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THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE
RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

I

THE THREE-COLOURED SASH



IT is no motive of vanity that sets me here with a pen in my hand trying to arrange in decent order, like so many irregular troops, the memories of all that I have seen and passed through in my master's service; nor have I any wish to obtain for myself the reflected glory that comes from being known to have mixed with great persons. Now that the stiffness is gathering in my joints, and my white hairs are falling to the ground, that will soon be covering up my wasted old body altogether, I thank God that I can do my duty without thinking of the world's clappings. I write, then, with no other purpose than to vindicate one who is dead and who in his life was very dear to me against that brood of lies and scandals which has lately been hanging, like a thickening cloud of dung-flies, about his memory. Some will tell you that the late Emperor was a womanish, mouse-spirited fellow; others that he was a right-out knave and blackguard; and yet more will have it that he was an arrant moon-mad fool. Oh, those whispering, cowardly falsehoods! How I would once have spilt a man's blood for less than hinting at them! I am too old now, however, and, please God, of a temper too chastened to deal in bragging sword-

work. But my blood is not yet past blazing up at an insult to one whom I know to have been the soul of courage, faithfulness, and honour. And where, I might ask, will you find a man that is like to know what Louis Napoleon was, and what he was not, better than his trusted companion in shade and shine, plain Dick Blennerhasset?

But I will tell you first what was the beginning of my acquaintance with Napoleon, and what it was that made me swear an oath to him, promising him my hand and heart, whether in ignominy or Imperial triumph, so long as a drop of blood moved in my body. It was in the winter of 1830, when the Carbonari had finally resolved on the freedom and unity of Italy. The Austrians were to be driven from the north, and the Pope was to be compelled to renounce his authority over the Papal dominions. I was young at the time, and filled with ideals; so you will not wonder at it that I was chin-deep in the conspiracy. Rich and poor, lay and cleric, citizen and man of war, everybody who had a heart to fire gave it in those days to the cause of a national Italy.

Some of the nobler and wealthier among us had gathered one night in the palace of the Marquis di Bellifonti, to enjoy an hour or two's dancing in the midst of all our feverish plottings and anxieties. I had been dancing for some two hours so hard and wholeheartedly that I was compelled at length to ask my partner in a new waltz to sit

through it or go outside for a promenade in the gardens. She preferred to sit, and I had just found her a chair when a hand twitched me by the elbow. Looking round, I discovered old Trini at my side, a sleek, wine-faced man, who had been through the revolution of ten years before at Naples, and was now one of our most long-headed counsellors in the Carbonarist society.

"Come with me," he said almost in a whisper, gliding off towards the opposite side of the room, where was a recess kept private from the main body of the dancing hall by rich hangings of tapestry.

From his tone and expression I inferred that there must be something of importance in the air. So, making over my companion with a profusion of excuses to an unpartnered acquaintance, I immediately followed the winding course of Trini through the dancers across the room.

He held back the curtains for me to enter the recess. Within, at a table on which stood a bottle of Chianti and some half-filled tumblers, sat a dark, grave-faced man something under my own age—and I was only twenty-three—idly rapping his fingers and whistling a mournful melody. On perceiving me, he ceased whistling, and, rising to his feet, looked inquiringly at Trini.

"Comrade Blennerhasset," said the old man, taking me affectionately by the arm, "I have brought you to introduce you to our newest associate. Comrade Louis Napoleon," he went on, smirking from his plethoric old eyes at the grave-faced young man, "allow me to present to you Richard Blennerhasset, one of the boldest, and, despite his hairless face, one of the wisest workers in our noble cause."

At the mention of my name the Prince gave a start of surprise. While we bowed to each other, I caught him observing me keenly, though a frank smile was on his lips.

"Ah, an Englishman!" he murmured.

"No, your Highness," I corrected him, for my nationality was a subject which I could never bear being trifled with, "an Irishman."

"None of your 'Highnesses,'" interrupted Trini snappishly. "We are all equals here."

The Prince continued looking at me, his brows wrinkled with perplexity.

"An Irishman! An Englishman!" he repeated despairingly. "But, *mon Dieu*, what is the difference?"

I felt my face getting red, for I did not want to insult the man. I was growing angry, however, and came very near telling him that his noble uncle had learnt the difference at Waterloo. Happily, I swallowed the childish boast.

"There is no difference, your Highness," I declared, looking very solemn, "but a drop of blood—the drop," says I, very complacently, "that keeps the heart warm."

The Prince's brown eyes were twinkling with laughter.

"But," he cried, with an amused shake of the head at old Trini, "your friend is a patriot, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"We have all," replied Trini gruffly, "our weak points."

Prince Louis then took up the bottle and began filling our glasses. No sooner was one of them properly full than Trini lifted it high above his head and shouted, "To a free Italy!"

The Prince and I raised ours to our lips, bowing to each other.

"Italy—and Ireland!" said the Prince quietly.

"Make it a trinity," cried I, never to be outdone in generosity, "and add France."

We drank the toast with rare relish, poor old Trini choking in his haste until the wine spluttered down his fat chaps and over his beautiful plum-coloured waistcoat.

Prince Louis looked over at me, making a brave effort to hide his laughter.

"You do not love the English?" he observed in a questioning tone.

I shook my head, laughing.

"Here's to the devil with them!" says I, filling up my glass again.

"To the devil with them!" gaily echoed the Prince in his queer German accents, while Trini stood by, watching us drinking and wagging his old head

as though we were the maddest fellows.

From that moment on I was the sworn comrade of Louis Napoleon. My feelings towards the English have gone through a big change in the years that have passed since then; but in my young days there was no surer way of reaching my heart than a good hearty curse at the expense of the subjects of the Guelph gentry. This is easy enough to understand, I think, for those who have any knowledge of my family history. My father, an Irish landowner, and an ex-lieutenant in King George's army, had been banished from his native land for siding with the people in the rising of 1798, when Ireland made her noblest attempt to be counted among the free nations. He took ship for America, and lived quietly for some time in Boston; but to an old soldier like him, and to one who was accustomed to the gay life of an Irish country gentleman, the whole sober, peace-loving atmosphere of the Yankees soon became unbearable. Consequently, when he heard by an accident that there was room for good fighting men in the Pope's army, he packed up his few trunks and set out with a light heart for Italy. Happily, the estates which he had possessed in the county of Wexford, had not been altogether confiscated, but had been made over to his elder brother Jasper, who had remained faithful to the Government during the Rebellion; and Jasper, with a rare unselfishness, contrived every half-year to let my father have the full amount of the rents that came in from his former possessions. My father was thus enabled to cut a genteel enough figure in Roman society. He obtained without difficulty a commission in the 2nd Regiment of the Pope's Guards, and by the year 1806 had been exalted to the rank of captain. About the same date he led to the altar the sister of one of his brother officers, the beautiful Lucia di Galerna. I myself was born in the first year after the union, and three years later my mother died giving birth to a daughter, my sister Evelyn. This sorrow did not come singly on my poor father, for about

the same time he was expelled from his regiment and the Pope's service. It was in the year 1809, you will remember, that the great Napoleon annexed the Papal States to the French Empire; and my father, whose head was apt to turn at the bare mention of the word "Liberty," hailed him as a redeemer. In the midst of his enthusiasm he rose to his feet one night, near the end of a big dinner at the officers' mess, and cried out as a toast, "Napoleon the Liberator." Before long word of the incident reached official ears, and though a dozen intimates were willing to come forward and swear that my father had been deep in his cups at the moment when he spoke the offending syllables, his sword was removed from him and he was degraded to the rank of a civilian.

The grim look on my father's face, and the droop in his brave old shoulders date, I believe, from that moment. Retiring to his fine mansion near the Corso, he brooded over his private wrongs, confounding them in the end, as I can now see, with the larger wrongs of Ireland and Italy. Evelyn and myself he brought up in a mortal hatred of oppression, whether Saxon or emanating from the Vatican itself. In the evenings he would fan our youthful passion for liberty by reading aloud in his rich voice passages from the English poets, Shelley and Lord Byron, or by going over, with his hands on our heads, the incidents of the terrible spring of 1798. Consequently, before we were well into our teens, neither of us would have desired anything better than to lay our heads on the block on behalf of the emancipation of some oppressed people, whether Irish or Italian, whether Pole or Greek, or, for the matter of that, Hindoo.

You will not be surprised, then, that Napoleon with his "To the devil with them!" found a warm welcome in my responsive nature. Nor was this the only link that drew me to him, for was not he also, like myself, an exile from the country that he loved? In addition, each of us was now a conspirator in the same society, and each of us had in him something of the hare-brained and the passion for excitement. In short

we had so much in common and so many mutual resemblances, that before we had known each other a week we were sworn brothers.

My father did not regard my new friendship with favour. He would not so much as hear at first of my bringing the Prince to our residence. He had come by this time to look upon all rulers and the children of rulers as born oppressors; and in this view he was supported by my sister, Evelyn. "I will break bread with no tyrants," she declared one day on my proposing to invite Prince Louis home for dinner. Evelyn had, indeed, become quite a Charlotte Corday in her passion for liberty. And, with her fine blue eyes and purple-black hair which she had inherited from my father, and the graceful, pliant figure that my mother had in life been noted for, she would surely have made the noblest-looking heroine in the grandest scenes of the drama of the world's fight for freedom. In her face there was an earnest look, too earnest, from her youth up: and she had a proud way on all occasions of wearing a piece of green cloth in her breast for the sake of the old country. This she did, even when the green did not match with the other parts of her costume; than which, to my mind, a woman could give no greater proof of the strength of her devotion to an ideal.

Finally, during Christmas week, I overcame both her and my father's scruples, and Louis Napoleon was allowed to pass inside our family circle. I shall never forget the first words he spoke to Evelyn, when I introduced them to each other.

"I am nearly half your brother, already, Miss Evelyn," says he, with a quiet smile, "for I am a kind of twin of your brother Dick's."

Little did I think at the time that she would soon be looking at him in far more than a sisterly affection; and yet I could soon see that she was succumbing to the Prince's charm even more readily and more whole-heartedly than I had done myself. In a week's time I could notice the red slipping into her cheeks at the mention of his name, and when he came into the room, there was

a new quick light burned into her eyes that made me sorry I had ever been the means of bringing the two together. The Prince, as you know, had something of a name for the easy way in which he would master women. If his figure was short, it was well-built and handsome, and his dark, grave look, for ever jumping from the prettiest melancholy to the maddest pitch of enthusiasm, was just the thing a poetic young girl's fancy loves to dwell on. Though I trusted Evelyn with my whole heart, I began to doubt before long if this new intimacy was altogether good for her. The affair of the Contessa di Vera was notorious in Rome just then, and I did not like my sister to be mixed up with a man who made free with his heart to women of the easy ways of the lively Contessa. I was surprised, moreover, that in the height of this amour, the Prince's visits to our house, instead of diminishing, became more frequent than ever; and my astonishment was all the greater when I found good reason to believe that they were paid not so much to myself as to my sister, Evelyn.

Often, indeed, he would call when I was out, and, my father sitting and smoking most of the time in the library (for in his age he had become a great reader of books of a religious character), the Prince would go with Evelyn into her room, where she had a harpsichord; and there she would play him old French airs and soldiers' marches that he loved, or he would recite some ode of his country in his sonorous voice, and his queer Germanised accent. More than once I tried to give her a warning that Prince Louis was no man whom a pure girl could safely make friends with; but the way she straightened up her back, and looked at me from her fine blue eyes, soon set me stammering and repeating other words entirely than those that my mind intended. In the end, I began to stay at home as much as I could so as to make a third person at their interviews.

This was a policy, however, that an impatient fellow like myself soon grew tired of. So one night when, having been compelled to be abroad, I had heard a blacker story than usual of the Prince, and on

coming home afterwards had found him sitting with Evelyn, though it was near eleven o'clock, my impetuosity altogether got the better of me. I was made no cooler by the fact that my father had just heard that day the story of the Contessa, and had met me, when I came in at the hall door, with bitter reproaches for ever having brought a tyrant's son across his threshold. He had been pacing up and down the hall all the evening,—ashamed to enter the room where the couple were sitting, lest Evelyn might detect and be insulted at his fears, yet afraid to leave its neighbourhood.

I was heated and half-mad at the time, and my father's fears, added to my own, set my heart thumping with anger. "I will speak to the Prince at once," I said to him, and hurried to the door of Evelyn's room, while my father in his old snuff-coloured dressing-gown made hurriedly up the stairs with his tails flying.

When I entered the room, Evelyn was no longer seated at the instrument but leaned over a small rosewood table on which Prince Louis was turning over a sheaf of papers and talking rapidly. On seeing me, he gathered his papers in his hand and rose to his feet. A red blotch of confusion showing both in his and Evelyn's cheeks, my gorge rose with anger.

"Eh, my good comrade," he said, forcing a smile of easy welcome, "been laying mines for the Philistines?"

I looked him in the eye with a bitter coldness.

"Your Highness," I rasped out, with a stiff bow, "I wish to speak with you in private."

The Prince threw his head back with a perplexed laugh, for since the beginning of our friendship I had addressed him by no title but that of "brother."

"Highness!" he questioned me; "Highness!" He smiled over at Evelyn. "Brother Dick," he declared, "has been learning a new lingo, for sure."

I restrained myself with difficulty under his trifling.

"I wish to speak to you," I repeated in a more decided tone, "—alone," I added, glaring significantly at Evelyn.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, coming up before me and stamping her foot half-threateningly and half in alarm.

With a grave look on his face, Louis took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her from the room.

"We must not be impolite to brother Dick," he dissuaded her.

When he had closed the door behind her, he turned round to me sharply.

"Well?" he demanded, pressing the sheaf of papers I had noticed into a breast-pocket.

"Your Highness," said I, coming straight to the point and eyeing him in a deliberate insolent way, "I have come to tell you that I do not like this friendship of yours with the Contessa di Vera."

The Prince gave a start, and with a flash his hand was at his sword. There was a great lift of joy at my heart as I saw how quickly he took the insult.

"I am at your service," whispers I very briskly.

The Prince hesitated. I watched his face struggling between doubt and fury. Finally he flung his sword from him and burst into an uneasy laugh.

"Dick, Dick," he reproached me, dropping into a sigh, "there is something at the bottom of this that I don't know of."

I ground my teeth in anger at his slowness to quarrel.

"There is this," I observed in a pointed tone, "that there are some people that aren't wanted in a decent man's house."

This fresh insult was water on a duck's back to him. Suddenly, however, a look of comprehension flitted into his face. His features were contracted with pain and he threw a look at me, white as death.

"You mean your sister," he began in a quick panting breath.

"We were talking of the Contessa," I broke in on him hurriedly.

"Fool, fool, fool!" he cried, flinging his arms up impatiently, and prancing his small body up and down the room; "you make me sick."

I surveyed the restless diminutive figure with contempt.

"Brother," I sneered, patting my sword hilt meaningly, "are you afraid?"

He stopped in his walk, his dark face hanging with weariness.

"Here's a pretty soldier," I went on railing, "that will not wave a sword in defence of his mistress."

The Prince walked up to me quickly, white with anger.

"You are insolent," he said in a choking voice.

I laughed, and struck him on the face with the back of my hand, for I was now determined to bring on a quarrel.

"Monsieur," he cried passionately, "there is but one way."

"Now or to-morrow," I roared, as flaming as he.

"As monsieur pleases," he replied, and we banged out of the house.

We were, neither of us, in a mood to consider the niceties of duelling. Hastening down the road, we were resolved to have it out with each other, seconds or none, at the first quiet spot we might chance upon. Suddenly I drew up with an exclamation, the Prince staring at me scornfully. It had occurred to me that there was an old disused coach-house at the back of our garden, where we might fight for a twelve-month, and no one a penny the wiser. On my proposing to return thither, the Prince dropped another mocking curtsey, and we went back together. On our way to the coach-house, I slipped into the house and contrived without raising any disturbance to provide myself with candles. There were two great wooden trestle-beams that ran across the building from wall to wall, with a lanthorn hanging from each. The glass in the lanthorns was all broken, but we fixed a candle into the socket of each and placed the two on a ledge that projected high up the wall. Then, having taken off our coats, we drew our swords and stood facing each other. Oh, I laugh now, though the tears come into my eyes, when I remember how, in the wan light of those candles, I fought hand to hand in the coach-house with him whom I was afterwards to help to the position of the dictator of the destinies of an Empire.

It was a strange and, to me, unforgettable duel, my friends. I can still recall to mind the uncertain light on the swords, the mad angry lunges with

which I tried to kill my enemy, and the light way in which he skipped about the earthen floor, parrying my every thrust with a maddening sureness. I had not made a dozen passes before I knew that, with all my larger build and my longer reach of arm, the Prince was more than a match for me as a swordsman. I had studied the art under Filippo Ruini in his school near the Palatine, and knew his every trick of attack better than most men. But here was a little frail-bodied man in front of me whose guard I found it as impossible to penetrate as the stone walls of the coach-house themselves. At last I thought I saw a clear way to finish him, and with a wild cry of joy I made a downward pass straight for his heart. The Prince stepped aside like lightning, and before I could recover, with a quick turn of the wrist he had struck my sword from my hand and sent it ringing up towards the ceiling. With a clash it tumbled among the lanthorns, which fell extinguished to the floor. We were now left in utter darkness, for there was not even the glimmer of a moon coming through the windows to aid us. So black was the night that I could not see my adversary, however dimly. I knew where he stood, however, and giving him a shout of warning, I leaped at him in anger. He was armed, but at that moment I would have feared not God Himself—nor the devil. I reached his throat as though by instinct, and tried to wrap my arms round his puny body. His sword fell to the ground, and I rejoiced, thinking it a sign of victory. In a minute, however, he had slipped from my grasp, and with a sudden twist had gripped me round the waist. Before I knew where I was, I found myself lying on my back on the earthen floor and the Prince plucking at my throat, with his knee on my chest. I struggled for a while to rise, but was powerless. As the Prince's grip tightened, I could hear him laughing to himself quietly. I felt that I was being suffocated. I had resigned myself bitterly to death, when, with a sudden wrench, the Prince jumped to his feet and ordered me peremptorily to light a candle.

Almost in a daze, I rose up and did

as he had commanded. In the dim light which spread through the building I could perceive a queer smile breaking through his flushed, excited features. His lips were shaped into a whistle as he put on his long blue coat again. Then he drew a deep sigh and turned on me with a shake of his head.

"Dick, Dick," says he, smiling sadly, —for his anger seemed to have died away in the fight—"you have been making a sore mistake."

I lowered my face in shame, for the tears were coming into my eyes at having been worsted by a man whom I had despised.

"You have read me badly," he goes on, heaving another sigh. "I can only love one woman—at a time," he adds, almost comically. "And my love," says he, "isn't always on the side of the angels."

My head was now swimming in a great dream. The music of the Prince's voice seemed to be lulling me into a kind of intoxication. While a thousand conflicting thoughts were chasing through my brain, he came over to me and clapped his hand on my shoulders.

"Dick," he told me in a hushed voice, "I had it twice in my power to have killed you to-night. But I spared you for a friend's sake." He rested on the word "friend" in a meaning way. He must have seen from my face that I understood him, for he suddenly broke off in a tender voice. "Can you not believe that even a Napoleon may have a kind of honour?"

My heart throbbed painfully. A great cry of sorrow came to my lips as it dawned on me what a wrong I had done to the man whose hand I had clutched but a day before in a Judas-friendship. A poor Judas-friendship I now saw that it was, for I was persuaded that all the Prince had just spoken to me was the truth of God. The tears rushed into my eyes, and, dropping on my knees, I caught his hand and covered it with passionate kisses.

He patted me kindly on the head.

"Can you forgive me?" he said, gently.

"Forgive!" I cried, brimming with tears; "for what?"

"For giving you any cause for suspicion," he replied.

Then he raised me up in his arms, and, when I was standing up, he kissed me on both cheeks. My breast was stabbed with misery and shame at the sight of the generous love that I had so basely betrayed.

"There is no reparation that I can make," I said, sighing with the weariness of despair. "But what I can, I will. Take me—take my life itself. I will follow you to the death."

I got this out, not plainly and continuously as it is written down, but sobbing it in broken syllables. The Prince took a step along the coach-house, his sword clanking dissonantly. He gave a nervous kind of laugh, and looked at me oddly.

"Death!" said he, cocking his head to the side. "That's an ill-omened sort of word." He came up to me again and put his face very near my own. "There are words," he declared, "that I like far better."

He pressed his mouth to my ear and whispered. I started up and stared at the man, doubting if I had heard him right. His eyes looked into mine fixedly for a few seconds.

"Your Highness!" I gasped, while a half-realization passed through my mind.

"To the throne!" he cried, flinging his arms into the air with his eyes gleaming.

After that, he took his sword from the sheath and, laughing quietly to himself, as though he were acting in a play that pleased him, held the hilt towards me. I bent on my knee, and put my lips to it.

"I will follow you, your Highness," I declared, "if God wills it, to the throne."

I did not laugh, my friends, I can tell you, nor did Louis, when I had finished speaking. There was a quick catch in his breath when he opened his lips again.

"Dick," he said, gently raising me, "I find I have been making another friend to-night. I will let you see how I trust you. Come."

Lost in a splendid dream I followed him as he led the way down several side streets and a number of twisted alleys.

Almost before I knew where I was, I found myself standing by his side in the garish entrance-hall of one of the palaces in the neighbourhood of the Vatican.

Linking his arm in mine, the Prince brought me up a stair and down a long gloomy corridor, at the end of which a door was thrown open, half blinding me with the blaze of light that issued from behind it. Then I had an idea of words vaguely spoken and a vision of faces casting strange looks at me. Dazed though I was, I came gradually to realise that I had been ushered into the presence of the Napoleon family. I could feel the searching, cunning eyes of Cardinal Fesch probing me like a sharp instrument. Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis, glanced at her son for an explanation. Prince Jerome, on the other hand, jumped from his seat like a man afraid.

Though I continued in my stupor, it soon became clear to me among the humming voices that the Prince had spoken my credentials, and that I was accepted as a probationer in the Napoleonic service. Oh, it is with a rare joy that I look back on that treasonable midnight meeting, where crowns were tossed about like tennis balls, and the map of Europe treated like the changing face of a chess-board! How far away the talk seemed! How pitiable were the efforts of my poor brain to grasp the ideas which that wonderful family discussed with so everyday a calmness! Why, I was for all the world like a man trying to catch the wind in his hands. This much, however, I dimly gathered. The Duc de Reichstadt, the son of him of Waterloo, was to be restored to the throne of France: Napoleon Louis, the elder brother of Prince Louis, was to have his father's kingdom of the Netherlands; and to Louis himself was to be given the task of leading Italy to liberty, and, afterwards, of sitting in her throne to guide her united destinies.

I remember some time or other kissing the hand of the Queen-Mother, and pouring out my heart in a bagful of big promises. The next thing I rightly knew was that Louis had hold of both my hands at the outside door, and that I was breathing God's free air again.

Before he let me go, he squeezed my hand affectionately.

"Dick," he said under his breath, drawing himself up so that I might take a square look at him, "what kind of a looking man am I? Do you think"—he made a shy pause—"do you think I am any way built like a—like an Emperor?"

I lifted my eyes to his quizzing face, for I did not understand him then.

"An Emperor?" I smiled questioningly.

"Ah!" he said, putting his hands on my shoulders and gazing as if he would read my soul; "I dream things at night. France is a restive horse. One day she may want the reins to be held by a man that loves her."

The Prince turned quickly away from me and into the palace. The sigh and the glow with which he had just spoken stayed in my mind as I reeled home, drunk with imagination. They stayed with me through the night and kept me tossing on my bed in a wondering fever. It was long before I could sleep for thinking of them.

It was later than ordinary when I opened my eyes on the following morning. When I got downstairs I found Evelyn waiting for me in the breakfast-room and whiling the time away over some coloured stuff she was sewing.

As she looked up at me anxiously, I saw that her face was even more worn with care than mine must have been. I stopped the questions that were clearly on her lips, by telling her where I had been visiting on the previous night.

I sat back in my chair and looked up at her tantalisingly.

"What would you think," says I suddenly, "of a king for Italy?"

Evelyn did not so much as look up, but went on with her sewing, a quiet smile flitting into her face.

"Dick," she says, with a pitying sigh, "is there no news you could give me?"

"News!" I cried, starting up in my chair. "Why——"

"Dick," she interrupted me, "how is it a man never learns anything till somebody tells it to him?"

I confess I sank back with a flattened

kind of feeling. I had been looking forward to a tasty quarter of an hour, chuckling to myself at the way I was going to astonish the girl. I had enjoyed in advance the very kisses she would give for satisfying in the end her woman's curiosity. Yet here she was sitting as complacent as could be, and showing that she thought me the stupidest blockhead for my pains.

Her face brightened up now, for she saw that Louis had let me into the secret, and inferred from it that the night before had ended better than it had promised. With that air of modest pride, which is the prerogative of women, she let me know that she had long been familiar with the Napoleonic schemes of Empire. At the very moment when I had broken into the room on the previous evening, she said Prince Louis had been going over some papers with her in which the success of those schemes was shown to be absolutely certain.

"The papers!" I cried, bringing down my fist with a thump on the table.

Evelyn looked up at me in surprise.

"My God!" I groaned, recalling my suspicions with a shiver; "I thought for a time Napoleon was in love with you."

Evelyn began her sewing again, plying the needle hurriedly.

"In love with me?" she murmured, in a low voice. "What a silly notion."

I could have bit out my tongue for the words. The tears brimmed into her eyes, and, though her face was lowered, I could see it going red and white by turns. Suddenly, she mumbled an excuse and left the room. There was a look on her face that set me wondering painedly where the point was at which friendship ends and love begins.

I rose from the breakfast table, too gloomy to think of eating. Tramping aimlessly about the room, I came to the scarf on which Evelyn had been working. Taking it in my hands, I discovered with a start that the colours of which it was composed were the red, white and blue of the French tricolour. While I was still staring at it, my sister returned to the room, her face burning

with its accustomed beauty; and close on her heels, in a riding-coat, came Prince Louis who had called—he told me afterwards—to enquire after some jewel that he had dropped the night before in the coach-house.

The eyes of the Prince were down like a hawk on his beloved colours. With an exclamation of delight he took the sash from my hands and unfolded it to its full length.

"I am working it for a friend," Evelyn put in hurriedly, with her cheeks blooming.

The Prince still held the sash in his hands, unable to remove his eyes from it. He swayed it endearingly, as though it were an infant, laughing to himself quietly, and his face was shining with rapture. His fingers moved restlessly as under a temptation. One long last deciding look he threw at the sash. Then, with all the laughing deliberateness in the world, he began to wrap and fold it round his waist.

"Your Highness," entreated Evelyn reproachfully, "it is a woman's garment."

The Prince sidled away with his face beaming.

"Lord!" said he, with a chaffing look at her, "it becomes a man none the worse for that."

Strutting as proud as a girl that has pinned up her hair for the first time, he trod up and down the room, keeping his eyes fixed in a pleased way on his middle. Suddenly he paused opposite a long mirror, and drawing himself up, surveyed his figure critically.

"If I were to ride through Rome with this round me," he nods to his reflection in a comical way, "there are those that mightn't like it."

"As well wear the red cap at once," says I, with a laugh.

The Prince slowly turned a pair of twinkling eyes round on me.

"Dick" says he, with a sudden hitch at the sash, "I'll do it. By heaven," he cried, prancing about the floor like a boy from school, "I'll do it!"

Now, I never was one of your timid, calculating sort, but here was a proposal that made my very ears doubt their hearing. I did my best to restrain the Prince, for I felt that this throwing

down of gauntlets to the Vatican would only be the maddest play-acting business. Evelyn, however, was captured by the man's wildness, and gave him her whole backing. His horse was waiting for him at the front door. With an oath that he was not ashamed of his colours but would show them down the Corso itself, he hurried out and up into the saddle. Anxious as I was to see what the outcome of it would all be, I put on my hat and made by a short cut for the place he had fixed on, Evelyn laughing at my heels. In that year there was no greater resort for patriot discontents than the Corso. At the time of our arrival it was clamorous, as with a mob of wild animals. Shaggy men in red caps from the Sabine hills and hollow-eyed peasants from the Pontine marshes mingled with the quicker-faced crowd of towns-folk, a muttering, angry mass. A sudden hush came over them as a whisper spread down the pavement. Then there was a distant roar. Nearer and nearer it came, and the crowd massed itself densely along the walks, clearing a way for the figure of a horseman that was riding towards us, his head thrown back and laughing. My God! I shouted myself, that day! No man's hat was on his head, for the sight of the tricolour, the emblem of salvation, had set us mad. "Give us liberty," we shouted. "Long live Napoleon!" came the cry on every side. In his gallop past us, the Prince's eye fell on Evelyn and myself. With a gay wave of his sword at us, he rose in his stirrups and called out, "God save Italy!" Lord, how those sansculottes bellowed in their joy and ran after him, roaring! Then he was away and away—out of view. It was the grandest bit of play-acting I had ever seen. When I turned round to speak to Evelyn, I found that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

We made the way home in silence, dazzled with our thoughts. Prudence had now been drowned in me in a storm of hot exulting blood, and Evelyn, I am sure, was happy to the heart at the share that was hers in the grand heroics of the day. The sash was of her making: that was a thought of Spartan joy to her! A

thought too joyful, alas! for a heart that beat mere Irish music. When we reached the steps of our house, I felt her hand laid leaningly on my arm. Looking down at her, I saw that her eyelids were sinking and her face whitened. She began to sway weakly; so, sliding my arm round her, I all but carried her up the steps. Had it not been for my hold, she would have dropped to the floor when we had entered the hall. Evelyn had fainted!

The strain of the love tied up in her heart, and the constant burning excitement of the past weeks, had indeed proved too much for a frame that was weak beyond our most anxious guessing. It soon became clear that her case was one of utter break-down. The doctor came and went, balancing our hope with fear, driving out our fear with hope. Evelyn, in the meanwhile, lay in her bedroom like one dead. The ache still comes into my heart, and the mists gather in my eyes, when I let my thoughts travel back to those anxious far-off days. How vividly I recall every detail and circumstance of the room where my sister lay, for all I knew, dying! I can still see the old hollow-gummed nurse that sat by Evelyn's side, knitting away the hours. I can see the tricolour sash hanging like a memorial over the bed-foot, and Evelyn's eyes bent on it thinkingly, as on the thing that brought back to her the sweetest memories. Then the picture shifts, and shows me my old father tip-toeing up and down the floor, hissing out curses at the head of the Prince and all his foolishness, till turning and finding a wet face watching him from the pillow, he would throw himself on his knees at the bedside and take back all he had said in tears.

My father, I sometimes think, was moved to these outbursts against Prince Louis by a kind of jealousy. Ever since my mother's death he had been wrapping his love, like arms, round Evelyn, and it was natural that he should feel a pang at the realisation that his hold had become but a secondary support to the girl's being. For even he could no longer continue blind to the influence which the Prince had won over Evelyn's heart.

For myself, I encouraged the Prince to visit the sick room on every possible occasion. His presence, I could see, was the breath of life to Evelyn. When he entered the room, her face, which had before been grey and spiritless, warmed into a glow, and her lips, which had almost lost the power to frame a word, shaped into smiles of the tenderest beauty. From morning till night, the Prince was constantly coming and going. He would sit silent by the bed while she slept, and, when she woke, would cheer her with a quiet flow of child's talk about what they would do together when she was up and well again.

The condition of Evelyn, however, was not the only ground I had for anxiety. The Prince stood in as real if not as serious a danger. The Vatican, I knew, had come to hear of his escapade in the Corso, and schemes were on foot to get him packed out of the city, bag and baggage. He himself was heedless as ever, and only laughed when I hinted at the perils which surrounded him. He was to find an early confirmation of my fears.

It was some three evenings after the affair of the Corso, when a sudden message called me to the palace of the Napoleons. On my arrival I found the house in a condition of great excitement over the extensive rising which seemed imminent just then in the region of the Marshes. A hot discussion was waging as to how the leaders of the rebellion could be persuaded to work in the Napoleonic interests. I had barely gathered this much when a manservant rushed into the room with a white face and stammered out that the palace was surrounded by military. The Queen jumped from her chair and ran to the side of Prince Louis. Cardinal Fesch sat, his fingers playing with his cunning lips, as though he were hatching a plan, when a loud knocking came at the entrance door. Before we quite realised what had happened, a cordon of soldiers was standing in the doorway and an officer in the Pope's uniform advanced into the room.

"Madam," says he, bowing ever so politely to Queen Hortense; "you must

forgive my intrusion; but the business of his Holiness presses."

He turned his eyes slowly on Prince Louis.

"Louis Napoleon," he said, with a queer smile playing on his lips, "His Holiness will have it that you need a change. I have a carriage outside with a safe escort that will show you into Tuscany."

Louis took a quick look down at his sword belt. His features twitched with despair.

"I wish to God I had my sword on," he exclaimed, throwing his angry eyes at the Pope's officer.

"Your Highness," I broke in, ripping out my weapon with a flash.

The Cardinal stepped forward and jerked my arm back.

"Come," he commanded, putting on a stern, grave air; "none of this heretic's work. It is the Church that commands—it is for us to obey."

The Prince was red hot with annoyance and despair. Ringing for his servant, he ordered a trunk to be got ready. He bent down on his knees to kiss his mother's hand, but she raised him up, and put her arms round him and kissed him on the mouth tenderly.

I walked by his side as he descended the stair, the escort clanking behind us. Out in the street, with a half-moon of horse soldiers around it, a close carriage waited. The Prince paused at the step and kissed me warmly on the cheeks.

"I wish," I said, with a deep sigh, "I was going with you."

The Prince's eyes flamed round on me abruptly as though he had not heard me.

"Let nothing of this get to Evelyn," he warned me in a quick breath, and with that he tumbled into the carriage and the horses plunged forward down the road.

It was with a start of surprise that on turning away I caught sight of a cloaked figure standing at my side. The face was suddenly whisked away from me. A leering face it seemed to me, shining with a devilish satisfaction. On finding that he was observed, the figure

waddled off in a guilty, startled way. I peered after him for a moment, racking my brains over the identity of the fat, muffled form. With a flash the name of Trini was on my lips. I sent another long look after him. It was then that the first suspicion dawned on me of the treachery of the old man that was afterwards like to cost many of us so dear.

Perplexed in my thoughts I walked slowly homewards taking a melancholy pleasure in the caresses of the evening wind that played about my temples. On returning to the house I was like a man suddenly struck in a dream. The servants were running to and fro with the aimlessness of women in terror. The doctor crawled deliberately up the stairs, my father running on in front of him, crying out to him to hasten. I was not long in discovering the cause of the confusion. The rumour of Prince Louis' arrest had spread like wildfire in the city, and increasing as it spread had at last enlarged into a tale of how in the midst of a stout resistance he had been ruthlessly shot dead by those who had not the power to take him captive. Some fool of a servant who had been taking the nurse's place at Evelyn's bedside had come out plump with the whole story, the result being that my poor sister fell back with a cry. Critical as was the condition she had been in before, her life now hung by a single thread.

Hurrying to the bedside, I explained the horrible mistake that had been made. But Evelyn only tossed there, moaning "Louis, Louis," with her poor eyes burning. I swore to her by her faith in me that the Prince was alive and safe, but her nerve was broken and her reason wavering. "He is dead," she repeated to herself in a monotonous kind of cry, "I know it. He is dead." I gazed at my father stupidly and he returned my look from eyes filled with agony. Evelyn moved her arms under the bedclothes as though she wished to speak to me. I bent my head near her lips.

"He is dead," she was murmuring as though quietly arguing with herself. "If he is living, bring him to me."

My breast was contracted with pain. I caught my father's look again, and he nodded to me.

"Yes, bring him to her," he uttered in a toneless voice.

I held my brows, while mad, impossible thoughts tumbled through my brain, and almost dazed me. I trod up and down the room trying in my soul to bargain with God for a ray of light on a path that seemed all darkness. Suddenly, it was as if a glimmer had come into my mind. With a growl of resolution I rushed over to the bedside and kissed my sister impulsively on the forehead.

"With the help of God, dearest," I promised her, "you shall see him before another sun goes down."

Her eyelids closed in utter weariness.

"It is so long," she sighed, "—so long," she kept repeating the phrase sadly.

It was with a bursting heart that I tore myself away from the room. The need, however, of bringing into shape the idea that had taken hold of me forbade me to nurse the eating sorrow that would not leave my heart. Now my plan was this. I knew the road by which State suspects were carried into Tuscany, and resolved to get a passport for two and go in pursuit of the carriage in which Prince Louis had driven away. I might, I thought, obtain the passport on the plea that the services of a famous herb-doctor, Andrea Vinelli, who dwelt in a Timon-like seclusion in the country near Grosseto, were necessary to save my sister's life. And disguised as the doctor the Prince would be able to return with me in comparative safety from detection. With the help of a high official at the Vatican, with whom I had been on terms of the closest intimacy at Ruini's fencing-school, I readily obtained the passport. Running home I ordered a carriage to be prepared, packing, in the meanwhile, a suit of black solemn clothes in a small bag. In another hour I was rolling along the Via Borghese in mad haste after the Prince's escort.

There was nothing to be gained I knew by overtaking this until the

boundary of the Papal dominions had been crossed, and that was more than sixty miles away. Twice along the road we had assurance, however, that the carriage had gone in front of us, and the very tidings seemed to put new heart into me.

Oh, the long agony of that night! Miles that seemed as if they never would pass! Hours that stretched in the imagination into days! Darkness that seemed to hold no hope that the dawn was ever coming! Never did I experience the same dragging monotony that I felt on that weary, weary journey. I welcomed it as a change when on two occasions I was pulled up and my passport demanded, once at the base of the hills that you can see so clear from Civita Vecchia, and the second time when I was all but over the border. On the latter occasion my disturbers were the very escort that had been sent to "protect" Prince Louis. They were now returned into Papal territory, and were looking about for an inn at which to rest. I feared at first I was discovered, but happily the officer in charge was so wearied out with the long drive that he sent a stupid sergeant—too stupid, by the grace of God, to recognise me—to see that my papers were in proper order. Meantime, I obtained a peep into the carriage which convinced me that the Prince had been dropped behind in some not very far off village over the Tuscan border.

I bade the coachman put the horses to a gallop. On and on for ten miles we travelled, the carriage swaying and straining as though at any moment it might smash itself in pieces. Then at last we were across the border. Two miles further in the flush of daybreak we reached a hamlet where we had word of the equipage that had passed through an hour or two before. Another mile and we were in the small town of Gicia. There was only one decent inn in the place, for which I made directly. I was lucky in my shot. The first man I clapped eyes on in the hall was Pierre, the Prince's valet. On hearing that I was in the house, Louis immediately sent for me to his room. Jumping from his bed on which he had lain down

clothes and all, he met me with a look of alarm.

"Dick!" he exclaimed, stopping as though his tongue were chained with fear.

As rapidly as I could I acquainted him with my sister's condition, relating how she had cried out for him and beseeching him by the Mother of our Saviour to return with me to Rome.

The Prince put his fingers on his lips meaningly.

"No, Dick," he declared in a loud voice, "it can't be. I must be in Florence to-morrow."

He beckoned me over to him and pulled my head close to his mouth.

"Walls have ears," he said in a whisper. "Talk low."

Then he told me with an earnest look how ever since he had been carried out of Rome his mind had been set in a determination in one way or another to get back to the city. There was an appointment it seemed with the Contessa di Vera that he felt in honour bound to keep. The name of the woman hurt me, but I was ready to bargain with the Prince; provided he came and fulfilled the wish of poor Evelyn, he might afterwards be free to flutter round every Contessa that lived within the bounds of Rome. Then we sat down quietly to arrange matters.

When we had decided on our plan, I ordered my coachman to put fresh horses in the carriage. Soon I was driving along in a northerly direction as though passing on towards Grosseto. About a mile along the road we drew up and waited, fussing about the horses as though something in their feet had gone wrong. We had not been long standing until the Prince, who had quitted the inn on the pretence of wishing a quiet walk, came quickly up to us. He got into the carriage, and I jumped in after him. Then with a sudden swerve down a side lane we were soon on a road which curved backwards, and at about five miles distance rejoined the main route to Rome.

The Prince changed into the black suit of clothes that I had brought with me, and indeed he looked so gloomy in his new dress, and so unlike himself,

that even I could not forbear smiling. When our passports were demanded, he lay back in the carriage with his face in shadow, and, no one recognising him, we were free from all attempt at interruption. An agony was smarting in my bones from my long journey, and my heart ached all the way with thinking of Evelyn. As the night fell, my mind was filled with an even darker boding. There was a disheartening wet sheet of rain coming down when at last we breathed in Rome again.

We almost tottered with fatigue as we climbed the steps that led to our house. Our coachman fell as he dismounted from the box. Stepping into the hall I was met with a silence that seemed ominous. The haggard face of my father peered down from the stairhead, and he beckoned us to follow him on tip-toe.

Evelyn now lay in her bed, with a dry blaze on her face and her lips, mumbling. I could hear no words uttered, but I knew from the shape of her mouth that she was calling on Louis. Her eyes were closed as with a weight. I heard the Prince's breath catching as he moved to the bedside. The next thing I was aware of was that he had laid his hand on her hot brow and that her eyes had slowly opened. She showed no surprise—I always thought it strange afterwards—at seeing him. She only smiled sweetly, her eyes fixed on his face as though they could never have enough of looking. She moved restlessly in a kind of struggle to get her arms free from the bed clothes. The nurse arranged her as she desired; the Prince, keeping a smile on his face, though I could hear the sobs working in his throat, gave her his hand so that she could cover it between her own. She played with it as though in a delightful dream.

"Louis," she whispered, as though to herself; "my Prince!"

My father turned away his face with the great beads trickling down his cheeks. I was about to hide my tears in the same way when I heard the voice of Evelyn calling me.

"Dick," she said, as she stretched out one of her hands to me; "this is going to

be your King." With her weak fingers she showed she was trying to join my hand to the Prince's. "You must—never leave him—or—for—sake him."

The lids fell on her eyes again, and she sank back with a weary sigh. The Prince stooped reverently and kissed her on the lips. With a struggle she revived again. She contrived by a gesture to point our eyes to the tricolour sash which was hung over the foot of the bedstead. The Prince, himself, with a quick glance lifted it and brought it over to her. She fingered it tenderly, muttering incoherently. With a sudden nod she made him know that she wished him to wear it again as he had worn it so gallantly but a few brief days before in the maddened Corso. As she watched him tying it round his waist her eyes burned with a fierce joy.

For a moment her eyes grew fixed as she turned them towards Louis. She uttered a quiet, happy laugh.

"My Emperor!" she murmured, with the dream falling on her eyes again.

The Prince moved up close to her with the sash round him, and placed his hand on her forehead again. Again her eyes were bent on his face as if drinking in a delicious draught. Then the expression changed. Her eyes blazed in a fierce stare, and her features became rigid. She looked out into space as at some vision. Suddenly she sat up straight in bed with her arms stretched in front of her.

