by its effects on national character. If it merely leads to such a squalid muddle as the attempt to subdue the Philippines has so far proved, the Americans will have none of it; and it would be repudiated by Englishmen if it imbued our soldiers and administrators with the lawless brutality which the Latin nations so often exhibit when they are dealing with subject populations. We cannot afford to leave our own law and our ethics at home when we once get south of the Mediterranean or east of Suez.

The competitive parcelling out of the world among the superior peoples is, like all competition, a process which promotes health and energy; but it does not necessarily tend to peace. Unless it is regulated and controlled, it may lead, as excessive competition would do in private life, to chaotic anarchy. The municipal laws of all

States confine the struggle within carefully defined limits; but in the larger world, where nations are the units, the attempts to get the game played under established rules, and without a too frequent menace of force in the background, has never been very successful. Yet, as rapid communication and the shrinkage of the earth, owing to steam and electricity, bring the various States into closer touch, there is the more reason for joint action and common understanding. The desire to lessen the severity of political competition by international agreement is very natural, and the events of recent years have given it fresh intensity. In one form or other the idea has never been quite absent from the statesmanship of Europe. In the Middle Ages the Emperor and the Pope held a theoretical position as arbiters of Christendom, with the assumed right to determine disputes; and when the last faint vestiges of this shadowy prerogative disappeared with the Renaissance and the Reformation, the doctrine of the Balance of Power came into prominence. After this method of preserving peace had devastated Europe with wars for a century and a half, such devices as the Armed Neutrality and the Holy Alliance were attempted, with a vaguely conceived idea of establishing a kind of supreme international police. It is worth noticing that most of these projects for establishing a code of European public law have been inaugurated by the military Governments of the Continent; and Russia, ever since she has been a Power of the first rank, has been strongly in favour of them. On the other hand, the statesmen of England and the United States have generally regarded them with suspicion, and have preferred other modes of settling disputes and averting quarrels.

Looking back at the history of the 'Concert of Europe,' in whatever form it has manifested itself, it cannot be said that the Anglo-Saxon distrust of it is unwarranted. Conceived, very often, with the best intentions, by idealistic despots, it has frequently proved an instrument of intolerable wrong. Frederick the Great was a highly enlightened sovereign, and Joseph II. of Austria was a prince who thrilled with humanitarian emotions; but between them they concocted the partition of Poland, with the aid of that other progressive ruler the great Catherine. In the present century the same grandiose theory has been invoked to justify such political misdemeanours as the Russian intervention in the Hungarian War of Independence in 1849. In its most recent incarnation, the Concert of Europe, reconstructed for the purpose of bullying the Turk and keeping the near East quiet, has not been a success. It did not avert war in the Balkans; and it might be blundering around the coasts of Crete to this hour, if a British admiral had not taken the business in hand, on his own initiative, and promptly brought the matter to a settlement.

Western statesmen—those of England and America, and sometimes those of France—have been disposed to hold aloof from these compacts and alliances, holy or otherwise, for securing the general welfare. They have preferred to dismiss a general or particular cause of quarrel by concessions on both sides, determined by amicable negotiations and a business-like process of barter and bargain. The system receives its most complete expression when it takes the shape of International Arbitration, which is one of the special Anglo-Saxon contributions to the larger statecraft of the world. As regards Great Britain and the United States, it is practically accepted as the normal expedient for settling any disputes that may arise; and a lengthening series of precedents can now be brought forward in support of the claim to dispose of controversies in this fashion. At the present moment the Joint High Commission for the settlement of the frontier and tariff questions in debate between the United States and Canada has failed to come to an agreement. It is assumed that if the question cannot be adjusted by negotiations between the Foreign Office and the State Department, it will be referred to arbitration. A few years ago this might have been tentatively thrown out as a suggestion. Now it is formulated with every confidence on both sides of the Atlantic, in the full belief that any other course is hardly conceivable.