"A Versailles!" she cried, as though shrieking on a mob. "A Versailles!" There was a pause during which her breathing came thick and deep. She seemed to gather all her strength for one last triumphant call. "Long live the Emperor!" she said in a firm voice, and sank back, exhausted, on the pillow.

The Prince bent forward to catch her as she fell. We saw her head lie back and heard a gasp of pain. Louis laid his head beside hers on the pillow sobbing. Evelyn was dead.

My father's hand slid into mine silently. The knock of pain had dazed us, preventing tears. I do not know how long we stood in that supporting grip. It was as part of a dream to me

when my father loosed his hold and, going over to the Prince, tapped him on the shoulder. The Prince did not move at the touch: I doubt if he had even felt it.

"If I had known!" he was repeating to himself piteously; "if I had only known!"

My father shook him so as to awaken him.

"You must be gone," he muttered sharply. "You are in danger here."

It was a stained face that the Prince turned up to us—vacant and uncomprehending. I put my arms under him to raise him up. He allowed me to do with him what I would.

"Remember," I chided him gently; "you have a lady—a friend—a duty—" I began to stammer, for I could frame no honest ending to the sentence.

The recollection of the Contessa brought a pained smile to the Prince's lips.

"Dick," he reproached me, "do you think I could go and see her—now?"

I could have died for the man—just for that word alone. It was Evelyn's great reward—after death. My father broke in on my exultation with a call to present duty.

"You go with the Prince," he said, forcing himself to matter-of-factness.

I bowed, for I had intended as much. With a flush, Prince Louis declared that I must remain behind for my sister's burial.

My father answered gruffly, "Let the dead bury their dead;" and, as his chin fell on his breast, I thought I could perceive a double meaning in his words.

The Prince was still unpersuaded. Conviction came with a flash when my father nodded his head towards the bed and urged, "She would have wished it."

Our parting was wordless. The "God bless you" was conveyed in the closeness of our embrace.

My father's back was turned, as the Prince and I slipped from the room. We hurried down the stair as though under an effort to get away from that which we loved too much. Outside there was still the hush of rain.

Fresh horses, with our coachman's son behind them, waited in readiness. The Prince bounded into the carriage, I following him. Above the gate of our house lamps burnt dimly. As we rolled out into the road, their light fell on a fat cloaked figure. It was Trini, and, as we were whirled past, it seemed to me there was an evil sneer on his face.



A MOOD.

WIND and sun and the smell of the sea,
And the spindrift flew like a soul set free,
But the breakers were harsh and loud;
And the keen air quickened a secret pain,
And a white fear woke in the watcher's brain
As the sea-gull flashed on a cloud.



It is one of the curses of the industrious man that he cannot be properly idle. This arises either from inborn incompetence or want of practice. The possibilities of idleness as an art are still insufficiently appreciated.

A FREE WAY

THERE grows a hedge by the dull wayside,
 And for no sweet reason or artful sense,
 But just as a landmark, rises a fence,
 And a gate in the fence stands wide.
 Close—on the farther side of the hedge—
 To the ditch's brink is the oozy edge
 Of a shoal and torpid pond :
 A random footway falters beyond,
 Its narrow track in the woodland screening.
 The hedge is ragged, the hedge springs high ;
 Through its gaps and rents you can see the sky,
 But I doubt if even a dreamer's eye
 Could clothe it with secret meaning.
 Nor seems that twig, from the hedge-top rising
 Twelve inches straight in the air or more,
 A finger-post to some unknown shore
 For a good stout heart's emprizing.

Yet on certain nights—when the moon is late—
 In front of the moon's disc dark and straight,
 With a single leaf will the twig stand clear,
 Swayed by the night-wind's hand unseen,
 And a still small voice in the dreamer's ear
 Each soft wind-murmuring croons between.
 Very softly there, very softly here,
 Swayed south or north by the viewless hand,
 The leaf says : " Here it is fairyland ! "
 And then, more plainly :
 " He that looks further is searching vainly :
 Near, near, never so near :
 The gate is open, the path is free ;
 It is now or never to hear and see ! "
 And I see for one—through this message coming
 In the midst of the dusk night's drowsy humming—
 That to him who can hear and understand
 Why this is the entrance to fairyland,
 May even a twig and a leaf impart
 The secret hidden in Nature's heart.

Whence I conclude that the end of things
 Exceeds not the sweep of an angel's wings ;
 And if these spread widely from base to marge,
 We know He has given His angels charge.



It is a sublime and solemn sight to observe how persons who have reared
 for themselves an ingeniously constructed edifice of trouble and anxiety,
 modestly disclaim all credit for their work, and ascribe it to Nature.

THE AUSTRALIA OF TO-DAY



IN Colonies, as in clothing, there would seem to be modes and fashions. What is esteemed to-day, may be regarded with but lukewarm affection ten years hence, some newer colony, with all the charm of the unfamiliar, having meanwhile sprung into favour. To-day it is Canada, yesterday it was South Africa, and the day before it was Australia. The stay-at-home Briton receives certain impressions from his daily paper of each new favourite, and these must perforce do duty until the turn of the wheel brings that colony once more before the public eye. And so it comes that the average man at the Heart of the Empire may be well posted on the subject of one of the great Dominions beyond the seas, while his information concerning the others lags sadly behind the times.

It must not be forgotten that history marches quickly in a new country, and that the Canada of 1890 is as far behind the Canada of 1903, as the Middlesex of 1800 was behind the same county a century later. In 1895 there began in Australia a series of dry years which have reduced the great pastoral industry of Australia to a sorely stricken condition, and in 1903, when the lean years had presumably ended, the yellow press of London discovered a great Australian drought, and hinted at the possible insolvency of a Continent, and the repudiation of its National Debt. Some years ago the perfecting of the refrigerating process, and the almost universal equipment of ocean-going steamers with cold chambers, rendered the export of rabbits from Australia a profitable business, and is now converting a pest into a valuable asset. It is still the fashion of the London writer of Australian books to

speak of the rabbit as the worst enemy of the selector.

If concrete facts like these about our great Colonies obtain so slow a recognition in Great Britain, the unseen development of colonial public opinion must be still more obscurely hidden. Here, in Great Britain—and it should be stated that these observations are made by a Colonial—public opinion is a quantity that is very easy to come at. Public opinion on the fiscal question, for instance, was manufactured by Cobden, who must have been a very moving person to have been able to mould a material so little plastic. Conditions have altered since that time, but the Cobden-made opinion survives in a very presentable shape, in spite of some battering and hammering bestowed upon it. Public opinion in the Colonies is not made of such stolid material. Ten years sufficed to convert Australia from a collection of antagonistic provinces into a nation, and Great Britain has still to learn how the change came about. That part of Britain which is at all interested—probably a very small part indeed—prefers to regard the mutterings of a discontented majority as Australian public opinion, and to fear that “Federation has come too soon.”

For these reasons—lack of interest and lack of information—the picture of the Australia of to-day presented by Mr. Percy F. Rowland, in his lately-published book, “The New Nation,” will probably not command the attention in Great Britain that it deserves. Mr. Rowland’s own account of the book is that it is an honest attempt to record the impressions collected, and carefully corrected from time to time, during a period of seven years spent in Australia. The result may be compared with the outcome of the Australian

opinion of that period, as revealed in the acts passed by the various Australian Legislatures, both State and Federal; and it will be possible to see that Mr. Rowland's impressions explain, to a very great extent, the trend of Australian legislation. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to assume that Mr. Rowland's impressions are, in the main, correct ones.

The essential part of Mr. Rowland's account of the Australia of to-day begins with the Australian himself. We are accustomed to hear a great deal about the Labour Party and the undue influence it wields in Australian politics. The unit of the Labour Party may reasonably be supposed to be the Australian workman, of whom we find a sufficiently lengthy account given. To begin with, he is reasonably content, and when disputes between capital and labour arise, does not display that intensity of feeling which characterized, for instance, the great London dockers' strike. He is temperate and good humoured, as compared with his British equal, and subscribes heartily to the doctrine of "Live and let Live." Finally, he is only now beginning to learn the immense political power which he might wield, and to employ the weapon of manhood suffrage in the place of his worn-out bludgeon of Trade Unionism.

The professional and middle classes Mr. Rowland found were too exclusive in minding their own affairs, and too apt to regard the business of politics as something rather contemptible and beneath their notice. The same complaint has often been made of the American classes, and the same rebuke administered as occurs to Mr. Rowland, namely, that if the public men of a nation are unworthy in the eyes of its middle class, the fault is largely the fault of that class, and the remedy an obvious one. Money, education, influence and talent must count for much even where every man has a vote, and the intelligent man who neglects the privileges of citizenship is worse than a passive offender.

The "upper classes" in Australia are the people with money. The more re-

financed of these spend the greater part of their time in London, and upon the Continent; the remainder are summed up in a convenient epigram, "The people with money have no taste, and the people with taste have no money." The most noticeable effect of this state of affairs is that Australian art of all kinds languishes for want of patrons, and the Australian artist or writer finds his Mecca in London. "Australia," said one artist to Mr. Rowland, "is a magnificent country for an artist—to get out of." There is no Australian monthly magazine worthy of the name; and a well-managed and intelligent dramatic company, which has presented in Australia many of the better British dramas of modern times, has had a painful struggle for existence. Only the cheaper parts of the house are well filled at such productions; and similarly the crowds which fill the public picture galleries are composed of people unable to buy pictures of any sort. The "upper classes" of Australia have not yet learned the virtues of the British "leisured class," which class they would like to imitate.

At the present time, however, these aspects of Australian life have little interest to the Briton, when compared with the economic aspect of Australia. Australia is Britain's debtor, and has somehow succeeded in over-running the constable to such an extent that the public debt, estimated per head of the Australian population, is the heaviest in the world. It has probably never occurred to anyone to reckon the debt per head of sheep, or per acre of land, although it is through these things that interest on debts, and the debts themselves, are paid. Mr. Rowland is not alarmed by the portentous aspect of the Australian debt, when allotted in individual shares to each inhabitant, but points out the great and solid prosperity of the individual Australian as a counterbalancing consideration. If they owe more per head than other peoples, the Australians also earn more per head, spend more per head, and yet own more per head. They reap the advantages of the State ownership of railways, run for the benefit of the people and not to pay

dividends; and retain the railways themselves as an earnest of the money spent, and an asset that would, if realised, go very near to wiping out the whole debt.

Further security for the National Debt, Mr. Rowland writes, may be found in "the gigantic territory in process of development, and its immense natural resources." Such security may be considered potential rather than actual, but Mr. Rowland might have referred to the actual wealth of Australia with good effect. Who in Great Britain realises that Sydney is the second wealthiest City of the Empire, judged by actual rateable value, and yields pride of place only to London itself! Melbourne is not far behind Sydney in this respect, and ranks fifth on the list of Empire Cities. Then again, in value of trade, Sydney is the fourth port of the Empire, its trade being exceeded only by London, Liverpool and Hull, while Melbourne is the sixth.

The ties that bind Australia to the Empire are considered by Mr. Rowland in two chapters which are among the most interesting and suggestive in the book. The case for separation is put clearly and concisely and without any exaggeration. The time may come when the young Australian will have to decide between loyalty to England and loyalty to his own country, and what then? Mr. Rowland is correct in representing that the Australian, rightly or wrongly, sets no high value upon the protection of the British arms. "No nation is likely to attack us as an independent nation," say the Australians in effect. "But as a part of the British Empire we share Britain's universal unpopularity, and are in danger of being drawn into all her quarrels." Outside this matter of protection what advantages does Australia gain from her connection with Great Britain, that could not be enjoyed equally as an independent nation? "To be self-reliant," concludes Mr. Rowland, "is to be brave, to be cautious, to be strong; and for my part I cannot pretend to view, except with sympathy, the national aspirations of the young Australian party, who for this bravery, this caution, this strength,

are ready to sacrifice the advantages of the Imperial connection."

The case for Imperialism is urged with the same clearness and force. On the Colonial side there still remains the strong bond of sentiment, stronger than the desire for advantage, as already proved. Does the same sentiment exist in Great Britain? The Australian, at any rate, has too often good reason to feel that the Englishman does not regard him as a brother of Empire, but rather, as is sometimes implied, as a bastard brother. A realisation of the Imperialism of which so much is spoken involves a much closer connection than at present exists. Mr. Rowland declares there is no alternative between separation and Imperial federation—and to effect a closer connection, the Englishman must display some of the sentiment he professes to admire in the Colonial. The speech lately delivered by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, lends additional interest to this section of "The New Nation," and its reception in Australia is significant in the light of Mr. Rowland's contentions.

To conclude, here is a picture of the Australia of to-day, as drawn by Mr. Rowland:—

"From this republic—the nearest the modern world has been able to devise to the ideal republic of Plato—the old world hopes much. From the Australian character, from the sanity, good humour, sincerity, and uncommon good sense which are the birthright of the Australian people, England especially has much to learn and to expect."

Perhaps it may seem bold to say "to learn," and yet what can we say?

Here in England thousands of children are daily driven fasting to school, and underpaid and overworked schoolmasters toil themselves out in the hopeless task of superimposing full brains on empty stomachs. Australians have their faults, but children do not starve in the new nation.

"Here in England thousands of wretched men and women are kept as paupers in prison barracks, known as workhouses, a patient life of toil rewarded by separation of husband and

wife, parents and children, and comfort inferior to that of felons in many county gaols. Australians have their faults, but they do not force such degradation on their old people. The States, by awarding moderate pensions to old age, do away with the necessity of the poor-house, preserve family integrity and national self-respect.

"Slaves of the counter still faint in English shops, senselessly tied to their work for fourteen hours a day. In Australia, shops close at reasonable hours; all employés have hope of reasonable leisure.

"In England, we have journals annually degenerating to the American gutter type. In Australia, the daily papers have learned the art of being popular without the tricks that mark the decay of English journalism.

"Lastly, in England we have a population, five-sixths of which is miserably poor. . . . In Australia, the poor are still with us; but the doctrine of the living wage has been taken from the books into the workshops."

And so, Mr. Rowland contrives to express the spirit of the new nation.



SPEECH IN SEASON

IF that was thy voice in the morning,
 Wherever thou wast, I know
 What fill'd the world in the morning
 With melody sweet and low:
 A harp where the breezes blow,
 A bird unseen in the coppice,
 And down, where the waters flow,
 A ripple, a flute, a singing, an echo through all the day,
 Which, out of the dream and the distance, called to me far away.

If that was thy voice in the noontide,
 I know why there fell for a space
 A hush which is rare in the noontide,
 A spell full of langour and grace;
 And out of some wonderful place
 Whence the glory of heaven flowed over,
 But sight is too feeble to face,
 Came a rumour, a whisper, a message, a secret indelible note:
 And I know what it meant in the noontide—that word from the zenith remote.

And hence in the light of the evening
 Thy voice in all I hear:
 Dost thou sing far away in the evening?
 Who knows? But the voice is near,
 And, far or at hand, how clear!
 While, soft as thine eyes' own lustre,
 In the lilac of heaven appear
 The stars which have borrowed thy beauty, and every star on its throne,
 To utter its nightly watchword hath taken thy voice and tone.

SOME LETTERS

From Miss Lalage Scott, Beechcroft, to
Captain Bellairs, Aldershot.



OST DEAR,—I am really having a charming time here with Ida and Jack: the place wants nothing but your dear person to render it the antechamber to Paradise.

Ida sends you many messages and hopes that you will be able to run down on Saturday.

Lord Snobtown is staying with them at present—such an antique piece of humanity who hobbles about with the air of a person who has heroically made up his mind to endure scenery for a few days.

He has a glass eye and wears a *toupee* that gets dreadfully out of curl in the salt atmosphere, not to speak of other accessories which make great demands on one's curiosity; when he is got up for the day he is probably the choicest extant masterpiece of cosmetic science, marred only by the evident influence of too many schools.

He pays your correspondent much attention, which leaves her ungrateful; for when he speaks, he breathes not of Araby the blest. Jack says it's sudden death to see him when he is taken to pieces.

Mamma writes me that they think of taking a small house in Kensington West, from October, if they can get it cheap. How I hate that word, and yet you and I will always have to do everything on those lines when we are married! Ah, how often I echo your wish that we might be freed from the sordid and disagreeable realities of life, and dwell together on some island swept by the purple and many-voiced Mediterranean sea.

Mamma goes on to say that papa is once more engaged in some speculation or company in the City, and is again convinced that he is on the eve of a colossal fortune. Poor mamma is as sceptical as I am on these matters, though she says that on this occasion there is actually a scheme, vague and intangible, but still a scheme; and there is also an earl; what shareholder could ask more? One cannot expect profit and the peerage.

Good-by, dear heart.

Come on Saturday, and

Believe me,

Ever to be your

LAL.

From the same to the same.

Cruel, unkind Harry, not to come to me when I had looked forward to seeing you all the week through!

Nothing but a long letter full of penitence and promises of amendment will satisfy

Your deeply offended

LALAGE.

Two hours later.

Dear, darling Harry,—Thanks so much for your letter and the charming bracelet: it is beautiful, and I am delighted!

I am sure you need not be in the least alarmed at Lord Snobtown's attentions—it is paying yourself far too poor a compliment.

It is iniquitous that you cannot get leave; no wonder there is so much talk about the mismanagement of affairs at the War Office.

Ever dear love,

LAL.

From Isaac Scott, Esq., Austin Friars,
to Miss Scott.

My Dear Child,—I hasten to take up my pen to impart to you the gratifying intelligence of the great compliment that has been paid to me and to yourself.

Lord Snobtown has written requesting the honour of your hand in marriage. To quote his own beautiful words, he offers you "a lovers's devotion with paternal solicitude and care." Could anything be more admirably expressed?

Your mother and myself are completely overwhelmed at the brilliancy of such a future for our beloved daughter. Though we would never counsel you to make a merely mercenary marriage, I may as well say that I feel sure your mother—you know her heart weakness—would not survive the disappointment of a refusal on your part; but I feel convinced that a girl so admirably trained and of such pure and simple tastes as yourself would never dream of such a course; so I have already written Lord Snobtown my heartiest approval. Heaven cannot fail to bless such a union.

As you know, the imminent failure of my hopes in the City has left us in sadly straitened circumstances.

Your affectionate father,
ISAAC SCOTT.

From Lalage Scott to Captain Bellairs.

Dear, dear, darling Harry,—Please, please forgive me for what I am about to do.

Your Lalage, my own, is going to sacrifice herself on the altar of parental affection.

Papa has lost everything and will be reduced to the workhouse unless I marry Lord Snobtown.

Dear love, what can I say—what can I do but obey?

Your heartbroken
LAL.

From the same to the same.

Dear Captain Bellairs,—To say that I was astonished at your letter would be to give you but a very faint idea of my

feelings! Such a tirade of preaching and reproaches I could not have thought anyone could have penned.

Your remarks about Lord Snobtown are in something worse than bad taste.

I am *quite sure* that I never said that he had a glass eye and wore a *toupée*, or that his toilet showed the influence of too many schools; you must have dreamt these weird and wonderful things.

I had no notion that you had such a bad temper; it makes me feel quite thankful that I am going to place my future elsewhere.

In conclusion, I can only advise you to marry some good girl who will reform you.

Yours sincerely,
LALAGE SCOTT.

From Mrs Scott to Miss Scott.

MY DEAREST LAL,—I can hardly hold my pen, so excited and pleased am I. Who could have dreamt that Providence had such a delightful surprise packet in store for us!

Indeed, I don't believe that I shall ever quite realise it.

I met the Davises in the High Street, yesterday; their faces became like moulds of lemon ice when they heard the news. I had no idea that there was such an incredible amount of moral and mental support to be derived from the discomfiture of one's friends.

I think I shall wear purple at the ceremony; the colour, I fancy, will so admirably meet all the demands of the occasion.

Your affectionate
MOTHER.

Extract from the *Times*.

SNOBTOWN—SCOTT,—On the 10th inst. at St. Margaret's, the Rt. Honble. Lord Snobtown to Lalage, only child of Isaac Scott, Esq.

Eighteen months later.

From Lady Snobtown, Snobtown Towers, to Captain Bellairs.

My very dear Harry,—A year ago to-day, Lord Snobtown died; I cannot be hypocrite enough to add regretted by me.

Ah! Harry, I have suffered in such wise as words are powerless to tell, though perhaps not more than I deserved; but still greatly.

Now I am free and rich—such dearly bought riches—and I long so much for a little sunshine, a little love.

Harry, dear Harry, if you care as you once cared, as I have always cared, will you come to

LALAGE.

His reply.

Dear Lady Snobtown,—Thanks for your letter, which, however, grieved me much; you certainly ought to have found the philosopher's stone.

I am afraid you have forgotten a certain piece of advice that you gave me, but I have not—I have never forgotten anything connected with you—and I have paid you the greatest of compliments—I have followed it—I am married to "a good girl," who has "reformed me."

Yours very sincerely,

HARRY BELLAIRS.



GHOST'S HOLLOW

OVER the bridge and athwart the stream
 In a land that I call my own
 Is another land that I visit in dream,
 And dreamers term it the world unknown.
 The paths are clouded, the hollows are dim,
 And a pallid and misty host
 Is moving there with a vacant air,
 For this is the Land of Ghost.
 As a Land of Ghost is the Land of Soul,
 O Wraiths of the viewless bourne!
 Do you hear, as I hear, the waters roll
 In the rain of the tears of those who mourn?
 The darkness deepens, the darkness spreads:
 We shrink from the downward track
 Which far through the hollow takes those who follow,
 For who that descends comes back?
 But there dawns a day or there falls a night
 When a hand unseen lays hold
 And into the hollow we slip from sight,
 Over the grey lawns shrouded and cold.
 Over the brook by the bridge we go,
 Sorrowing voices still'd behind;
 But dole or laughter, who knows what after,
 Or what of the end assign'd?
 Who knows? Who knows? From the further side,
 Perchance, on a spectral host,
 Far over a resonant, splendid tide,
 Back we shall gaze on a Land of Ghost;
 For a Land of Ghost is this land of life,
 With its phantom joys and woes;
 From a great pure dream upon pomps which seem—
 We shall gaze at that last—who knows?

THE SWING—A VILLANELLE

THROUGH the air with a sound of wings,
And a sea wave's glistening rise and fall,
In the apple tree Marian swings.

Like a skylark she soars and sings,
Almost as high as the tree-top tall,
Through the air with a sound of wings.

Life is a vision of elfin things,
Light as the cirrus that floats o'er all,
In the apple tree Marian swings.

Bees with their drowsy murmurings,
Shadows like sprites on the sunlit wall,
Through the air with a sound of wings.

How like a parasite flow'r she clings,
Tight to the cords with a laughing call,
In the apple tree Marian swings.

Hair in a tangle of silken strings,
Feet coiled roguishly, dainty, small,
Through the air with a sound of wings,
In the apple tree Marian swings.



The man who, sitting apart from his fellows, congratulates himself that he is not a sharer in their follies, may prove in the end to be more foolish than the people he despises.



AFTER THE RAIN

(A VIGNETTE.)

As through the cloud-drift steals the tender blue,
And the drenched leafage gleams with rainy lights,
The clustered pools along the avenue
Seem silver patens set for holy rites.
Blue mists uprise: the setting sun, the while,
Shines like a monstrance down a lighted aisle.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAAL

IN ITS CONNECTION WITH TEMPLARS AND FREEMASONS

I

SKETCH OF THE CONNECTION



L deeper pitfalls are laid by anything more than by the facts of coincidence, it is perhaps by the intimations and suggestions of writings which bear the stamp of allegory or concealed allusion on their surface; as in the cases of coincidence, so in these it is necessary for the historical critic to be very much upon his guard, and not to accept correspondences, however plausible, unless they are controlled and strengthened by more substantial evidence.

But the fact of the correspondences remains; they are important within their own sphere; and it is often through indirect lights of this kind that research has been led into new tracks from which unexpected and indubitable results have ultimately followed. It is the purpose of the present paper to indicate certain analogies which are at least curious and to stimulate further investigation along the lines which they appear to indicate, without attempting at the moment to press any definite conclusion.

Some slight general acquaintance with the Legend of the Holy Graal may for the moment be presupposed in the reader, though the legend itself will be made quite clear as we proceed. It is proposed for the first time in the history of the subject to institute a connection between the knightly quest of the

Graal, as undertaken by the chivalry of King Arthur's Court, and the allegorical quest which is undertaken in Freemasonry, as the candidate progresses from grade to grade. The connecting link between the two things, to all appearance so widely divergent, must be sought outside of each, and it is found in the Ancient Order of the Knights Templar who, according to a well-known, though by no means universally accepted view, are the ancestors of the modern Freemason, and, as it will be sought to shew, were possibly the originators or conservers of the Graal legend. If such a view should prove to be well-founded, two things will follow of necessity: (1) modern archæology will have to revise its notions on the subject of the Graal in medieval and romantic literature; and (2) the history of Masonry will require to be rewritten. This statement summarises in a few words an enormous complexity of issues to which no justice can be done in what must at best be only a preliminary sketch. As much archæological or masonic knowledge must not be assumed in the reader, it may be premised further that he will acquire without difficulty as he proceeds the little that is essential for a proper understanding of the subject. It is not necessary that he should be either a literary scholar familiar with the byeways of the mediæval romances, and with their criticism, or, on the other hand, that he should be himself a member of the masonic fraternity. Attendance will be asked in the first place to the following points, which will simplify the later considerations.

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There are at the present time two schools of masonic criticism with regard to the origin of the fraternity. For the one it is the natural descendant of the old building guilds or trade unions of the past, which from a remote period were in the habit of admitting into their ranks influential persons who were neither architects nor builders. At a certain epoch of time, which it is difficult to indicate, except within rather broad limits, but with England as its locality, some of these lay members would appear to have found themselves practically in possession of certain lodges, and they converted the old mystery or mummerly of masonry into an allegorical or speculative system applied to the morals of its professors, which new system so spread that it absorbed or ousted the original trading element and laid the ground-work of that vast confederation which at this day covers the whole earth. This, somewhat roughly indicated, is the accepted view, the view taken by the major part of the educated opinion within the ranks of the fraternity, because it tends to minimise the element of mystery and wonder which is inseparable from subjects of the kind by exhibiting things which are unknown or dubious in the aspect of things familiar. By the other school it is believed that at the suppression of the Templars by King Philippe le Bel and Pope Clement in 1307, that knightly order did not in reality, or at least utterly perish, but assumed the disguise of freemasonry, taking refuge in certain lodges of the building guilds, and importing into these the secret speculative and religious doctrine which it had learned in the east, and on account of which the Pope and King combined in the attempt to destroy it. This view finds expression more particularly in France and Germany, but it has had its exponents in England; it has rested so far on insufficient foundations from the standpoint of historical evidence, but it represents a tradition which it is difficult to ignore with justice and entirely, and it is possible that it may yet receive unexpected substantiation. It will be obvious that one important step in this direction will be made by establishing an analogy between

masonic symbolism and that of the Graal legend, the Templar connections of which have been put forward successfully by scholars, both in England and Germany, whose decision, if not final, is at least entitled to the very highest respect. The connections, moreover, as will be seen, appear on the face of the legend in some of its most important forms.

With a view to the simplification of an inquiry which touches upon several fields of research which are all of them highly specialised, the first consideration will be given to the Legend of the Holy Graal and its sources in mediæval literature; the traces of Templarism therein will be dealt with in the next place, together with a short account of what has been surmised concerning the secret doctrine of the Templars and the alleged survival of the Order; the connection of both with the chief legend of Masonry will be shown in the last place, and a tentative inference will be attempted.

II

SOME ASPECTS OF THE GRAAL LEGEND

There are a few legends which may be said to stand forth among the innumerable traditions of humanity, wearing upon them the external signs or characters of some secret or mystery within them which seems to belong rather to eternity than to time. They are, in no sense, connected with one another, and yet, by a suggestion which is deeper than any suggestion of the senses, they would seem as if each of them were appealing to each, one bearing testimony to another and all recalling all. They might be the broken fragments of a primitive revelation which, except in these memorials, has passed out of time and mind. There are also other legends, strange, melancholy and long haunting, which seem to have issued from the depths of aboriginal humanity, below all horizons of history, pointing to terrible periods of a past which is of the body only and not

of the soul of man, and hinting that, once upon a time, there was a soulless age of our race, when minds were formless as the mammoths of geological epochs. To the latter class belongs some of what remains to us of the folklore of the cave-dwellers, the traditions of the pre-Aryan races of Europe. To the former, among many others, belongs the Graal Legend which, at least in its purest aspects, is to be classed among the legends of the soul.

It might seem at first sight almost a superfluous precaution, even in an elementary paper, to give an answer to the question, What, then, was the Holy Graal? Those who are unacquainted with its literature in the old books of chivalry, by which it first entered into the romance of Europe, will know it by the "Idylls of the King." But it is not so superfluous as it seems, and many answers to the question have been attempted which are altogether different from that which is given by the knight Percival to his fellow monk in the poem of Tennyson.

"What is it?

The phantom of a cup which comes and goes?

Nay, monk! what phantom? answered Percival.

The cup, the cup itself from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with His own,
This from the blessed land of Aromat. . . .
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury. . . .

And thus a while it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once
By faith of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the Holy Cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared."

That is the answer with which in one or another of its forms, poetic or chivalrous, everyone is expected to be acquainted, or must be classed as too unlettered for consideration, even in a slight sketch of the present kind. But, as hinted already, it is so little the only answer, and it is so little full or exhaustive, that no person acquainted with the literature would accept it otherwise than as one of its aspects, and even the enchanting gift of the laureate's poetic faculty leaves—and that of necessity—something to be desired in the summary

of the knight's reply to the direct question of the monk Ambrosius. There is an allusiveness, a pregnancy, a suggestion about the legend in its best forms which escapes in such an answer; it is found in the old romances, especially in the romantic chronicle of Sir Percival and the "Morte d'Arthur." It is found later on in Tennyson's own poem, when Percival's sister, the nun of "utter whiteness," describes her vision:—

"I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills. . . .

the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew
Coming upon me. . . .

and then
Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it."

And again:—

"I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl. . . .
Strike from the sea and from the star there
shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail."

So also in the chivalric books the legend is treated with an aloofness, and yet with a directness of circumstance and a manifoldness of detail awakening a sense of reality amidst enchantment which is scarcely heightened when the makers of the old chronicles testify to the truth of their story. The explanation is, according to one version of the Quest, that it was written by Christ himself after the Resurrection, and that there is no clerk, "however hardy," who will dare to suggest that any other scripture is referable to the same hand. Sir Thomas Malory, the latest and best of the compilers of the Arthurian legend, suppresses this ascription, and in the colophon of his eighteenth book is contented with adding that it is "a story chronicled for one of the truest and holiest that is in this world."

But there is ample evidence in Sir Thomas Malory's own book, the "Morte d'Arthur," that the Graal Legend was derived into his great chronicle from various sources, and that several elements entered into it which are quite excluded by the description of Sir

Percival in the "Idylls," or by the colophon of his own twelfth book, which reads: "And here followeth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vessel, and the sygnefycacyon of blessid blood of our Lord Jhesu Cryste, blessid mote it be, the whiche was brought into this land by Joseph of Armathye, therefore on all synful souls Blessid Lord have Thou mercy."

It is not necessary, or indeed possible, to particularise all these elements, but, as an equipoise to the religious or sacramental side of the legend, it has been pointed out that the French romance, from which the English version is chiefly derived, would appear to have borrowed from old Irish stories of the pagan period something concerning a mysterious magical vessel full of miraculous food. This is illustrated by the "Morte d'Arthur" in the memorable episode of the high festival held by King Arthur at Pentecost. "In the midst of the supper there entered into the hall the Holy Graal covered with white Samite, but there was none might see it or who bore it, and then was all the hall fulfilled with good odours and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world." That is a state of the legend which has little connection with the mystic vessel carried out of Palestine by the centurion of the evangelists, but the simple minded chroniclers of the past did not observe the anachronism when they married the Christian fable to any parallel history which came in their way.

III

EPOCHS OF THE LEGEND

A minute enquiry into the materials and their sources of a moving and stately legend are opposed to the purposes and interests of the general reader, for whom the Graal has two epochs only in literature, that of Sir Thomas Malory and that of "The Idylls of the King," and as Tennyson was indebted to

Malory, so it is through his gracious poems that most persons have been sent back to the old book of chivalry from which he reproduced his motives and sometimes derived his words. But without entering into the domain of archæology, the lettered student, and, indeed, the literate reader, will know well enough that there are branches of the legend outside these two great names, and that some of them are close enough to his hand. He will know that the Cornish poet, Robert Stephen Hawker's "Quest of the San Graal" has, as Madame de Stael once said of Saint Martin, "some sublime gleams." He will know that the old French romance of Percival le Gallois recently translated into English of an archaic kind by Dr. Sebastian Evans, is a gorgeous romance, full of richly painted pictures and endless pageants. He will know finally that there is a German cycle of the Graal traditions, and that Titurel, Parsifal and Lohengrin, to whom a strange and wonderful life beyond all common teachings of nature, and beyond all common conventions of art has been given by Wagner, are also legendary heroes of the Holy Graal. There are, therefore, broadly speaking, three points of view as regards this subject, which are—

(1) The Romantic; and the reversion of literary sentiment at the present day towards romanticism will make it unnecessary to say that this is now a very strong point. It is exemplified by the numerous editions of the "Morte d'Arthur," produced not only for students, but also in the interests of children, and in which a large space is invariably given to the Graal Legend. Lang's "Book of Romance" and Mary McCleod's "Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights," are instances which will occur to most people; but there are many others.

(2) The Poetic, to which, having regard to what has been said already, it is only necessary to add that it has done something to exalt and spiritualise the legend without removing the romantic element. In the case of Tennyson it has certainly added the elevated emotion

which belongs essentially to the spirit of romance, and has saved English literature during the latter half of the 19th century. But taking the work at its highest, it may well be that the Graal Legend has still to receive its treatment more fully by some poet who is to come. The literary form of this particular Idyll of the King, a tale within a tale twice told, leaves something to be desired.

(3) The Archæological, and this has naturally many branches, each of which has the character of a learned inquiry calling for special knowledge, and, in many instances, only of limited interest outside the field of scholarship. The archæology of the legend would include, of course, its sources, which remain debatable, and certain problems of authorship in connection with the early romances, as, for example, whether Master Blihis did write the first Percival in the latter half of the 13th century. The Graal in the musical epics of Wagner has been the subject of special devotion in the writings of Miss Jessie L. Watson. Outside these admitted branches of research there is a fourth point of view which has emerged more recently, and for want of a better term may, perhaps, be called Spiritual. It cares little for the archæology of the subject, little for the romantic aspects and as little perhaps, explicitly, for the poetic side. It would know nothing of Hawker's "Quest," and would regard the Graal simply as one of the sacramental legends of the soul; yet it is not confined, nor is it indeed found, to any important extent, among those who hold extreme eucharistic views. In other words, it is not specially a high Anglican or a Latin interest; it is found rather among those who regard religious doctrine, institution and ritual, as things typical or analogical, and the Graal as an early recognition of the fact that such things are really symbols and not for literal acceptance. This view cares, perhaps, only in an ordinary degree for the evidences of history, nor can history be said to endorse it. It is a consideration of certain devout minds. Connected with this,

although really independent, there is a still more recent disposition to regard the whole legend as hinting at the perpetuation of a secret teaching within the Christian church which is not exactly what is understood commonly by Christianity. There is much to be said for this view, though in the form that we at present possess it, it may be admitted that it still awaits demonstration. There is perhaps a certain sense in which all these views can be accepted, and in which all are capable in the last resource of being harmonized together. No one can read the romances without seeing that the legend has its spiritual side, but it has also, and not less evidently, that side which connects it with folk-lore. In the hands of the compiler of the "*Morte d'Arthur*" it is treated openly as an allegory, and the knighthood of King Arthur's Court passes explicitly during the quest into a region of similitude, where every adventure and episode has a supernatural signification which is explained sometimes in rather a tiresome manner. On the other hand, in the romance of Sir Percival, there are assuredly traces of a doctrine or system which is not quite in affinity with the Christianity of its period, and there is also a suggestion of veiled hostility to the church of that period.

IV

SOURCES OF THE LEGEND

The sources of the romance-legend are of two kinds, existing and traditional, the second class being represented only by the tradition of a Latin MS., which is referred to by most narrators of the legend, with the exception of Sir Thomas Malory, though it is possible that they have borrowed the reference from one another. On the authority, by no means unquestionable, of a certain chronicle of Helinandus, this book was entitled "*Liber Gradalis*" and was the work of a British hermit, whose name does not transpire. Moreover, it had not been seen by the his-

torian who mentions it. At the present day it is regarded as mythical by scholars, but, after making every allowance, there does not, perhaps, seem full ground for doubting the fact of its existence. It is pointed out that there are no romance works in the Latin language, but this is not a valid objection, because it does not follow that the Latin original was in the form which we naturally attribute to the word romance. This word originally involved a work written in the romance language, and everything points, as regards the Latin manuscript, to the fact that it was rather in the nature of an apocryphal gospel book, as indeed its imputed authorship would imply, and as such it is not impossible that it may still exist among the uninvestigated treasures of old monastic libraries in the remote corners of Brittany.

The extant sources may be summarised as follows:—

(1) The mediæval poem of the Graal, begun by Chrestien de Troyes who died between 1181 and 1190, and of whose work there are several continuations which may have been written at any time between the close of the twelfth and the middle of the thirteenth century.

(2) The romance poem of Joseph of Arimathea, very nearly perfect, a single leaf only being wanting in one of the most complete copies. The author was Robert de Borron, who wrote it towards the end of the twelfth century, and died in 1212.

(3) The prose version of this poem, which supplies the defect therein; although in respect of the language it corresponds, like the poem, to the original meaning of the term romance, it is not of the kind which we understand by the word—that is to say—both versions purport to be true histories and are in fact a species of apocryphal narrative, somewhat approaching the canonical Acts of the Apostles, giving the genealogy of Joseph and all his descendants with a pseudo history of his life, travels and imprisonments

before and after the Ascension of Christ.

(4) A sequel to the poem of Borron by a later hand, known as the Didot Percival, of which there is only a single manuscript in existence.

(5) The quest of the San Graal, corresponding in all respects to what the ordinary literate reader would understand by the romance of chivalry. It is the most famous of the whole cycle.

(6) The romance of Sir Percival le Gallois, which of recent years has come into the hands of many thousands of English readers in the translation of Dr. Sebastian Evans. This is an elaborate, highly pictorial narrative of the best romantic kind, and it contains the presumptive evidence out of which the present hypothesis has arisen.

(7) Sir Thomas Malory's "Birth, Life and Acts of King Arthur," more commonly known under the name of "Morte d'Arthur." It was originally printed by Caxton and the modern editions are numerous. The Quest of the Graal (see *ante*, No. 5) occupies several books of this great compilation, to the production of which a singular genius was brought by the compiler, and it is and will remain one of the great epoch making books of English literature. Sir Edward Strachey, one of its modern editors, has well pointed out that the narrative is almost epical in its form, and has so digested the confused materials on which Malory wrought, that something of sustained purpose appears throughout, and it has, so to speak, a beginning, middle and end.

8. A distinct cycle of the Graal Legend is filled by the German romances, as already noted. Their place is a little difficult to settle on satisfactory grounds. Some French scholars have endeavoured to show that the source of the Arthurian legends is to be sought in Germany, but it is a hypothesis advanced by those who seek to minimise their merit in favour of the superior claims of the Charlemagne cycle, and this does not bear considera-

tion. The German cycle may be classified as follows :—

- A. The Romance of Titurel.
- B. That of Parsifal.
- c. That of Lohengrin.

They are all interconnected, and the order given above is in a sense almost chronological. Titurel was the first knight called to the guarding of the Graal, and is supposed to have built a temple in which it was placed during the period that it abode on earth. Parsifal is of course the German version of Percival, and Lohengrin is the latest and closing legend, corresponding to that of Galahad in the "*Morte d'Arthur*," in which, however, the chronological succession is entirely lost.

9. For the sake of completeness two other romances may be mentioned : that of Peredur, the son of Earl Evrawc, a Welsh legend of the thirteenth century or earlier, and the English metrical romance of Sir Percyvelle; but they do not call for consideration in the present connection.

It should be added that the above list is not chronologically arranged.

V

THE SECRET OF THE GRAAL

Whatever the elements which entered into the composition of the Graal conception, all the chief versions of the legend unite in connecting it with the mystery and power of certain secret words. These words, in the earlier romances, are entrusted by Christ Himself to the custody of Joseph of Arimathea. Those who can acquire and retain them, can exercise at will a strange power and mastery over all about them and will possess great credit in the sight of God. They never need fear being deprived of their rights, sufferings from evil judgment, or con-

quest in battle, so long as their cause is just. It is impossible, however, to communicate these words in writing; they are too precious and holy, and, moreover, they are the secret of the Graal itself, in which a strange power of speech also resides. Joseph himself was only permitted to reveal them to a single person, a mysterious rich fisherman who figures continually in the stories, sometimes following the craft which his name suggests, sometimes as the lord of a stately castle, in several instances as a king. He, in his turn, and by virtue of some mysterious power or license vested in him, does appear to have committed them to writing, together with other secrets, but they are to be concealed for ever from the world.

In the prologue or preamble of the Grand San Graal legend, the hermit who receives the revelations and the custody of the mysterious book of the legend, testifies that the greatest secret of the world has been confided to him, and that the communication took place amidst inexpressible experiences in that third heaven to which St. Paul was translated. The description of his ecstasy is written in fervent language. On the other hand, in the Didot Percival, the putative sequel to the poems of Robert de Borron, the secret words appear as those which Christ spoke to Joseph on the Cross. After they have been imparted to one of the heroes of the story, he is translated by angels. It is needless to add that the maker of this chronicle is forbidden to transcribe them.

In another class of the romances the unutterable words reappear in a simplified or substituted form, and we have in this manner the legends of a suppressed word, of the sorrow and the misery which is wrought by that suppression, and of the joy and the deliverance which follow the utterance of the word, whereby great enchantments are determined, great wrongs redressed, and the wounds and sufferings endured through many years are healed and annulled. This mystery of the word which is withheld, or in reservation, would offer some curious points to criticism if the subject could be pursued

here. It takes the form of a simple question which should have been asked and was not, and as such it is, so to speak, the reverse side or antithesis of the old classical legend of the sphinx. The sphinx asked questions and devoured those who did not reply, or whose answers blundered. Percival in the romances kept silence, when he should have urged his inquiries, sometimes through carelessness, sometimes through false modesty, sometimes because he had been cautioned against idle questioning, but in all cases indifferently, by the working of some apparently blind destiny, the omission carries with it the long series of its disastrous consequences.

The higher sense of the mysterious word or words is of course removed to heaven when the Graal is itself removed, the departure of which is described in many ways, of which the following from the "Morte D'Arthur" may serve as an example. "And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percival and kissed him and commended him to God, and so he went to Sir Bors, and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said, Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Lancelot, my father, and as soon as you see him, bid him remember of this unstable world. And therewith he kneeled down before the table, and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ and a great multitude of angels bore his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Since then was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangraal." But the lesser word, the word which can be withheld or spoken, has performed in the meantime a certain office of amelioration, so that it is not by a mere vain observance that it has been in a sense substituted by the later romances for that which could neither be spelt nor written.

Of such is the Graal Legend, and those who are acquainted with it in the most choice of its early forms will agree

not only that many portions of it are singularly winning, but that it is indeed

"a part

Of the hunger and thirst of the heart."

It is also a very melancholy legend; it is the passing of a great procession and a great sacrament which is destined never to return; it is a portion of the loss of humanity; and it is no matter for surprise that in these late days which are so full of this thirst and this hunger, several persons have attempted to read into it a more profound significance than could have been consciously intended by its makers.

VI

THE TEMPLAR CONNECTION

The slight investigation here attempted has proceeded so far solely on the basis of the documents, though it must be admitted that, as regards the last section there has not been any special attention paid to the subject by English scholars. The Templar connections of the Graal Legend lie also on the face of the documents, but these are recognised by scholarship. Some are trivial in themselves, but are noticeable by their continual recurrence throughout the romances, as, for example, the characteristic Templar symbolism of the white alb and the scarlet cross, varied by the scarlet cross on the white banner, or on the white sails of fairy ships, and so forth. Other connections are rooted more deeply and of great significance. There are indications of a confraternity, partly military and partly religious, connecting by the legend of a lineage with a kind of secret history of Christendom, written under the guise of knight errantry. This feature is more especially noticeable in the German versions. The later adaptations of the Lohengrin Legend are literally and verbally Templar, but the German Parsifal, written by Wolfram von Eschenbach, prior to 1215, is the romance of a brotherhood of the Holy Graal, strong, mighty and powerful,

while that of Titurel is the legend of the building of a Temple. And this leads to a still more important point, also fully acknowledged by scholars, namely, that current through all the stories we have the hint of the existence of what has been termed a Graal Church, that is to say, of a secret doctrine which, by the hypothesis, is higher than the open doctrine which at the time was taught in Christendom. The inmost heart of this doctrine is no doubt typically represented by the Graal itself, and in accordance with this view, it will be sufficient to point out the amazing statement that the Eucharist was first entrusted to Joseph of Arimathea, that he was the first priest who ever celebrated the Mass and was the first bishop of the Church, consecrated by Christ himself and the angels. The book of the Graal also claims Christ as its author and thus stands in a position of inexpressible superiority to the gospels. Behind this blasphemous ascription, which in itself could not have been literally intended, there could be only the implied existence of some concealed instruction of religion, which claimed for itself a more sacred sanction than that of orthodox Christianity. Equally designed to enforce this claim, and signifying equally something which did not appear on the surface, is the pretence that among the treasures of the Graal Church were the crown and sword of David and the wood of the Tree of Life. The precise intention of these allegories may perhaps never be unravelled, but their general design is apparent, and this corresponds broadly to the chief accusations brought against the Knights Templar at the time of their suppression. The two centuries of their existence are also the two centuries during which the Graal legends were originated and for the most part developed. Most of the accusations raised against the brethren were not so much unfounded as basely constructed, and after every allowance has been made, there is reasonable ground for inferring that they acquired strange knowledge in the East, on the basis of which they raised claims to a priestly and religious pre-

eminence, and these claims found in the romances of the west, which seem to have been inspired by them and to have grown up to some extent under their auspices, an indirect and veiled expression.

The specific considerations which tend towards the substantiation of this view are of course highly technical, and they involve issues which have been long and hotly debated. There is, firstly, so much light as can be obtained from the name of the order and from the improbability of the pretence that it was so called because its first house was situated near the site of King Solomon's Temple. It is advanced that the Knights were brethren of the Temple in a less accidental sense, and were secretly pledged to the erection, symbolically speaking, of another house of God which was neither precisely of Israel nor of Christendom. In this connection there is a legend of Solomon within the Graal legend which calls for the elucidation of scholarship; but there is, above all, the fact that the Graal heroes were Temple-builders. Secondly, there is the use among the Templars of secret words which did not carry their significance on their surface, and were therefore, in a sense, substituted words, by which the true and more secret words were suppressed and concealed from the lower ranks of the brethren. In the third place, amongst alleged Templar remains, there are examples of fonts or vases which have been regarded as Graal vessels, and in this connection it may be noted, because of the alleged sympathies between the Templars and some of the survivals of the Gnostic sects, that, according to Epiphanius, the Marcosian heretics made use of similar vases in their celebration of the Eucharist. They were filled with white wine, which was supposed to undergo transformations of colour and other magical changes which recall the marvellous permutations of the Graal cup in the old books of chivalry.

But the most important consideration of the whole is one which so far has passed entirely unnoticed, and this is, that about the period when the Graal romances may be supposed to have

originated, the Latin Church denied the Chalice to the laity, and Communion was limited to one kind. Is it too much to suppose, that when the most sacred rite and highest sacrament of the Christian religion was thus tampered with, and, in appearance, violated, there must have arisen a very strong feeling of hostility? Is it too much to suppose, when about the same period we find a cycle of legend springing into existence, the central point of which was the very Cup of Mystery which was thus withheld from the faithful, that between the two there is some connection corresponding to cause and effect? And at the back of this hostility, and at the back of these legends, is there any class of society at the period more possible, and even probable, than those Knights Templar who were themselves a priestly order, to whom as such the Communion in both kinds was doubtless continued, and to whom the Eucharistic rite seems in some form always to have been a special object of veneration?

As, on the one hand, it is by no means pretended that this account does common justice to an exceedingly complex subject, so on the other, it cannot be affirmed that the fullest analogies would lead up to a demonstration in the existing state of knowledge. But after every allowance has been made for the greed and duplicity of the French King, who coveted the Templar possessions, and for the criminal weakness of the servile Pontiff who acted as his tool, there is much to be said for the view, that the Church and perhaps the State were guided by no mistaken instinct when they regarded the Templar pretensions as inimical to their own safety, and so also, amidst much exaggeration and much invention, their enemies of latter days, the Romish historians, who have connected the order with the Gnostics, the Manicheans, the Albigenses and kindred heresies which overran several parts of Europe when the Templars were at the height of their power, may not have been so profoundly mistaken as has been sometimes supposed.

VII

THE CONNECTION WITH MASONRY

The theory that Masonry of the speculative kind was developed somehow from the Building Guilds, explains very little of itself, and to speak of its comparative simplicity, which is that which has recommended it chiefly, is not really to press one of its advantages. Those who adopt it will have in the end to admit, as already indicated, that the operative craft was assumed by persons who were not operative Masons, and this is all that is asked for by the Templar or any other hypothesis. At present, and after the persistent investigations of many generations less or more equipped for the purpose, it must be confessed that speculative Freemasonry is still in the position of Melchizedek, without father or mother; but so far as presumptive evidence is concerned, the Templar explanation is not in reality more difficult than any of its competitors, if it can be shown that the knightly order survived the destruction which was attempted by the Pope and the King. And as to this no two opinions are really possible, and those who maintain the negative are doing but little better than playing with the words. For, in the first place, the Order in Portugal was never suppressed at all, but was transformed into the Order of Christ. In the second place there was no suppression in Germany in the sense that we attach to the term, and there the Knights Templar became the Teutonic Knights, though there is a break in the succession. In the third place, there are several other countries where the proscription was partial and half-hearted only, and, lastly, in Scotland there is valid ground for believing that the quarrels of the Scottish king with his English neighbour were at that period far too strenuous to admit of his interfering with an Order of Knighthood from which he had better reason to look for material assistance. The suppression, no doubt, in France, and in some other countries, took the form of practical destruction, but even there the apologists of the Latin Church, who also figure among

those who maintain the complete overthrow of the Fraternity, are the first to deny that anything like the majority of the Knights Templar suffered more than the ordinary canonical punishments of the period. Now it is precisely in Scotland that the consistent tradition of modern Templarism points to the continuation of the old Order, and later on to its identification with the Operative Masonry of that country. Here, again, the evidences are practically impossible to summarise, as they would involve a minute examination not only of many historical documents, real or alleged, but also of the Templar Rituals of Masonry, and of the literature which has grown out of the claim. The following statements have been advanced on historical ground. In 1309, the Grand Preceptor of Scotland was Walter de Clifton, who subsequently became Grand Master, and five years later the Templars joined the standard of the Bruce, and being instrumental in placing him on the throne, their former grants were confirmed by him. The Templars are mentioned in two charters, one of which is dated 1340, and the other about a century later. They are now in possession of the Chapter General of Scotland. In the reign of James IV., there was a union of the Templars and Hospitallers, the evidence for which is a charter dated October 19th, 1488, confirming grants of lands to the Knights of the Temple and St. John. After the Act of 1560 prohibiting allegiance to Rome, Sir William Sandilands, Preceptor of Torphichen, and successor to Sir William Lindsay as Master of the Temple, gave territories of both Orders to the State, which were then made over to him, with the lordship of Torphichen, in return for a certain payment. The Knights thereupon drew off in a body with the Grand Prior, David Seton.

We must turn, however, from special points to an indication of the wider lines of the argument, which, to put it as shortly as possible, takes in the first place the Masonic legend of Hiram, which is that of the Third Degree, and refers it, with the majority of Masonic historians, to its prototype in the Compagnonage or Building Guilds of

France; it connects the Compagnonage itself through Templarism with the religious sects of the South of Europe, who drew like the Templars from the East; it seeks to show that modern Masonry deriving, as it is allowed, from the one is also referable to the other. We are concerned, however, with an analogy which is more important for our purpose, and having shown that, according to the best scholarship of the present period, the Graal legends exhibit Templar marks, and possess Templar connections, it remains to indicate that the Masonic legend is but another version of what has been termed here the Secret of the Graal.

The great and chief legend of Masonry, which is that of the Third Degree, the head and crown of the symbolic edifice, gives account of the circumstances under which a great and sacred knowledge summarised in a word of mysterious power was lost through a deed of treason, since which time, as in the Graal Legend, a substituted word only is conferred upon the candidate, to be kept in his heart until the restoration of the true word. The latter, also like the Graal Legend, is one of Divine power and is actually the building word of the first Master Mason, who died rather than communicate it, much after the same manner as we find it stated in the romance legends. In a supplementary degree, called the Royal Arch, the Lost Word is ostensibly recovered, but as a fact the word imparted is only another substitute. There are also other grades belonging to various classes and sources, all passing under the name of High Grades, being superadded to the original Craft degrees, and in many of these the true word is supposed to be found and joy restored to the seekers, even as in the Graal Legends the punishments and sufferings were removed; but they are all of the same character, that is to say, they are merely makeshifts and evasions. The true initiates of masonry, of whom there are comparatively speaking very few, know well the reason, which is that given by the hermit in the preamble of the Grand San Graal, namely, that the last secrets are incommunicable; but they know also that they exist. In any

case this loss and this alleged restoration are the whole concern of Masonic symbolism ; they are that to which the profane person cannot penetrate, at least by the hypothesis. There is, therefore, from the Masonic standpoint, a lost knowledge which Masonry assuredly memorises, and which the Worshipful Master, in the charge to the candidate who has been raised to the Third Degree, confesses to be lost, even as the Holy Graal was removed from earth, and for the same reason, that is to say, on account of the unworthiness of the world. The building word of the Master Architect was removed when he was slain, and though the Temple was finished by a species of substitution, it was not after the original plan. Thus the Masonic legend, like that of the Graal histories, has throughout a note of sadness and of want. The echoes of the old legend of Eden, so often referred to by the makers of the romances, the memory of that loss which is the world's loss, reverberate through the mysteries

of the Building Craft, uplifted into the sphere of symbols, dimly and unaccountably.

Such are the outlines of the analogy which it has been sought to establish. It is not pretended that it approaches demonstration, but merely that it offers an interesting light on obscure fields of research, and that something has been accomplished towards shewing that the mystery of secret teaching hinted at almost everywhere in the Graal legends, the mystery which has for centuries shrouded the inner teaching imparted by the Templar initiation, and the mystery which involves the origin of the great legend of Masonry are not in reality three mysteries, but rather a single mystery exhibited through various vehicles. The further elucidation of the problem must be left to specialists of the several branches of research, which, if even for a moment only, it has so unexpectedly brought together.

A. E. WAITE.



BACK TO THE LAND

To silent worlds of music opened up
 By audible solemnities of sound,
 My soul escaped and traversed endless groves
 Of immemorial melody. A storm
 Of choral praise, unprefaced, with a crash
 Burst on me then, the language of dead gods,
 And drew me back among the Temple's types—
 Sign-words and sacraments of mystery.
 So to the end it held me, magnet-wise,
 Till thyrsis-bearers passed and hierophants ;
 But when the vacant Temple held alone
 The secret god, I followed from afar
 Behind the veil into the vestibule,
 And saw the ashes of the charcoal fire
 Shew one faint spark ; the open window shewed,
 All bent and twisted through the floral wilds,
 A woodland path whence myrrh-like odours came,
 Low voices came from violets and faint
 Song-bursts of birds invisible.

A HAPPY ENDING



GHORNHILL'S lighters were going down into the Fens for wheat. It was December, and so soon after dawn that the white fog still lay thick on Overcourt Ferry, and the sun still showed red and blurred close to the horizon. The lantern carried by a boy on the tow-path made a misty circle of orange light just before him, and left the rime-covered meadows and the low mist which hung over them in a chill shadow where the grey river was hardly distinguishable from the grey banks. The towing-horse had just blundered sleepily over one of the low stiles which bar the haling way, when the boy who led him shouted back to the barge:—

"There's someone hollerin'!"

"They ain't hollerin' arter us," answered the old steersman. He always shouted, as is the habit of bargemen, but in the chill silence his voice travelled far, and the shrill voice came again in answer.

"It's me callin'! It's Miriam, Achurch." After a minute a woman appeared, apparently wading knee-deep in mist.

"Will you take me down to Sutton Chain House?" she asked, breathlessly. "You'll be there to-day, won't you? And it can't hurt nobody if I go along o' you. George, he's down there, and I want to see him."

Old Goodwin looked doubtful.

"You'd better by 'alf go by rail, my gal. You'll perish o' cold in this here lighter. An' I don't know as Mr. Thornhill 'd be best pleased at me takin' passengers."

"I shan't be too cold," the woman said, looking round to see whether the boy was within earshot—"and I hev'n't enew money not to go by rail."

The old man knitted his brows.

"Come along in, then," he answered.

"You're all right. Don't stand gape-starin' there, boy! The rope's slack."

He helped the woman down into the covered part of the barge, and laid a flour sack over her knees.

"It's on-usual cold," he remarked and then went back to his steering.

Miriam sat still in her corner, and relapsed into a sort of dream. The quiet after her hurried walk, the smooth slow gliding of the lighter soothed her, so that she heard without heeding them the harsh voice of the boy calling to his horse, the creak of the steering-pole as Goodwin moved it, the wash of the river through the withered reed beds as the barge neared the shore, and the swish of the towing-rope through the frosty grass as they swung round a corner.

Twice, when the horses had to ford the river, Goodwin looked down into the half darkness where she sat, saying, "all right, my gal!" Then she woke out of her musing, and bit her lips, lest she should answer "He's dead." The old man did not wonder at her silence, for the Fen folk have few words.

That was what she repeated to herself all along, and that was what she was going down to the Chain House to say. "He's dead," she thought again, and the cold made her shiver.

After awhile she roused herself and boiled potatoes for the men's dinner at the tiny stove in the middle lighter.

She and Goodwin had their meal while Mike Anson steered.

"Is ought wrong, as you want to see him for?" Goodwin asked at last. "He were to home a matter o' ten days ago, weren't he?"

"He came home o' Saturday week," Miriam answered. Then, after a long silence, she realized that the old man was waiting for some sort of explanation of her journey, and that he had a right to know.

"Is George working on the dredger yet?" Goodwin questioned.

"Yes," George's wife answered; then she made a great effort—"I've come to tell him as the baby is dead."

"What, your baby as was christened o' Sunday fortnit?"

"Yes, he were four months old, come Christmas week," Miriam sobbed; "and George were that took up with him, and I daredn't write and tell him. I wish it were me as was dead, an' not my baby. I don't want to live no longer now I haven't got him."

She sobbed breathlessly, but without tears, as though she had spent many hours in weeping.

The old man took off his cap, as in the presence of death. He was very sorry for the girl, but his sympathy was not eloquent.

"Give over, my gal, give over," he said soothingly; "me an' my wife lost a many babies, first years as we was married. Frettin' don't do them no good, nor it won't bring 'em back."

No answer is possible to this time-worn consolation, and the long silence oppressed the man. Then, as he rose to go, Miriam said, with a fierce intentness that carried conviction—

"I wish it was me as was dead—and George 'll wish it too. I'll go an' tell him, an' then may-hap God will let me die."

"You won't die until your time comes, my lass," he said sternly. Folk as hankers to die ain't fit for it. If you want anythink as strong as that, it ain't good for you;" he added, with sad unconscious irony. For he had suffered himself and knew the unreason of sorrow and the insufferable logic of consolation, which yet prevails at the end.

So the grey day darkened into a still greyer dusk, the white rime grew thicker on the meadows, and the wash of the barges raised a sharp tinkle among the cat's ice on the bank.

"Likely the river'll be frozen afore we get to the chain house," Jim Anson remarked.

"You keep shovin' off the bank, it'll be clear in the middle, while to-morrow."

Miriam knew that her journey was nearly at an end, and minute by minute

the horror of telling George grew upon her. However she tried to break it, the terrible words, "He is dead," must come at last. The wife who is loved only for her child's sake, suffers a worse loneliness than any solitary woman.

She remembered, trembling, how George's mother had received the news of her grandson's death.

"God pity you, Miriam, for your man never more than pitied you; and he'll lay the child's death at your door." There had been a kind of triumph in the old woman's voice.

When Miriam had got so far in her weary round of remembrance, the barge drew up slowly by the Chain House. And with the end of the long waiting Miriam's courage returned to her.

"Will you ask my man to come an' speak to me here, Mr. Goodwin," she said. "There'll, may be, be a many folks in the chain house."

She watched him through the grey darkness to the whispering knot of men at the door. There was a long silence; Jim and the boy sauntered up to the door. Then someone carrying a lantern came slowly down the path, and stood by her; and a sobbing woman followed and held her hands.

"My lass, you can't tell him," the old bargeman said slowly. "They're brought him home from the dredger. He went on the ice and was drowned just as it fell dark."

The other woman sobbed loudly, but Miriam only drew a deep breath.

"Then he needn't never know," she said in an awed whisper. "He needn't never know. An' he won't be angry. It would ha' killed me if he had been angry."

In the shadow of death she felt the joy of a reconciliation with the husband who had never cared for her, but whom she had loved with a sullen intensity which no one guessed.

"She don't make over-much trouble of losing her man," Jim remarked to the boy.

But Goodwin sternly bade him "hold his tongue." He was too old to look on death as a misfortune, and he understood.

ETHEL M. GOODMAN

A RECOLLECTION OF ROBERT BROWNING

HOW A GREAT POET GUIDED A YOUNG MAN IN THE BUSINESS OF LIFE



NOT so many years ago, there was a young man, whom the perception of an intelligent reader will not be backward to identify with the writer of this reminiscence, while a further exercise of the same faculty should enable a sympathetic person to appreciate those feelings which prompt him at the present moment to remain unknown. Permit him, then, to assume a name which is not wholly unconnected with his concealed personality, and let him call himself Laban Rewell. Somewhere within the last decades of the nineteenth century, that name did figure in connection with a piece of poetical writing which one section of the fallible criticism of its day was good enough to regard as, in certain respects, and under some circumstances, not absolutely unworthy to take its place among the poems of the time.

In the year 1876, Laban Rewell was a poor and friendless youth, not assuredly of ungentle breeding, but without substantial prospects, and having the weakest possible infusion of educational knowledge. In this isolated and unequipped condition, it would be pleasant to represent him toiling nobly—week in, week out—systematically for his own self-culture. As a fact, or at least in any planned fashion, he did nothing whatever of the kind. True, he devoured books, and might almost have rivalled Miss Burney with

a colossal catalogue of half-digested reading in all species of literature, but he read for the gratification of a curiosity which nothing could satisfy, rather than with any conscious zeal for his improvement. From the "Fundamental Philosophy" of Balmes, a Spanish theologian after the scholastic manner, to Hamilton and Stuart-Mill; from the ascetic writers of the Latin Church to the last issue of the *National Reformer*, or the last pamphlet of Bradlaugh; from an antiquated commentary on Genesis, through Pye and Hitchcock on geology, with something from the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," a little from the "Plurality of Worlds," and more from pleasant old Brewster, so forward to the works of Charles Darwin and the first criticisms of Mivart—thus ran the bizarre circle of his serious reading. Without Greek, says "Don Juan," Keats contrived to talk about the Gods "much as they might have been supposed to speak," and without Greek Laban Rewell might grapple, as he did, with the "Nicomachean Ethics," though he could not discourse like Aristotle; but to attempt the "Principia" of Newton without having been schooled in mathematics was an ultra-legitimate folly which is almost pitiful to remember, and yet characteristic enough to obtain a word of record. For higher intellectual exercises there was material unlimited in religious controversy, and it would be difficult at this date to affirm whether a profounder

impression was carried away from the "Protestant converted by her own Bible and Prayer Book" and the "Papist Represented and Misrepresented," or from the thousand and one identifications of the Scarlet Woman with the Latin Church and the anti-Popish prophecies of the "Christian Herald." It is certain and easily to be inferred that, assisted by these controversial gymnastics, with here a side-light from the two Newmans and there a side-light from Herbert Spencer—Laban Rewell read himself speedily into religious chaos. But that is not a matter of much moment, for convictions are made and unmade easily in the morning of life, and the lad who at eighteen was materialist not unnaturally turned idealist at twenty.

Probably every man has some question connected with his personal history for an answer to which he has vexed himself vainly and often. Sometimes that question is concerned with some element of good or evil which preponderates in his destiny, and in the case of Laban Rewell, it is, by what impulse he was first led to make verses, a trivial speculation truly for those whose verse-making period is confined to their period of puerility, but often a real mystery for the poet. There was nothing to account for it in the environment of Laban Rewell; there was nothing to account for it in his reading; he did not read the poets till he had definitely set poetry before him as the chief ambition of his life; but the fact remains, that somehow the spirit of poetry, which bloweth where it listeth, and findeth "a secret nest" at times in the most unpromising places, won entrance into his interior being. And having once entered, it dwelt with him day and night; it haunted him in the city and the solitude; and while it acted, less or more effectively, as a purifying agent; while it redeemed him from mere earth by a "passionate, bright endeavour;" yet of him it may be said truly that "the fame we seek in sorrow," he sought in something which approached wretchedness. An integral part of the suffering was an acute consciousness — so common in such

apprenticeships—of a sheer disparity between ambition and ability.

It was during this period of apprenticeship, somewhere before or about the age of eighteen years, when devoid of all encouragement from without, and consumed rather than strengthened by his ideals, that Laban Rewell attempted, like an unknown multitude of other aspirants, to obtain something of advice and assistance from a great poet of the day, and he had recourse to Robert Browning. How many times during the space of his literary career, has any modern poet of real eminence received, from an unknown correspondent, a portfolio of verses in manuscript, with entreaties to favour their writer by a word of candid criticism; to say that the work shows promise; to estimate his chances in the race; above all, if possible, out of justice, and if impossible, out of mercy, to tell him that he is truly a poet? Very pitiful sometimes are these pleas, very earnest the askers, even when most incapable; but the device is too common, and is on the one side so real a nuisance that it is seldom likely to bring anything but bitterness on the other. The polite but inevitable answer is of such a stereotyped kind that it really might be graven on stone, or set up in a printed form. "Mr. So-and-so—whose name is written with indelible ink, and a pen of men and angels in the book of the life of poetry—presents his compliments to Mr. So-and-so—whose name is writ in water—and much regrets that, owing to a large number of similar applications received almost daily, he is obliged to decline reading any MSS. in verse."

Perhaps it was owing to the fact that Laban Rewell did not submit a portfolio, but asked generally for advice and guidance, and only expressed his anxiety to exhibit his wares beneath a friendly eye, that his own experiment met with another result. Or, perhaps, and more probably, it was because an acknowledged poet and a generous man, shrank from administering a rebuff. In any case this was the first letter received by Laban Rewell from the author of "The Ring and the Book."

19, Warwick Grescent, W.
June 27th, '76.

SIR,—I am sure I have read your letter with great interest and sympathy; and, if I thought I could do you the least good by reading your poems, I would comply with your request. I assure you that, even in the event of my opinion—whatever it is worth—proving favourable, it would not have the least effect in procuring you any publisher with whom I have acquaintance. Every publishing establishment has its professed “Reader,” who reads, or does not read, but decides on the acceptance or rejection of a manuscript—and manuscript poetry has little chance indeed of finding favour in his eyes.

The preferable course—if you want remuneration for your work, the only course—is to send one or more of your pieces to a magazine. But, if you permit me to advise you, do *anything* rather than attempt to live by literature, anything good and reputable, I mean. An ungenial situation—such as you seem to have retired from—would send you to your studies, and, subsequently, to a proper use of them—with a sense of relief and enjoyment you will never obtain from “singing” all day long, when “song” is turned into the business of life. Pray take in good part what I am bound to say when an applicant is as modest and intelligent as you seem to be, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT BROWNING.

After a space of many years, that letter seems now—as it then seemed—to be something more than a gracious *congé*. To many it will be almost incredible that Laban Rewell stood in need of the information it conveyed, but there was no limit to his inexperience at the time, or to his capacity for exposing it. The closing note of warning struck deeply into his heart, and he sought to profit by the advice. A change in the direction of his energies did not, however, bring much profit or happiness, and at the end of seven months he again addressed the poet,

enumerating, despondently enough, the special qualities of his unfitness for the ordinary business of life, and enclosing some poems. The patience of Robert Browning was not exhausted by the perseverance of the young aspirant, and he replied in the following manner:

19, Warwick-crescent, W.
Feb. 5, '77.

MY DEAR MR.

I must beg your pardon for having delayed a little my thanks for your poems, and my reply to the letter which accompanied them. Perhaps the difficulty of a proper reply may have hindered me somewhat. I really wish, most sincerely, to be of what service I am able: but, first of all, in no mock-modesty, I want you to understand that I am by no means a thorough judge in this matter. What I like and look for in poetry comes out, possibly, in an after-stage of experiences; and the want of it, earlier in life, may be as necessary as that leaves should precede fruits on a tree: On the other hand, the existence of qualities which fail to seem conclusive proof of the right faculty in a poet, may be a rarer fact than I have noticed or sufficiently sympathised with. I *do* see in you very decided literary accomplishment, and no inconsiderable mastery of the mechanical part of verse-writing (there is hardly a slip except the rhyme of “universe” with “us” on the first page), and your musical “ear” is very good indeed. When one—after forming this opinion of your productions—goes on to consider that they have been helped (according to your own account) by very scanty education—I think I am not wrong in finding them very remarkable indeed—most assuredly they justify me in supposing that you are quite equal to any situation in which a decided literary skill is required. Now, if I fail to discover as much positive novelty of thought or fancy as I suppose is demanded in the poetry of a “coming man,”—remember that I cannot help my own tastes, nor the standard of excellence which I acknowledge—that the dispensers of reputation generally

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differ with me altogether—and that, since you please to refer to my own case, I am often told I am “no poet at all,” precisely because what I accept as a law of musical expression is not taken into account by the generality of critics. Yet, with all these drawbacks to the worth of my opinion, I should be forced to say, “Don’t try to publish yet.” It is possible that “success in poetry” may come out of future exertions; there is nothing here against such a hope; but, in the meantime, I would—with a real interest—urge on you to show that the true spirit inspires you by continuing to try and obtain some employment which, while it leaves you at liberty to prosecute your studies, gives you the all-in-all sufficing privilege of independence. Surely, some such employment may be found—and you must know that what you esteem a great prize, “poetical success,” would be worthless, indeed, were it to be picked up at first stooping down in the public way. Why, pray, should your “handwriting” remain unclerkly (“*bad*,” it is not) simply for want of a week’s practice at “drawing circles against the sun,” as the sailors say? Five minutes’ practice with a pencil at mere circle making would remedy whatever is wrong soon enough. Finally, don’t forget—while you count over what may be very real disadvantages of every kind—the immense set-off you may boast—youth, energy and, however low anybody may reckon them—assuredly talents. Be a brave fellow, and see what you can do with these! You will greatly gratify your true well-wisher

ROBERT BROWNING.

If the clerical difficulties of Laban Rewell were “something childish, but very natural” in his circumstances, the serious spirit in which they were met by the poet was a very pleasing inclination of a superior mind towards the disqualifications of a diffident youth. Whatever his want of opportunities, Laban Rewell had sufficient discernment to perceive that in this letter there was scant encouragement of what he longed to regard as his vocation. In other ways the “true well-wishing” of Robert

Browning must have strengthened and stayed him up. He continued to make verses, and perhaps he improved himself further in the “mechanical part.” Otherwise, in this respect, he “waited for the spark from heaven to fall,” and struggled ineffectively enough to complete his education. Once at this time the clouds seemed to open out, and there was a prospect of sunshine for a moment. A friendly hand was stretched forward to assist him in graduating, after a humble fashion, as an unattached student at Oxford, but in the end the scheme fell through. It was another disappointment to be survived, and he lived it down accordingly, getting what help he could, and continuing his studies with zeal. Possibly he worked overmuch, or possibly at imprudent hours, but health failed; there was a long break, some apprehended death, some a struggle with consumption; but rest and care prevailed, and, perhaps, from that illness Laban Rewell rose stronger than ever. It may almost be said that he rose to a sudden and undreamed possibility of publishing a volume of verse. The opportunity was in advance of preparation, and, for want of other matter at the moment, he hastily arranged what seemed best among the crudities of the past, and put them forth, with befitting unobtrusiveness, in a very small volume. After what manner that volume was received by the reviewers—how the great papers did not notice it, how the second-rate papers blamed it, how it was quoted and praised by the small papers, who had no reputations to confer, is a question which has lost even its private interest, and can have none certainly beyond it; but the little still-born book was sent duly to Robert Browning, and it occasioned the third and last letter which he wrote to Laban Rewell.

19, Warwick Crescent, W.
June 22nd, '79.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been so wholly engaged for some time past, that it was impossible for me to read your poems as carefully as I wished, and now that I have read

every line, I must try and be as honest and serviceable as your accompanying letter seems to require and to deserve. You have so many of the faculties of a poet, as I told you before, that you may be safely advised,—in the assurance of having them ready for employment when a proper occasion arises—to let them be unemployed *now*, when your business is to *live*—learn life: at present all these yearnings and regrets are an accepted and recorded fact in the experience of every youthful susceptible nature, and in once more expressing them, however musically, you either invite attention from natures like your own, and so only too familiar with them,—or from the opposites of these, natures to which your complaints are incomprehensible—a surprise or an annoyance. Of course there was a time when, at least in literature, there would have been “novelty” indeed in the avowal of such aspirations and such disappointments as fill your volume: but now we all want—whether or no we get it—an experience from those who have passed through and surmounted altogether—or even partially—the discoveries we made at “one-and-twenty.” *What* may you not do in the next ten years?—I hardly care *how*, so long as it is earnestly and conscientiously done,—which will answer your own doubts, and enable you to help others who are at your present stage of attainment! I say this the more freely that you mean—as you manfully say—to continue in any case to practice the composition of poetry:

if so, I would suggest that you confine yourself for the present to what is called “objective” poetry: take a fact, of any kind, and describe it scrupulously, letting it produce its own effect: do not occupy yourself with your own feelings concerning things in general,—how you wish them to be and regret to find them. By giving us one *fact*, you give us perhaps what we can explain, as we were hardly fitted to do at the age which happily is still yours. Shall I apologize for this rough liberty of advice to one whom I would gladly serve? I think not—you will believe I am your affectionate well-wisher.

ROBERT BROWNING.

At this point the personal reminiscence of the poet comes to its natural end, and there is little reason to prolong the context which seemed necessary to explain the letters, but has no value beyond them. Yet a reflected interest may be acquired for a moment by subjects that are inherently unimportant, and it may be well to add that Leban Rewell, profited by the advice he received; that he set himself to “learn life”; that he held over his “faculties of a poet” until many lessons had been put to heart; that the term of years mentioned by Robert Browning brought strength to those faculties; and that the “spark from heaven” has possibly at length fallen. In any case, the kindly counsellor of his unfriended youth will ever be in loving memory with

LABAN REWELL



HER KYRIELLE

FLORA, lying near to death,
 Did confess with halting breath
 All the secret outs and ins
 Of her catalogue of sins.
 Flora, coming back from death,
 Added with regaining breath:—
 “Pretty priest, with angel’s speech
 Sweetly still of Orcus preach!”

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THE PASSING OF FIRE

THE black hill shadow falls along the down ;
 In trench and rut the leaves lie sodden and brown ;
 The low-hung clouds that fringe the barren wold
 Seem in their deeps the autumn moon to drown.

Yet in the skies a clear cold lustre glows,
 Like the faint glare that hangs on Arctic snows
 A light that tips the birches' lingering gold,
 And on the fell a spectral radiance throws.

Mute is the air : the trees are strangely still,
 No sound is there of shiver or of thrill ;
 No ripple stirs the surface of the pond
 Set like a silver buckler on the hill.

Embanked across the dim and wooded vales,
 Drawn straight and sheer across the level dales,
 Until they merge into the grey beyond
 On the long viaduct gleam the metal rails.

The gloaming curdles till no single light,
 Save the white stars, illumines hollow and height ;
 One verily might feign to wander here
 As in some kingdom of enchanted night.

But hark ! what distant murmur breaks the spell—
 Dull rumbling notes that deep and deeper swell,
 A tiny flame that glows intense and clear,
 Far off, glides fairy-like across the fell.

Then with the rushing of a mighty blast,
 Along its silver rails careering fast,
 Neath coiling smoke, like robes in disarray,
 Something that seems a snake of fire goes past.

The wayside pool shines like a lighted pane,
 The shrubs and grasses flutter on the plain,
 As clothed in thunder on its unknown way
 Into the distance sweeps the Midnight Train !

DAVID GOW



The artist who is over anxious to copy Nature may be reminded that she has never yet produced a straight line.

A LAST ATTITUDE



It was less in real solicitude than in real weariness that I had suggested ghostly counsel, and he stirred uneasily on the bed, with a querulous accent in his answer. "Would you spoil all?" he remonstrated. "You, the one witness that I do not repent! It is vital," he added, with an effort at dramatic gesture, "that I should retract and undo nothing."

I looked up hastily, almost furtively, as he spoke, and saw that his face was grey already with the coming of his dissolution. I was not heroic, and there was a squalid note running through the history which stripped death even of its awe. But seeing that I had kept my secret as well as he had kept his own, and that against his five years of the furnace, as he loved to term them, there were five weeks in which I had been laid waste by his last attitude, I remember wondering weakly whether there was not after all more than one aspect of fortitude in the closing episode.

A vague feeling of ill-realized self-reproach distressed me when the desultory thought passed from the flash of occurrence into the second of conscious reception, and I dismissed it with full knowledge that my exhausted patience was a private misery of my own, and that in my diligence, at least, there had been no remission.

I turned again the stained pages which chronicled the bold stand made by Rabbi Jechiel in the presence of St. Louis. Perhaps these *Acta Disputationis cum quodam Nicolao* may have been a late invention of the French Talmudic Jews; there was a constructive skill here and there in the dialogue which suggested it, and it belonged to a literature which has always made false attributions. But,

spurious or not, I recognized that there was one point in this forgotten defence of Jewry which had its force at the moment of my reading. "Who so offers of the blood of his children to Moloch shall die the death." So says the Law of Moses. The Talmud glosses: "Therefore he that offers not the blood alone, but the body and the bones of his child, the same is not condemned by the Law." Invoked with imprecations to explain this iniquitous construction, Rabbi Jechiel answered: "The penalty of death among us is not a vengeance but an expiation; it is the cure of a poisoned wound by the heated iron. All who die by the Law of Israel die in the peace of Israel; they receive reconciliation with death and they sleep with our fathers. But the iron is not applied to the incurable; we have no jurisdiction over those whom the greatness of transgression cuts off for ever from Israel."

And surely this man who had suffered by the law of his people might now hold himself absolved, having bought peace from his people. There remained the higher law; but no, he had sinned rather against a social enactment which had received its higher sanction for the sake of society, while the social order had exacted its satisfaction and had given its quittance.

"To emulate the edifying end of a converted housebreaker," said the dying man, "What an anticlimax to martyrdom!"

He smiled nauseously, moving his head upon the pillow, on the further corner of which the sun, now setting, had shot a flaming ray. He caught it upon his face before that peculiar smile faded. We exchanged a glance of silent intelligence, as though the presence of an auditory enforced concealment. He

had jarred a chord of knowledge and I shuddered, partly from rankling memory but more at his motive in moving, at the thought of the nimbus he coveted and at the shocking contrast of his smile with the rich light it was meeting.

Yes, he coveted the nimbus to impress me; his eyes said it as they glazed. He must die impressing me, that, when the whole story was told, its pictures should recur vividly; that I might lose, above all, no feature of this final scene. I know not why, but the last attitude recalled an earlier scheme in the sordid pageant.

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"What madness prompted you?" I had asked him, some five years previously, as I stood by him, all shame and loving wrath, for was he not my brother in letters, and he a convicted felon just passing from sentence?

"I am not a criminal, but a sacrifice," he answered, and this was his first attitude.

I missed his meaning, catching eagerly at its undramatic sense. "Tell me that you are innocent, and though I could believe it of no man else, I would believe it of you?"

"I am not innocent of the naked act, but the motive which prompted it not only condones the offence but effaces it." I remember now that his advocate moved impatiently; for him the interest had died with the verdict, and the construction placed by a convict on the deed which he thus admitted only served to remind him that he had another case in court.

The distressing picture broke up into its elements. I saw the counsel prepare to depart at an official sign that the interview must end. I saw myself whispering what words of comfort I could muster, and I knew again that they were not heeded.

* * *

A voice from the bed recalled me, speaking low and incoherently. "There is a packet addressed to you at my lodgings. It will tell all. Swear to keep the secret which you alone will have shared with me."

He was wandering now; he was back in the scene of my own recent reflections, and by a strange chance had picked up the broken thread of remembrance, for those were indeed his parting words. But there was no need, as I recalled, for any packet at his lodgings to disclose either what he had done or why he had done it. And yet it was in truth a very curious document which awaited me. It was not a lamentation over his guilt, but a hymn of triumph over his heroism. He had renounced reputation, a fair name, a possible future, as he said by devotion to art.

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Once more the wandering voice broke in upon my reverie, retracing the same ground. "My work shall grow from more to more, while I am in obscurity, in abasement, in very martyrdom."

* * *

That was his prophecy. Very martyrdom! We were young men both in those days, though I was his elder. He aspired to be an artist in letters. I had passed through the same crucifixion a little earlier, but he took himself too earnestly to cry his *consummatum* after a common agony. It was over an Arcadia of verse that he failed with all the publishers. This I had expected, but not that his faith should grow with failure, passing from the piety of reasonable self-confidence to a height which touched on frenzy. That he had achieved a new departure in literature, nay, more, that he had infused fresh elements into the life of verse—well, I could listen tolerantly; I had known illusions and enthusiasms, though not in Arcadia. I was something of a scholar, poor gentleman, and was I not the first who in England had codified, formulated and punctuated, the first book of the Talmud Babli, though I did not have the chance of furnishing a modern instance to the secret history of authors who have ruined their book-sellers?

Now I had accepted obscurity and the by-ways. He would do so, like me, presently. I was wrong. One evening

he entered my lodging, pallid but fervid; he had arranged for the appearance of the poem; he could not say that it was accepted in the desirable sense, but he had found means to produce it under good auspices. He, the penniless aspirant, to produce at his own cost the immeasurable epic? Could he have deluded a publisher into believing that he was a man of substance? Nothing of the sort; there were limits even to the originator of a new accent in octosyllabics and an Islam for humanity in couplets. But he had lodged the money in advance against a binding contract. His name was not to transpire; the book and its message must work their way unhindered and unhindered, and it would be produced in hot haste, for he, himself, would leave England immediately. To me, his one friend and confidant, he must commit the care of his child after its delivery, that it might not be neglected by hirelings. I asked earnestly for his fuller confidence, but he had reasons, as he told me with more earnestness, for not giving it. Perhaps I should know all some day; perhaps, too, I should then confess that one light of the by-ways had made a Great Renunciation. He left hurriedly and many days passed in which I saw and heard nothing; he was not at his lodging, he had not been noticed at the common haunts of our anonymous coterie. At length I caught sight of him, late one night, lurking, as it seemed to me, in the dark purlieus of Drury Lane, but he slipped into a darker alley and there vanished. A few mornings after I received by a rare visitation of the registered post an advance copy of the book, produced with a broad margin in the choice manner which characterised all works bearing the same imprint on the title. And at noon that day I heard the first rumour of the squalid charge of larceny, which caused so great a stir in our little circle of ill-starred Bohemians.

Looking at him now, I was thankful that I had kept his secret, hearkening grimly to the speculation and coarse criticism of the by-ways; I was thankful that in the other matter I had done

what a man might do; above all, that from time to time he had received good news of his child's welfare. That, as he said, brought him through the ordeal and gave him strength to die outside.

* * *

A wave of consciousness flowing back through the brain of the sufferer here put an end to my reverie. Struggling for speech, while his breath came thick and stertorous, he said: "There are silent triumphs in which the phrase forsakes us because it could add nothing to the effect."

I groaned inwardly, knowing that he was racked for one memorable utterance and that it failed him ever. I might have taunted him for his incapacity or assuaged him with a promised invention, for was I not his biographer to come? But all that was ridiculous strove with all that was pitiful, and for the thousandth time I cooled his lips, and lifted him as the sunlight passed upward toward the wall, reddening, so that it incarnadined again his wasted face. He closed his eyes, whispering, "The mottoes are 'faithful unto death,' and 'he died that the work might live.'"

"Promise," he said afterwards, his voice quavering into a whining note. "Promise that you will give new life to the poem by telling its author's story. The book might be forgotten in the ages, but this will wed it to immortality, and for this I disclose my secret."

I pressed down the sickly feeling that surged up in me, and for the last time gave him my deliberate assurance. He seemed relieved. "I think," he said, "that if I could survive now in reality I would like to die in appearance, to attend my own funeral"—here forcing a light into his eyes, and again simulating the same smile, as he caught at the vanished sun—"so that I might know how it all fell out. But, no, I am nothing, my desire is less than nothing. The work, the work! Ah!"