In cases where arbitration is inapplicable the English method has been to endeavour to bring about a specific agreement. In regard to the decaying empires and undeveloped peoples it has been found far safer and more convenient to do this than to go back to the dangerous practice of estabiishing joint control and a vague partnership in responsibility. This is the system, inherited from the diplomacy of the last century, with regard to Turkey, and it has been fruitful in little but confusion and perpetual anxiety. Lord Salisbury wisely avoided involving this country in any such inconvenient partnership in Africa and Asia. He has not wanted advisers who have urged him to constitute a Concert of the Civilised Powers for the management of the affairs of the Dark Continent and the Chinese Empire. Declining to yield to this specious counsel, he has instead accepted, frankly and openly in the one case, though with many hesitations and reserves in the other, the policy of partition. By the Niger Convention of last year, and the later Soudan agreement, England and France have defined their respective limits in North Africa. These arrangements are simple, intelligible, and permeated by a business-like disregard for any but purely practical considerations. Any such shadowy questions as the possible rights of the native chiefs and populations over the territories they inhabit are quietly ignored. The two high contracting parties trace out their mutually exclusive 'spheres' on the map, and

agree that neither will intervene in the area allocated to the other. It remains to be seen how the arrangement will work; but it appears more likely that it is better for each Power to have a quarter of a continent to itself, than that they should possess a joint right to meddle and quarrel in a whole one. China is a more difficult region to subject to this sort of treatment than Africa: 400 millions of human beings, an organised government, and a civilisation older than that of Europe, cannot be dealt with quite so summarily as negro tribes and Arab adventurers. But a beginning has been made in the process by the recent Anglo-Russian agreement with respect to railway enterprise. That convention, as Lord Salisbury was careful to say when he first made it known to the world at the Royal Academy Banquet, is extremely limited in its scope. It does not attempt to settle the political destinies of China, and only marks off Manchuria as the proper region within which Russia may pursue its financial and industrial enterprises, while England is allowed a similar exclusive opportunity in the Yang-tse basin. Still, such as it is, this arrangement may be taken as an official inauguration of the policy of division by joint agreement. The idea of managing China on the 'concert' system is abandoned.

A curious and interesting conflict of ideas has arisen in connection with the Peace Conference at the Hague. It has been seen that the attempts to determine international litigation by other means than war have moved on two different lines. There is the Continental—for the sake of clearness we may call it the Russian—method of proceeding by way of general regulations, enforced by agreement among the Powers; and there is the other—the Anglo-Saxon—plan of leaving each particular dispute as it arises to be adjusted by voluntary arbitration. Now it is worth observing that the Czar's proposals were drafted distinctly on the former basis. The Muravieff Circular of August 1898 was Muscovite not merely in its origin, but also in its character. It was framed on the old theory of the Imperial Cabinets that it is possible to promulgate a code of public law for the world, and to place it under the joint sanction of the great civilised Powers. M. Bloch, the Warsaw banker, whose monumental book on 'The Future of War' is supposed to have deeply influenced the Czar's mind, has pointed out that already the small States can hardly fight, except by permission of their larger neighbours. 'I suppose you will admit,' said M. Bloch, in a conversation reported by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, 'that war has practically become impossible for the minor States. It is as impossible for Denmark or for Belgium to make war to-day as it would be for you or for me to assert the right of private war, which our forefathers possessed. We cannot do it. At least we could only try to do it, and then be summarily suppressed and punished for our temerity.'

The Peace Rescript is pervaded by the idea that what is actually the case with the little countries might also be feasible with the greater nations. If there could be a real agreement among, say, half a dozen of them to treat a breach of the peace as a crime, no two disputants could venture on hostilities. An agreement for joint reduction or arrest of armaments would be the beginning. It would have to be arranged between the leading military and naval States, and so far as one can see it would be ineffective, unless it had in the background some kind of understanding to punish those who would not come into the compact, or declined to abide by it. A court of law is useless unless it has officers to carry out its orders. The European 'Areopagus' would need its constables and its tipstaves, and a power to commit for contempt. It ought to be able to say to any individual Government: 'You will be allowed to have so many battalions, so many regiments of cavalry, so many battleships and cruisers; not because that quota satisfies your desires or your ambitions, but because the Supreme Tribunal decrees that in the general interest it is sufficient for you.'