He fell backward with an acrid irregular ticking in his throat. The clock of his life was gathering itself up for a final effort, and in a moment the

death-hour must strike. Suddenly he lurched forward, vomiting black blood. As I sprang to support him his arms burst out widely, fantastically, and his left hand, clenched, struck me in his spasm on the mouth, as if at this last he knew that I had lied to him. I called loudly for help, and nurse Esther came in with a tripping step. As I reeled against the mantelpiece she looked at the bed, and seeing how that which was left lay still, she closed the door gently and threw open the window. I struck a light in the gathering gloom and pulled chokingly at my pipe. The rank tobacco mixed with the savour of blood on my tongue as I crossed the threshold. I heard the heavy tread of the night nurse ascending, and looking back I said softly:

"You will have help in a moment, and I will make the other arrangements." Then, after lingering irreso-

lutely: "Do your best with him; he was a handsome man once, poor fellow. Make him look like a poet—that is what he was—as he would like to look if he could see himself."

"How does a poet look, Mr. Bertram?" She asked, as her relief, entered.

"Anything but that," I answered wildly, as I pointed to the bed.

There was an odour of the second death in my nostrils, and the narrow street outside seemed like a precinct of the holy city.

So in the end I excused myself that I at least had not repented and that I continued to cheer him, despite his last attitude. For the new departure in literature had the fate of "Epipsychidion," with the one difference, that unlike Shelley's monody, it deserved it—not a single copy was sold, not a single review noticed it.



THE HIGHER CIRCUMSTANCE

PERCHANCE from distant planet, further star,
 Or where perchance no stellar systems are,
 Cometh a man's soul on this earthly ground;
 And with his offices the ways resound
 A little while, till he is taken far,
 Leaving the rumours of his body and mind
 To echo long before him and behind;
 While from another star or shining sun,
 Cometh another to replace the one,
 Who straightway gathers up his own and goes
 Where soon the other shall alike ascend:
 So from its source unseen the pageant flows,
 For ever passing to the unseen end.

TEN YEARS OF AUSTRALIAN VERSE



It has long been recognised that the pioneer literature of a new country must necessarily be largely imitative. New sources of inspiration weigh but little with writers whose ideals were formed in a community where nothing is so completely fixed as the sense of literary value. The settler looks back upon the life he has left with a longing that distance only intensifies, and draws comparisons between his new existence and that he has abandoned, which are usually prejudiced in favour of the past. This is especially the case with those sensitive spirits who find an outlet for their melancholy and home sickness, in rhyme or impassioned prose. The first literary output of a new country, is, therefore, a reflection of the old, with the glamour of *heimweh* to leaven the whole mass.

This has been the case with the literature of Australia. The names of Australian writers best known in Great Britain to-day are those of men who were as little Australian as—to take the first instances that come to hand—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is an American, or Mr. Bret Harte was an Englishman. They saw Australia with British eyes, and wrote of what they saw in the ultimate hope of appeal to British, and not Australian readers. Their merit was readily recognised by the critics to whom they appealed, and even to the present day the names of men such as Marcus Clarke or Adam Lindsay Gordon are quoted in London as representing what is best and most characteristic in Australian literature.

So great was the merit of these writers and some of their contemporaries, that they practically imposed their traditions upon those of the next generation. The well-known passage in which Marcus Clarke introduced the collected works of Gordon to the public may best be quoted to show in what spirit they wrote of their adopted country.

"What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—weird melancholy. A poem like 'L'Allegro' could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter."

The average Englishman visiting Australia at the present time would possibly take the same view of Australia and Australian life, with certain modifi-

cations. The monotony of the bush existence, its uneventfulness broken only by incidents of a more or less tragic nature, is no more noticeable by comparison than the intense practicality of those who live in towns. Not many weeks have passed since one of the greatest of London weeklies, in reviewing Mr. W. P. Reeves' "State experiments in Australia and New Zealand," accused the Australians of "painting a continent grey."

If the native-born Australians find more to appreciate and love in the land of their birth, may this not argue the existence in them of other feelings than that "absurd self satisfaction" of which they are so often accused? The man who is content to be an Australian is, after all, only of recent growth, and has experienced more than ordinary difficulties in making his fellow Australians hear what he has to say for himself and for Australia. His medium—only open to him within the last fifteen or twenty years—is the *Bulletin*, a paper that combines a huge admiration for Australia with a supreme contempt for most of its leading citizens. This article is not concerned with the political or social opinions of the *Bulletin*, but could not be written without bearing testimony to the valuable work which it has accomplished in freeing Australian writers from the literary fetters imposed upon them by their predecessors, both in Australia and Great Britain. The limitations of the *Bulletin* are solely those of space, an unavoidable restriction that has not been without its effect upon some of the younger Australian writers. But the conductors of the paper have regarded neither subject nor form in their search for real literary ability.

The view of Australia taken, more or less, by the new school of Australian writers, is partially expressed by an anonymous article, published some two years ago in the *Melbourne Age*. The following quotation will show that it might almost have been written in direct answer to Marcus Clarke.

"Nowhere in the world does spring announce herself with so lovely a splendour as in Australia. Along every

river, up the tributary creeks, on the steep slopes of the gullies, our wattles, fair forest trees, burst into such a passionate profusion of blossom as no other country can rival. For miles and miles they line the natural avenue of brimming water, they gather into groves where streams meet, and everywhere they pour upon the cool air their soft fragrance, as sweet as that of woodbine or eglantine, but sweeter far to the Australian abroad when it floods him with memories of home in the spring time.

"How darkened was the vision of those early authors who could write of the Australian Colonies as 'lands where bright blossoms are scentless,' and as having for the dominant note of their scenery 'weird melancholy.'" Of Byronic gloom, in which these un-acclimatised malcontents would steep it, our landscape will plainly have none. It smiles forth a serene gaiety contagious for those who bring to the intercourse sane minds in sound bodies. Who could wish a blue sky to beam softer than ours along the horizon or deeper in the zenith? The gum tree, fiercely misunderstood by the laborious pioneer wrestling his little clearing from its vast forests, is now only beginning to be appreciated at its true worth by a generation that, through an easier and gentler contact with it, has come to love its manifold beauties. What a rich variety of loveliness the young foliage of the different species presents! In the blue gum saplings each of the broad sculpturesque leaves is frosted with a bloom as delicate as that of the plum or peach. In others again the red of the young rose leaf is surpassed, for by its transparency the young leaf shows against sky or sun a range of tone from ruby red through sunset gold to oceanic green that would have inspired the mediæval artists in stained glass.

"The great eucalypts are only to-day coming into their rightful artistic heritage; even the dwarfs of the plains carry their twisted boughs with a suggestion of strength, and wrap their scant array of leaves around them with the non-chalance of a contented poverty. But in the ranges the columnar spring of

their great pearl-grey trunks away towards the blue vaults, makes our mountain forest a living temple to the joy of life."

It is in this contented spirit that the Australian verse-writers who have sprung up during the last ten years write of the land in which they live. Nor are they ashamed of a wholesome admiration for the men of the bush, native-born Australians, who live and love the life "out back." The simple heroism of their lives, their endurance, resource, and good nature, and, above all, the true spirit of comradeship that is the first of their virtues; these themes are substituted for the clever imitations and morbid self examinings of the earlier Australian writers. As a rule, the *Bulletin* writers have less of imparted literary knowledge than those whose places they are taking. Henry Lawson started life as a coach painter; Barcroft Boake lived in survey camps and station huts until the too brief period of his literary career, and Edward Dyson brings a very practical knowledge of mining to his task of celebrating the romance and heroism of life below ground. These men have reverted to rougher metres, and more unconventional phrasing as their natural method of expression, and suffer accordingly when the standards of comparative literary criticism are applied to their writings. A fairer test of the merit of their work may be found in its appreciation by the people for whom it is written.

"I sell more of Paterson than Gordon now," a Melbourne bookseller remarked, three years ago "and the Gordons I sell are mostly presentation copies. They buy Gordon to give away, but Paterson and Lawson to read." The first edition of Mr. Paterson's volume of verse, "The Man from Snowy River," was published at the end of the year 1895, and since that time over twenty thousand copies have been sold in Australia. To enjoy an equal vogue among his own people, it would be necessary for a British verse writer to dispose of two hundred thousand copies of one book within seven years of its publication! Henry Lawson has pub-

lished several books of verse, the first and most popular being entitled "When the world was wide." If no single volume has achieved so wide a circulation as "The man from Snowy River," there can be no doubt that Lawson is even more widely read and appreciated in Australia than Paterson. The enterprising publishing firm which first undertook to place the new school of writers before the Australian public, now sells each year some twenty-five thousand copies of the half score or so of volumes so far produced. These statistics are advanced not as an argument for the literary merit of the work in question, but merely to show that it has met with a surprising measure of appreciation in Australia. To correct false impressions of Australian life, and to create fresh ones to take their place, is still by no means an easy task, but the writers of the *Bulletin* school are playing their part most effectively.

The first volume of the series, to which reference has been made above, was "The Man from Snowy River," by A. B. Paterson. The concluding stanza of the title-poem gives a fair idea of Mr. Paterson, neither at his best nor his worst.

"And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad
ridges raise,
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the
white stars fairly blaze,
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky;
And where around the overflow, the reedbeds
sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are
wide,
The Man from Snowy River is a household
word to-day,
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride."

Mr. Paterson has chosen his subjects from those that were ready to his hand; the Shearing-Shed, the Race-Course, the selection "Out-Back," and the strenuous capital cities of Australia. But everywhere he is real and vital. Gordon made his dying stockrider say:—

"The blue sky seems to fade, and the tall green
trees grow dim,
And the ground beneath me seems to heave
and fall,
And sickly smoky shadows through the sleepy
sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall."

That is scarcely the way that Paterson's bushmen talk, even when dying. Hear the last words of old Bob.

"He spoke in a cultured voice and low—
 'I fancy they've 'sent the route.'
 I once was an army man, you know,
 Though now I'm a drunken brute;
 But bury me out where the bloodwood's wave,
 And if ever your fairly stuck,
 Just take and shovel me out of the grave
 And, may be, I'll bring you luck.'"

Among the most popular of Paterson's verses are his galloping rhymes, from which the following quotation is a fair sample:—

"So we raced away together, and we left the
 others standing,
 And the people cheered and shouted as we
 settled down to ride,
 And we clung beside the Quiver. At his
 taking off and landing
 I could see his scarlet nostril and his
 mighty ribs expanding,
 And the Ace stretched out in earnest and we
 held him stride for stride"

It would be easy to point out much in "The Man from Snowy River" that is far from being poetry, but even the slightest verses in the volume can claim some redeeming merit of quaintly humorous rhyming or typical local colouring. It is all the honest work of a man who has lived in Australia and loved it, and who has drawn many a pen picture of its wide, expansive beauty.

"The mighty rolling western plains are very
 fair to see,
 Where waving to the passing breeze the
 silver myalls stand,
 But fairer are the giant hills, all rugged though
 they be,
 From which the two great rivers rise that run
 along the Blend.

"The Man from Snowy River" was held at the time of its publication to be a fair index of the capabilities of its author, and up to the present nothing has been published by Mr. Paterson to show that the estimate was too modest. It was far otherwise with Henry Lawson's "When the World was Wide." Great as the merit of most of the work contained in that volume undoubtedly was, it also held promise of far greater things. Since that time, Mr. Lawson's best work has been done in prose, but anyone who takes up his first published

volume will be justified in saying that here, at least, are the beginnings of a poet. The first impression is one of the writer's fierce discontent:—

And, like a swollen river that has broken bank
 and wall,
 The human flood came pouring with the red
 flags over all,
 And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolu-
 tion's heat,
 And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the
 street.

Pouring on, pouring on,
 To a drum's loud threatening beat,
 And the war hymns and the cheering of the
 people in the street.

And so 'twill be while e'er the world goes roll-
 ing round its course,
 The warning pen shall write in vain, the warn-
 ing voice grow hoarse,
 But not until a city feels Red Revolution's feet,
 Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of
 the street.
 The dreadful everlasting strife,
 For scarcely clothes and meat
 In that pent track of living death—the city's
 cruel street.

In the phrase of one of his Australian critics, in Lawson, at times "the proletariat predominates over the poet," but this very fault gives to his work a great earnestness that makes it grip as the work of no other Australian has ever gripped. It is very generally agreed that his finest poem is the "Star of Australasia," which contains a prophecy that was oddly justified within a very few years of its publication.

There are boys out there by the Western
 creeks, who hurry away from school
 To climb the sides of the breezy creeks or dive
 in the shaded pool,
 Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains
 quake to the tread of a mighty war,
 And fight for Right or a grand mistake, as men
 never fought before;
 When the peaks are scarred and the sea walls
 crack till the furthest hills vibrate,
 And the world for a while goes rolling back in
 a storm of love and hate.

.

And every boy will want to fight, no matter
 what cause it be,
 When the children run to the doors and cry,
 "Oh, mother, the troops are come!"
 And every heart in the town leaps high at the
 first loud thud of the drum.
 They'll know, apart from its mystic charm,
 what music is at last,
 When, proud as a boy with a broken arm, the
 regiment marches past.

And the veriest wreck in the drink-fiend's clutch, no matter how low or mean,
Will feel, when he hears the march, a touch of the man that he might have been.

One of Lawson's favourite themes is the grand doctrine of comradeship that holds so staunchly among his heroes, the men of the bush. He has done his topic full justice in a score of his writings, and Australia, and the world too, will be all the better for the manly doctrine he preaches. When he left Australia for London, it was with a hymn of thanks to his mates, the men whose faith and admiration had always been a spur and goad to him.

"And a shipside word I will say, you chaps
Of the blood of the Don't Give In!
The world will call it a boast, perhaps—
But I'll win, if a man can win!
And not for gold nor the world's applause—
Though ways to the end they be—
I'll win, if a man might win, because
Of the men who believed in me."

In London, Lawson was very successful, but had no sooner laid the foundations of a London reputation than he was forced to return to Australia, being unable to endure any longer what for him proved a very trying climate. Soon after his return to Australia, he met with an accident of so severe a nature that his death was actually reported in London. Fortunately, he has now recovered, and should survive to write the truest and worthiest poetry that the island-continent is likely to produce in this generation.

The life of Barcroft Boake remains the saddest tragedy of Australian literature. The story of his suicide, ere he had served his literary apprenticeship, is told by Mr. A. G. Stephens, in a brief memoir that is full of the suggestion of immense potentialities. Prosaically enough, Mr. Stephens ascribes his death to three causes; a weak heart, a sensitive brain, and tobacco. To the second of these must be added the undue amount of discouragement which an author, then as now, must necessarily experience in Australia. The 'prentice hand is visible everywhere in the work Boake left behind him, but he possessed the true literary faculty to a degree that none of his survivors can claim.

"The swelling ears of wheat and oats had lost
their tender green,
And breezes made them shiver,
Trending westward to the river,
The river of the golden sands, the moaning
Eucumbene."

Boake's best-known poem, "Where the Dead Men Lie," is perhaps, the most striking achievement in the story of Australian verse.

Out on the wastes of the Never-Never—
That's where the dead men lie!
There where the heat waves dance for ever—
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the Earth's loved sons are
keeping
Endless tryst: not the west wind sweeping
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping—
Out where the dead men lie!

Where brown Summer and Death have mated—
That's where the dead men lie!
Loving with fiery lust unsated—
That's where the dead men lie!
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely
Under the saltbush sparkling brightly;
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly—
That's where the dead men lie!

.

Only the hand of Night can free them—
That's when the dead men fly!
Only the frightened cattle see them—
See the dead men go by!
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure
Bidding the stockman know no leisure—
That's when the dead men take their
pleasure!
That's when the dead men fly!

The last decade of Australian verse includes many other names worth more than a mere passing reference. Edward Dyson's "Rhymes from the Mines," contains work that is sincere and typical of one phase of Australian life. E. J. Brady writes of the Australian seas, while Victor Daly, most musical of Australian verse writers, would be surer of a welcome in London than in Australia. Will Ogilvie's work is fainter than that of the men who immediately preceded him, but there is much charming verse in "Fair Girls and Grey Horses," and in Arthur Adams, New Zealand has produced a verse writer who differs from the Australian school, much as the typical New Zealander also differs from the Australian. Enough has been written to show that these writers represent a new

movement in Australian literature. They have all had to look to the *Bulletin* to place their work before the Australian public. The circumstance induces a feeling of surprise that so much good work has been produced in so short a

time, as well as the hope that the better conditions that must shortly arise will result in something even more worthy and characteristic of the Australian spirit.

E. C. BULEY



AS BUDDHA SPEAKS

BECAUSE the world is dark, though Thou art there—
 For Thine own ends (I have not questioned Thee):
 Because like granite is this reign of law,
 Which presses round us so that none escape,
 And for Thine own inscrutable purposes
 The psychic softness of the rain of love,
 Falls on the soul alone, nor always there,
 Nor are the keen winds of affliction made
 Soft for the shorn lambs of humanity,
 But to the fullest possible extent
 Of every nature there is meted out,
 To each the measure of due agony,
 After its kind—yea, unto beast and man—
 And ever on the darkness of thy ways
 In faith have I been rested and borne up;
 So from that time when first the passion of youth
 Leaped flame-like to embrace humanity
 In a large love for all that lives and works
 Its path amidst this wreckage and this woe,
 To reach at Thee, have I made smooth my ways
 And sweet my heart and gentle all my life
 To all that lives and suffers.



There are some forms of roguery which excite a smile in the gravest of us. Nature *will* out.



RESIGNATION

THE obligation of a faithful life,
 A jealous Fatalist would teach his wife,
 Since Love in Loyalty should perfect be:
 She, sighing, answered:—"Yes; but—Destiny?"

AT THE END OF THINGS

THE world uprose as a man to find him—
 Ten thousand methods, ten thousand ends—
 Some bent on treasure ; the more on pleasure ;
 Some sought for the crown which on fame attends :
 But the great deep's voice in the distance dim
 Said : "Peace, it is well ; they are seeking him."

When I heard that all the world was seeking,
 I looked for a palmer's staff, and found
 A forked hazel-wand by a reed-fringed pond
 On a twisted tree in a banned, waste ground ;
 But I knew not then what the sounding strings
 Of the sea-harps say at the end of things.

They told me, world, you were keen on questing ;
 I cast around for a scrip to hold
 Such meagre needs as the roots of weeds—
 All weeds, but one with a root of gold ;
 Yet I knew not then how the clangs ascend
 Where the sea-horns peal and the searchings end.

An old worn wallet was that they gave me,
 With twelve old signs on its seven old skins ;
 And a star I stole for the good of my soul,
 Lest the darkness came down on my sins ;
 For I deemed that few in their life had heard
 Of the sea-pipes shrilling a secret word.

I joined the quest that the world was making,
 Which followed the false ways far and wide,
 While a thousand cheats in the lanes and streets
 Offered that wavering crowd to guide ;
 But what did they know of the sea-reed's speech,
 When the peace-words breathe at the end for each ?

The fools fell down in the swamps and marshes,
 The fools died hard on the crags and hills ;
 The lies which cheated, so long repeated,
 Deceived, in spite of their evil wills,
 The knaves themselves at the end of all—
 Though how should they hearken when sea-flutes call ?

But me the scrip and the staff had strengthened ;
 I carried the star and the star led me :
 The paths I've taken, of most forsaken,
 Do surely lead to the open sea :
 As a clamour of voices heard in sleep,
 Come shouts through the dark on the shrouded deep.

Now it is noon ; in the hush prevailing,
 Pipes, harps and horns into flute-notes fall ;
 The sea, conceding my star's true leading,
 In tongues sublime at the end of all,
 Gives resonant utterance far and near :—

Cast away fear ;
 Be of good cheer ;
 He is here,
 Is here !

And now I know that I sought him only,
 Even as child when for flowers I sought ;
 In the sins of youth, as in search for truth,
 To find him, hold him, alone I wrought.
 The knaves too have sought him and fools beguiled—
 Then speak to them also, sea-voices mild !

Which then was wisdom and which was folly ?
 Did my star more than the cozening guide ?
 The fool, as I think, at the chasm's brink,
 Prone by the swamp or the marsh's side,
 Did even as I in the end rejoice,
 Since the voice of death must be needs his voice.



Life may be considered as a race, but the simile will not be complete until someone succeeds in discovering the goal.



TO SYBIL

(A CHARACTER)

AH, gentle mischief, let thy brown eyes tell
 What springs of roguish glee within thee dwell ;
 Pale be thy cheeks but all agleam with fun—
 White lilies warmed and gilded by the sun.
 How falls pomposity,—a solemn bird
 Pierced by the arrow of thy laughing word !
 How fly the cloister glooms before thy wit
 And nuns austere their hooded brows unknit !
 Nor cross, nor pentagram, they smiling say,
 Can guard the convent from thy faerie sway—
 Which falls on souls subdued to rote and rule
 Like winking starlight on a sullen pool.
 Even the study's sanctity gives place
 Before the magic of thy laughing face,
 And the grey sage from book encumbered shelves
 Turns with a smile to dream of Shakespere's elves.

THE WHITE PEOPLE

By Arthur Machen

Author of "The Great God Pan" and "The Three Impostors"

PROLOGUE

SORCERY and sanctity," said Ambrose, "these are the only realities. Each is an ecstasy, a withdrawal from the common life."

Cotgrave listened, interested. He had been brought by a friend to this mouldering house in a northern suburb, through an old garden to the room where Ambrose the recluse dozed and dreamed over his books.

"Yes," he went on, "magic is justified of her children. There are many, I think, who eat dry crusts and drink water, with an infinitely sharper joy than anything within the experience of the 'practical' epicure."

"You are speaking of the saints?"

"Yes, and of the sinners, too. I think you are falling into the very general error of confining the spiritual world to the supremely good; but the supremely wicked, necessarily, have their portion in it. The merely carnal, sensual man can no more be a great sinner than he can be a great saint. Most of us are just indifferent, mixed-up creatures; we muddle through the world without realising the meaning and the inner sense of things, and, consequently, our wickedness and our goodness are alike second-rate, unimportant."

"And you think the great sinner, then, will be an ascetic, as well as the great saint?"

"Great people of all kinds forsake the imperfect copies and go to the perfect originals. I have no doubt but that many of the very highest among the saints have never done a 'good action' (using the words in their ordi-

nary sense). And, on the other hand, there have been those who have sounded the very depths of sin, who all their lives have never done an 'ill deed.'"

He went out of the room for a moment, and Cotgrave, in high delight, turned to his friend and thanked him for the introduction.

"He's grand," he said. "I never saw that kind of lunatic before."

Ambrose returned with more whiskey and helped the two men in a liberal manner. He abused the teetotal sect with ferocity, as he handed the seltzer, and pouring out a glass of water for himself, was about to resume his monologue, when Cotgrave broke in—

"I can't stand it, you know," he said, "your paradoxes are too monstrous. A man may be a great sinner and yet never do anything sinful! Come!"

"You're quite wrong," said Ambrose. "I never make paradoxes; I wish I could. I merely said that a man may have an exquisite taste in Romanée Conti, and yet never have even smelt four ale. That's all, and it's more like a truism than a paradox, isn't it? Your surprise at my remark is due to the fact that you haven't realised what sin is. Oh, yes there is a sort of connection between Sin with the capital letter, and actions which are commonly called sinful: with murder, theft, adultery, and so forth. Much the same connection that there is between the A, B, C and fine literature. But I believe that the misconception—it is all but universal—arises in great measure from our looking at the matter through social spectacles. We think that a man who does evil to us, and to his neighbours must be very

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evil. So he is, from a social standpoint; but can't you realise that Evil in its essence is a lonely thing, a passion of the solitary, individual soul? Really, the average murderer, *quâ* murderer is not by any means a sinner in the true sense of the word. He is simply a wild beast that we have to get rid of to save our own necks from his knife. I should class him rather with tigers than with sinners."

"It seems a little strange."

"I think not. The murderer murders not from positive qualities, but from negative ones; he lacks something which non-murderers possess. Evil, of course, is wholly positive—only it is on the wrong side. You may believe me that sin in its proper sense is very rare; it is probable that there have been far fewer sinners than saints. Yes, your standpoint is all very well for practical, social purposes; we are naturally inclined to think that a person who is very disagreeable to us must be a very great sinner! It is very disagreeable to have one's pocket picked, and we pronounce the thief to be a very great sinner. In truth, he is merely an undeveloped man. He cannot be a saint, of course; but he may be, and often is, an infinitely better creature than thousands who have never broken a single commandment. He is a great nuisance to us, I admit, and we very properly lock him up if we catch him; but between his troublesome and unsocial action and evil—Oh, the connection is of the weakest."

It was getting very late. The man who had brought Cotgrave had possibly heard all this before, since he assisted with a bland and judicious smile, but Cotgrave began to think that his "lunatic" was turning into a sage.

"Do you know," he said, "you interest me immensely? You think, then, that we do not understand the real nature of evil?"

"No, I don't think we do. We over-estimate it and we under-estimate it. We take the very numerous infractions of our social 'bye-laws'—the very necessary and very proper regulations which keep the human company together—and we get frightened at the

prevalence of "sin" and "evil." But this is really nonsense. Take theft, for example. Have you any *horror* at the thought of Robin Hood, of the Highland caterans of the seventeenth century, of the moss-troopers, of the company promoters of our day?

"Then, on the other hand, we under-rate evil. We attach such an enormous importance to the 'sin' of meddling with our pockets (and our wives) that we have quite forgotten the awfulness of real sin."

"And what is sin?" said Cotgrave.

"I think I must reply to your question by another. What would your feelings be, seriously, if your cat or your dog began to talk to you, and to dispute with you in human accents? You would be overwhelmed with horror. I am sure of it. And if the roses in your garden sang a weird song, you would go mad. And suppose the stones in the road began to swell and grow before your eyes, and if the pebble that you noticed at night had shot out stony blossoms in the morning?

"Well, these examples may give you some notion of what sin really is."

"Look here," said the third man, hitherto placid, "you two seem pretty well wound up. But, I'm going home. I've missed my tram, and I shall have to walk."

Ambrose and Cotgrave seemed to settle down more profoundly when the other had gone out into the early misty morning and the pale light of the lamps.

"You astonish me," said Cotgrave. "I had never thought of that. If that is really so, one must turn everything upside down. Then the essence of sin really is——."

"In the taking of heaven by storm, it seems to me," said Ambrose. "It appears to me that it is simply an attempt to penetrate into another and a higher sphere in a forbidden manner. You can understand why it is so rare. They are few, indeed, who wish to penetrate into other spheres, higher or lower, in ways allowed or forbidden. Men, in the mass, are amply content with life as they find it. Therefore, there are few saints, and sinners (in the proper sense) are fewer still, and men of genius, who partake sometimes of each

character, are rare also. Yes; on the whole, it is, perhaps, harder to be a great sinner than to be a great saint."

"There is something profoundly unnatural about sin? is that what you mean?"

"Exactly. Holiness requires as great, or almost as great, an effort; but holiness works on lines that *were* natural once; it is an effort to recover the ecstasy that was before the Fall. But sin is an effort to gain the ecstasy, and the knowledge that pertain alone to angels, and in making this effort man becomes a demon. I told you that the mere murderer is not *therefore* a sinner; that is true, but the sinner is sometimes a murderer. Gilles de Raiz is an instance. So you see that while the good and the evil are unnatural to man as he now is—to man the social, civilised, being—evil is unnatural in a much deeper sense than good. The saint endeavours to recover a gift which he has lost; the sinner tries to obtain something which was never his. In brief, he repeats the Fall."

"But are you a Catholic?" said Cotgrave.

"Yes; I am a member of the persecuted Anglican Church."

"Then, how about those texts which seem to reckon as sin that which you would set down as a mere trivial dereliction?"

"Yes; but in one place the word 'sorcerers' comes in the same sentence, doesn't it? That seems to me to give the key-note. Consider: can you imagine for a moment that a false statement which saves an innocent man's life is a sin? No; very good, then, it is not the mere liar who is excluded by those words; it is, above all, the 'sorcerers' who use the material life, who use the failings incidental to material life as instruments to obtain their infinitely wicked ends. And let me tell you this: our higher senses are so blunted, we are so drenched with materialism, that we should probably fail to recognise real wickedness if we encountered it."

"But shouldn't we experience a certain horror—a terror such as you hinted we would experience if a rose-tree sang—in the mere presence of an evil man?"

"We should if we were natural: children and women feel this horror you speak of, even animals experience it. But with most of us convention and civilisation and education have blinded and deafened and obscured the natural reason. No, sometimes we may recognise evil by its hatred of the good—one doesn't need much penetration to guess at the influence which dictated, quite unconsciously, the *Blackwood* review of Keats—but this is purely incidental; and, as a rule, I suspect that the Hierarchs of Tophet pass quite unnoticed, or, perhaps, in certain cases, as good but mistaken men."

"But you used the word 'unconscious' just now, of Keat's reviewers. Is wickedness ever unconscious?"

"Always. It must be so. It is like holiness and genius in this as in other points; it is a certain rapture or ecstasy of the soul; a transcendent effort to surpass the ordinary bounds. So, surpassing these, it surpasses also the understanding, the faculty that takes note of that which comes before it. No, a man may be infinitely and horribly wicked and never suspect it. But I tell you, evil in this, its certain and true sense, is rare, and I think it is growing rarer."

"I am trying to get hold of it all," said Cotgrave. "From what you say, I gather that the true evil differs generically from that which we call evil?"

"Quite so. There is, no doubt, an analogy between the two; a resemblance such as enables us to use, quite legitimately, such terms as the 'foot of the mountain' and the 'leg of the table.' And, sometimes, of course, the two speak, as it were, in the same language. The rough miner, or 'puddler,' the untrained, undeveloped 'tiger-man,' heated by a quart or two above his usual measure, comes home and kicks his irritating and injudicious wife to death. He is a murderer. And Gilles de Raiz was a murderer. But you see the gulf that separates the two? The 'word,' if I may so speak, is accidentally the same in each case, but the 'meaning' is utterly different. It is flagrant 'Hobson Jobson' to confuse the two, or rather, it is as if one supposed that

Juggernaut and the Argonauts had something to do etymologically, with one another. And no doubt the same weak likeness, or analogy, runs between all the 'social' sins and the real spiritual sins, and in some cases, perhaps, the lesser may be "schoolmasters to lead one on to the greater—from the shadow to the reality. If you are anything of a Theologian, you will see the importance of all this."

"I am sorry to say," remarked Cotgrave, "that I have devoted very little of my time to theology. Indeed, I have often wondered on what grounds theologians have claimed the title of Science of Sciences for their favourite study; since the 'theological' books I have looked into have always seemed to me to be concerned with feeble and obvious pieties, or with the Kings of Israel and Judah. I do not care to hear about those Kings."

Ambrose grinned.

"We must try to avoid theological discussion," he said. "I perceive that you would be a bitter disputant. But perhaps the 'dates of the Kings' have as much to do with theology as the hobnails of the murderous puddler with evil."

"Then, to return to our main subject, you think that sin is an esoteric, occult thing?"

"Yes. It is the infernal miracle as holiness is the supernal. Now and then it is raised to such a pitch that we entirely fail to suspect its existence; it is like the note of the great pedal pipes of the organ, which is so deep that we cannot hear it. In other cases it may lead to the lunatic asylum, or to still stranger issues. But you must never confuse it with mere social misdoing. Remember how the Apostle, speaking of the 'other side,' distinguishes between 'charitable' actions and charity. And as one may give all one's goods to the poor, and yet lack charity; so, remember, one may avoid every crime and yet be a sinner."

"Your psychology is very strange to me," said Cotgrave, "but I confess I like it, and I suppose that one might fairly deduce from your premisses the conclusion that the real sinner might

very possibly strike the observer as a harmless personage enough?"

"Certainly; because the true evil has nothing to do with social life or social laws, or if it has, only incidentally and accidentally. It is a lonely passion of the soul—or a passion of the lonely soul—whichever you like. If, by chance, we understand it, and grasp its full significance, then, indeed, it will fill us with horror and with awe. But this emotion is widely distinguished from the fear and the disgust with which we regard the ordinary criminal, since this latter is largely or entirely founded on the regard which we have for our own skins or purses. We hate a murderer, because we know that we should hate to be murdered, or to have anyone that we like murdered. So, on the 'other side,' we venerate the saints, but we don't 'like' them as we like our friends. Can you persuade yourself that you would have 'enjoyed' St. Paul's company? Do you think that you and I would have 'got on' with Sir Galahad?"

"So with the sinners, as with the saints. If you met a very evil man, and recognised his evil; he would, no doubt, fill you with horror and awe; but there is no reason why you should 'dislike' him. On the contrary, it is quite possible that if you could succeed in putting the sin out of your mind you might find the sinner capital company, and in a little while you might have to reason yourself back into horror. Still, how awful it is. If the roses and the lilies suddenly sang on this coming morning; if the furniture began to move in procession, as in De Maupassant's tale!"

"I am glad you have come back to that comparison," said Cotgrave, "because I wanted to ask you what it is that corresponds in humanity to these imaginary feats of inanimate things? In a word—what is sin? You have given me, I know, an abstract definition, but I should like a concrete example."

"I told you it was very rare," said Ambrose, who appeared willing to avoid the giving of a direct answer. "The materialism of the age, which has done a good deal to suppress sanctity, has done perhaps more to suppress evil.

We find the earth so very comfortable that we have no inclination either for ascents or descents. It would seem as if the scholar who decided to 'specialise' in Tophet, would be reduced to purely antiquarian researches. No palæontologist could show you a *live* pterodactyl."

"And yet you, I think, have 'specialised,' and I believe that your researches have descended to our modern times."

"You are really interested, I see. Well, I confess, that I have dabbled a little, and if you like I can show you something that bears on the very curious subject we have been discussing."

Ambrose took a candle and went away to a far, dim corner of the room, Cotgrave saw him open a venerable bureau that stood there, and from some secret recess he drew out a parcel, and came back to the window where they had been sitting.

Ambrose undid a wrapping of paper, and produced a green pocket-book.

"You will take care of it?" he said. "Don't leave it lying about. It is one of the choicer pieces in my collection, and I should be very sorry if it were lost."

He fondled the faded binding.

"I knew the girl who wrote this," he said. "When you read it, you will see how it illustrates the talk we have had to-night. There is a sequel, too, but I won't talk of that."

"There was an odd article in one of the reviews some months ago," he began again, with the air of a man who changes the subject. "It was written by a doctor—Dr. Coryn, I think, was the name. He says that a lady, watching her little girl playing at the drawing-room window, suddenly saw the heavy sash give way and fall on the child's fingers. The lady fainted, I think, but at any rate the doctor was summoned, and when he had dressed the child's wounded and maimed fingers he was summoned to the mother. She was groaning with pain, and it was found that three fingers of her hand, corresponding with those that had been injured on the child's hand, were

swollen and inflamed, and later, in the doctor's language, 'purulent sloughing set in.'"

Ambrose still handled delicately the green volume.

"Well, here it is," he said at last, parting with difficulty, it seemed, from his treasure.

"You will bring it back as soon as you have read it," he said, as they went out into the hall, into the old garden, faint with the odour of white lilies.

There was a broad red band in the east as Cotgrave turned to go, and from the high ground where he stood he saw that awful spectacle, of London in a dream.

THE GREEN BOOK.

The morocco binding of the book was faded, and the colour had grown faint, but there were no stains nor bruises nor marks of usage. The book looked as if it had been bought "on a visit to London" some seventy or eighty years ago, and had somehow been forgotten and suffered to lie away out of sight. There was an old, delicate, lingering odour about it, such an odour as sometimes haunts an ancient piece of furniture for a century or more. The end-papers, inside the binding, were oddly decorated with coloured patterns and faded gold. It looked small, but the paper was fine, and there were many leaves, closely covered with minute, painfully formed characters.

I found this book, (the manuscript began) in a drawer in the old bureau that stands on the landing. It was a very rainy day and I could not go out, so in the afternoon I got a candle and rummaged the bureau. Nearly all the drawers were full of old dresses, but one of the small ones looked empty, and I found this book hidden right at the back. I wanted a book like this, so I took it to write in. It is full of secrets. I have a great many other books of secrets I have written, hidden in a safe place, and I am going to write here many of the old secrets and some new ones; but there are some

I shall not put down at all. I must not write down the real names of the days and months which I found out a year ago, nor the way to make the Aklo letters, or the Chian language, or the great beautiful Circles, nor the Mao Games, nor the chief songs. I may write something about all these things but not the way to do them, for peculiar reasons. And I must not say who the Nymphs are, or the Dôls, or Jeelo, or what volas mean. All these are most secret secrets, and I am glad when I remember what they are, and how many wonderful languages I know, but there are some things that I call the secrets of the secrets of the secrets that I dare not think of unless I am quite alone, and then I shut my eyes, and put my hands over them and whisper the word, and the Alala comes. I only do this at night in my room or in certain woods that I know, but I must not describe them, as they are secret woods. Then there are the Ceremonies, which are all of them important, but some are more delightful than others—there are the White Ceremonies, and the Green Ceremonies, and the Scarlet Ceremonies. The Scarlet Ceremonies are the best, but there is only one place where they can be performed properly, though there is a very nice imitation which I have done in other places. Besides these, I have the dances, and the Comedy, and I have done the Comedy sometimes when the others were looking, and they didn't understand anything about it. I was very little when I first knew about these things.

When I was very small, and mother was alive, I can remember remembering things before that, only it has all got confused. But I remember when I was five or six I heard them talking about me when they thought I was not noticing. They were saying how queer I was a year or two before, and how nurse had called my mother to come and listen to me talking all to myself, and I was saying words that nobody could understand. I was speaking the Xu language, but I only remember a very few of the words, as it was about the little white faces that used to look at me when I was lying in my cradle. They

used to talk to me, and I learnt their language and talked to them in it about some great white place where they lived, where the trees and the grass were all white, and there were white hills as high up as the moon, and a cold wind. I have often dreamed of it afterwards, but the faces went away when I was very little. But a wonderful thing happened when I was about five. My nurse was carrying me on her shoulder; there was a field of yellow corn, and we went through it, it was very hot. Then we came to a path through a wood, and a tall man came after us, and went with us till we came to a place where there was a deep pool, and it was very dark and shady. Nurse put me down on the soft moss under a tree, and she said: "She can't get to the pond now." So they left me there, and I sat quite still and watched, and out of the water and out of the wood came two wonderful white people, and they began to play and dance and sing. They were a kind of creamy white like the old ivory figure in the drawing-room; one was a beautiful lady with kind dark eyes, and a grave face, and long black hair, and she smiled such a strange sad smile at the other, who laughed and came to her. They played together, and danced round and round the pool, and they sang a song till I fell asleep. Nurse woke me up when she came back, and she was looking something like the lady had looked, so I told her all about it, and asked her why she looked like that. At first she cried, and then she looked very frightened, and turned quite pale. She put me down on the grass and stared at me, and I could see she was shaking all over. Then she said I had been dreaming, but I knew I hadn't. Then she made me promise not to say a word about it to anybody, and if I did I should be thrown into the black pit I was not frightened at all, though nurse was, and I never forgot about it, because when I shut my eyes and it was quite quiet, and I was all alone, I could see them again, very faint and far away, but very splendid; and little bits of the song they sang came into my head, but I couldn't sing it.

I was thirteen, nearly fourteen, when

I had a very singular adventure, so strange that the day on which it happened is always called the White Day. My mother had been dead for more than a year, and in the morning I had lessons, but they let me go out for walks in the afternoon. And this afternoon I walked a new way, and a little brook led me into a new country, but I tore my frock getting through some of the difficult places, as the way was through many bushes, and beneath the low branches of trees, and up thorny thickets on the hills, and by dark woods full of creeping thorns. And it was a long, long way. It seemed as if I was going on for ever and ever, and I had to creep by a place like a tunnel where a brook must have been, but all the water had dried up, and the floor was rocky, and the bushes had grown overhead till they met, so that it was quite dark. And I went on and on through that dark place; it was a long, long way. And I came to a hill that I never saw before. I was in a dismal thicket full of black twisted boughs that tore me as I went through them, and I cried out because I was smarting all over, and then I found that I was climbing, and I went up and up a long way, till at last the thicket stopped and I came out crying just under the top of a big bare place, where there were ugly grey stones lying all about on the grass, and here and there a little twisted, stunted tree came out from under a stone, like a snake. And I went up, right to the top, a long way. I never saw such big ugly stones before; they came out of the earth some of them, and some looked as if they had been rolled to where they were, and they went on and on as far as I could see, a long, long way. I looked out from them and saw the country, but it was strange. It was winter time, and there were black terrible woods hanging from the hills all round, it was like seeing a large room hung with black curtains, and the shape of the trees seemed quite different from any I had ever seen before. I was afraid. Then beyond the woods there were other hills round in a great ring, but I had never seen any of them; it all looked black, and everything had a voor over it. It

was all so still and silent, and the sky was heavy and grey and sad, like a wicked voorish dome in Deep Dendo. I went on into the dreadful rocks. There were hundreds and hundreds of them. Some were like horrid grinning men; I could see their faces as if they would jump at me out of the stone, and catch hold of me, and drag me with them back into the rock, so that I should always be there. And there were other rocks that were like animals, creeping, horrible animals, putting out their tongues, and others were like words that I could not say, and others were like dead people lying on the grass. I went on among them, though they frightened me, and my heart was full of wicked songs that they put into it; and I wanted to make faces and twist myself about in the way they did, and I went on and on a long way till at last I liked the rocks, and they didn't frighten me any more. I sang the songs I thought of; songs full of words that must not be spoken or written down. Then I made faces like the faces on the rocks, and I twisted myself about like the twisted ones, and I lay down flat on the ground like the dead ones, and I went up to one that was grinning, and put my arms round him and hugged him. And so I went on and on through the rocks till I came to a round mound in the middle of them. It was higher than a mound, it was nearly as high as our house, and it was like a great basin turned upside down, all smooth and round and green, with one stone, like a post, sticking up at the top. I climbed up the sides, but they were so steep I had to stop or I should have rolled all the way down again, and I should have knocked against the stones at the bottom, and perhaps been killed. But I wanted to get up to the very top of the big round mound, so I lay down flat on my face, and took hold of the grass with my hands and drew myself up, bit by bit, till I was at the top. Then I sat down on the stone in the middle, and looked all round about. I felt I had come such a long, long way, just as if I were a hundred miles from home, or in some other country, or in one of the strange places

I had read about in the "Tales of the Genie," and the "Arabian Nights," or as if I had gone across the sea, far away, for years and I had found another world that nobody had ever seen or heard of before, or as if I had somehow flown through the sky and fallen on one of the stars I had read about where everything is dead, and cold and grey, and there is no air, and the wind doesn't blow. I sat on the stone and looked all round and down and round about me. It was just as if I was sitting on a tower in the middle of a great empty town, because I could see nothing all around but the grey rocks on the ground. I couldn't make out their shapes any more, but I could see them on and on for a long way, and I looked at them, and they seemed as if they had been arranged into patterns, and shapes, and figures. I knew they couldn't be, because I had seen a lot of them coming right out of the earth, joined to the deep rocks below, so I looked again, but still I saw nothing but circles, and small circles inside big ones, and pyramids, and domes and spires, and they seemed all to go round and round the place where I was sitting, and the more I looked, the more I saw great big rings of rocks, getting bigger and bigger, and I stared so long that it felt as if they were all moving and turning, like a great wheel, and I was turning too in the middle. I got quite dizzy and queer in the head, and everything began to be hazy and not clear, and I saw little sparks of blue light, and the stones looked as if they were springing and dancing and twisting as they went round and round and round. I was frightened again, and I cried out loud, and jumped up from the stone I was sitting on, and fell down. When I got up I was so glad they all looked still, and I sat down on the top and slid down the mound, and went on again. I danced as I went in the peculiar way the rocks had danced when I got giddy, and I was so glad I could do it quite well, and I danced and danced along, and sang extraordinary songs that came into my head. At last I came to the edge of that great flat hill, and there

were no more rocks, and the way went again through a dark thicket in a hollow. It was just as bad as the other one I went through climbing up, but I didn't mind this one, because I was so glad I had seen those singular dances and could imitate them. I went down, creeping down through the bushes, and a tall nettle stung me on my leg, and made me burn, but I didn't mind it, and I tingled with the boughs and the thorns, but I only laughed and sang. Then I got out of the thicket into a close valley, a little secret place like a dark passage that nobody ever knows of, because it was so narrow and deep and the woods were so thick round it. There is a steep bank with trees hanging over it, and there the ferns keep green all through the winter, when they are dead and brown upon the hill, and the ferns there have a sweet, rich smell like what oozes out of fir trees. There was a little stream of water running down this valley, so small that I could easily step across it. I drank the water with my hand, and it tasted like bright, yellow wine, and it sparkled and bubbled as it ran down over beautiful red and yellow and green stones, so that it seemed alive and all colours at once. I drank it, and I drank more with my hand, but I couldn't drink enough, so I lay down and bent my head and sucked the water up with my lips. It tasted much better, drinking it that way, and a ripple would come up to my mouth and give me a kiss, and I laughed, and drank again, and pretended there was a nymph, like the one in the old picture at home, who lived in the water and was kissing me. So I bent down low to the water, and put my lips softly to it, and whispered to the nymph that I would come again. I felt sure it could not be common water, I was so glad when I got up and went on; and I danced again and went up and up the valley, under hanging hills. And when I came to the top, the ground rose up in front of me, tall and steep as a wall, and there was nothing but the green wall and the sky. I thought of "for ever and for ever, world without end, Amen"; and I thought I must have really found the end of the world, because it was like the end of every-

thing, as if there could be nothing at all beyond, except the kingdom of Voor, where the light goes when it is put out, and the water goes when the sun takes it away. I began to think of all the long, long way I had journeyed, how I had found a brook and followed it, and followed it on, and gone through bushes and thorny thickets, and dark woods full of creeping thorns. Then I had crept up a tunnel under trees, and climbed a thicket, and seen all the grey rocks, and sat in the middle of them when they turned round, and then I had gone on through the grey rocks and come down the hill through the stinging thicket and up the dark valley, all a long, long way. I wondered how I should get home again, if I could ever find the way, and if my home was there any more, or if it were turned and everybody in it into grey rocks, as in the "Arabian Nights." So I sat down on the grass and thought what I should do next. I was tired, and my feet were hot with walking, and as I looked about I saw there was a wonderful well just under the high, steep wall of grass. All the ground round it was covered with bright, green, dripping moss; there was every kind of moss there, moss like beautiful little ferns, and like palms and fir trees, and it was all green as jewellery, and drops of water hung on it like diamonds. And in the middle was the great well, deep and shining and beautiful, so clear that it looked as if I could touch the red sand at the bottom, but it was far below. I stood by it and looked in, as if I were looking in a glass. At the bottom of the well, in the middle of it, the red grains of sand were moving and stirring all the time, and I saw how the water bubbled up, but at the top it was quite smooth, and full and brimming. It was a great well, large like a bath, and with the shining, glittering green moss about it, it looked like a great white jewel, with green jewels all round. My feet were so hot and tired that I took off my boots and stockings, and let my feet down into the water, and the water was soft and cold, and when I got up I wasn't tired any more, and I felt I must go on, farther and farther, and see what was on the other side of the wall. I climbed up it very slowly,

going sideways all the time, and when I got to the top and looked over, I was in the queerest country I had seen, stranger even than the hill of the grey rocks. It looked as if earth-children had been playing there with their spades, as it was all hills and hollows, and castles and walls made of earth and covered with grass. There were two mounds like big beehives, round and great and solemn, and then hollow basins, and then a steep mounting wall like the ones I saw once by the seaside where the big guns and the soldiers were. I nearly fell into one of the round hollows, it went away from under my feet so suddenly, and I ran fast down the side and stood at the bottom and looked up. It was strange and solemn to look up. There was nothing but the grey, heavy sky and the sides of the hollow; everything else had gone away, and the hollow was the whole world, and I thought that at night it must be full of ghosts and moving shadows and pale things when the moon shone down to the bottom at the dead of the night, and the wind wailed up above. It was so strange and solemn and lonely, like a hollow temple of dead heathen gods. It reminded me of a tale my nurse had told me when I was quite little; it was the same nurse that took me into the wood where I saw the beautiful white people. And I remembered how nurse had told me the story one winter night, when the wind was beating the trees against the wall, and crying and moaning in the nursery chimney. She said there was, somewhere or other, a hollow pit, just like the one I was standing in, everybody was afraid to go into it or near it, it was such a bad place. But once upon a time there was a poor girl who said she would go into the hollow pit, and everybody tried to stop her, but she would go. And she went down into the pit and came back laughing, and said, there was nothing there at all, except green grass and red stones, and white stones and yellow flowers. And soon after people saw she had most beautiful emerald earrings, and they asked how she got them, as she and her mother were quite poor. But she

laughed and said, her earrings were not made of emeralds at all, but only of green grass. Then, one day, she wore on her breast the reddest ruby that anyone had ever seen, and it was as big as a hen's egg, and glowed and sparkled like a hot burning coal of fire. And they asked how she got it, as she and her mother were quite poor. But she laughed, and said, it was not a ruby at all, but only a red stone. Then one day she wore round her neck the loveliest necklace that anyone had ever seen, much finer than the queen's finest, and it was made of great bright diamonds, hundreds of them, and they shone like all the stars on a night in June. So they asked her how she got it, as she and her mother were quite poor. But she laughed and said, they were not diamonds at all, but only white stones. And one day she went to the Court, and she wore on her head a crown of pure angel-gold, so nurse said, and it shone like the sun, and it was much more splendid than the crown the king was wearing himself, and in her ears she wore the emeralds, and the big ruby was the brooch on her breast, and the great diamond necklace was sparkling on her neck. And the king and queen thought she was some great princess from a long way off, and got down from their thrones and went to meet her, but somebody told the king and queen who she was, and that she was quite poor. So the king asked why she wore a gold crown, and how she got it as she and her mother were so poor. And she laughed, and said it wasn't a gold crown at all, but only some yellow flowers she had put in her hair. And the king thought it was very strange, and said she should stay at the court, and they would see what would happen next. And she was so lovely that everybody said that her eyes were greener than the emeralds, that her lips were redder than the ruby, that her skin was whiter than the diamonds, and that her hair was brighter than the golden crown. So the king's son said he would marry her, and the king said he might. And the bishop married them, and there was a great supper, and afterwards the king's son went to his wife's

room. But just when he had his hand on the door, he saw a tall, black man, with a dreadful face, standing in front of the door, and a voice said:—

Venture not upon your life,
This is mine own wedded wife,

Then the King's son fell down on the ground in a fit. And they came and tried to get into the room, but they couldn't, and they hacked at the door with hatchets, but the wood had turned hard as iron, and at last everybody ran away, they were so frightened at the screaming and laughing and shrieking and crying that came out of the room. But next day, they went in, and found there was nothing in the room but thick black smoke, because the black man had come and taken her away. And on the bed there were two knots of faded grass and a red stone, and some white stones, and some faded yellow flowers. I remembered this tale of nurse's while I was standing at the bottom of the deep hollow, it was so strange and solitary there, and I felt afraid. I could not see any stones or flowers, but I was afraid of bringing them away without knowing, and I thought I would do a charm that came into my head to keep the black man away. So I stood right in the very middle of the hollow, and I made sure that I had none of those things on me, and then I walked round the place, and touched my eyes, and my lips, and my hair in a peculiar manner, and whispered some queer words that nurse taught me to keep bad things away. Then I felt safe and climbed up out of the hollow, and went on through all those mounds and hollows and walls, till I came to the end, which was high above all the rest, and I could see that all the different shapes of the earth were arranged in patterns, something like the grey rocks, only the pattern was different. It was getting late, and the air was indistinct, but it looked from where I was standing something like two great figures of people lying on the grass. And I went on, and at last I found a certain wood, which is too secret to be described, and nobody knows of the passage into it, which I found out in a very curious manner, by seeing some little animal

run into the wood through it. So I went after the animal by a very narrow dark way, under thorns and bushes, and it was almost dark when I came to a kind of open place in the middle. And there I saw the most wonderful sight I have ever seen, but it was only for a minute, as I ran away directly, and crept out of the wood by the passage I had come by, and ran and ran as fast as ever I could, because I was afraid, what I had seen was so wonderful and so strange and beautiful. But I wanted to get home, and think of it, and I did not know what might not happen if I stayed by the wood. I was hot all over and trembling, and my heart was beating, and strange cries that I could not help came from me as I ran from the wood. I was glad that a great white moon came up from over a round hill and showed me the way, so I went back through the mounds and hollows and down the close valley, and up through the thicket over the place of the grey rocks, and so at last I got home again. My father was busy in his study, and the servants had not told him about my not coming home, though they were frightened, and wondered what they ought to do, so I told them I had lost my way, but I did not let them find out the real way I had been. I went to bed and lay awake all through the night, thinking of what I had seen. When I came out of the narrow way, and it looked all shining, though the air was dark, it seemed so certain, and all the way home I was quite sure that I had seen it, and I wanted to be alone in my room, and be glad over it, all to myself, and shut my eyes, and pretend it was there, and do all the things I would have done if I had not been so afraid. But when I shut my eyes the sight would not come, and I began to think about my adventures all over again, and I remembered how dusky and queer it was at the end, and I was afraid it must be all a mistake, because it seemed impossible it could happen. It seemed like one of nurse's tales, which I didn't really believe in, though I was frightened at the bottom of the hollow; and the stories she had told me when I was little came back into my head, and I wondered

whether it was really there what I thought I had seen, or whether any of her tales could have happened a long time ago. It was so queer; I lay awake there in my room at the back of the house, and the moon was shining on the other side towards the river, so the bright light did not fall upon the wall. And the house was quite still. I had heard my father come upstairs, and just after the clock struck twelve, and after that the house was still and empty, as if there was nobody alive in it. And though it was all dark and indistinct in my room, a pale glimmering kind of light shone in through the white blind, and once I got up and looked out, and there was a great black shadow of the house covering the garden, looking like a prison where men are hanged; and then beyond it was all white; and the wood shone white with black gulfs between the trees. It was still and clear, and there were no clouds on the sky. I wanted to think of what I had seen, but I couldn't, and I began to think of all the tales that nurse had told me so long ago, that I thought I had forgotten, but they all came back, and mixed up with the thickets and the grey rocks and the hollows in the earth, and the secret wood, till I hardly knew what was new and what was old, or whether it was not all dreaming. And then I remembered that hot summer afternoon, so long ago, when nurse left me by myself in the shade, and the white people came out of the water and out of the wood, and played, and danced, and sang, and I began to fancy that nurse told me about something like it before I saw them, only I couldn't recollect exactly what she told me. Then I wondered whether she had been the white lady, as I remembered she was just as white and beautiful, and had the same darkeyes and black hair; and sometimes she smiled and looked like the lady had looked, when she was telling me some of her stories beginning with "once on a time," or "in the time of the fairies." But I thought she couldn't be the lady, as she seemed to have gone a different way into the wood, and I didn't think the man who came after us could be the

other, or I couldn't have seen that wonderful secret in the secret wood. I thought of the moon, but it was afterwards when I was in the middle of the wild land, where the earth was made into the shape of great figures, and it was all walls, and mysterious hollows, and smooth round mounds, that I saw the great white moon come up over a round hill. I was wondering about all these things, till at last I got quite frightened, because I was afraid something had happened to me, and I remembered nurse's tale of the poor girl who went into the hollow pit, and was carried away at last by the black man. I knew I had gone into a hollow pit too, and perhaps it was the same, and I had done something dreadful. So I did the charm over again, and touched my eyes and my lips and my hair in a peculiar manner, and said the old words from the fairy language, so that I might be sure I had not been carried away. I tried again to see the secret wood, and to creep up the passage and see what I had seen there, but somehow I couldn't and I kept on thinking of nurse's stories. There was one, I remembered about a young man who once upon a time went hunting, and all the day he and his hounds hunted everywhere, and they crossed the rivers and went into all the woods, and went round the marshes, but they couldn't find anything at all, and they hunted all day till the sun sank down and began to set behind the mountain. And the young man was angry because he couldn't find anything, and he was going to turn back, when just as the sun touched the mountain, he saw come out of a brake in front of him a beautiful white stag. And he cheered to his hounds but they whined and would not follow, and he cheered to his horse, but it shivered and stood stock still, and the young man jumped off the horse and left the hounds and began to follow the white stag all alone. And soon it was quite dark, and the sky was black, without a single star shining in it, and the stag went away into the darkness. And though the man had brought his gun with him he never shot at the stag, because he

wanted to catch it, and he was afraid he would lose it in the night. But he never lost it once, though the sky was so black and the air was so dark, and the stag went on and on till the young man didn't know a bit where he was. And they went through enormous woods where the air was full of whispers and a pale, dead light came out from the rotten trunks that were lying on the ground, and just as the man thought he had lost the stag, he would see it all white and shining in front of him, and he would run fast to catch it, but the stag always ran faster, so he did not catch it. And they went through the enormous woods, and they swam across rivers, and they waded through black marshes where the ground bubbled, and the air was full of will-o'-the-wisps, and the stag fled away down into rocky narrow valleys where the air was like the smell of a vault, and the man went after it. And they went over the great mountains and the man heard the wind come down from the sky, and the stag went on and the man went after. At last the sun rose and the young man found he was in a country that he had never seen before; it was a beautiful valley with a bright stream running through it and a great, big, round hill in the middle. And the stag went down the valley, towards the hill, and it seemed to be getting tired and went slower and slower, and though the man was tired too, he began to run faster, and he was sure he would catch the stag at last. But just as they got to the bottom of the hill, and the man stretched out his hand to catch the stag, it vanished into the earth, and the man began to cry, he was so sorry that he had lost it after all his long hunting. But as he was crying he saw there was a door in the hill, just in front of him, and he went in, and it was quite dark, but he went on, as he thought he would find the white stag. And all of a sudden it got light, and there was the sky, and the sun shining, and birds singing in the trees, and there was a beautiful fountain. And by the fountain a lovely lady was sitting, who was the queen of the fairies, and she told the man that she had changed herself into a stag to bring him there be-

cause she loved him so much. Then she brought out a great gold cup, covered with jewels, from her fairy palace, and she offered him wine in the cup to drink. And he drank, and the more he drank the more he longed to drink, because the wine was enchanted. So he kissed the lovely lady, and she became his wife, and he stayed all that day and all that night in the hill where she lived, and when he woke he found he was lying on the ground, close to where he had seen the stag first, and his horse was there and his hounds were there waiting, and he looked up, and the sun sank behind the mountain. And he went home and lived a long time, but he would never kiss any other lady because he had kissed the queen of the fairies, and he would never drink common wine any more, because he had drunk enchanted wine. And sometimes nurse told me tales that she had heard from her great grandmother, who was very old, and lived in a cottage in the mountain all alone, and most of these tales were about a hill where people used to meet at night long ago, and they used to play all sorts of strange games and do queer things that nurse told me of, but I couldn't understand, and now, she said, everybody but her great grandmother had forgotten all about it, and nobody knew where the hill was, not even her great grandmother. But she told me one very strange story about the hill, and I trembled when I remembered it. She said that people always went there in summer, when it was very hot, and they had to dance a great deal. It would be all dark at first, and there were trees there, which made it much darker, and people would come, one by one, from all directions, by a secret path which nobody else knew, and two persons would keep the gate, and everyone, as they came up had to give a very curious sign, which nurse showed me as well as she could, but she said she couldn't show me properly. And all kinds of people would come, there would be gentlefolks and village folks, and some old people and boys and girls, and quite small children who sat and watched. And it would be all dark as

they came in, except in one corner where someone was burning something that smelt strong and sweet, and made them laugh, and there one would see a glaring of coals, and the smoke mounting up red. So they would all come in, and when the last had come there was no door any more, so that no one else could get in, even if they knew there was anything beyond. And once a gentleman who was a stranger and had ridden a long way, lost his path at night, and his horse took him into the very middle of the wild country, where everything was upside down, and there were dreadful marshes and great stones everywhere, and holes underfoot, and the trees looked like gibbet-posts, because they had great black arms that stretched out across the way. And this strange gentleman was very frightened, and his horse began to shiver all over, and at last it stopped and wouldn't go any further, and the gentleman got down and tried to lead the horse, but it wouldn't move, and it was all covered with a sweat, like death. So the gentleman went on all alone, going further and further into the wild country, till at last he came to a dark place, where he heard shouting and singing and crying, like nothing he had ever heard before. It all sounded quite close to him, but he couldn't get in, and so he began to call, and while he was calling, something came behind him, and in a minute his mouth and arms and legs were all bound up, and he fell into a swoon. And when he came to himself, he was lying by the roadside, just where he had first lost his way, under a blasted oak with a black trunk, and his horse was tied beside him. So he rode on to the town and told the people there what had happened, and some of them were amazed; but others knew. So when once everybody had come, there was no door at all for anybody else to pass in by. And when they were all inside, round in a ring, touching each other, someone began to sing in the darkness, and someone else would make a noise like thunder with a thing they had on purpose, and on still nights people would hear the thundering noise far, far away

beyond the wild land, and some of them, who thought they knew what it was, used to make a sign on their breasts when they woke up in their beds at dead of night and heard that terrible deep noise, like thunder on the mountains. And the noise and the singing would go on, and on, for a long time, and the people who were in a ring swayed a little to and fro; and the song was in an old, old language that nobody knows now, and the tune was queer. Nurse said her great-grandmother had known someone who remembered a little of it, when she was quite a little girl, and nurse tried to sing some of it to me, and it was so strange a tune that I turned all cold and my flesh crept as if I had put my hand on something dead. Sometimes it was a man that sang and sometimes it was a woman, and sometimes the one who sang did it so well that two or three of the people who were there fell to the ground shrieking and tearing with their hands. The singing went on, and the people in the ring kept swaying to and fro for a long time, and at last the moon would rise over a place they called the Tole Deol, and came up and showed them swinging and swaying from side to side, with the sweet thick smoke curling up from the burning coals, and floating in circles all round them. Then they had their supper. A boy and a girl brought it to them; the boy carried a great cup of wine, and the girl carried a cake of bread, and they passed the bread and the wine round and round, but they tasted quite different from common bread and common wine, and changed everybody that tasted them. Then they all rose up and danced, and secret things were brought out of some hiding place, and they played extraordinary games, and danced round and round and round in the moonlight, and sometimes people would suddenly disappear and never be heard of afterwards, and nobody knew what had happened to them. And they drank more of that curious wine, and they made images and worshipped them, and nurse shewed me how the images were made one day when we were out for a walk, and we

passed by a place where there was a lot of wet clay. So nurse asked me if I would like to know what those things were like that they made on the hill, and I said, yes. Then she asked me if I would promise never to tell a living soul a word about it, and if I did I was to be thrown into the black pit with the dead people, and I said I wouldn't tell anybody, and she said the same thing again and again, and I promised. So she took my wooden spade and dug a big lump of clay and put it in my tin bucket, and told me to say if anyone met us that I was going to make pies when I went home. Then we went on a little way till we came to a little brake growing right down into the road, and nurse stopped, and looked up the road and down it, and then peeped through the hedge into the field on the other side, and then she said, "Quick!" and we ran into the brake, and crept in and out among the bushes till we had gone a good way from the road. Then we sat down under a bush, and I wanted so much to know what nurse was going to make with the clay, but before she would begin she made me promise again not to say a word about it, and she went again and peeped through the bushes on every side, though the lane was so small and deep that hardly anybody ever went there. So we sat down, and nurse took the clay out of the bucket, and began to knead it with her hands, and do queer things with it, and turn it about. And she hid it under a big dock-leaf for a minute or two and then she brought it out again, and then she stood up and sat down, and walked round the clay in a peculiar manner, and all the time she was softly singing a sort of rhyme, and her face got very red. Then she sat down again, and took the clay in her hands and began to shape it into a doll, but not like the dolls I have at home, and she made the queerest doll I had ever seen, all out of the wet clay, and hid it under a bush to get dry and hard, and all the time she was making it she was singing these rhymes to herself, and her face got redder and redder. So we left the doll there, hidden away in the bushes where no-

body would ever find it. And a few days later we went the same walk, and when we came to that narrow, dark part of the lane where the brake runs down to the bank nurse made me promise all over again, and she looked about, just as she had done before, and we crept into the bushes till we got to the green place where the little clay man was hidden. I remember it all so well, though I was only eight, and it is eight years ago now as I am writing it down, but the sky was a deep violet blue, and in the middle of the brake where we were sitting there was a great elder tree covered with blossoms, and on the other side there was a clump of meadowsweet, and when I think of that day the smell of the meadowsweet and elder blossom seems to fill the room, and if I shut my eyes I can see the glaring blue sky, with little clouds very white floating across it, and nurse who went away long ago sitting opposite me and looking like the beautiful white lady in the wood. So we sat down and nurse took out the clay doll from the secret place where she had hidden it, and she said we must "pay our respects," and she would show me what to do, and I must watch her all the time. So she did all sorts of queer things with the little clay man, and I noticed she was all streaming with perspiration, though we had walked so slowly, and then she told me to "pay my respects," and I did everything she did because I liked her, and it was such an odd game. And she said that if one loved very much, the clay man was very good, if one did certain things with it, and if one hated very much, it was just as good, only one had to do different things, and we played with it a long time, and pretended all sorts of things. Nurse said her great grandmother had told her all about these images, but what we did was no harm at all, only a game. But she told me a story about these images that frightened me very much, and that was what I remembered that night when I was lying awake in my room in the pale, empty darkness, thinking of what I had seen, and the secret wood. Nurse said there was once a young lady of the high gentry, who lived in a great castle. And

she was so beautiful that all the gentlemen wanted to marry her, because she was the loveliest lady that anybody had ever seen, and she was kind to everybody, and everybody thought she was very good. But though she was polite to all the gentlemen who wished to marry her, she put them off, and said she couldn't make up her mind, and she wasn't sure she wanted to marry anybody at all. And her father, who was a very great lord, was angry, though he was so fond of her, and he asked her why she wouldn't choose a bachelor out of all the handsome young men who came to the castle. But she only said she didn't love any of them very much, and she must wait, and if they pestered her, she said she would go and be a nun in a nunnery. So all the gentlemen said they would go away and wait for a year and a day, and when a year and a day were gone, they would come back again and ask her to say which one she would marry. So the day was appointed and they all went away; and the lady had promised that in a year and a day it would be her wedding day with one of them. But the truth was, that she was the queen of the people who danced on the hill on summer nights, and on the proper nights she would lock the door of her room, and she and her maid would steal out of the castle by a secret passage that only they knew of, and go away up to the hill in the wild land. And she knew more of the secret things than anyone else, and more than anyone knew before or after, because she would not tell anybody the most secret secrets. She knew how to do all the awful things, how to destroy young men, and how to put a curse on people, and other things that I could not understand. And her real name was the Lady Avelin, but the dancing people called her Cassap, which meant somebody very wise, in the old language. And she was whiter than any of them and taller, and her eyes shone in the dark like burning rubies; and she could sing songs that none of the others could sing, and when she sang they all fell down on their faces and worshipped her. And she could do what they called shib-show, which was a very wonderful

enchantment. She would tell the great lord, her father, that she wanted to go into the woods to gather flowers, so he let her go, and she and her maid went into the woods where nobody came, and the maid would keep watch. Then the lady would lie down under the trees and begin to sing a particular song, and she stretched out her arms, and from every part of the wood great serpents would come, hissing and gliding in and out among the trees, and shooting out their forked tongues as they crawled up to the lady. And they all came to her, and twisted round her, round her body, and her arms, and her neck, till she was covered with writhing serpents, and there was only her head to be seen. And she whispered to them, and she sang to them, and they writhed round and round, faster and faster, till she told them to go. And they all went away directly, back to their holes, and on the lady's breast there would be a most curious, beautiful stone, shaped something like an egg, and coloured dark blue and yellow, and red, and green, marked like a serpent's scales. It was called a glame stone, and with it one could do all sorts of wonderful things, and nurse said, her great grandmother had seen a glame stone with her own eyes, and it was for all the world shiny and scaly like a snake. And the lady could do a lot of other things as well, but she was quite fixed that she would not be married. And there were a great many gentlemen who wanted to marry her, but there were five of them who were chief, and their names were Sir Simon, Sir John, Sir Oliver, Sir Richard, and Sir Rowland. All the others believed she spoke the truth, and that she would choose one of them to be her man when a year and a day was done; it was only Sir Simon, who was very crafty, who thought she was deceiving them all, and he vowed he would watch, and try if he could find out anything. And though he was very wise he was very young, and he had a smooth, soft face like a girl's, and he pretended, as the rest did, that he would not come to the castle for a year and a day, and he said he was going away beyond the

sea to foreign parts. But he really only went a very little way, and came back dressed like a servant girl, and so he got a place in the castle to wash the dishes. And he waited and watched, and he listened and said nothing, and he hid in dark places, and woke up at night and looked out, and he heard things and he saw things that he thought were very strange. And he was so sly that he told the girl that waited on the lady that he was really a young man, and that he had dressed up as a girl because he loved her so very much and wanted to be in the same house with her, and the girl was so pleased that she told him many things, and he was more than ever certain that the Lady Avelin was deceiving him and the others. And he was so clever, and told the servant so many lies, that one night he managed to hide in the Lady Avelin's room behind the curtains. And he stayed quite still and never moved, and at last the lady came. And she bent down under the bed, and raised up a stone, and there was a hollow place underneath, and out of it she took a waxen image, just like the clay one that I and nurse had made in the brake. And all the time her eyes were like burning rubies. And she took the little wax doll up in her arms and held it to her breast, and she whispered and she murmured, and she took it up and laid it down again, and she held it high, and she held it low, and she laid it down again. And she said:—"Happy is he that begat the bishop, that ordered the clerk, that married the man, that had the wife, that fashioned the hive, that harboured the bee, that gathered the wax that my own true love was made of." And she brought out of an aumbry a great golden bowl, and she brought out of a closet a great jar of wine, and she poured some of the wine into the bowl, and she laid her mannikin very gently in the wine, and washed it in the wine all over. Then she went to a cupboard and took a small round cake and laid it on the image's mouth, and then she bore it softly and covered it up. And Sir Simon, who was watching all the time, though he was terribly

frightened, saw the lady bend down and stretch out her arms and whisper and sing, and then Sir Simon saw beside her a handsome young man, who kissed her on the lips. And they drank wine out of the golden bowl together, and they ate the cake together. But when the sun rose there was only the little wax doll, and the lady hid it again under the bed in the hollow place. So Sir Simon knew quite well what the lady was, and he waited and he watched, till the time she had said was nearly over, and in a week the year and a day would be done. And one night, when he was watching behind the curtains in her room, he saw her making more wax dolls. And she made five, and hid them away. And the next night she took one out, and held it up, and filled the golden bowl with water, and took the doll by the neck and held it under the water. Then she said :—

Sir Dickon, Sir Dickon, your day is done,
You shall be drowned in the water wan.

And the next day news came to the castle that Sir Richard had been drowned at the ford. And at night she took another doll and tied a violet cord round its neck and hung it up on a nail. Then she said :—

Sir Rowland, your life has ended its span,
High on a tree I see you hang.

And the next day news came to the castle that Sir Rowland had been hanged by robbers in the wood. And at night she took another doll, and drove her bodkin right into its heart. Then she said :—

Sir Noll, Sir Noll, so cease your life,
Your heart is pierced with the knife.

And the next day news came to the castle that Sir Oliver had fought in a tavern, and a stranger had stabbed him to the heart. And at night she took another doll, and held it to a fire of charcoal, till it was melted. Then she said :—

Sir John, return, and turn to clay,
In fire of fever you waste away.

And the next day news came to the castle that Sir John had died in a burning fever. So then Sir Simon went out of

the castle and mounted his horse and rode away to the bishop and told him everything. And the bishop sent his men, and they took the Lady Avelin, and everything she had done was found out. So on the day after the year and a day, when she was to have been married, they carried her through the town in her smock, and they tied her to a great stake in the market place, and burned her alive before the bishop with her wax image hung round her neck. And people said the wax man screamed in the burning of the flames. And I thought of this story again and again as I was lying awake in my bed, and I seemed to see the Lady Avelin in the market place, with the yellow flames eating up her beautiful white body. And I thought of it so much that I seemed to get into the story myself, and I fancied I was the lady, and that they were coming to take me to be burnt with fire, with all the people in the town looking at me. And I wondered whether she cared, after all the strange things she had done, and whether it hurt very much to be burned at the stake. I tried again and again to forget nurse's stories, and to remember the secret I had seen that afternoon, and what was in the secret wood, but I could only see the dark and a glimmering in the dark, and then it went away, and I only saw myself running, and then a great moon came up white over a dark round hill. Then all the old stories came back again, and the queer rhymes that nurse used to sing to me, and there was one beginning "Halsy cumsy Helen musty," that she used to sing very softly when she wanted me to go to sleep. And I began to sing it to myself inside of my head, and I went to sleep.

The next morning I was very tired and sleepy, and could hardly do my lessons, and I was very glad when they were over and I had had my dinner, as I wanted to go out and be alone. It was a warm day, and I went to a nice turf hill by the river, and sat down on my mother's old shawl that I had brought with me on purpose. The sky was grey, like the day before, but there was a kind of white gleam behind it, and from where I was sitting I could look

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down on the town, and it was all still and quiet and white, like a picture. I remembered that it was on that hill that nurse taught me to play an old game called "Troy Town," in which one had to dance, and wind in and out on a pattern in the grass, and then when one had danced and turned long enough the other person asks you questions, and you can't help answering whether you want to or not, and whatever you are told to do you feel you have to do it. Nurse said there used to be a lot of games like that that some people knew of, and there was one by which people could be turned into anything you liked, and an old man her great grandmother had seen had known a girl who had been turned into a large snake. And there was another very ancient game of dancing and winding and turning, by which you could take a person out of himself and hide him away as long as you liked, and his body went walking about quite empty, without any sense in it. But I came to that hill because I wanted to think of what had happened the day before, and of the secret of the wood. From the place where I was sitting I could see beyond the town, into the opening I had found, where a little brook had led me into an unknown country. And I pretended I was following the brook over again, and I went all the way in my mind, and at last I found the wood, and crept into it under the bushes, and then in the dusk I saw something that made me feel as if I were filled with fire, as if I wanted to dance and sing and fly up into the air, because I was changed and wonderful. But what I saw was not changed at all, and had not grown old, and I wondered again and again how such things could happen, and whether nurse's stories were really true, because in the daytime in the open air everything seemed quite different from what it was at night, when I was frightened, and thought I was to be burned alive. I once told my father one of her little tales, which was about a ghost, and asked him if it was true, and he told me it was not true at all, and that only common, ignorant people believed in such rubbish. He was very angry with nurse for telling

me the story, and scolded her, and after that I promised her I would never whisper a word of what she told me, and if I did I should be bitten by the great black snake that lived in the pool in the wood. And all alone on the hill I wondered what was true. I had seen something very amazing and very lovely, and I knew a story, and if I had really seen it, and not made it up out of the dark, and the black bough, and the bright shining that was mounting up to the sky from over the great round hill, but had really seen it in truth, then there were all kinds of wonderful and lovely and terrible things to think of, so I longed and trembled, and I burned and got cold. And I looked down on the town, so quiet and still, like a little white picture, and I thought over and over if it could be true? I was a long time before I could make up my mind to anything; there was such a strange fluttering at my heart that seemed to whisper to me all the time that I had not made it up out of my head, and yet it seemed quite impossible, and I knew my father and everybody would say it was dreadful rubbish. I never dreamed of telling him or anybody else a word about it, because I knew it would be of no use, and I should only get laughed at or scolded, so for a long time I was very quiet, and went about thinking and wondering; and at night I used to dream of amazing things, and sometimes I woke up in the early morning and held out my arms with a cry. And I was frightened, too, because there were dangers, and some awful thing would happen to me, unless I took great care, if the story were true. These old tales were always in my head, night and morning, and I went over them and told them to myself over and over again, and went for walks in the places where nurse had told them to me, and when I sat in the nursery by the fire in the evenings I used to fancy nurse was sitting in the other chair, and telling me some wonderful story in a low voice, for fear anybody should be listening. But she used to like best to tell me about things when we were right out in the country, far from

the house, because she said she was telling me such secrets, and walls have ears. And if it was something more than ever secret, we had to hide in brakes or woods; and I used to think it was such fun creeping along a hedge, and going very softly, and then we would get behind the bushes or run into the wood all of a sudden, when we were sure that none was watching us; so we knew that we had our secrets quite all to ourselves, and nobody else at all knew anything about them. Now and then when we had hidden ourselves as I have described she used to show me all sorts of odd things. One day, I remember, we were in a hazel brake, overlooking the brook, and we were so snug and warm, as though it was April, the sun was quite hot, and the leaves were just coming out. Nurse said she would show me something funny that would make me laugh, and then she showed me, as she said, how one could turn a whole house upside down, without anybody being able to find out, and the pots and pans would jump about, and the china would be broken, and the chairs would tumble over of themselves. I tried it one day in the kitchen, and I found I could do it quite well, and a whole row of plates on the dresser fell off it, and cook's little work-table tilted up and turned right over "before her eyes," as she said, but she was so frightened and turned so white that I didn't do it again as I liked her. And afterwards, in the hazel copse, when she had shown me how to make things tumble about, she showed me how to make rapping noises, and I learnt how to do that, too. Then she taught me rhymes to say on certain occasions, and peculiar marks to make on other occasions, and other things that her great grandmother had taught her when she was a little girl herself. And these were all the things I was thinking about in those days after the strange walk when I thought I had seen a great secret, and I wished nurse were there for me to ask her about it, but she had gone away more than two years before, and nobody seemed to know what had become of her, or where she had gone. But I shall always remember those days

if I live to be quite old, because all the time I felt so strange, wondering and doubting, and feeling quite sure at one time, and making up my mind, and then I would feel quite sure that such things couldn't happen really, and it began all over again. But I took great care not to do certain things that might be very dangerous. So I waited and wondered for a long time, and though I was not sure at all, I never dared to try to find out. But one day I became sure that all that nurse said was quite true, and I was all alone when I found it out. I trembled all over with joy and terror, and as fast as I could I ran into one of the old brakes where we used to go, it was the one by the lane, where nurse made the little clay man, and I ran into it, and I crept into it, and when I came to the place where the elder was, I covered up my face with my hands and lay down flat on the grass, and I stayed there for two hours without moving, whispering to myself delicious, terrible things, and saying some words over and over again. It was all true and wonderful and splendid, and when I remembered the story I knew and thought of what I had really seen, I got hot and I got cold, and the air seemed full of scent, and flowers, and singing. And first I wanted to make a little clay man, like the one nurse had made so long ago, and I had to invent plans and stratagems, and to look about, and to think of things beforehand, because nobody must dream of anything that I was doing or going to do, and I was too old to carry clay about in a tin bucket. At last I thought of a plan, and I brought the wet clay to the brake, and did everything that nurse had done, only I made a much finer image than the one she had made, and when it was finished I did everything that I could imagine and much more than she did, because it was the likeness of something far better. And a few days later, when I had done my lessons early, I went for the second time by the way of the little brook that had let me into a strange country. And I followed the brook, and went through the bushes, and beneath the low branches of trees, and up thorny thickets on the hill, and by

dark woods full of creeping thorns, a long, long way. Then I crept through the dark tunnel where the brook had been and the ground was stony, till at last I came to the thicket that climbed up the hill, and though the leaves were coming out upon the trees, everything looked almost as black as it was on the first day that I went there. And the thicket was just the same, and I went up slowly till I came out on the big bare hill, and began to walk among the wonderful rocks. I saw the terrible view again on everything for though the sky was brighter, the ring of wild hills all around was still dark, and the hanging woods looked dark and dreadful, and the strange rocks were as grey as ever, and when I looked down on them from the great mound, sitting on the stone, I saw all their amazing circles and rounds within rounds, and I had to sit quite still and watch them as they began to turn about me, and each stone danced in its place, and they seemed to go round and round in a great whirl, as if one were in the middle of all the stars and heard them rushing through the air. So I went down among the rocks to dance with them and to sing extraordinary songs, and I went down through the other thicket, and drank from the bright stream in the close and secret valley, putting my lips down to the bubbling water, and then I went on till I came to the deep, brimming well among the glittering moss, and I sat down. I looked before me into the secret darkness of the valley, and behind me was the great high wall of grass, and all around me there were the hanging woods that made the valley such a secret place. I knew there was nobody here at all besides myself, and that no one could see me. So I took off my boots and stockings, and let my feet down into the water, saying the words that I knew. And it was not cold at all, as I expected, but warm and very pleasant, and when my feet were in it I felt as if they were in silk, or as if the nymph were kissing them. So when I had done, I said the other words and made the signs, and then I dried my feet with a towel I had brought on purpose, and put on my stockings and boots. Then I climbed up the

steep wall, and went into the place where there are the hollows, and the two beautiful mounds, and the round ridges of land, and all the strange shapes. I did not go down into the hollow this time, but I turned at the end, and made out the figures quite plainly, as it was lighter, and I had remembered the story I had quite forgotten before, and in the story the two figures are called Adam and Eve, and only those who know the story understand what they mean. So I went on and on till I came to the secret wood which must not be described, and I crept into it by the way I had found. And when I had gone about half way, I stopped, and turned round, and got ready, and I bound the handkerchief tightly round my eyes, and made quite sure that I could not see at all, not a twig, nor the end of a leaf, nor the light of the sky, as it was an old red silk handkerchief with large yellow spots, that went round twice and covered my eyes, so that I could see nothing. Then I began to go on, step by step, very slowly. My heart beat faster and faster, and something rose in my throat that choked me and made me want to cry out, but I shut my lips, and went on. Boughs caught in my hair as I went, and great thorns tore me ; but I went on to the end of the path. Then I stopped, and held out my arms and bowed, and I went round the first time, feeling with my hands, and there was nothing. I went round the second time, feeling with my hands, and there was nothing. Then I went round the third time, feeling with my hands, and the story was all true, and I wished that the years were gone by, and that I had not so long a time to wait before I was happy for ever and ever.

Nurse must have been a prophet like those we read of in the Bible. Everything that she said began to come true, and since then other things that she told me of have happened. That was how I came to know that her stories were true and that I had not made up the secret myself out of my own head. But there was another thing that happened that day, I went a second time to the secret place. It was at the deep brimming

well, and when I was standing on the moss, I bent over and looked in, and then I knew who the white lady was that I had seen come out of the water in the wood long ago when I was quite little. And I trembled all over, because that told me other things. Then I remembered how sometime after I had seen the white people in the wood, nurse asked me more about them, and I told her all over again, and she listened, and said nothing for a long long time, and at last she said, "You will see her again." So I understood what had happened and what was to happen. And I understood about the nymphs; how I might meet them in all kinds of places, and they would always help me, and I must always look for them, and find them in all sorts of strange shapes and appearances. And without the nymphs I could never have found the secret, and without them none of the other things could happen. Nurse had told me all about them long ago, but she called them by another name, and I did not know what she meant, or what her tales of them were about, only that they were very queer. And there were two kinds, the bright and the dark, and both were very lovely and very wonderful, and some people saw only one kind, and some only the other, but some saw them both. But usually the dark appeared first, and the bright ones came afterwards, and there were extraordinary tales about them. It was a day or two after I had come home from the secret place that I first really knew the nymphs. Nurse had shown me how to call them, and I had tried, but I did not know what she meant, and so I thought it was all nonsense. But I made up my mind I would try again, so I went to the wood where the pool was, where I saw the white people, and I tried again. The dark nymph, Alanna, came, and she turned the pool of water into a pool of fire. . . .

EPILOGUE

"That's a very queer story," said Cotgrave, handing back the green book

to the recluse, Ambrose. "I see the drift of a good deal, but there are many things that I don't grasp at all. On the last page, for example, what does she mean by 'nymphs'?"

"Well, I think there are references throughout the manuscript to certain 'processes' which have been handed down by tradition from age to age. Some of these processes are just beginning to come within the purview of science, which has arrived at them—or rather at the steps which lead to them—by quite different paths. I have interpreted the reference to 'nymphs' as a reference to one of these processes."

"And you believe that there are such things?"

"Oh, I think so. Yes, I believe I could give you convincing evidence on that point. I am afraid you have neglected the study of alchemy? It is a pity, for the symbolism, at all events, is very beautiful, and moreover if you were acquainted with certain books on the subject, I could recall to your mind phrases which might explain a good deal in the manuscript that you have been reading."

"Yes; but I want to know whether you seriously think that there is any foundation of fact beneath these fancies. Is it not all a department of poetry; a curious dream with which man has indulged himself?"

"I can only say that it is no doubt better for the great mass of people to dismiss it all as a dream. But if you ask my veritable belief—that goes quite the other way. No; I should not say belief, but rather knowledge. I may tell you that I have known cases in which men have stumbled quite by accident on certain of these 'processes,' and have been astonished by wholly unexpected results. In the cases I am thinking of there could have been no possibility of 'suggestion' or sub-conscious action of any kind. One might as well suppose a schoolboy 'suggesting' the existence of Æschylus to himself, while he plods mechanically through the declensions."

"But you have noticed the obscurity," Ambrose went on, "and in this particular case it must have been dictated by

instinct, since the writer never thought that her manuscript would fall into other hands. But the practice is universal, and for most excellent reasons. Powerful and sovereign medicines, which are, of necessity, virulent poisons also, are kept in a locked cabinet. The child may find the key by chance, and drink herself dead; but in most cases the search is educational, and the phials contain precious elixirs for him who has patiently fashioned the key for himself."

"You do not care to go into details?"

"No, frankly, I do not. No, you must remain unconvinced. But you saw how the manuscript illustrates the talk we had last week?"

"Is this girl still alive?"

"No. I was one of those who found her. I knew the father well; he was a lawyer, and had always left her very much to herself. He thought of nothing but deeds and leases, and the news came to him as an awful surprise. She was missing one morning; I suppose it was about a year after she had written what you have read. The servants were called, and they told things, and put the only natural interpretation on them—a perfectly erroneous one.

"They discovered that green book somewhere in her room, and I found her in the place that she describes with so much dread, lying on the ground before the image."

"It was an image?"