But no sooner does the Conference meet than the Anglo-Saxon idea of Arbitration springs into the first place at once and stays there; it is seen that this is by far the most hopeful question before the Conference, and perhaps the only one on which any serious results are likely to be attained. At the time of writing, the Conference is only in its initial stages, and it is rash to anticipate its conclusions; but it seems safe to say that no agreement to reduce armaments will be reached. The Second Commission—that on the Humanisation of War—is also rather disappointing. High hopes were raised as to what might be done in this direction, but difficulties sprang to the surface when the attempt was made to carry out the project of robbing war of some of the worst terrors with which modern science has clothed it. We run upon the rocks of interference with national liberty of action when we are asked to veto the use of the Dum-dum bullet or the submarine boat. In the absence of a supreme authority—the constitution of which, in some undefined fashion, lies at the root of the Russian proposals—these prohibitions and exclusions cannot be enforced, even if they are registered. In the Grand Military Handicap, in which nations are the starters, there are no Stewards to warn off the course competitors who do not run fairly.

With Arbitration it is different. The Hague plenipotentiaries felt that they were on solid ground here, for it is possible to do something without waiting for that 'Federation of the World,' which, so far, is only a dream of the poets. Compulsory arbitration, of course, has all the old obstacles; for who is to compel the

litigants to come into court? But the voluntary system has been tried, and there seems no reason why its operation should not be extended. In the early sittings of the Conference at least three separate projects of arbitration and mediation, promoted respectively by Great Britain, the United States, and Russia, were formulated. The fate of them will probably be decided while these pages are going through the press. Speaking generally, they have the same aim—that of creating some regular machinery for adjudicating on international disputes. Nations disposed to submit their quarrels to arbitration will find the way smoothed for them, if there is a tribunal of the highest repute and authority which can be placed in session by addressing a letter to the proper bureau in Berne or Brussels. The mere affirmation, in a more emphatic form, of the principle of mediation, may do some good. Disputants will not be disallowed the appeal to arms when they think their honour or integrity is touched. But, like private individuals anxious to fight a duel, they may consult their seconds, who may try whether the quarrel cannot be accommodated without proceeding to extremities.

The principle has been accepted before, as in the Treaty of Paris, and in Lord Salisbury's unratified Treaty of Arbitration with the United States. There are many cases where some such understanding might produce excellent results, though it is as well to remember that there have been others in which it would not work at all. In the old duels it was by no means uncommon for the seconds themselves to take a hand in the proceedings, and one can conceive that mediation by friendly advisers, not uninterested in the cause of dispute, might terminate in a general conflict. Moreover, it might occasionally be used not to prevent hostilities, but to postpone them in the interests of one combatant. If ever Great Britain should require to go to war with a naval enemy, mediation, unless it ended in peace, would be all to her detriment. Every week that went by would diminish the advantage she reckons upon in the rapid mobilisation and instant readiness for action of her maritime force.

If, in the foregoing pages, much has been said of military topics, it is because these hold so dominating a position in the public mind. On them, and on the matters cognate to them, politics still turn almost everywhere. In France, for many months past, every other question has been subordinated to that of the long-drawn-out judicial campaign, in which the real opponents have been the General Staff of the army on one side, and the Civil authorities of the Republic on the other. More than once it seemed as if the decision would be anticipated by a *coup d'état* or a military *pronunciamento*. But the judges and the ministers proved, on the whole, to have more nerve than the generals. Luckily for France, her army has no really popular officer