"Yes, it was hidden by the thorns and the thick undergrowth that had surrounded it. It was a wild, lonely country; but you know what it was like by her description, though of course you will understand that the colours have been heightened. A child's imagination always makes the heights higher and the depths deeper than they really are; and she had, unfortunately for her-

self, something more than imagination. One might say, perhaps, that the picture in her mind which she succeeded in a measure in putting into words, was the scene as it would have appeared to an imaginative artist. But it is a strange, desolate land."

"And she was dead?"

"Yes. She had poisoned herself—in time? No; there was not a word to be said against her in the ordinary sense. You may recollect a story I told you the other night about a lady who saw her child's fingers crushed by a window?"

"And what was this statue?"

"Well, it was of Roman workmanship, of a stone that with the centuries had not blackened, but had become white and luminous. The thicket had grown up about it and concealed it, and in the middle ages the followers of a very old tradition had known how to use it for their own purposes. In fact it had been incorporated into the monstrous mythology of the Sabbath. You will have noted that those to whom a sight of that shining whiteness had been vouchsafed by chance, or rather, perhaps, by apparent chance, were required to blindfold themselves on their second approach. That is very significant."

"And is it there still?"

"I sent for tools, and we hammered it into dust and fragments."

"The persistence of tradition never surprises me," Ambrose went on after a pause. "I could name many an English parish where such traditions as that girl had listened to in her childhood are still existent in occult but unabated vigour. No, for me, it is the 'story,' not the 'sequel,' which is strange and awful, for I have always believed that wonder is of the soul."



A LADDER OF LIFE

FROM age to age in the public place,
With the under steps in sight,
The stairway stands with the earth for base,
But the heavens receive its height.
Height and deep,
With a dream for sleep,
But the word of the King says well,
That the heart of the King is unsearchable.

Of the upmost steps there are legends grand,
Where the far stars shine as they roll;
But of child or man in the wonderful land
There is none who has scaled the whole.
And the great hope stirs,
But my thoughts as yours
Are not, since the first man fell;
So the heart of the King is unsearchable.

A pulsing song of the stairway strange,
Sing, lark, dissolved in the sky
But no, for it passes beyond the range
Of thy song and thy soaring high.
Clean heart and star
Are not parted far—
God orders his world too well:
Yet the heart of the King is unsearchable.

They say that the angels thereby came down,
Thereby do the saints ascend,
And that God's light, shining from God's own Town,
May be seen at the stairway's end.
For good and ill
May be mixed at will,
The false show true by a spell;
But the heart of the King is unsearchable.

Now the stairway stands by the noisy mart,
And the stairway stands by the sea;
About it pulses the world's great heart
And the heart of yourself and me.
And we read amiss
Both in that and this,
And the truth we read in a well;
Since the heart of the King is unsearchable.

For a few steps here and a few steps there,
 It is filled with our voices loud,
 But above there slumbers the silent air,
 And the hush of the dreaming cloud.
 In the strain and stress
 Of that silentness,
 The heart for the height may swell;
 But the heart of the King is unsearchable.

Some of us, filled with a holy fire,
 The Cross and the Christ have kissed,
 And sworn to achieve our soul's desire
 On book and evangelist.
 Of step the third,
 I can bring you word,
 And you on the fifth may dwell;
 But the heart of the King is unsearchable.

As each of us stands at his place assigned
 And dreams of the things we love,
 It is meet and right we should call to mind,
 That some must have passed above:
 Yes, some there are
 Who have passed so far,
 They have never returned to tell;
 For the heart of the King is unsearchable.

Some glimpse at least of the end we glean.
 Of the spiral curve and plan;
 For, stretch as it may through the worlds unseen,
 They are ever the worlds of man.
 And—with all spaces—
 His mind embraces
 The way of the stairs as well—
 Whose heart like the King's is unsearchable.



All that the soul imagines of things more beautiful than any known realities is the presentiment of a reality which we shall know later on. Progress begins by poetry, and is completed by science.



The erratic in art is not without its merits. There is a precision that irritates and an excellence that becomes after a while monotonous.

OLD WORLDS AND NEW



AMONG all the records by which the dweller in Great Britain procures his experience of its colonies beyond the seas, and more especially in the case of Australia, there is one record which we have often looked for and missed as often. It is not, perhaps, to be expected in the ordinary narratives of travel, adventure, exploration and prospecting, but one might less unreasonably have anticipated it from Mrs. Ada Cambridge and her "Thirty Years in Australia" (London, Methuen & Co., 1903, 8vo, pp. 304). However, it is absent here as elsewhere. The explanation may lie in the fact that this lady, of whose intelligence and culture there is otherwise no question, and whose literary life began so far back as 1873, left England immediately after her marriage, and evidently with the chief lessons of life and thought and literature to be acquired. The experience which we have looked for so vainly is this: What is the effect upon a thoughtful and cultured mind of taking up an abode permanently or otherwise in a country which has no history, no past literature and no traditions? So far as can be ascertained, the idea at a distance repels cultured people, who very often will shrink from even a flying visit to any region which has not been consecrated in their eyes by the past. A peculiar fascination may draw them to Brittany and Normandy, Touraine or Gascony, Provence and Languedoc, or through the grand passes of the Pyrenees into Spain. It takes them to Italy, it enthralles them with the name of Egypt, it carries them into the furthest East. "A thousand recollections bland" revisit them in their pilgrimages, and the atmosphere of such association is the glass of vision through which they

behold everything — an atmosphere assuredly which they project quite as much as they encounter. And yet it is more than possible that there is another side to the question, that, after every allowance has been made for all this heirship of the ages, there are other senses besides the sense of culture which may experience something of quickening when one enters into regions where there is no history, no literature, and no legend, no transmitted heritage, where all things remain to be accomplished, and the great unlimited possibilities of the future, and of a great nation forming, extend, stripped of all precedents, and without antecedents either to guide or to hamper.

We believe, and it is unnecessary to say, that Australia will make in time both literature and history. What in her lies has been done by Mrs. Cambridge in the first regard, and with a substantial reputation in the country which she has so long made her own, she is not merely a name in England. She describes her random memories with equal candour and accuracy as a "casual chronicle," and her book has the advantages and demerits of its genus. It is so exceedingly garrulous that it digresses for pages at a time on the slightest provocation of the retrospective faculty, and we have to wait for the completion of some matter ostensibly in hand accordingly, the result being sometimes not a little bewildering. Perhaps this is already equivalent to saying that the narrative has the merit of being unconventional, and it is also unconventional in a pleasing manner. Mrs. Cambridge has, moreover, considerable descriptive powers, and, apart from any characteristic of style, she writes in a crisp, though homely fashion. Two things strike one throughout; the first is the astonishing zest of life which seems to

pervade the book, and the second that it is utterly untouched by any tincture or suggestion of religious sentiment, though the author is the wife of a clergyman, in whose duties, so far as her special vocation and her uncertain health have permitted, she appears to have taken her share. We conceive this to be the result, not so much of an intention to conceal something which is outside the concern or care of the reader, and extrinsic to the issues of her story, as of the unconscious dictation of an abounding naturalness. We get in any case no glimpse of her inward life through all the years of her Australian sojourning, and one may confess to some curiosity as to her works of fiction, of which we hear in the narrative, and as to whether, on their surface or below it, they convey any indication of what is veiled throughout in her ample account of the external conditions which have surrounded her—conditions curious enough to the untravelled women of England. Mrs. Cambridge left the country of her birth, to all appearance for ever, on April 25th, 1870, reaching Melbourne on August 19th, when she and her husband proceeded almost immediately to the scene of his first curacy. They had eight homes all told in Australia, but in most cases a reticence which does not wholly characterise the author, supplies us with the initials only, though there is nothing throughout her records to make such concealment desirable. The area of their migrations from parish to parish and from cure to cure does not represent any considerable range, and, except for a short period, they were never outside the Victorian Colony. We get at each of the tarrying points full and even minute particulars of Australian home life, its duties, troubles and advantages, and those portions which are more especially concerned with the bush are, perhaps, the more interesting. There is, in fact, no better picture of the town and country sides of Colonial life as apart from the exploring, mining and money making sides.

After thirty years of Australian experience, begun almost in girlhood, Mrs.

Cambridge has not, we observe, acquired that Australian sentiment which may be taken to characterise aspirants towards a new nation at the antipodes, and it is clear that her heart is turned homeward as much at the date of the publication of this volume as when she first left England. She tells us that her husband before their departure was an English curate for a few weeks, and a rector for a few more, and that this experience was just sufficient to fill them with an everlasting regret that the conditions should not have remained permanent. After every allowance for the advantage of going out into the wide world, she confesses that she has been homesick practically the whole time, and that at any moment of the thirty years she and her husband would have made for their native land like homing pigeons, could they have found the means. "Such a severe form of nostalgia," she adds, "is, however, uncommon here, and would be cured, I am told, by a twelve months' trip." But the sentiment and the strength of its expression will perhaps prepare us for her views on the present political condition and the more immediate future outlook of the country. Speaking of the last day of 1900, when the new century was coming to all peoples, that century was thought of only in connection with the new Australian Commonwealth, and as a convenience arranged for the inauguration of a new nation. Australia believed herself on the threshold of the Golden Age, but where now, she asks, is that "enthusiasm for federation which then turned every head? Federation, so far as we can see, is putting back the Golden Age. The triumphant shout, 'Advance Australia,' has become a mockery in our ears. 'Australia for the Australians,' that ignoble aspiration, which even then meant 'Australia for the Australians now in it,' now means that Australia is not even for them;" and Mrs. Cambridge goes on to point out that, according to the census returns, the excess of the women of the younger generation over men is very greatly on the increase, and that the explanation lies in the fact that Aus-

tralia is being deserted by the most promising of her sons, while immigration, even of the most desirable kind, is discouraged in all possible ways in the supposed interests of those already in possession. As regards coloured immigration, including that from Japan, this element of possible population is not recognised as human at all. The dark races, one and all, are vermin, to be stamped out like rabbits. The Commonwealth Government that was looked to for relief and redress has afforded neither, and Mrs. Cambridge affirms that, "could we have known the history of its first couple of years, there would have been no federation in our time," while "could we be unfederated to-morrow, the *status quo ante* would be restored the day after, beyond the shadow of a doubt." However, in spite of her pessimism, grounded on what she, with evident sincerity, believes to be a dark outlook, she is not without hope, and the final words of her volume may apply something of a salve to the wounded feelings of those who still believe that the patriotism which makes for nationality is possible, even in Australia. "I can say," she remarks, "with truth and gratitude, home sickness notwithstanding, that nowhere could I have been better off. And I am as sure as I am of anything that sooner or later—this year or next, or after my time—the day of emancipation and enlightenment will come, to inevitably make it as great as it is good." While fully endorsing the spirit which prompts these words, we can only regret that so excellent an assurance has been spoiled in the matter of expression by the use of a split infinitive.

With the minute and almost colourless picture of domestic life in Australia, as chronicled by Mrs. Ada Cambridge, it is curious to contrast the pictorial and sometimes gorgeous pages of the travel narrative which Mr. Walter Del Mar has, about the same time, published in a much larger volume (A. & C. Black, 1903, 8vo, pp. 434). Mrs. Cambridge has given us the result of thirty years spent, practically speaking, in a small corner of Australia, and Mr. Del Mar furnishes the story of how he went "Around the World through

Japan," starting on the 12th of January, 1899, and returning on September 20th in that year, or just over seven months, into which he contrived to pack an oriental experience, which, it must be admitted, ranks far above the ordinary sight-seeing, just as his record classes high above the ordinary product of the tourist's notebook. The contrast is interesting in yet other ways, bringing back to one's mind the little piece of speculation with which this notice opened. Mr. Del Mar, before he undertook his journey, was evidently an experienced traveller, well acquainted with the old world, and, at least, so far as America is concerned, with the new world also. It is a little difficult to judge, but he is probably of that cosmopolitan type which can and does make itself at home in almost any country possible to the European, and in any city which can be classed as habitable. Whether he has visited Australia we are not able to say, but if so we question whether it would definitely occur to him either to express or possess any particular variation of feelings at finding himself in a region which is, so to speak, devoid of antecedents. However this may be, in Japan, he was assuredly in a haunted atmosphere, whose ruler, the Heavenly Emperor and the Son of Heaven, is traditionally at least descended from the first Mikado, who is supposed to have mounted the throne in the year 660 B.C.

It may seem at first sight improbable that the record of such hurried travels can offer anything of importance from the standpoint of actual observation or of interest even in the impressions obtained so hurriedly, although at first hand. But Mr. Del Mar has evidently a peculiar gift, the result in part, no doubt, of the previous experience which we have mentioned, but also due largely to some natural capacity for seeing things in detail, although in a short period of time. Moreover, in the same way that he distributed his time so that fourteen weeks of his absence from England were spent exclusively in Japan, so in his narrative he gives the bulk of his space to an account of that country. But even in the preliminary

portions, describing his swift passage through Ceylon and Java, his brief visits to Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao and Shanghai, which are disposed of in just over a hundred pages, and in his subsequent account of his passage to Hawaii and across the Pacific to California and so through the States, he takes that kind of conviction with him on the part of his readers which is impossible to the makers of guide-books and even to many travellers who are accustomed to record their experiences in the conventional rover's log.

It is, of course, the account of Japan in particular, which is the centre of interest, and outside matters of actual observation on the spot, we have the advantage throughout of the writer's subsequent thought, and, to some extent, even of his research, though in this respect we are compelled to say that his additional information looks from time to time somewhat artificial by the method of its introduction. So, also, as regards the style generally, it has suffered somewhat from the consequences of rapid writing, outside the very long list of corrigenda, supplemented by a further list of errata; but these things are after all matters of detail, and, like misprints, can be easily rectified if there is a call for a second edition. For the rest, Mr. Del Mar writes naturally, and in a sufficiently graphic manner. In the eighteen chapters which are devoted to Japan, we have, in addition to a full account of the writer's travels in the country, which conveys a very picturesque impression, some particulars of the present status of the various religions, more especially in connection with Christianity and with missionary enterprise; an admirable study of Japanese women; another equally good of the Japanese characteristics generally, with something upon the arts of the country; an account of the trade and finance, and finally, as a summary of the whole, Mr. Del Mar's general impressions thereof. He can scarcely, we think, be accused of a deficiency in the sense of beauty, or at least that is the impression which he gives us, but he traverses almost in their totality the enthusiastic de-

scriptions of several other travellers, to say nothing of the stilted raptures of the guidebooks. Having recited the opinion of Alcock, that "Japan is one of the most beautiful countries in the whole world"; of Dr. Peery, who says that "it abounds in picturesque landscape, and that few countries are more pleasant to the eye"; of Miss Scidmore, who terms it "a dream of Paradise, beautiful from the first green island off the coast to the last picturesque hilltop"; of Hearn, who speaks of "the soft sweet bloom of its sky, the tender colour of its waters, the gentle splendour of its sun, the exquisite charm of its interiors and its wonderful atmosphere"; he offers us his own opinion in a few terse words. He says that it is a sterile country largely volcanic, and that in the sense that England, Scotland, and France are beautiful, Japan can hardly be considered to deserve the adjective, although there are many pretty and some beautiful places scattered throughout it. Outside its scenery, and as regards this, perhaps, the truth may lie somewhere in a middle course, it is fully evident from the writer's own record that its inhabitants, at least, have the art of making up for natural defects by their love of the pictorial, an example of which is found in his account of the Cherry Blossom Dance at Kyoto, witnessed on the evening after his arrival.

If, perhaps, in certain respects the result of Mr. Del Mar's narrative is to have stripped off some of the favourable prejudices in regard to the Land of the Mikado, we are indebted in other ways to his candour and the freedom from exaggeration which characterises his book throughout. He gives us, for example, a picture of the existing missionary enterprise which is entirely disillusionising to such persons as have the conversion of the country at heart, and he has the merit of being wholly impartial. He tells us that no more promising field for missionary labour can be imagined, because the Japanese are tolerant and curious, at once fond of argument, and having respect for learning, while their old religious beliefs are not so deeply rooted as to be affronted by

the intolerance of the missionary ; but they are, as he also tells us, keenly alive to the material advantages offered by the missionaries in Japan, with the free schools and the charities, and their conversion in depth and permanence is in strict correspondence with these. The boy and girl whom the missionaries have educated would appear to leave the schools neither more of Christians nor less of Buddhists than on entering them, and with a subtlety which is characteristically oriental, the Japanese, as it is acutely pointed out, see no more the necessity of forsaking Buddhism when they profess Christianity than they did of forsaking Shintoism when Buddhism was adopted.

The political position of Japan is touched upon little, and yet the result is informing. It dissolves many false impressions, and some, among others, which concern the franchise, which is confined to half a million persons over the whole country. The motives governing the party groups in the Japanese Parliament do not increase our respect for that assembly ; these bodies represent, in fact, no principles ; their object is for the most part undisguised office seeking, and their methods are obstruction and agitation. Perhaps, under these circumstances, it is well that the ephemeral cabinets exist only at the will of the Emperor, though neither condition offers much promise for the future, and the outlook, which is doubtful for this reason, is rendered more questionable by the dishonesty of the native merchants and the jealousy shown towards the foreign merchants.

Apart from such matters, Mr. Del Mar's book is itself the best answer to any suggestion that Japan has suffered under his treatment, though this makes for a certain rectification of the lenses under which it has been sometimes viewed. No one who loves the country

will love it less for the correction which he administers to some enthusiasms which he has himself excused beforehand ; and no one of those many who cherish an unfulfilled desire to visit it will be dispossessed of that wish in reading these pages, which, perhaps quite unconsciously to himself, are coloured by the native lights and hues of this far off eastern world. With the swiftness and facilities of these days, Japan is, however, not so far off as it seems, and something has been done here to make it a part of the "world at home." The book has received considerable notice in the press, and has deserved it. It has even been classed as literature by one of those periodicals which are held to make reputations, and can sometimes hinder them. We do not pay it this compliment, which is, of course, indiscriminate, but our appreciation is no less sincere, something which is good in its own kind, and can hardly fail to realise the modest expectation expressed in the preface, that "it will recall pleasant days to those who know Japan, and will prepare its intending visitors for some of its inevitable disappointments as well as enjoyments." Great countries are possibly like great men, who, as explained to us by Lord Lytton, fall invariably below our expectations upon a first meeting.

The best compliment that we can pay to Mr. Del Mar, in conclusion, is that no person who contemplates a visit to Japan should undertake the journey without previously reading his account, and he would do well if it accompanied him on his travels. Outside the closing suggestions to tourists, he will find it of manifold assistance throughout. On the other hand, to those who are not travellers, it offers a substitute for first hand knowledge. It is bright, up to date, and illustrated by many admirable photographs.



PENTECOST—A Memory

(AFTER RUBEN)

THE twilight stole upon your loveliness,
 And, touching the dark glory of your hair,
 Gave it a golden lustre where it fell
 Upon the early beauty of your breast.
 And from the open casement where you leaned,
 Your eyes were lost in dream amid the trees
 That lay before us in a gathering silence—
 So thick with blossom that the branches drooped
 Like drifted snow upon the wandering ways;
 And lilac-bloom sent out an odorous soul,
 And breathed upon us in that sanctuary.

It was the Holy Feast of Pentecost!
 A Day of Light it was,—so dear a gift
 As only once in life may fill the heart.
 How all was silent!—scarce a word we spake.
 Around our hearts (as binding leaf and flower)
 The Spring that evening wrought in measureless love;
 In speechless joy our fingers interlocked,
 And passionate kisses trembled to our lips,—
 Deep in the trees a nightingale rang forth
 A rapturous canticle,—and far away,
 Faintly, we heard a sudden burst of glee—
 The clear and innocent laughter of a child.

Ah me! since then how many years have waned!
 I know not where you be nor whom you love!
 'Tis now the Holy Feast of Pentecost,—
 The world is full of youth and joy and blessing,
 Full of desire and song and innocent laughter,—
 But from my heart the Day of Light is gone.

FERDINAND E. KAPPEY



All that is good should be true; all that is beautiful is more than probable.



We must think what all men think better than all men think it; otherwise, under the pretence of thinking better than anyone, we shall end by forfeiting common sense.

TWO SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SPECTRUM



SOME years ago I spent a considerable amount of time in experimenting—partly with pigments and partly with the colours of the Spectrum—in the blending of the primary colours. In the course of this work and by a series of those curious accidents that have so often altered the purpose and meaning of an experimental investigation, I discovered two things that were new to me, but, as my researches were merely those of an artist, and not of a scientific investigator into the nature of Light, I took no trouble to make them known, except for the purpose of amusing my friends with what were to me new possibilities in the Spectrum. In this way I showed them to a considerable number of people, not altogether laymen in the world of science.

Each and all declared that the experiments were as new to them as to myself, and one after the other endeavoured to persuade me to make them public, if only to render possible further researches and explanation in the same direction by those who were in a better position to carry on such investigations than myself.

Were it not for the number of times I have shown these experiments to my friends with identical results, I should hesitate even now before making them public, so contrary are they, in some of the logical conclusions which would seem to result from them, to those usually accepted by scientists as the facts of the Spectrum. For example, in the case of the colour green, the result of these experiments would appear to be a reversion to the old and what is now considered

unscientific idea, which held that colour to be a secondary compound of blue and yellow.

In short, these experiments show, as regards the first of them, that the ordinary Solar Spectrum may be readily split in half, can be as it were opened in the centre, and when this is accomplished the green ray altogether disappears, leaving only six colours, in two bands of three colours each, separated by a band of white light, which latter can again be resolved into its component colours.

In the second experiment, it is seen that a pencil of shadow, if I may use the expression, can be resolved into a Spectrum as readily as a pencil of light, but the Spectrum of the shadow is distinctly different from that of the light.

I will first describe the experiments, together with the necessary apparatus, and then suggest some of the possible conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

Most of my readers will know that the Solar Spectrum may be most easily formed by allowing the rays of the sun to fall through a narrow slit upon a triangular prism of glass, and thence on to a white screen upon which are then seen the seven colours of the rainbow, namely, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

The first experiment in question may be thus stated.

When the slit through which the ray passes is sufficiently wide open, and the screen upon which the colours fall is sufficiently close to the prism, the Spectrum will open in the centre, as if by a sliding door; the green will disappear altogether and a band of white light will be seen to divide the blue band from the yellow band. If, now, a

blackened needle, or other dark linear object, be placed in the centre of the opened slit, a second Spectrum will be seen to cover the band of white light, and this second Spectrum will be joined on to the two halves of the original primary Spectrum by two bands of green, one at each end of the secondary Spectrum.

The secondary Spectrum thus formed is, however, most remarkable on account of the peculiar variations, in fact, I should say, actual re-arrangement of the position and nature of its bands of colour; we no longer find the green in the middle but at the ends. The central band is maroon, which fades into a magnificent ruby-red, quite unlike the red of the primary Spectrum, the orange band is replaced by buff, after which comes the yellow, and finally the green.

I will endeavour to describe the apparatus which I have personally used for this experiment; it consists of a small metal box, about five inches long, two and a-half inches wide and one and a-quarter inches deep, these measurements being those of the inside of the box. Across the middle of the bottom is a gap of about one inch and a-quarter wide, and above this are the prisms, of which there are two. The whole box is divided longitudinally in two equal parts by a metal partition, in such a manner that one half may be closed by two lids which slide in, one from each end of the box; the second half remains always open. Across the middle of the box are arranged the prisms, one in either division and centred with each other so as to form if required one long prism.

The sides of the prisms measure one inch and a quarter each; they are made of flint glass. That in the lidded half of the box is fixed; that in the open half is so arranged as to be turned on its axis by means of a milled button on the outside of the box.

The box is hinged on to a heavy stand, the height of which may be altered at will.

This apparatus is then placed upon a table close to an open window through which the sun shines freely, care being

taken that no tree-branch or other shadow shall fall anywhere near.

A screen of dead white is then leaned against the pedestal of the prism box, and the box inclined over the screen by means of its hinge until the angle is seen to be correct by the fact of the Spectrum appearing upon the screen.

The leaning of the screen against the pedestal is unimportant; it may be placed flat upon the table and raised gradually to vary its distance from the prism, but the plan of leaning it against the pedestal at an angle of, say thirty degrees from the perpendicular, has the following advantages:—it prevents the sun from shining upon it, and so interfering with the Spectrum, thus obviating the necessity of a second screen to shade the first; the angle magnifies the length of the Spectrum making it easier to study, and last of all the distance of the Spectrum from the prism may be easily varied by a slight increase or decrease in the inclination of the prism box, which is a much simpler and more accurate method than raising and propping up the screen.

Having thus arranged the apparatus, the moveable prism is carefully adjusted so as to form an elongation of the fixed prism; the two sliding lids of the fixed prism are then carefully closed until the slit between their ends is correctly placed, and of the proper width to give the complete Spectrum of the seven colours, after which, by slightly altering the inclination of the prism-box, to vary the distance of the Spectrum from the prism, the divided Spectrum from the open prism will be seen side by side with the complete Spectrum from the closed-in prism. This divided Spectrum may then be varied, opened or closed at will, by the simple process of turning the prism upon its axis, without resorting to any cutting off of light (as by the use of a narrow opening). In my own apparatus the divided Spectrum is best seen at a distance of about nine inches from the prism; with a smaller prism the distance would probably be less, and if the prism were larger it would no doubt be possible to make it visible at a greatly increased distance.

The principal object in placing the

complete and divided spectra side by side is, that by means of comparison there may be no doubts about the absence of green in the divided Spectrum, for this reason also it is highly necessary that the prisms and screen should be spotlessly clean and white, for dust and dirt have a habit of taking on a yellowish tone which, mingling with the pure pale blue of the divided Spectrum, produces a greenish tinge not naturally there.

Having arrived at the results of this first experiment and observed the secondary Spectrum before mentioned, I cast about for a method of isolating this secondary Spectrum, and so freeing it from the primary for I now had reason to believe that could I so isolate it, I should again have a complete and undivided Spectrum, without a tinge of green, which would also be very different from the ordinary Solar Spectrum.

This, finally, I succeeded in accomplishing, but it took much experiment and many failures, the secret being finally discovered by pure accident. It

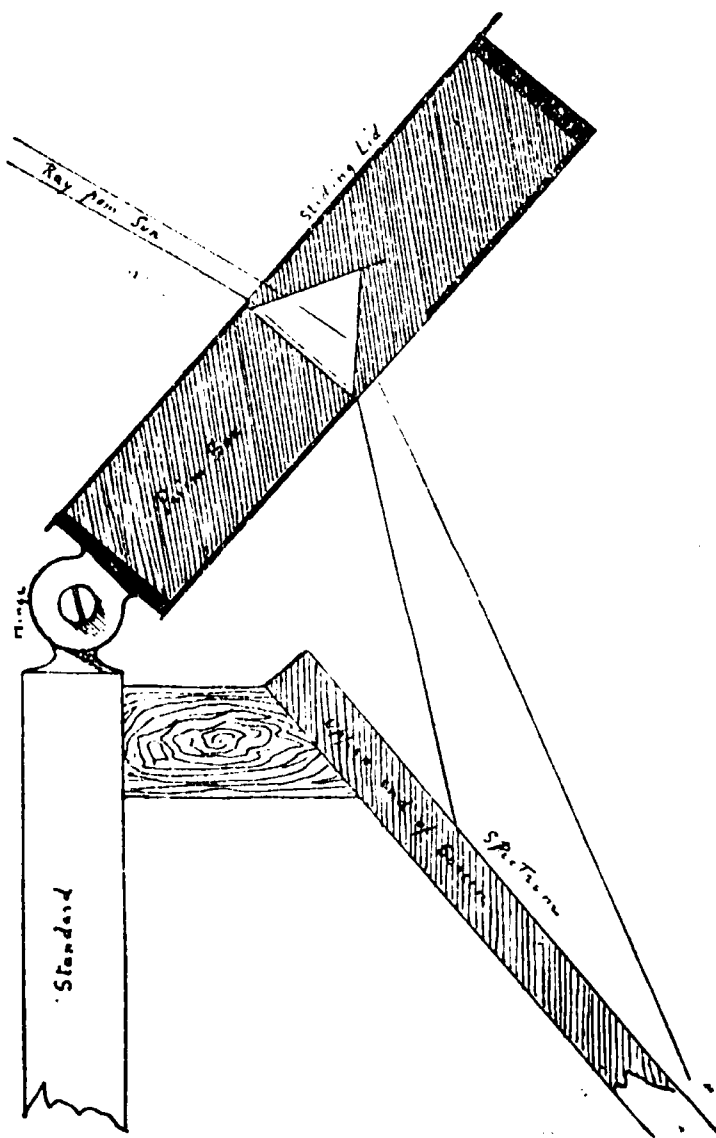
would absorb too much space to describe the trials and failures, so I will merely state the conclusions, and again endeavour to describe the apparatus so that anyone may test the results for himself.

In the first place I found that this extremely beautiful Spectrum, which I would name the Spectrum of the

Shadow, is not formed in its full perfection by direct concentrated light, such as that of the unclouded sun. It is given by diffused light, as from the northern sky, or, better still, from brilliant cumulus clouds. In the second place, it requires a dark chamber, for it is invisible when open daylight is allowed to fall upon the screen. To see it in full perfection the shadow must be allowed to fall upon the prism from some little distance:

the screen also may be at a much greater distance from the prism than is the case with the primary Spectrum.

In my own experiments, still using the inch and a quarter prism, I have found the best results by placing a piece of thick blackened card, about a foot



long by two or three inches wide, at a distance of not less than four feet from the prism, so arranged that the Spectrum shall fall upon a screen about the same distance from the other side of the prism. The apparatus is not difficult to make; it consists of a bracket with a long arm arranged to fit on to the heavy stand of the prism box. At the far end of the arm is an upright rod which carries a sliding piece with a holder for the black card, which latter can be raised or lowered on the upright rod, until the Spectrum is brought on to the middle of the screen.

The prism, completely uncovered towards the sky, must be placed outside the dark chamber, and opposite to a slot through which the rays may fall upon the screen within the chamber. The slot should be the same width as the prism, and so arranged that very little light can enter excepting by way of the prism.

The Spectrum may be described as follows:—between two bands of dull, grey diffused light the following colours appear, namely, pale yellow, buff or clear brown-orange, brown, ruby, maroon, very deep violet, indigo fading into pale blue, which, like the yellow at the other end, fades imperceptibly into the grey light that borders both ends of the Spectrum.

The above is what is commonly seen with the apparatus I have described; but there is another phenomenon which I have reason to believe could be produced were it possible to try this experiment with more accurately adjustable instruments and larger prisms. I have observed it sufficiently often to make me conclude that it is a true part of this spectrum and not a mere accident, but I have not been able to produce it at will, having no means of making the fine adjustments that I believe to be necessary. The following proposition, therefore, is tentative, and

depends for confirmation upon further experiment.

If the width of the black card which throws the shadow, together with its distance from the prism, be properly and accurately adjusted in accordance with the size of the prism and also with the distance of the screen; if, also, no light save that which passes through the prism be admitted into the dark chamber, a fine, silvery line will be seen to cross the buff or brown orange band.

Such are the experiments: Now to suggest one or two of the tentative conclusions to be drawn therefrom. It is possible that the Spectrum does not result from the resolution of a pencil of light but from the diffusion of two edges of shadow cutting the light, each edge of shadow being the cause of three colours only. If these edges of shadow are sufficiently close together, their nearest bands of colour mingle at the edge, forming green in the Solar Spectrum and maroon in the Spectrum of the Shadow.

It would therefore follow that a prism of infinite size, if no shadow fell upon it, would have no effect upon white light in so far as the resolution into component colours went, for so far as my experiments have gone, in the ordinary prism its own angles appear to form edges of shadow of a sufficient depth to form a Spectrum, which may be seen either closed or opened in the centre according to the distance between the screen and prism.

Of the silver line in the buff band, I will say little, for I consider that it requires further evidence, but taken in conjunction with the curious changes of colour seen over the entire red half of the Spectrum, I should conclude that in the Spectrum of the Shadow we may have a means ready to hand for rendering visible a more considerable portion of the violet rays than can be observed by the eye in the primary Spectrum.

M.W.B.



LAST CUP DAY



WE were bowling along the dry, dusty roads on the way to the Ellerslie race-course, and Winnie looked sweeter than ever.

It had taken me a long time to persuade her to come, but I was well rewarded now—with her at my side.

I felt sure good fortune would favour me, and in my present position I needed all the luck I could possibly get.

For a whole year everything had gone wrong, and even in New Zealand that state of affairs becomes monotonous in time. Visions of bankruptcy and other unpleasant things had been haunting me for months past, and then Winnie had sprung up on the horizon, and matters became more complicated.

Heart-whole, a man can stand any number of hardships, but—well, never mind—she was by my side now, and my little bay mare was springing along in splendid style.

"You are very quiet," I said, as we turned a corner sharply and entered the main road.

"I was just thinking how angry the Pater would be if he knew——"

"It's pretty certain he will know before long, as we are bound to meet half Auckland on the course to-day."

"I know. Why *did* you persuade so hard?" She looked up at me in a way that sent the blood tingling through my veins.

"Because so much depends on to-day," I blurted out.

She turned quickly.

"You are not betting, are you, Mr. Fraser?" Her hand had caught my arm, and I felt a guilty twinge.

"Well, yes," I stammered, "I am afraid I am."

"But you told me you hated gam-

bling." Her face wore a puzzled expression and it pained me.

"So I do," said I vehemently, "but there are times when one must do something."

Winnie was silent. She had removed her hand and was looking straight down the crowded road.

Carts, waggons, drags, buggies and traps were all rattling along as hard as their horses could take them. It was a lively scene, for everyone was in the best of spirits. Light chaff was being bandied from one party to another, and the tram conductors and drivers took their share in good part.

It was Cup day and a holiday, and no one knows better how to enjoy himself than a colonial. They are used to holidays, and so were not awed into silence by their occurrence. All holidays are race days, and racing is the national sport of Greater Britain.

With such crowds on the road my wits were fully occupied steering a clear course. My mare was fresh, and the noise and dust worried her. The light buggy was like a matchbox behind her, and if she once got her head there would be no stopping her until she was tired.

At last I began to feel the silence, and yet for the life of me I did not know how to break it. As I glanced sideways at my fair companion I could see her chin was high in the air and she was examining the hedges as we flew past them.

I never found it difficult to cope with ordinary girls, but Winnie wasn't one of them, and the little ways that one would pass off as coyness in another girl became serious difficulties with her; but then, perhaps, it was because I was desperately in love—and that alters

matters. Every time she was cross, or a frown passed over her face, I made sure it was all up with me, and fell from the seventh heaven of delight to the depths of despair.

Suddenly from behind me, a racing, snorting horse came bounding up. The driver had completely lost control of it. Being in such deep thought, I had noticed nothing till its fiery eye and open mouth were alongside me. A glance over my left shoulder was sufficient to show me the danger we were in. A dray was passing me on the right and the uncontrollable horse was squeezing through, dragging behind it a heavy four-wheeled fly which would have crushed my light buggy to pieces.

With a cut that made my mare rise a foot off the ground, I brought the long whip down on her back. She sprang forward with such a bound that for a second I thought the shafts would part company with us.

Winnie started and clung to the seat.

"Mr. Fraser!" she exclaimed, evidently putting the act down to temper on my part.

"It's all right," I cried, "don't be afraid."

My mare was bounding forward, and men were shouting words of advice and alarm.

Before me there was just room to get between a cart and a tram, that was if I could pass the dray.

With the reins doubled round my wrists I tugged and sawed at the mare's mouth to try and get control of her. She had the bit between her teeth and seemed careless of the dangers ahead. Winnie had now seen the fix we were in and sat bolt upright, every trace of anger having gone. Now we were alongside the dray.

The driver was trying to make way for us, but the road was blocked up with traffic.

We were up to the horses, neck and neck.

Another crack with my whip and we sprang forward level with the tram. Now we were between it and the drag; the mare was going straight.

My teeth were set and Winnie was

leaning forward. Behind me I could hear the rattle of the lumbering fly.

Half an inch on either side and we would be smashed to atoms.

The pace was terrific.

"Ah!"

A sigh escaped from Winnie. We were through.

A cheer broke from the top of the drag, and the half-maddened horse behind me crashed into the back of the tram.

But I could see nothing. My mare was off as hard as she could pelt, careering from one side of the road to the other with her head down.

The cheer had been just too much for her.

"Hang on, Winnie!" I cried, "We'll stop her directly."

"It's all right, I'm not afraid," she answered, as I drove my heels into the iron at my feet, and straightened my back.

"Now then, my beauty! Wo-ee, lass!" I cried. "Steady girl, steady!" She could hear me speaking now. We had passed the din and were away ahead of everything; even the race-course was passed. My arms were aching. On each side of the road was a ditch.

"Steady, lass, steady!"

The rough scoria on the road made the buggy spring into the air with perilous jerks, but we were slackening down.

Winnie's bright eyes were flashing with excitement.

"Splendid!" she cried presently, as we swung round a corner on one wheel and shaved a heavy wool waggon.

"But we'll miss the race," said I, "if this goes on."

"I hope it will," she shouted, her breath coming and going in little gasps, as she bounced in her seat.

"But I shall be ruined if we do," I called.

"You might be saved," she answered. "Ah!"

"It's all right!" One wheel had gone perilously near the ditch.

"Can't you stop her now?" continued Winnie.

"I thought you didn't want me to," I answered, looking straight at her.

"Perhaps it would be better," she said.

"And go to the races?"

"Yes."

The road was clear and my reins were strong.

"Hold on, then," I cried, and a second afterwards I gripped the ribbons, and with a mighty wrench brought my little mare right back on her haunches. The next instant I had flung the reins to Winnie and was at the mare's head. She was trembling in every limb.

I walked her up and down till she was calm, and then sprang into the buggy and began the return journey.

"Why are you going so fast? The horse must be tired," said Winnie.

"The first race begins at twelve," I answered.

"But there are plenty more."

"Yes, but Mars is running for the Cup, and there's nothing else in the race. He must win. I had it from one of the stable. It is to be my mainstay."

Winnie looked troubled.

"Mr. Fraser, is there no other way? Why must you gamble?"

She looked at me with such pleading that I could hardly answer. My eyes wandered from her to the green fields, to the road, to everything, and yet I longed to look at her.

"I am too heavily in debt to be saved any other way," I said at last.

"The grass has been scarce this year! Is that the reason?" asked Winnie.

"Yes, that and bad luck!"

"I don't believe in luck," said Winnie, thoughtfully.

"You would, if you were a farmer," I answered. "I am always unlucky—always! No, not always—not now," I ventured, contradicting myself.

"How much do you hope to win to-day?" said Winnie, hurriedly.

"I want two or three hundred, and if I win fifty on Mars I mean to put it all on Papatu for the hurdle race."

"Yes, I see," she said, thoughtfully.

"You must have a lot; the little you have is no good."

"That's it!"

Winnie glanced hard at me. "You don't look bankrupt."

"But I am, unless I can raise a few

hundred to tide over this summer. Then I shall go on famously; my young stock are coming on well."

By now we had reached the course. I jumped from the buggy and held out my hand for Winnie. The mare was quite calm, and passing her over to a groom we went through the turnstile on to the course.

It was a beautiful sight! Cup Day in Auckland is a festival hard to beat.

Here in the small enclosure were the brightest, the most beautiful and the best dressed women the colony could produce. Wealth and fashion were represented by its most celebrated members.

The bright colours of the dresses, the brilliance of the sun and the greenness of the lawns, kept the eye busy trying to take in the whole grandeur of the scene. As we looked up at the Grand Stand, tier upon tier of laughing faces met our view. Not a seat was vacant, and not a face was dull. On the lawns men and women were standing in groups discussing the last race, which had been an easy win for the favourite, "Siege Gun," and speculating on the chances of their pet horse for the next one.

Round the Totalisator crowds of men watched the money going on to the different horses.

In the paddock the animals were showing off their good points to a critical audience.

Outside, the cries of the bookmakers could be heard—a loud, babbling, confused murmur.

Winnie's eyes were full of a suppressed excitement. She loved horses, and the gaiety of the throng was infectious. Soon, all her qualms had disappeared, and she was nodding and smiling to her friends, right and left.

Presently she turned to me.

"That little run away saved you from a bad beginning," she said. "Your horse was nowhere."

I had hoped she had forgotten its name, but women are strange creatures.

"Yes," I said, as lightly as I could. "Of course one can't expect to hit the winner every time."

"What are you going to put your money on for this race?" she asked,

"for surely it is time to find our seats."

She was full of excitement.

"Papatu," I answered, "and if you don't mind me leaving you I will run off now."

"You'll find me here when you return," she answered, smiling, but she laid her hand on my arm beseechingly. "Please don't put too much on it, in case——"

"No," I answered quickly, and ran off. I felt a brute, but there was no other road open to me. The stile at the Totalisator was crowded, and it seemed ages before my turn came. The ringing of the bells and the changing figures on the board as each sovereign that was put on was automatically registered under the name of the horse kept my thoughts busy. Was I right? Would Papatu win? Many seemed to fancy Perseverance, and for some minutes all the money was to be going on that horse. Then Papatu had a run, and it was my turn next. Hastily dragging out twenty pound notes I threw them down with a sigh of relief. A moment later my check was passed, and I saw the figures change.

Papatu held half my fortune!

It was too late to think now. I struggled through the crowd and soon caught sight of Winnie's anxious face.

"Oh," she cried, "I have just overheard a man saying Papatu is sick today. I was coming to you. Is it too late?"

"Yes," I answered, "let us find a good place."

I scrambled up the stairs of the Grand Stand with Winnie following close behind me, and managed by gradually edging my way to find room at the top of the stairs just as the bell rang.

Behind, in front, and on all sides were eager crowds. The talking which a moment before had been like a roar was now hushed, and a strange silence prevailed.

Winnie was a step below me, and I could see the bright flash of her eyes as she stood on tiptoe and waited for the restless horses to settle down for the start.

Presently she turned sharply, and pointed to a beautiful horse which

was now walking steadily up to the machine.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, "Is that Papatu?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering how she had guessed.

"It will win, then," she added; but, woman-like, gave no reasons. "Yes," she murmured, half to herself, "you will win on this race."

They were off.

A cry went up and the crowds began to sway as they followed the rushing mass with their eyes. Two horses had sprung ahead at the start and were now going neck and neck. Perseverance! Inchcape! were the names that broke from two or three around us. Then a short gasp as the horses rose simultaneously at the first fence.

Papatu was behind, almost hidden in the crowd.

The thunder of the hoofs came to us like the far off rumbling of guns. One after another the horses sprang over the hurdle and picked up their running as if no object had hindered them. Now all eyes were on the next jump. Winnie was trembling. I caught her hand.

"It's wonderful," she murmured, and then held her breath. "How awful!" she exclaimed a second later.

Two horses had fallen—Perseverance and Marine. She hid her face for a moment.

"It's all right," I cried, pressing her hand. "See, they are up again."

"I thought they were killed," she cried. Her face was white and her breath came in short gasps. Now the crowd of animals was thinning out into twos and threes—Papatu was well up to the front.

They were nearing the Grand Stand, coming straight towards us.

"Papatu! Inchcape! Inchcape! Papatu! Rufus! Haydn!"

"Ah—h!"

And then a roar went up, and the shouted names became a confused hubbub.

Papatu and Inchcape were three lengths ahead of the others as they shot past us. The running was neck and neck.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! The

whips were out. The jockeys were straining every muscle.

Another jump!

Rufus and Papatu had the field to themselves, and a fearful battle was going on.

The loud roaring of the half mad watchers, as they strained and pushed to catch every alteration in the position, was deafening. The last jump! The two horses rose as one!

"Now!"

Papatu was ahead and Rufus shot great clods of earth from under his heels as he toiled to regain his place, but the cries of "Papatu!" were deafening. Rufus was losing ground. Another roar and Papatu sprang past the post, a winner by two lengths.

The tremendous tension was over.

In a body the crowd relaxed, and Winnie turned with a look half of shame, half of pride, and glanced enquiringly at me. At the same time she caught my hand in hers.

"I am so glad you've won!"

I could only answer by pressing it. The strain I had been through had for the moment left me speechless.

Now the clamour around us prevented words. Everyone was hurrying to the lawns.

Men clambered from their seats eager to reach the Totalisator and learn the dividend.

"Don't wait for me!" I heard Winnie cry.

I caught her arm. "Come, let us go together," I said, and hurried her through the crowd.

In front of the machine there was a strange collection. Men of every stamp—wealthy merchants and poor gum diggers, cattlemen and clerks—all discussing the race and all waiting for the result of the count.

Presently the number went up—

Papatu

Rufus

Inchcape.

Dividends, £4 14s. 6d. and 18s. 6d.

I had won over a hundred pounds.

For a long time, Winnie and I strolled about filled with strange thoughts and a wonderful excitement. The next race passed. I had been too late to put

money on it. Then had come the Nursery Handicap, and it was Winnie who picked the horse. Agrapus, she had thought, but Te Aroha had been my fancy. She had insisted, and more to humour her than with a hope of winning, I put an odd five pounds on it.

Winnie watched the money being registered with a keen interest, and then hurried me off to the stand. She was filled with enthusiasm whilst my stock of excitement was expended. Other thoughts were filling my head, and Winnie, like a fairy, danced amongst them.

"Now, quick! they are off!" she cried. "See, there is Agrapus leading already. There is Te Aroha far behind." She clapped her hands. Agrapus! Agrapus! Oh, that horrid thing! No, it's all right. Go on! Go on! Now they are together. No, our horse is leading. Te Aroha is beaten. Agrapus wins—easy."

Never had I seen Winnie look so beautiful. Her bright, flashing eyes and flushed face were filled with a passion that I had not dreamed of. The quiet girl, hardly two years from school, was a new woman when excitement held her. Timid and retiring as I had always known her, this fresh mood filled me with delight. I saw unfathomed depths in her, untouched passions and untilled ground.

The race was nothing, but Winnie was everything. In my astonishment I hardly realised that my money had been on an outsider.

It was Winnie who took me to the machine. It was she who cried, "Agrapus. Dividend £53 8s."

I was looking at her, not at the board.

"How much have you won?" she asked.

"A little over two hundred pounds," I answered, astonished myself as I realised my good fortune.

Winnie clapped her hands.

"Then you are saved," she whispered, "and I have done it!" The next instant she laughed. "I wonder what poor father would say if he knew."

"He shall know," I said earnestly.

We were walking away from the crowd.
 "No, no, you mustn't," pleaded Winnie. "He would be awfully angry. Say *you wont!*" she added.

"I will not promise anything yet," I answered. I loved to see her pleading.

"Then I shan't speak to you again."

"It is time we were going," I said. "Let us discuss the matter on the way home."

"No, I shan't speak a word to you unless you promise."

"All right," I said. "We will enjoy a silent drive of six miles."

"Six miles," exclaimed Winnie.

"Yes, I'm going the long way round."

"Why?"

"To avoid the crowd."

"Oh—h!"

"Here we are!" I cried, a few minutes later as we reached the buggy. "Jump in."

Winnie obeyed, and in a moment we were dashing away clear from the crowd of waiting vehicles, clear of the noise and dust of the racecourse, out into the open country.

For some minutes I was silent.

"Well?" I said presently. "What was it you wanted me to promise?"

"You know well enough," said Winnie, looking over her shoulder at the distant view of Mount Albert.

"If I promise that, will you promise me something else?" I said, with more feeling than I intended.

Winnie was silent for a moment; she was looking away from me.

"You are evading."

"No, I'm only provising!" I replied, ignoring my English.

"Will you?" said Winnie, returning to the attack.

"No, I won't, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you do."

"What?"

"What I said."

"What did you say?" she asked naively.

"I said will you marry me?"

"Mr. Fraser!"

"Winnie!" I cried, changing my reins over and seizing her hand in mine.

"Say *you will*."

She had turned her head still further away, but not before I caught a blush.

"You didn't say anything of the sort," she cried, but not with her wonted vigour.

"You will strain your neck if you remain in that position," I said, presently.

"You are horribly rude," she murmured.

"No," I am only thoughtful, Winnie," I added. "Will you answer my question?"

"Will you answer mine?" she snapped.

My arm was round her waist.

"Yes, I will—I won't."

She bent towards me.

"Then so will I—I will."

After that I forget exactly what happened, but the road was a straight one, and there was no traffic about.

E. WAY ELKINGTON



LOOKING WESTWARD

WORLDS beyond worlds of sunset pagentry—
 Wild West: the spirit with a yearning deep
 Springs forth to thee! Like ripples are thy long
 Low lines of violet cloud: all dreams, all hopes
 Seem possible within these earthly bounds
 Which heaven enrings and thy bright belt of light
 Set in cerulean circle jewel-wise.

LITTLE MAURICETTE

By Mrs. Devereux Craufurd



F all times in the day, there was none that little Mauricette loved so well as the hour she spent in her mother's dressing-room in the morning, and of all moments there the sweetest to her was that when Léonie, the maid, was twisting up her mother's long brown hair into pretty rolls and soft wavy curls; for then neither of them could watch Mauricette, nor see what she was doing, and Léonie had no time to interfere with her.

Mother had a whole row of glass bottles on a side table, each containing a different perfume, and several boxes of various coloured powders, and Mauricette found it delightful to try them one after another, and to powder her soft, round, baby cheeks; then to look up into the glass and see if she was pretty so.

From the window she could see the ships sailing in and out of the harbour, and below on the quay the great wagons laden with merchandise went to and from the port, with big white horses who wore bells on their necks.

To-day she sat in a patch of sunlight that fell on the dressing-room carpet, and played as usual with the scent-bottles rather silently, for she was busy fitting in the stoppers of cut glass.

When the maid had fastened up the last roll of her hair, Gilberte Lefrançois turned round and watched her little six-year girl as she sat on the floor. Little Mauricette belonged to the past of Gilberte's life, and she was the only memory of the past that she would allow herself to dwell upon; she had long ago learnt to refuse to look backward; if the past intruded itself upon her, she turned away from it with a shudder; the past, the old

horror, the wretched home where she was born, unloved and in misery; the cradle to which the mother scarcely turned from her drink to still her infant's cries; the father, who, when not in prison, spent his pitiful earnings in the wine-shop; the horror of the past—the hunger, the cold, the hard words and blows, which drove her out into the street, where the awful craving for food was worse even than when she sat shivering by the empty hearth at home. The miserable childhood passed, and she became tall and graceful, with a growing beauty, and then came the deeper darkness of the days when she got bread to eat, when hunger and cold were no more felt, when in this darkest hell the child of misery followed the inevitable path that her destiny had marked out for her.

It was after some years that little Mauricette came to her; still in the old days of comparative poverty, but around the sweet baby face it seemed that a light shone in the wretched home. Little soft baby hands, they twined around Gilberte's heart, and she, who had never loved, pressed her child in her arms with a nameless sensation of something akin to joy.

It was not long after this that a change came for Gilberte; a change of fortune unexpected, almost too good to be true, a purse full of money, a handsomely furnished apartment on the *Quai de la Marine*, an elegant little *menage* of her own, with two servants, and a wardrobe full of dresses of the latest mode. The wretched parents who had ruined her, had their share of her good things, and she gave them more than enough to keep them in comfort. Of course, her child was with her, and she could now dress

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her baby in lace and embroidery, and have her carried out to the beach and the public gardens by a neat *bonne* in cap and apron. Then, on Sunday, Gilberte would attend the late mass at a fashionable Church in her prettiest *toilette*: true, she sometimes fancied the ladies shrank back a little when she dipped her finger in the holy water after them, and drew their skirts away as if contaminated at her touch, but what did it matter? Had she not money as much or more than they? After all, what was the difference? She, too, could carry her silver-clasped prayer-book, and could give her penny to the beggar at the door as well as they could.

Then there was always little Mauricette, who grew so sweet, and who lisped *maman* in such a silvery voice. The time passed, and she had lots of sweets and toys, and pretty frocks, and had never known any hunger or cold or misery like that in the horrible past.

To-day we find Gilberte at seven and twenty years of age with a tall stately figure, slight and well-proportioned, and a pale fine-featured face lighted up by eyes of a soft grey, shaded by long brown lashes. The hard days of the past had left scarcely any trace with her, perhaps a shade of weariness about the lines of her eyes, but she was a beautiful woman after all, with an air of distinction that was all her own.

She watched her child playing on the floor, and as she watched her, Mauricette put her little hand to her head.

"*Maman*, it hurts me here."

"Hurts you, *mignonne*? Where, what hurts you?" and the mother drew her to her knee.

"Here," said the child, and then her mother saw that her cheeks were flushed and hot.

"What will you have, *chérie*? Will you come out with Mother? We will go out and see the boats, and your headache will go away."

Little Mauricette leant wearily against her mother's knee.

"Will you buy me something?" she whispered.

"Yes, whatever my darling likes, a doll or a doll's carriage. What will you

have?" and a look of anxiety crossed the mother's face.

"Léonie," she called, "dress *Bébé* quickly, I am going to take her out."

"Will Madame wear her blue dress to-day?" asked Léonie.

"Yes, yes, anything; quickly. *Bébé* is not well; the air will do her good."

So in a few minutes she was holding her mother's hand, as they walked out into the sunshine; but the little one's headache was no better. Even the sight of the big toyshop and the great doll they bought did not cure it; she soon began to cry, and Gilberte had to call a cab and take her home, where she lay on the bed, still and weary. Her mother sat by her, while Léonie was sent out to buy grapes and sweet jelly; but Mauricette could not eat. The poor little face grew hotter, and more burning, and she lay with her eyes closed, holding her mother's hand in hers.

"I fear *Bébé* is ill," said Léonie, when the afternoon was beginning to fade into evening; "I think Madame would do well to send for the doctor." Gilberte looked up in terror. She had had little to do with illness, and the idea of her darling's suffering was terrible to her. Still, perhaps it was best, so Léonie was despatched for the nearest doctor. He came, and looked grave. He left a prescription, which was made up, and doses were to be given during the night. The mother stayed at her side till late, and she and Léonie watched her in turns all through the night. Before daylight the child was delirious, and Gilberte, in an agony of terror, listened to her wandering words. In the morning the doctor returned; she was no better; he pronounced it a serious fever, and gave numerous directions.

"Will she be very ill?" asked the frightened mother. The doctor shook his head.

"I trust not; we must hope that with care it will pass over soon." So he went away.

"Remember, Léonie," said Gilberte, "I shall receive no one to-day, not even *Monsieur le Vicomte*; if he comes, tell him that the little one has the fever, and that I am nursing her."

So passed the long hours, and as they

passed, there was no change in the little sufferer. She tossed to and fro, and did not know Léonie nor her mother. Another miserable night came. The doctor looked very anxious during his last visit, and again, when he came in the morning, and it was then, on this third day, that Gilberte began to realize that he knew her child lay between life and death.

"Oh! save her!" she cried; "she is all I have; do not let her die!" And the doctor looked grave, and pressed her hand.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the silence became oppressive to Gilberte. The child lay almost unconscious. An intense longing to unburden her bursting heart to someone had seized the poor young mother, and, while Léonie watched by the bed, she hastily put on her hat and went out into the air.

The breath of freshness from the sea gave her new life, she would go to her parents' house, and perhaps her mother could tell her of some remedy for the little child; at any rate she would listen to her trouble, and at this moment when her heart was so full that it seemed ready to break, any listener would be a comfort, even the wretched mother who had preyed upon her youth, and who had thrust her to destruction. So she gathered up her silken skirts, and made her way through the dirty streets of the fishermen's quarters to the dark ground-floor rooms where her parents lived. In answer to her knock, an elderly man, bent and dirty, came to the door.

"Ah! Gilberte," he exclaimed, with a leering smile; "how are you, my dear, to-day? Quite well, I hope; quite well, as usual."

She passed into the comfortless room. He wiped the seat of a wooden chair.

"Sit here, my dear, sit down. Will you find it too hot in here? Shall I open the window? But your mother has been ailing."

"Where is mother?" said Gilberte, interrupting him; "is she here?"

"Ah! she's very poorly; she took nearly all the ten francs you left on Monday, last night to the *marchand de vins*, and spent the whole evening there,

so as usual, to-day, she can't hold up her head; she's asleep in there." Gilberte's eyes followed the gesture of his head.

"Mauricette is ill," she went on; "I wanted to tell mother about her."

"Ill? Poor lamb! Poor, sweet lamb! What is the matter with her?" he asked, in a cringing tone of forced pity.

"She has the fever," his daughter replied, with an almost imperceptible tremble in her voice; "and the doctor says she is very ill."

"Poor lamb! Don't fret about her; she'll get better; you can give her plenty of good things, can't you? *Monsieur le Vicomte* is so generous; you want for nothing."

Gilberte rose quickly, casting as she did so a look of scorn at the wretched man before her.

There was no comfort to be found here. She prepared to go, and drew her dress up from the dirt-covered floor; but the father had not finished yet.

"Are you going, my dear? Don't hurry; stay a bit with your old father." Then, as she was approaching the door, and in a husky whisper, "I've got nothing for tobacco to-day; your mother took it all, as I told you; think of your poor old father's comforts, won't you, my pretty one?"

She threw a five-franc piece upon the table and turned hastily away. It was always thus; why had she come? She hurried away in the summer sunshine with her heart heavy and her soul dark with anguish.

Her little girl, her little baby girl dying perhaps; maybe, she would never again see the sweet smile on the baby lips, nor hear the prattling voice telling her its troubles or its joys. Her baby! and with an infinite rush of tenderness came the first recollections of the helpless life that had been given to her, in the midst of her wretchedness, when Mauricette was born; when first she had shared her money with the tiny thing whose wants she must supply; when a joy and a comfort had come to her with the first awakening of her love.

Agony, agony of terror when the cold

hand of death was stealing away from her, this—her only—tie on earth. "Oh! God!" She had never really prayed before; her lips had followed the mass, but her heart was far away. Here was the door of the church where she had gone on Sunday through these years of her prosperity. She went in almost unconsciously. Dare she push open the inner door and enter the great silence where the presence of God Himself was upon the holy altar, under the dark picture of the Crucifixion? She entered softly. There was no one there, only an old woman kneeling in a distant corner, who did not notice her, and she moved silently to a chair in front of the great altar, and knelt there with an awestruck silence at her heart. A red lamp was burning before the tabernacle—God was there, and He knew all her trouble, but He knew all the rest, too. All! And perhaps He would not listen to her.

A faded scent of incense was in the air; it was very still; she buried her face in her hands, and tried to pray, and as she tried to find words that would not come, she felt the hot tears falling on her fingers. God had sent her little Mauricette; He would not take her away now, surely not. A burning desire from the depths of her being, which she could not put into words, seemed to rise upwards to the golden tabernacle and the great dark picture. If God would spare her little child, perhaps He would take her life instead; her money, her jewels, anything, if only her child might be left. Her life; would He take it? The life she had sold away from him.

Long ago the priest had taken her to make her first communion with the other school-children, and she had knelt in white at the altar rails; it seemed so long ago, and they had told her to give her life to God. She had scarcely understood it all, she was such a little girl, and it was so long ago. Afterwards she had been obliged to sell her life because of the old misery and the want of bread, and since then she had never needed to pray.

A great mystery was over all in the deep silence, and she raised her eyes again to the high altar, and crossed her-

self. Then she shrank away in the odour of the faded incense. She walked quickly along the quays to her home, and entered the *porte cochère* leading to her apartment. At the door of the shop below, two women were talking, a neighbouring cook and the mistress of the shop.

She heard them mention her name, and stopped for a moment to listen to their words. They did not see her, as she was hidden by the large open gate.

"It will be best, after all, if the little one does die," said the woman of the shop. "The child of a *femme entretenue*, what will you have? She can come to no good; and even if she is better brought up, the mother will be a disgrace to her all her life."

"Ah! what can you expect?" answered the cook, with a shrug of the shoulders. "As you say, I think the little one had best be taken away."

Gilberte passed on.

"The little one had best be taken away," she repeated to herself.

"Why?" And then a cold chill fell over her.

"Because of me," she murmured; "because of me. I am not good enough for little Mauricette, and so God is taking her away."

When she crept slowly up to the bedside where her darling lay, she found her buried in the sweetest sleep.

"She has been sleeping like this for half-an-hour," said Léonie; "and I think the fever is leaving her."

Gilberte stood silent at the bedside, and as she stood there she felt a deep thankfulness within her.

Later on the doctor came. Yes, she was better; with care he thought the danger was over, and her child was saved.

The great joy within her banished at first all other thoughts; but then again came that cold chill over her soul. The little one would stay with her now; she would be sweet as ever; the old happiness would come back, but the words she had heard had left their mark behind them—"It was better that she should be taken away."

Why better? Alas! she seemed to know why; because of herself, of her

who loved Mauricette better than anyone else loved her. Yet they were wrong, for she had never meant that her child should follow in her steps; at least, she had never given any thought to the future, only she could never wish that people should shrink away from Mauricette in the coming years as they did from her; no, that would be horrible. Her darling must be honoured and loved.

A thought came to her. Could she not give up all her present and go away with her child to some hidden place where they could live in peace together? Ah! but the money; where would it come from? She could work; yet she had never worked, and a dread of the old poverty checked her. She had no great sum of money, because she had never saved it; only a few hundred francs; it had gone as it had come, spent easily in luxuries for herself and Mauricette. No; she dared not face the terrible poverty again; she knew it all too well. Besides, even if they went away together she knew that the shadow of the past would for ever cling to her; she knew that it would reach to the child and surround her, and that all good people would point to her and to her mother.

"It was best she should be taken," but now she was not going, and Gilberte's eyes were opened once and for all. Without her the little one might lead a peaceful life—a life of honour and of calm. She would learn to work, to gain her living honestly, and would marry a good man and have a sweet child like herself. Ah, yes; that was the best life, her's had been wrong—all wrong. And she moved away wearily.

As the night came on the little one awoke, and called her mother. Her sweet eyes had gained a little of their old light, and Gilberte sat by her, holding her hand until she slept again. Then she lay down to rest; but no sleep would come. She rose, and putting on her silk dressing-gown she looked out upon the sky and the stars.

Without her the little one would be safe; if she lived, may be, God would make Mauricette ill again, and take her away, because of her mother; and

Mauricette must live, for her life was pure and unsullied.

One life against another; one unholy thing, which would not be missed, to go—to be buried and forgotten, to make room for another, which would live and bloom in the light of heaven. As Gilberte looked up into the stars an intense loathing of herself came to her for the first time—for the first time she realized the truth. She was ignorant, she knew, of all good things, but the great mystery was revealed to her, and she could never be blind again. There was one way to go; one thing to do—only one—and it must be done.

In the faint light of the night-lamp the child slept, and her mother knelt at her side, and pressed her lips to the baby hand.

"My God, I will give my life to Thee, for the sake of my little Mauricette, and if Thou wilt take it, she will be safe."

The morning dawned, and Gilberte went out early, leaving Mauricette asleep. She knew where she had to go; she had taken chloroform before, and knew how much would be required. She had to go to more than one chemist, for one would not sell her a sufficient quantity, and she returned with two hermetically sealed little bottles of white fluid. The little child lay still with her eyes open.

"*Maman*," she spoke feebly, but she smiled a happy smile, "I am better now; come and sit by me."

She would stay until her darling slept again; it was not long; Mauricette was weary, and her mother had nothing more to wait for. It was easy now. Perhaps, after all, if she offered her life to the good God, He would not take it; perhaps she would awake again from the chloroform, and then she would know that His will was that she should come back to Mauricette.

There was yet one more thing to do. She sat down to write, not a very easy thing for her. The *Curé* of the church she knew was good and beloved, kind and gentle: it was to him she would confide her child.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé Vibert*," she wrote, "when you find this letter, God will

have taken my life away. I need not tell you why I offer it to Him. You will know that it is for the sake of my little child. I leave her to you, and I wish her to go to the School of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. They will teach her to work, and to live honestly. My furniture and my jewels will be sold, and I wish my father and mother to have enough money to keep them from want while they live. Tell my little Mauricette, when she is old enough to understand, that her mother loved her so well that she gave her life for her sake.

"Gilberte Lefrançois.
"20, Quai de la Marine."

The letter was folded, the bottles of chloroform were carefully prepared, and then a long, long kiss on the baby face, and Gilberte went out once more into the sunshine.

She had chosen the place in which to offer up her life, and she walked quietly along the quay where the water glittered, and into the dark doorway of the open church. It was still as before when she entered it; the lamp was burning before the gilded tabernacle, and the dark picture of the Crucified.

Gilberte, calm and stately, walked slowly up the long silent aisle, her dress rustling on the worn pavement, and she knelt on a chair before the high altar. There was no one there—she was alone. She would be hasty, so that she should not fail in her purpose. She must kneel on the pavement, and bury her face on the seat of the low chair—it was the only way. She raised her face to the great silent altar, and again the faded scent of the incense came to her. She crossed herself; then poured out the contents of one of the small bottles upon her handkerchief, which she placed on the chair, and, kneeling down, buried her face in it.

She had opened the other bottle, which she placed on the folds of the saturated cambric. All was still. She would repeat the *Ave Maria*.

"*Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, priez pour nous, pauvres pêcheurs, maintenant, et à l'heure de notre mort. Ainsi soit-il, à l'heure de notre mort.*"

A gentle sensation of drowsiness came slowly as the sweet intoxicating fumes rose to her brain. "*Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu.*"

An exquisite rush of dreamy joy. She was free; the old curse had fallen from her; she was forgiven, purified, unde-filed. Her ears were full of dreamy songs. She was going to God, and He was full of love.

Again the dreamy songs, and then—a great silence.

Half-an-hour afterwards, the *Abbé* Vibert passed through the Church. To his great surprise he saw an elegantly dressed woman, who had fallen forward upon the pavement, probably in a fainting fit. He approached her hastily. She had fallen from the low *prie-dieu* chair where she had been kneeling, and upon which her arm still rested, and the delicate white hand with its massive diamond rings. Her eyes were closed, the long lashes resting on her cheek, and the face, utterly colourless, wore a look of perfect peacefulness, as if resting in the sweet refreshment of sleep. At her side, on the floor, lay her large hat with its soft white feathers, and one lock of her brown hair hung loose upon her neck, disarranged by her fall. He knew her at once for who and what she was; the pretty, graceful woman who attended the fashionable mass—the mother of a poor, unfortunate little child. He stooped to pick up the fallen bottle; he read the label, and he knew the truth.

It was only the work of a moment to fetch the *Suisse*, and they carried her to the sacristy, having sent for the nearest doctor. He came, and made his examination.

He was not long in feeling her heart and pulse.

"She will never breathe again," he said, quietly; "I can do nothing for her, she is dead."

The wife of the *Suisse* was there, and she bent over Gilberte to straighten her dress, which the doctor's examination had disarranged; and as she did so she found the letter, pinned in the folds of lace at her neck. She handed it to the priest. When he had read it he showed it to the doctor, who read it in his turn.

"Poor thing," said the doctor. "You can see how pleasant her death has been. There is almost a smile upon her face. She is very young to have had enough of life—such a fine woman, too. They say she rose from the lowest depths—it is wonderful. A sad story; but perhaps it is best for the child."

"Yes," said the priest, folding up the letter; "perhaps it is best for the child."

Then came the commissaire of police to make his report. After that they took Gilberte away to her own home, and laid her on her bed in the pretty room with its silken hangings, and she lay there in the infinite peacefulness of death.

When they had taken her away the priest went back into the church, and to the place where she had died. It was intensely still and silent. A great patch of sunlight had stolen through the window, and it fell upon the chair where she had laid her head, and upon her embroidered handkerchief which lay upon the floor, saturated with what appeared to be the purest water, together with the empty bottles of chloroform.

The priest knelt down, and turned his face to the great altar, where another straggling sun-ray had crept up to the foot of the dark picture.

"*Remissa sunt multa illa peccata ipsius; nam dilexit multum,*" he murmured softly. "Hersins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

That night little Mauricette asked for her mother. Léonie came to say good-bye to her and so did the cook, and they told her they were going away. Then a white-capped Sister came to watch by her.

"Where is mother?" moaned the child; "she always comes to me; why does she not come to-night?"

She was lulled to sleep, but in the morning again she cried for her mother. At last the Sister told her gently that mother had gone into the church, and that God had taken her to Himself while she knelt in prayer. The poor baby sobbed long and sadly, clinging to the Sister's neck.

"Mother, mother," she cried; "my pretty mother. But the good God will take care of her."

The Sister bowed her head in silence, and then she murmured: "We will pray for her, my child."

Afterwards Mauricette went to the school, where the good Sisters cared for her, and taught her all good things.

Perhaps it was a divine decree that a sweet perfume rose from the ashes of Gilberte's wasted life, and that her memory dwelt for ever in the heart of her child, for in the years to come Mauricette never lost the dream of a young mother who had a sweet, pale face, with deeply-fringed eyes that were full of love for her, who was always dressed in pretty silks and lace, and gave her the tenderest kisses she had ever known.

It is best so, and in the coming years, when she has grown a woman, it will be time enough for her to know the truth; to know that her mother had so dearly loved her, and with a self-sacrifice so complete that for her she had given up her ruined life, there at the foot of the dark picture of that most perfect sacrifice of love, made long ago in the olden days, for the sake of a ruined world.



LIKENESS

'Tis said of those by Love allied
At Life's enchanted morn,
So like they grow—at eventide
'Twould seem they were twin-born.

Ev'n so, dear heart, I place my trust
In Love's fine alchemy,
So that, with ripening years, I must
At last resemble thee.

My own self growing less and less,
This wonder shall arise:
Some of thy soul's own tenderness
A-gleam within mine eyes!

Not that my gain shall be thy loss,
But in this heart of mine
All that is now but worthless dross
Shall be as gold in thine!

FRED. J. COX.



The most surprising thing about human nature is not so much the way in which men hoodwink each other, as the manner in which they humbug themselves.



HEARD IN THE BOTANY CLASS

Professor: "What is the general habitat of the mountain ash?"

Jocular Student: "Usually found on volcanoes." (After that there was an eruption).



ON A FADED BEAUTY

Her waning charms have smitten
The bards in every place,
E'en Time himself has written
Some lines upon her face.

HOW DANVERS MET THE DACOIT

By Mrs. Chan Toon



THAT I am going to relate happened just after the opening of the Mandalay railway, and sometime before the country had altogether settled down in peace and friendship towards its new rulers.

Dacoities past and present disturbed to a great extent the serenity of the Government, and the proper working of its machinery; villages were being perpetually sacked and burnt, and the inhabitants slaughtered, to say nothing of an important police station surprised suddenly in the dead of night, when the Burmese constables had purchased their lives by surrendering their rifles and ammunition. This and many similar occurrences kept the authorities unpleasantly on the alert and ready for action at any moment.

Charlie Danvers had been in the Burmese Police for nearly two years, and was growing heartily tired of it when these rumours from the Upper Province opened up to him the pleasant possibility of speedy promotion.

He had been discharging the humble and by no means exciting duties of European Head Constable in the town of Bassein.

The life was dull in a way that no words can paint and his services were as poorly paid as the performance of the arduous duties of prowling about the streets and rousing his native subordinates from sleep would seem to merit.

This absorbing mode of existence left much time on Charlie Danvers' hands and he had wisely employed it in learning the language, with the result that when the Upper Province called upon the

lower for a thoroughly good man who knew the people and their strange little ways, Danvers was appointed an inspector and transferred to the headquarters of a wild district nearly a hundred miles further up the river, where for several months he led a life of what promised to prove the most depressing and useless of dacoit pursuits.

Day after day—night after night—with a small following of armed Goorkhas—he cut his way through dense impenetrable jungle—inhalng the foetid breath of malarial swamps—in search of a foe to whom every inch of the break-neck track was familiar ground.

It was weary work pursuing an enemy who for ever escaped them and seemed likely to continue to do so until the death of time—what better hiding place for light-footed gentry than vast forests of teak and bamboo?

Tales of continued depredations, all of the most cruel and relentless description, were being carried daily to the police *thannah* by ragged trembling Burmans who, however, were never by any chance able to furnish any accurate information as to the precise whereabouts of the despoilers; one gang in particular, led by a desperate and determined ruffian named Monug Tu, on whose capture the Government had set a reward of two thousand rupees, reached Danvers so perpetually that it became the one aim and object of his professional life to kill or take prisoner this dacoit chief.

Monug Tu was a kind of Burmese Jack Sheppard, whose doings were spoken of with bated breath and secret admiration, from the simple fact that while he struck abject terror into the

hearts of rich cultivators who possessed huts worth the losing, he was served and saved by the poor whom, with an inexpensive generosity, he invariably spared in consequence of their having nothing worth taking.

For a whole three months, and those months the hottest in the year Danvers and his men in sodden kharki and with weeping brows, scoured the country from cover to cover in the wake of Monug Tu.

The jungle at the best of times is not a health resort, while sleeping in marshy places and living on tinned food is apt to try the strongest constitution, more especially when taken in conjunction with impatient reminders from headquarters and letters of enquiry from the Commissioner—indited from his comfortable office chair in dry clothes, under a punkah—in which doubts as to the police superintendent's capacity for his post were expressed in polite but unmistakable terms, while through all Monug Tu's success continued to be uninterrupted. Not a week went by that he did not march on some prosperous village, scattering its panic-stricken inhabitants out into the jungle wilds, when, having graciously helped himself, he would depart, leaving a heap of blackened ashes in place of huts. These brave doings were followed by the usual result, many more recruits to fight under his Peacock standard, together with a greater display of careless courage and unblushing effrontery on his own part every hour.

That Monug Tu and his followers were accurately posted as to the precise movements of the Ingalik Palik Gonug (English Police Officer) was unpleasantly evident from the skilful manner in which he directed his own.

With the blooming of the yellow padouk and the falling of a few mango showers—sure presage of the coming of the monsoon—the Government empowered Danvers to offer a free pardon to any dacoits who would consent to come in and lay down their arms before the final break of the rains.

It was a mission far from Danvers' taste—savouring as it did of a confession of weakness, or at least inability to cope

with the situation, a reflection that sorely hurt his pride.

But the order had been sent and there was no alternative except to obey it; it appeared to Danvers that if only Monug Tu, who undoubtedly had a larger and much better organised following than any other leader in the entire upper province, could be seduced into applying for pardon, the others, surprised and frightened, would inevitably follow.

With this object in view he summoned the eldest of the poonygees—who inhabited the tiny green monastery that stood in a grove of bamboos just outside the village in which he and his men were encamped. When matters were fully explained to the poonygee, he expressed his willingness to undertake the task of interviewing Monug Tu, whose place of hiding he seemed to have but little doubt about discovering—the person of a poonygee being safe even from dacoits, there was no danger or disrespect in requesting the holy man to be an emissary of peace to Monug Tu.

A week later he re-appeared. Monug Tu had listened and was willing to treat with his honour provided that his honour would come unarmed and unattended to his encampment, a place called Yania, at the base of the hills some twenty miles distant across the river.

The proposition was, of course, preposterous; nevertheless Danvers, though by no means braver than his fellows, but tired of failure and inaction, besides dreading the possible moral effect of a refusal on the Burmans, decided to accept it.

All or nothing, seemed to him the only solution of the present state of affairs.

"Your honour cannot kill Monug Tu because he is gun and sword proof, but he can easily kill your honour," said the old poonygee, doubtfully, as he chewed betel and eyed Danvers with melancholy concern.

The listener smiled, and, having thanked the old man, dismissed him.

It seemed rather courting danger to embark on such an expedition, but—and this weighed heavily—if Monug Tu could only be induced to accept terms it

would mean a good deal at headquarters, and the hurrying of his marriage with the dearest girl in all the world—an alluring prospect—but if Monug Tu did not—if he did not—no; he would not let his thoughts stray so.

By sunset the next day he had encamped his force in thick brushwood within fifteen miles march of the place of meeting, when, having given his sergeant every necessary instruction as to how to act in the event of his return being unnecessarily delayed, Danvers mounted his own pony, Trilby a country-bred from Calcutta and started full of hope, though a little lacking in courage, for the by no means pleasant appointment awaiting him, while the Burmans sat round the camp fire, their blankets on their heads, speculating dolefully as to what form his honour's transit to the next world would take.

It was a red and golden morning, such as one often sees at the beginning or close of the monsoon season; he could count on two hours of comparative cool before the heat grew insupportable. The path that led to Yania was a very beautiful one, with undulating stretches of country, green as an Alexandrite on either side, while in the soft distance rose a chain of hills crowned with pagodas, looking like blue shadows against the sky line. All was still, with that marvellous stillness of the jungle, except for the faint amorous whispering of the jungle grass; once or twice he passed a Burman carrying a creaking basket of pines and cucumbers, otherwise no one.

Gradually, the early mists lifted, the sun appeared, and the coolness melted as if by magic, leaving the world steeped in that wonderful eastern light that beggars words and laughs at painters.

The pony covered the ground like a bird in the wakening flush of what was already a scorching day.

As he neared the river, on the other side of which the Dacoit leader was encamped, Danvers wiped the perspiration from his face and hands and wished that his heart would not beat in his throat.

An abrupt turn in the road brought him within sight and sound of a small village, dropped down, as it were, by the

side of that beautiful river which rises—no one seems to know exactly where—in the great hills on the west.

In the dry season it would have been possible to have forded it, but the great rainfall of Lower Burmah succeeds in swelling the rivers to an almost incredible height, and Charlie Danvers made his way up the incline to the bridge that was built high above the grand turbulent stream.

The Mandalay train was due at eight o'clock. He looked at his watch; it had stopped.

He had been in such a state of nervous pre-occupation the night before that he had forgotten to wind it.

He paused for a moment, lit a cheroot, and glanced at the view—as he neared his journey's end he felt less and less inclined to hurry.

The broad gray river swirled along with furious haste, like a thing long imprisoned and mad with the joy of escape. Further down the stream was a broad sloping green bank overgrown with flowering creepers, in which orchids with lovely scentless blossoms flashed scarlet, mauve and yellow in the sunbeams—a collector would have gone frantic with impotent envy, for nature had planted them beyond the reach of man. Here and there the trees were divided by narrow creeks, that clearly marked the course of the river when in flood, while the bamboo and jungle scrub-covered country on the other side promised plenty of game to anyone in search of it.

The sun was growing very hot on Charlie Danvers' back; it seemed doubtful if the reception at Monug Tu's hands could be much warmer—he was halfway across the bridge; all was still, still as death, save for the eddying waters below; there was not a soul in sight; it seemed absurd to think that anyone should have troubled to construct a bridge in such a man-forgotten spot, a few bamboos slashed together ought to have answered as well.

But hark! What was that rushing noise that jarred so strangely on the immense silence? Two seconds later and out of dense clusters of trees beyond, as out of the entrance to some

cavernous depth, dashed in a sinuous black curve, the up train from Rangoon.

It was too late to turn back—it was impossible to go forward.

The pony reared backwards with a frightened neigh, the man's hand on the bridle shook like a dry leaf in a strong wind; his soul seemed frozen within him.

Swiftly, relentlessly as fate, the engine bore onwards, he could almost feel the hot breath of the steam; beside him was the low stone parapet, the seething river sang below; what could he do?

The sky had changed into one black mass; the earth seemed to heave beneath. For one breathless hideous moment he hesitated. There was one chance, and that so desperate that it seemed madness, but with a shrill, hoarse cry he took it, and urged the plunging, panic-stricken pony over the side. It was the work of fifty seconds—yet Danvers lived fifty years—he had a blind, wild feeling of being unable to shake himself free of the saddle, and a sensation of an endless falling—swift and straight into the yawning horror below—then the hot, submerging embrace of the river and a rapid drifting, he knew not where or whence—dimly he heard the rushing swiftness of a passing train, felt the desperate struggle—Death and he had met.

When he unclosed his eyes many hours later he was lying on a bed of rugs, hastily improvised in a big bare room with a tender, dark, tempestuous woman's face bending over him.

"You are better," she whispered, anxiously, "but you must not speak."

She wore Burmese dress and spoke broken English.

He did not answer but lay silent and stunned, sensible of nothing save the awful lifeless feeling in all his limbs.

And so he continued for many days—passively accepting everything but asking no question—though living over in many a dark valley of dreamland that awful moment when he and eternity had touched hands, while the queer confused noises in his brain of many rushing waters made him often think that he was dead, and that these sounds were

the passing of the feet of the living over the earth where he lay. But he was not dead, only partially paralysed. His whole mind and body seemed to be shattered and given to the winds.

He dared not shut his eyes for fear of the strange terrible scenes that his excited brain conjured up. So he would lie for hours together with wide open tired gaze, watching the small green lizards hunting flies on the white-washed walls.

Suddenly it struck him with painful horror that his followers would be by now beating the jungle in search of his supposed murderers; he confided this affrightening possibility to his host, with the result that his foolhardy expedition was speedily made known at headquarters, where, strange to relate, Monug Tu—fearing false play and preferring a pardon to capture—had reported himself and was being held in custody pending the solution of Danvers' disappearance, all knowledge of which the Burman vehemently denied.

This reassuring piece of intelligence gave the stricken man the one thing needful to restart him on the road back to health; so gradually, as the days went by, he grew better; reviving strength began to steal like new blood through his veins, and though he could not yet move without pain, he grew sensible of many things in his surroundings, his kind young nurse most of all.

The bungalow stood on a hill above the river and opened on to a large compound filled with strange, wonderful flowers, cool depths, and broad bands of light.

It was the house of a German paddy broker, named Schmidt, and the young girl, with the yellow brown eyes, was his half-caste daughter by a Burmese woman. It was to them that he had been brought when carried ashore by some hillmen who had been drifting down stream with teak logs to Maulmein.

Charlie Danvers—as yet too weak even to think—liked to lie and watch the curled palm branches silhouetted against the sky without, while the sun made shifting shadows through the shutters on the floor; he liked to see

the strange, quaint figure of his host's daughter flitting gracefully and silently through the large bare rooms. It seemed so absurd that she was called by so incongruous a name as Miss Schmidt. So the days passed and he gained strength slowly, until the civil surgeon pronounced him well enough to be moved on to the verandah, and then began those long talks in the drowsy noons between himself and Miss Schmidt, while her father counted his paddy baskets in the godowns, or bargained for the best prices with the big English firms in Rangoon.

Miss Schmidt sat sewing in a rocking-chair—her bare feet just touching the polished floor—while Danvers told her of Europe and the life of cities; spoke to her of England and of Germany, of books, of theatres, of all those things that go to make up a Western life, while the crows cawed feebly without and the punkah, an innovation for the patient's benefit, waved feebly to and fro. And she listened, this girl, in whom east and west were, strange to relate, delightfully blended—listened with beating heart and wondering eyes, being, however, if the truth must be told, far more interested in the man who spoke than in anything that he related, with the melancholy result that Charlie Danvers, who was without vanity of any kind, drew into his own keeping the dreamful innocent heart of Miss Schmidt.

He had not the slightest suspicion of it; such knowledge would have hurt him sorely. He does not even know it to this day.

When he was sufficiently recovered to hold a pen he wrote to the dearest girl in all the world, in which he said, amongst other things:—

"I release you, dear, from your promise—I am all to pieces—it is doubtful if I shall ever be really well again, though, all things considered, it was a miraculous escape—Trilby, with her four broken legs, undoubtedly saved me, and then went out on the flood to the sea. Nevertheless, dear heart, I am not and never can be worth any woman's thought, least of all yours."

When the letter had gone its long journey, he curbed his feverish impatience as to a possible answer, in the consolation to be derived from his host's gruff company or his daughter's pretty ways and words.

To her, unsophisticated in all things, and without any woman's companionship, Charlie Danvers seemed all her own—a gift from the river whom she had wooed back to life and love.

It was the night before Danvers' departure—he was to go to Mandalay by easy stages on the morrow. He was alone on the spacious untidy verandah; the sun was sinking downward in the green and gold warmth of the west—the air was warm and fragrant with the smell of rain-washed earth.

It seemed good just to live on such an evening.

He lay there, lazily musing, when one of his own orderlies was announced, he had ridden in from camp with a cable from England for His Honour.

Danvers tore the sulphur yellow envelope open with beating pulse.

It was very brief—it was from the dearest girl in all the world, and said:

"Will marry the pieces!"

The paper fluttered to the ground, a great joy filled his heart; then something clouded his sight and blotted out quite near things from view.

When a few minutes later Miss Schmidt joined him, she wondered at the paleness of his features, the brightness of his eyes, and said so.

Danvers, wrapped in happiness, told her all in a few trembling and somewhat incoherent sentences.

Miss Schmidt listened, there in the silence of the coming Eastern night, while the shadows darkened rapidly and the faint echo of a Burman singing in the distance only gave depth to the stillness.

When he had finished Miss Schmidt was silent, her heart beat somewhere away in an empty hollow, while over the dark glowing face a change had crept, intangible and nameless, but great as the transition from summer to winter on a landscape.

After a few moments she stroked his hand timidly.

"I am glad," she said, softly. He raised her pretty fingers and laid them against his lips, but they were quite cold. She drew hastily away, rearranged his pillow, and then saying, "I will come back," stole softly across the verandah into the house.

He leant back in his chair; he was

tired, but his lips smiled happily; he seemed to dream.

Miss Schmidt sought her father.

"I will wed with Mounge Pay," she said, abruptly.

Mounge Pay was a rich paddy broker at Yania.

"When?" asked old Schmidt, gruffly, secretly much pleased.

"When you will," was the answer.



FLIGHT

I SOOTHED a bird with a broken limb—
Why does a rose so sweetly smell?
 Brown plumes—and bright were the eyes of him;
 O heart, beat softer!
Thou canst not tell.

Safe in a bower he was set to rest—
What is the secret of beauty's spell?
 He was wooed to health in a swansdown nest—
 O sweet bird-singer!
Thou canst not tell.

The bird flew out through a door ajar—
Where flies the soul with the passing bell?
 High sounds his song at the evening star—
 O voice of freedom!
Thou canst not tell.

Perchance, why the rose has a scent so sweet—
 Where all sweet secrets of beauty dwell—
 When the soul goes up from its earth-retreat,
 Through a door left open—
The soul shall tell!