just now, unless it is Marchand, and he, besides being apparently an honest man, is of far too low a grade and of too plebeian an origin to satisfy the aristocratic revolutionaries who are on the look-out for a dictator. As for the military gentlemen of the *État Major*, who are compromised by the revelations before the Court of Cassation, not one of them is a person of real distinction or ability, or with any genuine hold on the national imagination. So, in spite of much ferment and blustering talk, the ignoble plot against Dreyfus was gradually unravelled, and when the end came, and the Appeal Court declared for Revision, no one was surprised, or apparently much agitated. Looking back on it, Frenchmen are beginning to wonder how this colossal scandal could have grown out of so little ; the end sought was so trivial, the means employed so clumsily base. Some observers in France and elsewhere are inclined to see in it all another moral against militarism, and in particular against the conscript army. But the deduction is somewhat hasty. The scoundrels, the forgers, the blindly complaisant dupes of the Dreyfus drama, are not a necessary result of compulsory service. Perhaps, indeed, the whole disgraceful episode does point to something radically wrong in the French military system. France never seems to have realised, as Germany has done, that conscription is only justifiable if it is so used as to become an instrument of national education and improvement. The German regiment is intended to be the supplement to the primary school. The conscript leaves the ranks, on the whole, better than when he joined the colours, having learnt discipline, cleanliness, obedience, and having found opportunities to cultivate his intelligence and develop his character. And the country which gives the higher training to its young men, during the critical years when they are wearing the national uniform, is likely to prove superior not merely on the battlefield but in the industrial conflict of the factory and the workshop. This is perhaps the most solid moral that France can draw from the trials of Captain Dreyfus.

CHARLES EARL GREY AND CHARLES JAMES FOX

AMONG the many personal attachments which have brightened, as with the rays of the sun, the Parliamentary life of England, none have been more unvarying or devoted than that felt by Charles, Earl Grey, for the friend and chief whom he lost in 1806.

That devotion he retained till the latest hour of his life, and it was a subject of self-congratulation with him in his last illness that throughout his connection with Mr. Fox he had on no occasion had the slightest difference with him.

In 1822 he had an intention—why abandoned I am unable to say—of recording his affection and reverence for Mr. Fox by an inscription under his bust. He wrote one for the purpose, and had some correspondence on the subject with Mr. Tate, of Richmond, to whom he submitted it for correction. That inscription, after a few verbal amendments by Mr. Tate, is now engraved, in accordance with my grandfather's original intention, on the pedestal of Mr. Fox's bust at Howick.

GREY.

[The inscription which is referred to by Earl Grey is printed on the next page, and may be rendered as follows :

Charles James Fox, a man (if any one) simple in character, eminent in ability, holding fast to the right ; in friendship pleasant, courteous, kindly ; heedless of private interest, but most ardent for the public weal ; for his eloquence, distinguished by force, brilliancy and volume, and not less by humour and grace, worthy to be numbered with the most famous orators ; as with the worthiest citizens, for his loyalty, benevolence, uprightness, and consistency ; worthy too to be beloved by all men as the prompt avenger of human wrongs. To this immortal man Charles, Earl Grey, for twenty years joined to him in the bonds of the most sacred friendship, and by his maxims, his example, and his influence, bred up to the maintenance of ancestral forms and civic rights, for himself, and that all his may long look upon it, this mark of loyal affection and regret dedicates from his heart.]

CAROLUS JACOBUS FOX

VIR

(SI QUIS ALIUS)

MORIBUS SIMPLEX PRAESTANS INGENIO RECTI TENAX

AMICUS JUCUNDUS COMIS BENIGNUS

UTILITATIS NEGLIGENS PRIVATAE

PUBLICAE STUDIOSISSIMUS

OB ELOQUENTIAM VI FULGORE ABUNDANTIÂ

NEC MINUS FESTIVITATE ET VENUSTATE EXCELLENTEM

INTER CELEBERRIMOS ORATORES

OB FIDEM BENEVOLENTIAM PROBITATEM CONSTANTIAM

INTER OPTIMOS CIVES

NUMERANDUS

ET DIGNUS QUEM HOMINES UNIVERSI AMARENT

UT HUMANARUM INJURIARUM PRESENTEM VINDICEM

IMMORTALI VIRO

CAROLUS COMES GREY

PER VIGINTI ANNOS

SANCTISSIMÂ CUM EO AMICITIÂ CONJUNCTUS

EJUSQUE PRECEPTIS EXEMPLO AUCTORITATE

AD INSTITUTA MAJORUM

ET CIVIUM JURA TUENDA INSTRUCTUS

HOC PRO SE

QUOD SUI OMNES DIU CONTEMPLENTUR

PIETATIS ET DESIDERII

MONUMENTUM

EX ANIMO DEDICAT