AUSTIN BLAKE,

A HOUSE OF SLEEP

SUDDENLY wide in the night awake—
Do you know what that means?—with a start
And a tremulous heart
In the dark of the night woke I:
Had a voice unknown of a day to break
Uttered some warning cry?
But the East was cold and the thin white fold
Of a light mist up to the windows rolled
And the leaves by the windows wept;
'Tis a mournful thing in a night so dead
To wake uncalled and with stealthy tread
And, the hushed breath backward kept,
From room to room in the curtained gloom
Pass, and from bed to bed.

They slept:
Some in their peace and some in their grace,
And other some with a haunted face
And a fevered head.
Once at a corridor's end I drew
To a sheeted figure which glided through
To the top of a stairway steep:
He carried a darkened lamp and passed:
There was none in the house that slept so fast
As he who walked in his sleep.

Over the stairs I peered and found,
With head to breast, by his lantern's side,
On the porter's bench was the porter bound,
I knew not whether in sleep or swound,
And heavy-eyed by the doorway wide
A drowsy page and a dreaming hound.

With none to challenge, I slipped the latch
And, passing under the streaming thatch,
I visited stable, and stall, and sty,
But I never came on an open eye,
For the roosting fowl that crowed unbidden
Slept with his beak in his plumage hidden.

Far and sad, in a world of reeds,
A shoal brook slipped through the marshy meads,
With no more sound than the dark lagoon,
Dead still, outstaring the dripping moon;
The moon on her side in the mist lay red—
Green leaves, but they stirred not overhead.

And seeing the swoon of the world outside
 Had more of sorrow and less of kin—
 Like the hush which falls when a ghost has cried—
 Than the torpid heart of the house within,
 My heart with its yearning drew me back,
 By the creaking stairway's winding track,
 To an upper room in the roof which faces
 East, with the sense of a hope subdued
 That a light may whiten the mist-filled spaces ;
 And sleep being out of my thoughts, I brood
 And watch, with a sense that they watch me too
 Who unseen are sitting the whole night through,
 Near, as it may be, though out of reach,
 Till the sleepers waken to life and speech
 At the end of the sorrowful spell.

And seeing that high in the belfry tower
 There hangs a listless bell,
 Some voice may bid me proclaim the hour :
 Whence in my comfortless mood I gain
 Some sense of a vigil not wholly vain.
 Shall I not, seeing the Rising Sun,
 Cry loud : It is Morning—when night is done ;
 If I fell at the end into slumber deep,
 I should call out such good news in my sleep.

S. R.



Society may be hollow, but its detractors will never succeed in forcing themselves inside it.



HER RETORT.

Blunderly (who has trodden on lady's dress): "Awfully sorry—hurrying to catch my train."

Fair Humorist : "Quite so, but there is no occasion for you to catch mine."



A great deal of scandal arises from the fact that people who do not hear what you tell them go about repeating it.

ARLOTTA GEESONS'

"SHEWBREAD"

By Ethel M. Goodman



MR. GEESON lived in Blue Gate Yard, one end of which leads into the front street of the Manor of Slepe and one end down to the river. Quite half the inhabitants of Slepe live in these little parallel lanes or yards, which connect the back street with the front street and the front street with the river. Here and there narrow passages run from one of these yards to another; in some, the river opening is blocked; some are cut off from the street by a great gate; all are paved with cobble stones, and each possesses a pump and several cats and a public opinion of its own.

The evilly disposed might call them all "slums," for they are all narrow, and most of them somewhat dark, but if you take the trouble to go to the river end, you may look across a broad stream to the great water-meadow and see not a house at all, but only a distant church spire and the sails of the Fensome windmill, and this only if your sight is good and the trees on the south side of the meadow are not too thick.

Everyone in Blue Gate Yard plants nasturtiums in front of his or her (generally her) house, and trains them up a string till they reach the bedroom windows; this makes the yard very gay in summer time. Next door but one to Mrs. Geeson lived Samuel Ambrick, a house painter, who tried his colours on his workshop door, and these broad splashes of red ochre and green and blue gave quite a Venetian note of colour to his side of the yard. Arlotta's

neighbour on the other side had a more imposing abode, which looked round a corner into the front street and gained in dignity thereby, for the front street is the principal thoroughfare of Slepe, a borough and market town of only 3,000 inhabitants. Anyone who came up the street and looked into Blue Gate Yard could see Widow Feakin's window curtains. It was living in public. The houses farther down the yard had, in contrast, the air of country places, where a graceful negligence is allowable and even fashionable.

Arlotta herself never gave in to negligence. She was eighty-five, and still immensely proud of her "fine head of hair," which was black and wavy, so young looking in fact that it might have been taken for a wig. Not that this would offend Mrs. Geeson, for a wig is, as everyone knows, expensive. To wear a wig would be even more distinguished for a woman "on the parish" than to have black curly hair at eighty-five.

The drawback of being on the parish in Arlotta Geeson's eyes was that she was obliged to live a life of comparative leisure, since she had been detected by the relieving officer "running errands" for her dinner, and threatened with withdrawal of her relief. She still "ran errands" for the love of it, but regretted the dinner.

Blue Gate Yard respected her, however, less for her head of hair and her activity than on account of her romance.

Forty years before, her "old man" had run away. He "hadn't been of much account" when he lived with her,

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and the neighbours expected that after the first shock she would get on better without him, and after the east country manner they told her so, when they paid their visits of condolence. "Your boys is brought up nice an' to be a credit," they told her, "an' they'll see as you don't want for nothing. He was a poor thing of a man, and you'll fare to feel better without him, once you're used to it."

Arlotta did not cry, neither did she discuss matters, but only said "Thank you kindly, I don't see much fear as he won't be home a' Sunday."

On Saturday she made him a plum-cake, that being one of his most harmless indulgences—a cake made with flour and dripping and currants and "a half a quarter of a pint of milk." But he did not come on Sunday to eat it, nor in the week following, but on the next Saturday she made another and ate the stale one herself.

Bitter bread, one would think, nevertheless, she made a cake for the runaway every Saturday for the next forty years, and every Sunday she began to eat the old one, "lest it might be a mossel stale such time as he come home." The neighbours, being Scripturally inclined, called it, "Widder Geeson's shew-bread."

As time went on her sons died, elderly and respected, but still labouring men, and were succeeded by their sons, who sometimes came in from the Fen villages to see their grandmother and bring her a present, but she would take no money from them, nor indeed had they any to spare.

When she was seventy-eight, she got out-door relief from the guardians—"temporary, till my husband comes back," she explained to the chairman.

"Where is he gone," one of the Board asked.

"I don't rightly know, Sir," said Arlotta, calmly. "He went out to get a pipe o' tobacco, and he didn't never come back. That was three-and-thirty years ago, come Michaelmas." She shook her head with its curly black locks.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," she went on, "he'll likely be home a' Saturday."

As a rule, the neighbours humoured her, and received any mention of the absent husband as though he were well known to them all, though as a matter of fact, few of them had ever seen him, and all believed him to be dead long since. But once a new minister, young, and anxious to reform the ways of the country church he had accepted, with almost the same ardour of self-sacrifice with which he would have obeyed a call to the mission field, insisted on having her name included in the list of aged and needy widows.

"Of course she was a widow," he insisted, "and would be all the better for the widow's dole." No one said much, but as it happened, he had to take the first instalment of the gift himself.

She received him effusively, as Huntingdonshire people reckon feeling, and he felt satisfied that the poor woman had waited for years for help which had been withheld on account of a fanciful idea that she liked to speak of her husband as still living. When he got up to go, he offered her the florin, which he had put ready in his waistcoat pocket.

"Don't give it to me," she said, "there's many poor things as 'll be glad enough of your money, as I'm in no want of, thank you, sir."

But when he explained that it was not his private charity but out of the widow's fund, the little old woman broke into such a scathing storm of indignation that he had neither words nor wit to make apology.

"Me a widow!" she cried. "Sir, I'm a respectable married woman."

That was all she said in words, but the young man felt some delicacy in visiting the aged poor for many a month to come, and on Sundays he avoided looking towards the corner pew where the tiny shawl-shrouded figure with its wrinkled face and keen curious dark eyes was always to be found.

He never knew that the widow's dole had been a sore temptation to Arlotta. Her grandsons had not been to Slepe for some time, and the parish pay was small. It is difficult to afford plum cake, even cake made with dripping, when one's income is 2s. 6d. a week with a loaf. If she had taken the money

she might have made a richer cake than usual, and somehow it was "borne in upon her" that the old man would come home that week. She soon forgave the minister, who, she reflected, was not a married man, and when he did marry next year she gave a penny towards a wedding present for him, and defended his bride (whom she had never seen) when some of the neighbours said she was flighty.

"It don't matter what them as don't know thinks," she declared. "Why, there's them as would ha' said as my old man wasn't a good husband."

Blue Gate Yard let the challenge pass: Arlotta Geeson could afford her one weakness, for she was the "real sensible woman" to whom they went for advice in all their difficulties. She was too old and too reasonable to resent the unanimity with which they ignored it. "My old man allus' went his own way, gain or ongain" she would say, "its men's nature and mostly women's. Or if they go the way you tell 'em, they're like the Bible man, as nipped up and said 'I ain't a goin,' just afore he went."

It was this large tolerance which made her so popular in Blue Gate, though she would have been more looked up to in her religious world if she had been "a mossel more strict." Intolerance of others' weaknesses is a form of virtue which appeals to the east country mind, not, however, because it is so easy, but so hard to practice. Generations of puritanism have hardened and embittered the creeds of Slepe, but not its inhabitants. There were only eleven houses in Blue Gate, but the inhabitants included a Churchman, a High-Calvinist, a "Cullemite," a Quaker, a Wesleyan, a Primitive Methodist, and a Baptist, who also was a railway man and conducted a mission. Every year these people grew more alike in character and ideals, and in action, and every year intensified their theoretical opposition. Fortunately the divergence only showed itself on Sundays and tea-meeting days. When Michaelmas came round again and Geeson had been away for 40 years, poor Arlotta's long deferred hopes began

to wane. She told Widow Feakins in a moment of despondency that she was "afeared as she'd never live while th' old man come back."

"You're quite down-hearted, Mrs. Geeson, my dear, said the cheerful widow. "You come and set along o' me and have your cup o' tea this afternoon."

But when the afternoon came Mrs. Geeson sent a message that she didn't "feel ekil to it, and would Mrs. Feakins be so kind to help to move her bed down into the front room."

"I'm agoin' to be took, my dear," she said, "Seemed to me this afternoon as my hair was goin' kind o' grey, onless so be as my glass were dim." Several of the neighbours offered to come and "set up" with Mrs. Geeson that night, but the old woman placidly refused.

"I shan't be took suddint, my dears," she explained. "I've said the sudden death prayer regler every time as it come in church, so it stands to reason as I shan't be took suddint."

However she consented to leave her door on the latch so that one of the neighbours could come and look after her in the early morning.

"Will you be frit with the door undone?" they asked, and she answered that "there was uncommon little to steal, and she hadn't no call to be frit. "She wasn't never nervous," Widow Feakins said, "I couldn't abear to hear that church clock chime, chiming all the hours and quarters, and the land-rails croaking in the medder and the wind blowin' up an' down the river, an' think as my front door were undone. Just the key turned makes all the difference."

The thought of poor Arlotta lying awake in her front room was so dismal to the widow that she got up as soon as it began to be light on Sunday morning, while the autumn mist still hung thick over the river and drifted across to the houses at the end of Blue Gate Yard.

Arlotta Geeson's door was ajar, and as Mrs. Feakins paused on the doorstep she could hear the loud deliberate tick of the front kitchen clock, and a loud regular sound of breathing, which reassured her. "She's asleep, poor dear,"

the widow thought. "Lord preserve us! can it be me as left the door on the jar, and me meaning to be so careful?"

As she laid her hand on the door, meaning to close it and go back to her bed, Mrs. Geeson called her from the room within.

"Come in," the old woman said; "come along in, and don't make no noise an' wake him. He's come back, my dear. It's Fred."

Arlotta was sitting up in bed, with the grey counterpane drawn up close under her chin, her nightcap hanging by its strings, and her black hair falling over her eyes, which shone with a triumph almost fierce in its intensity.

"He's havin' a good sleep," she said proudly. "He could'nt hardly speak to me, he's that worn out. I'm keeping awake so as to see when he wakes up. Come an' sit down, and don't make no noise."

In an armchair by the table lay a man asleep, a man evidently overwhelmed by the torpor which follows heavy drinking. His flushed face was turned towards the grey light of the little window, his arms lay along the table before him. Under one hand was a slice of Arlotta Geeson's cake, and powdery tobacco ashes smeared the deal table. The two women sat and gazed at him in the chilly morning twilight, one silent in her long anticipated triumph, the other tongue-tied in a numbing horror. For the man in the chair had the face of Fred Geeson, and Fred Geeson thirty years old still.

Arlotta moved herself painfully on her pillow to get a better view of the man's face.

"He ain't noways altered," she said. "He were allus ten years younger nor me, and now he looks 40 year better."

The neighbour nodded, trying to conquer her unwillingness to look towards the figure at the table.

If Fred Geeson were alive he would be forty years older than this. If not?—she preferred to think no more of that alternative.

"You pull the blind a mite further," Arlotta whispered, when it seemed to the other old woman that they had been waiting hours. "He's havin' a beautiful sleep."

Arlotta sat crouched on her bed with her face turned to the man and her black eyes searching his features, and the silence grew and grew till, to the other terrified watcher, it seemed that she had been twenty years dead and beyond kindly mortal aid, sitting in the grey gusty twilight with the dying woman and the horrible drunken man, or ghost of a man. And when the sick woman prayed aloud in thankfulness, it was almost more terrible than the silence.

A little before seven o'clock Arlotta was roused by the neighbours moving in the yard, and spoke to the widow.

"You're all of a trimble," she said, "and I declare you ain't nigh upon dressed. Go you home and get your breakfast, and tell the neighbours as my husband has come home. He'll wake a'most d'reckly now. Him an' me have a good deal to say, so you needn't trouble to come and get my breakfast. He'll see to me now he's come. It's a blessin' as the cakes' hardly more'n two days old."

The drunken man in the chair made a movement in his sleep as Mrs. Feakins crept cautiously towards the door, and the old woman in the bed smiled exultingly.

"Quick, quick," she whispered, "you'll wake Fred."

When the neighbours had heard widow Feakin's story, there was debate as to what could be done. But no one of the multitude of counsellors would lift the latch of Arlotta's door.

Later, when the sun was well up, someone more ingenious than the rest fetched the doctor.

All the women in Blue Gate stood in their doorways, listening, when the doctor went in.

Arlotta Geeson was dead on her bed, triumphant in that she had her heart's desire, and the man was still snoring with his arms on the worm-eaten deal table.

"How'd I come here?" he said, when the doctor woke him roughly. "Why I opened the door and walked in. Any fool would guess that."

He laughed weakly at his own humour,

"What's your name?" the doctor asked, glancing over his shoulder at the neighbours who had taken courage and crowded round the door.

"George Geeson," he answered. "Seems as my father run away from the old gal, and married again. When I was a boy he told me to try and find th' old gal and kind of 'poligize, so as he could die easy. He died 'thout any trouble, he did."

The man picked up his pipe and knocked out the remainder of the ashes, then went on slowly with his explanation.

"I'd remembered the gal's name, and bein' round these parts I thought as I'd give her a call, and see if she'd do anything for me. I hear'd tell from him as she was a good un to save."

"When did you come?" the doctor asked.

"T'aint no matter," said the man sulkily, "last night sometime. The old woman seemed uncommon glad to see me, but she only gave me a bit o' cake, same as if I was a baby." The neighbours turned to look at the dead woman on the bed, and the man stood up unsteadily and glanced in the same direction.

"Old lady seemed a bit dotty," he suggested. "She's dead," the doctor said sharply. "Get out of this, you scoundrel."

"I'm as good as any bloomin' saw-bones, anyday," grumbled the man, as he stumbled through the little crowd at the door.

Be that as it may, this son of the woman who supplanted her brought Arlotta her heart's desire.



IN CONSUMMATION

WISE is the heart that loves but wiser that which restrains,
Not, having counted the cost, preferring the ease to the pains,
But because of the great true gifts which are never received or given,
An aching void being under love and over an aching heaven.

Wise are the lips which have learned how long may lengthen the lip's caress,
But wiser they who longing lips can chasten and repress;
For that which the mouth would kiss and the loving arms embrace,
Has never been given to lips or arms in the world of time and space.

Wise, therefore, wise above all is he who does not swerve aside,
But knows to his greatest need on earth is service of earth denied;
And the least things asking of flesh and blood and less than the least of rest,
Goes on desiring the greater things and disdaining the second best.

After much conquest and toil, no doubt, but high in his starry tracks,
Shall the greater ministers come to him, burning the sacred flax;
Saying, so passes the world and so its glory away;
But the One End followed unflinching cries: At this last, I can repay.

ALFRED B. EARLE.

FLOW-TIDE

A SEASCAPE.

THE tide runs in with light aglow,
 Across the links the sea winds blow,
 The pendant weeds swing to and fro,
 Where from the crags they hang;
 And floating up the stranded skiffs,
 Full musically on the cliffs,
 The beaded breakers clang.

Each rocky hollow, bubbling, fills,
 Cup-like, and foaming, overfills,
 In channelled coves, like tiny rills,
 The waters flow in-shore,
 And stir the crinkled sands and lave
 The stones that, like mosaics, pave
 The cavern's shining floor.

The circling puffins dip and call;
 Like elf-locks by the grey sea-wall,
 The shaggy mosses rise and fall
 Upon the humming tide;
 And slowly from the harbour mouth
 The brown-sailed fishers, heading south,
 In quaint procession glide.

And when the tidal march is o'er,
 And high the brimming waters pour,
 The foam-wreaths clustered on the shore
 Like giant opals seem;
 The idle hulk its mooring strains,
 Its rotting ropes and rusty chains
 With wat'ry tints a gleam.

DAVID GOW.



Boastful Editor: "We always give the latest intelligence."

Cynical Friend: "Yes, the other papers do seem to get it earlier than you do."



AND DIAN'S KISS

COME, let us pledge the heart's nobler life,
 Thrusting the past behind with all it holds
 Of fair or dark! Come, take with stalwart front
 The future! Thither to the mountain heights—
 We yet shall meet Diana the divine,
 Standing serene in some uplifted place
 On which the stars shed influence, whereon
 Do moon and sun concur.

DELTA.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH—AND SOME OTHERS.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON POPULARITY IN LETTERS.



ATHEN, after some hours on the open road, we reached the Mecca of our pilgrimage, the shadows of an October twilight had enswathed the slopes of Box Hill; it rose up before us, a forbidding mass of sombre green. Footsore and an-hungered, we felt ill-inclined to adventure the ascent, albeit the lamp of Jupiter, hanging low on the summit in an opaline sky, seemed to beckon us upward.

We lingered awhile by the slowly-darkening woodland that fringes the hill, and fell to wondering what shadowy beings might even yet people it—beings called into existence by the wand of the Master, whose cottage was hard by. Here the divine Clara Middleton might have snatched with the poor scholar, Vernon, a few sweet moments' respite from the insistent wooing of Sir Willoughby. Blended with the rustling of the foliage and the dying twitter of the birds, our ears half caught the ripple of the stream, by whose banks a mischievous Eros played havoc with the hearts of Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough. Other fairy figures were materialising among the trees, when, as we turned, our eyes were cheered with a shaft of glowing light shining through a red blind. A tavern window threw out its invitation, and the lamp of Jupiter beckoned no more.

We entered and ordered tea, and found our hostess young and comely, and inclined to hospitable chatter. She had no need to tell us that she was a stranger within the village gates. Her

views smacked of the town, whence she had been but lately expatriated. She had a proper contempt for the bovine sloth of the villagers; and deplored in one breath the exclusiveness of the local gentry and the absence of a middle-class leaven.

"The great folk are all so high and mighty in their notions," she said; "they won't speak to you unless you can show your pedigree. And it must be a pretty long pedigree even then."

"Come," I ventured, "they're not all so bad as that. Mr. Meredith, I'm sure—"

Her eyes did not kindle at the name. "You mean the old gentleman with the white hair at the cottage opposite, who's been away for his health?"

I nodded.

"He's back again now," she said. "He passed here in his carriage the other day."

I suppose I showed something of the interest I felt, for she went on,—

"We don't know much about him. Oh, yes, I'm told he writes stories, but I haven't read any of them. For all that I'm fond of novels. I think 'Rita's' really fine."

"She has a very good name," I said.

"But don't you think 'The Sinner' fell off a little towards the end?"

I confessed I couldn't tell.

"You don't read 'Rita'?" she asked in surprise. "Perhaps you like Marie Corelli better?"

"I have read some of Miss Corelli's books," I returned.

Her eyes brightened with enthusiasm. "And don't you think 'The Sorrows of

Satan' simply grand? If I've read it once, I've read it a dozen times. I've read 'Thelma' and 'Vendetta' too, but"—with what fervour she spoke!—"The Sorrows of Satan' beats them all. Don't you think so?"

While I was considering the point, my friend, whose youth perhaps excuses his unrestrained devotion and his ignorance of the value of literary reservation, exclaimed,

"But, madam, — 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel!'"

Our comely hostess's enthusiasm at once died down. "I haven't read it," she said. "Is that her latest?"

"*Her* latest!" I exclaimed breathlessly; "why, it's a book written by your neighbour across the way."

"Mr. Meredith, indeed!" Obviously, she was disinclined to take him seriously as a novelist. From her

point of view he was simply "an old gentleman with white hair," who passed in his carriage sometimes, and held a nondescript sort of position midway between the local "gentry" and the villagers. From this standpoint her next remark was quite pertinent:

"He's not a rich man, is he?" she asked. "The cottage is quite small."

I shook my head, and presently we stepped out into the shadows. The black mass of the hill was now barely to be distinguished. As we walked towards the lights of Dorking, I reflected on the narrow limits of literary fame, as well as the scant honour which the prophet finds in his own country.

I am quite prepared, when I visit the Casterbridge of those incomparable Wessex novels to find Mr. Guy Boothby installed as prime favourite with its worthy citizens.

F. J. C.



AND SO ONWARD

THOUGH all our days the spirit and the flesh
 Maintain their strife within us, our life's star
 Illumines still the intellectual air,
 Strength, beauty, brilliance gathering as it mounts,
 Till slowly upward soars man's nobler self
 To meet it, issuing from strife of sense
 Towards calmer zones, to zeniths of the mind
 Aspiring. Necessary helps vouchsafed
 Our weakness strengthen—most, O mighty sea,
 Thy vastness and thy voices, strength with strength
 Enduing! and ye too, ye lonely roads,
 Ye thickets only by the fox and bird
 Frequented, and ye populous human haunts—
 One whole gigantic heart throbbing with life—
 Ye also help in your own high degree!

E. T. SEARLE.

A PROCESSION OF PARSONS

By Dr. Maurice Davies

Author of "Unorthodox London."



HAD for a long time been considering how I could best palm off upon an unsuspecting public something in the shape of an autobiography.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when I was shaving the edges of three-score, I actually filled three stout volumes with "The Autobiography of an April Fool," for my nativity fell upon the April Kalends early in the last century. But that narrative was far too straightforward. Who, it would naturally have been asked, was I, or what was my father's house, that I should aspire to the honours of an autobiography?

Then there occurred the idea of a course of sermons addressed to myself, embodying surreptitiously the events of my life under the title of "Hieregoism," meaning by that coined word "Sacred Remarks to Self;" but again I felt sure some ruthless critic would read it as "Higher Egoism," and I did not want to seem egoistic but altruistic. I had just then been dabbling in Positivism, and sitting under my former school-fellow, Frederic Harrison. "Altruistic!" That nice long, comforting word, which had the additional advantage of not being generally intelligible, should be the keynote of my impersonal autobiography; and who so fit to mark the miles of my somewhat protracted course as those potent, grave, and reverend signiors with whom I had from time to time been brought into contact? A literary paper once expressed surprise as to how it came about that the English clergy, having such exceptional advantages, were, as a rule, so "fatally uninterest-

ing." I have not found them so. I have found them extremely amusing, especially since that epoch, now long past, when, as Special Commissioner of a journal with the "largest circulation in the world," I had made it my business to chronicle their sayings and doings. So, then, I resolved to make my reverend brethren milestones, as it were, along my road of life, with the double purpose of amusing my readers with their peculiarities, and at the same time gently insinuating a remark, every now and again, about my noble self.

It is at once an auspicious omen, and an illustration of my twofold method, when it so falls out that my narrative begins with a bishop. I was born in that most ecclesiastical of English cities, Wells, in Somersetshire, and at the time when I was spending my boyish years in that serene retreat, Bishop Law presided over the joint dioceses of Bath and Wells. Overhanging the little city is a picturesque and almost precipitous slope called Dulcot Hill. Down that slope it was my boyish pride to run at full speed; and one day, as I was doing so, I almost ran over that right reverend father in God, Bishop Law, who was making the descent in a very different fashion. He had sent his carriage round the hill, resolved to make the journey on foot; but he was bad on his feet. He found it too steep, and was descending the face of the hill in an undignified and by no means episcopal fashion. He was, in fact, seated on the ground, and so sliding down slowly, to the peril of his right reverend cassock. As I sped past him like the wind, he

shouted, "Hi, boy!" I stopped as quickly as my impetus would allow me, and faced his lordship. "How do you do it?" he asked. "Do what?" I replied. "Why, run down this exceedingly difficult hill." I vouchsafed no further reply; but, with a glance of infinite scorn, sped on my course, and left my right reverend interrogator to get on as best he could. He was, in fact, "left sitting." I have often wondered whether that first interview with a bishop coloured at all my views of the episcopal bench at later periods of my life.

In due course of time I went to King's College School, the motto of which establishment is "Sanctè et Sapienter," though I do not know that I displayed any special signs either of sanctity or of sapience. All that ever I learned had been from the Rev. Thomas Groser, who was not a regular parson at all, but the "Angel" of the Irvingite Church in Wells, and afterwards a shining light at Henry Drummond's big Cathedral in Gordon Square. He was frequently offered Anglican orders, but always declined. From him I passed to the tutelage of Rev. Dr. Major, at King's College; and here I had for my school-fellows, besides Frederick Harrison, above-mentioned, Millais, Liddon, and many others who afterwards attained name and fame; but perhaps the one who made the greatest impression on me was Alfred Barry, who afterwards became, for a brief season, Bishop of Sydney. Barry was a class in advance of me, and always an object of wonderment from the fact that he did not seem in the least like a boy. He was more like an old man in juvenile habiliments; and I have often wondered what the good people of Sydney thought of him. His connection with them was brief, and a degree of mystery hangs about it. He has been Bishop, or Assistant Bishop, in all sorts of places since; but he has always seemed to me exactly the same as when he was a sort of cynosure to me in the Upper Sixth at King's College. He was, in fact, the embryo bishop even then. Anybody who had read Calverley's inter-

esting autobiography, or is otherwise acquainted with the history of Oxford at the period over which it ranges, will have heard about Dr. Jenkyns, the pompous Master of Balliol. He was my next milestone. He was Dean of Wells, and must have been struck either by my sanctity or my sapience, for in my case he threw aside his hauteur and took me under his special patronage. I had made the mistake of taking my name off the books at Wadham College, Oxford, where I had entered, and going to Durham. The Dean's brother was Professor of Divinity at that infantile Academe, and through the diaconal introduction I got a Foundation Scholarship at Durham. But not only so, I used to be invited—goodness knows why—to dinner at the Deanery on frequent occasions, and the pompous Master of Balliol would spend long evenings reading the Nicomachean Ethics with a spud of a Durham undergrad. What would Calverley have said to this? What could the numerous clergy of the cathedral have thought of it? Many of them would have given their dignified boots to have been privileged as I was. Whatever my earliest impressions of bishops might have been, those connected with deans have been considerably modified by my early experiences of Dr. Jenkyns of Balliol.

Then I landed upon a series of archdeacons. Then it came to taking orders. I naturally gravitated to the diocese of Bath and Wells, and here the bishop's examining chaplain was the redoubtable George Anthony Denison. I shall never forget the half-hour's private interview I had with the Archdeacon when the examination was over and we were being sent off to be ordained by Letters Dimissory at the hands of the equally celebrated Henry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. My curacy was in the Archdeaconry of Taunton, over which George Anthony presided, and my rector was one of the regular Somersetshire "Squarsons," or squire-parsons. The custom had always been to make a regular jollification of the archidiaconal Visitation; but when George Anthony became Archdeacon he changed all that, substituting, for the usual hotel dinner,

a mild luncheon, preceded by administration of the Communion. Against this the Squarsons rebelled, and with one consent refrained from attending the Visitation. We curates went; and I shall never forget the Archdeacon's fulminations when he became aware of the Squarsons' reasons for absence. He declined to deliver his charge, adjourned the Visitation, declaring he would compel the attendance of the refractory rectors, and asking us, if convenient, to attend the adjourned gathering. This occurred at Stogumber, where the celebrated "Stomachic Ale" was brewed, and we had a pleasant evening at the house of Mr. George Elers, the proprietor of that beverage. On the day of the adjourned Visitation it rained cats and dogs, and we curates availed ourselves of the Archdeacon's permission to remain at home. The Squarsons had to sit like a lot of drowned rats and listen to the charge; not only so, but they had been cited as "contumacious" by a document posted on their respective church doors, from which citation our names were conspicuous by absence.

Passing over an interval of many years, as the exigencies of space compel, we come to another archidiaconal "milestone" in the person of the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, under whom I served for several years as curate in the Old Court Suburb at Kensington, in conjunction with the head mastership of a large private school over which I presided in the immediate neighbourhood. The duties of an Archdeacon have been imperfectly defined as the discharge of archidiaconal functions; but the Venerable John, as we used to term him for the sake of brevity, added the parochial functions of that important parish, St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, which necessitated the employment of a large staff of curates, amongst whom I was a sort of "odd man," being employed as preacher only in the different churches of the parish. Archdeacon Sinclair was one of the "old school," now almost as extinct as the dodo, and his sermons were of the fine old, dry, crusty sort. I remember dining one day in Palace Gardens, and sitting next yet another Archdeacon, whose parochial benefice

closely adjoined the Old Court Schools, namely, Archdeacon Hessey. I happened to mention that the Venerable John had preached at the parish church on the previous Sunday, and had given us a very good sermon. "I wonder if I know it," said Archdeacon Hessey, "what was the text?" I told him; and he rejoined: "Ah, yes, I know that sermon. It is a very good one." I could not help mentally paraphrasing a common remark, and saying to myself, "How these Archdeacons love one another!" My work at Kensington came to an abrupt end through my meeting with a severe accident. The Archdeacon wrote a sympathetic letter, hoping I should soon be restored to my duties; but when I was restored, I found the duties had been transferred to some one else. I afterwards became intimately acquainted with my successor, who was not altogether a success; and on comparison of dates, I found that arrangements had already been begun with him at the date of the sympathetic letter abovementioned. But I worked for several years at another church in the same parish as Sunday evening lecturer.

Soon after this my journalistic work began, but still without removing me out of range of my clerical milestones. In the year 1869 I had written a series of articles for the *Daily News* on the Anglican Mission of that year. This gave me the idea of doing a series of descriptive articles on the prominent clergy, which I carried out in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. I began with the Dissenters, and entitled the articles "Unorthodox London." I have some of them before me still in their original form, subscribed "By our Special Commissioner." They took well, and were soon published in book form, the *Saturday Review* being especially loud in their praises, until I went on from "Unorthodox" to "Orthodox London," when the tone of that particular organ changed considerably, though the *Spectator* and other journals thought the orthodox milestones even more interesting than the unorthodox.

The compilation of those articles of course brought me into contact with any

number of irregular "milestones." I remember, for instance, a "delectable day" which I spent with Mr. Spurgeon, when I was about to chronicle his sayings and doings. We went round his different institutions in his brougham, the pocket of which he had filled with cigars, and we smoked *in transitu*. As we were entering the Tabernacle I was going to throw away my cigar, but he prevented me, so into the sacred edifice we went puffing gaily away, and I even carried my cigar with me into the pulpit, from which I delivered a brief address to the Pastor, in order that he might judge the acoustic powers of the building. Here too—in that very pulpit—I fraternised with one whose name has been a household word in Australia, the Rev. Henry Varley, formerly a butcher in Notting Hill, and afterwards Pastor of the Tabernacle in Norland Square. Mr. Varley used to hold a Butchers' Meeting every year at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and, on one of these occasions, Spurgeon, Varley and myself—why I was invited I cannot guess—went into the capacious pulpit from which Varley was to deliver the address. It was, of course, full of anecdotes and stories, and every now and again Spurgeon would whisper to me, "Listen, that's one of my stories; but he doesn't know how to tell it properly." Only a few years since, after his long and successful campaign in Australia, the Rev. Henry Varley came to the London suburb in which I now reside, and on meeting me casually in the street recognised me at once and recalled our triple occupancy of the pulpit in the Newington Tabernacle.

Such, too, was the case with Ned Wright, the converted burglar, who was another of my clerical milestones, though I do not think he ever assumed the title of "reverend." Quite recently I was passing the Junction Arms, on the canal near Willesden, where Ned was addressing a congregation of bargees. As he saw me passing, he actually stopped his harangue and came down from his pedestal to give me greeting. Years ago—more than I care to count—I used to attend his Thieves' Suppers; and once my presence so

alarmed his sensitive audience, that they began to decamp, thinking I was a plain-clothes officer, or a detective; so much so, that Ned made me go up into the pulpit and assure them that I was not a policeman. Then they stayed. And Ned remembered that incident after all those years.

At the other ecclesiastical extreme, I had some experiences with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. With Cardinal Manning I had some specially interesting ones. He did me the honour to say that I—as "Special Commissioner of the *D. T.*"—was the only journalist he knew who took the trouble to find out the proper titles of Catholic dignitaries, ceremonies, &c., and to use them in my descriptions. My first introduction to the Cardinal was at the reception of a nun at St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond Street. One of the "Sisters" had been showing me over the Children's Hospital, and, as we came down stairs, we met the Cardinal bounding up like a kitten. The Sister knelt to receive his blessing, and no doubt informed his Eminence that I represented the largest circulation in the World, whereupon he begged me to return with him to the children's ward. "Let's pull them out of bed and have a romp with them," he said; and we did. I visited him frequently at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, and once in the course of conversation, I told him he could not, or did not, preach so well since he had been in the Catholic church—as when he was *our* Archdeacon Manning. He asked me why I thought so, and I told him because he now preached controversial instead of emotional sermons. I named one special volume, his "Sermons from Advent to Trinity," which I have always considered models of English style. "Aha!" he said, rubbing his skinny hands, "but you can't get that volume; I have suppressed it." I told him I did not want to get it. "Why?" he naturally asked. "Why, because I know my favourite bits by heart," and I proved my words by quoting *memoriter* long passages from "The Sleep of the Faithful Departed." He was dumbfounded, of course, and forthwith began taking down volume

after volume of his Catholic sermons, in which he wrote my name, carefully putting "The Reverend," and all with the object of proving that he could preach as well as he did when he was one of my favourite Archdeacons.

All this time, while chronicling unorthodoxy in its various forms, I had managed to keep fairly orthodox myself, though some of my weaker brethren considered me "a dangerous man" for even looking beyond the pale of the Church of England as by law established. Now, however, thirty years after receiving the imposition of hands from Henry of Exeter, in the year of the great exhibition of 1851, I put the *coup de grace* on my enormities by accepting the licence of Bishop Colenso to officiate in a South African Cathedral in conjunction with the Head Master-ship of a Colonial Grammar School.

That was the finish. Crockford erased my name forthwith "*mero motu*" as the editorial preface put it. The Privy Council and Lord Romilly had severally given judgment to the effect that Bishop Colenso was still, despite his novel departures, Bishop of Natal. But not so thought Crockford. Out I went and officiated for three years beneath the Southern Cross, when Bishop Colenso died and Othello's occupation was gone. But even there, as if to give an additional proof of the world's smallness, I made the acquaintance of Cardinal Moran, who was at that time in Cape Colony, and whose name is so prominent in Australian Ecclesiastical annals.

On my outward passage I interviewed the fallen Zulu king, Cetewayo, in his retirement; and the effect produced upon him by the mere mention of Colenso's name was really quite touching. He gave that deep guttural exclamation which only a Kaffir *can* give; and spoke of the Bishop as "Sobantu—Father of my People!" On my return I scarcely thought it likely I should have any more clerical milestones by which to direct my course, so I took work in Fleet Street again.

Only a few clerics were bold enough to fraternise with a Colensoite parson; and, strangely enough, one of these was again an Archdeacon. After doing some

rural work with this dignitary, I applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury to ascertain my actual position; and his Grace stipulated that I should serve for a year without licence; "if," he added, "you can find any clergyman willing to accept you." Clearly the Archbishop did not think I could. Perhaps—the thought crossed my unorthodox mind—he hoped I should not. But I did. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed after the receipt of the archiepiscopal ultimatum, I was able to announce that the Rev. Dr. Lee, of Lambeth—in the very same parish as the Archbishop's Palace!—was, like the historic Mr. Barkis, "willin'." This necessitated a ticket of "leave to officiate" from the Bishop of Rochester; and when I applied for that document, his lordship (Dr. Thorold) said, "Didn't you write a lot of books making fun of the bishops?" Then I saw the meaning of it all. The offence was, not that I had held Bishop Colenso's licence, but that I had written "Orthodox London." It was the old grievance of the *Saturday Review*. So long as I only "made fun" of Dissenters I was all right; but when I applied the same method to Anglican bishops and parsons, it was all wrong. Of course, I explained that I made fun of nobody. My instructions were to describe without expressing an opinion. If the bishop came out "funny," I was no more responsible for that result than the photographer is for the personal appearance of his sitters. Dr. F. G. Lee was one of the Highest of High Churchmen, but we worked in perfect harmony together, and our pleasant association was only broken off by an innocent *faux pas* on my part. There was little to do at the church in the New Cut, so I accepted an invitation from the Rev. H. R. Haweis, to preach a sermon to Socialists at St. James's, Marylebone. It was well advertised, and several papers reported the sermon. The *Echo*, in particular, had a long, gushing paragraph congratulating me on my return to active clerical duty. That was the finishing stroke. I was reminded that I had violated my contract, whereby I tacitly engaged to confine my work to

All Saints', Lambeth, for the year. That work must, therefore, cease. It did. I was, no doubt, technically wrong; but the whole business was such a red-tape affair that I resolved to make no further effort. Dr. Lee and the Rev. H. R. Haweis, therefore, were the last two clerical milestones, unless, indeed, we include Ned Wright and Mr. Varley, the Australian Apostle, who come last in chronological order, though I have named them earlier in my narrative.

Two years ago I celebrated my clerical jubilee, but without any drums or trumpets; and in what the Archbishop of York tenderly terms my "isolation," I sometimes think I have come near to realising the truth of the old satirist's remark when he observed how pleasant it is to stand on the sea-shore and watch the wind and waves at strife on the troubled waters.

Anyhow, these are my processional parsons—some of them. I could have added largely to their number, of course; but those, I feel, were representative men to some extent. There is a sort of fitness of things in the bare fact that I begin and end with a bishop; for it is now an open secret that Dr. F. G. Lee, of Lambeth, who was only folded in the Roman Church at last, had been

for many years one of the three prelates consecrated under the auspices of the "Order of Corporate Reunion." The history of that consecration is edifying, and may well serve as our final tableau. As the consecration of a bishop in another's diocese would have been irregular, these "corporate" prelates were taken out to sea in a boat and there received imposition of hands from a bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, an Old Catholic, and a Greek Archimandrite, thereby assuring the "succession" through one channel or the other, the Anglican, the Roman, or the Orthodox Eastern Church. It seemed rather like playing at bishops; but so it was, and it is, perhaps, a significant comment on the so-called "crisis" in the Church, that, at the very last, when the play is over and things show themselves at their real value, this unquestionably strong-minded ecclesiastic saw whither his erratic footsteps had been leading him, and took the only logical course open to him. Anyhow, as I said, there they are, my processional parsons, beginning and ending with a bishop, and ranging over pretty well every variety of shape and colour in this kaleidoscopic Establishment of ours.



SHE HAD REJECTED HIM.

The Friend: "Been to see Mary Vandeleur, eh? What an awfully correct girl she is."

The Blighted Lover: "Correct be hanged! She's just made the greatest mistake of her life."

THREE SONNETS

(ADDRESSED TO ALL SECTS)

I.

You speak to me of Hope! Aye, be it so!
 Hope is the world to every soul, you say;
 The golden strength that looks beyond decay;
 The full meridian and the after-glow.
 When to the fainting senses ebb and flow
 The old mortalities, and night and day
 Bear on alternate tides our joys away,
 Hope lights with lovely life an empty show.

The dank cold sweat of nature underground,
 The travail of the eyeless things that grope
 Those tunnelled regions out of sight and sound,
 What more than these are we for whom they wait?
 We, who shall lie with them in carrion State
 Their equals at the last? We hope—we hope!

II.

Because your little light is all-supreme,
 And darkness holds for you not any fear—
 Seeing the mysteries are all made clear!—
 You think to throne your soul above the gleam
 Of that dear distant dawn of which I dream
 When life treads full and free, and love draws near;
 And, when I question aught, the easy sneer
 Grows less a habit than the thing you seem.

You do but preach your gift, and one by one
 Are shamed the secrets of Eternal Law!
 You point an orbit and the course is run!
 Your smile does service for the Ancient Awe!
 You thread the flaming planets on a straw,
 And hurl your fitful torch against the sun.

III.

'Tis not alone that I would have you leave
 The faith, the hope, the light,—so they but lend
 A sweeter fragrance to the paths you wend,
 And comfort when the joys of life deceive.
 Perchance, when most I falter, you achieve
 An upward step that makes less sad the end;
 'Tis well so! Let your silence best defend
 That heaven I lose, and may not now retrieve.

But since I share with you the higher need,
 Why then should vulgar jealousies of creed
 Estrange our fellowship or mar the bond?
 Though from sweet dreams of alien bliss men shape
 A shelter for their longing, none escape
 Death—and the naked truth that waits beyond.

FERDINAND E. KAPPEY.

THE WAKING YEAR

THE land is a-flush with Spring,
The tide runs high in the bay,
The winds have a clarion ring,
And the billows a shining ray.

Merrily rocks the boat,
The bell-buoy tosses and twirls,
And the bubbles that shoreward float
Are as full of colour as pearls.

All the hues of the prism they show—
The glitter of scarlet dyes,
The orange of sunset glow,
And the purple of morning skies.

The sands are a silver sheet
And the waves a revel of light,
Where motion and music meet,
And colour and form unite.

From the cliff, with its snow-white steeps,
The grass in the gale swings free;
The sea in the sunlight leaps
And the great clouds dip to the sea.

Far distant from cape to cape,
Hang's the smoke of a steamer's trail,
Like the genie's vaporous shape
In the old Arabian tale.

And ev'n as the waves that swing
And swirl on the shining sand,
The billowy life of the Spring
Rolls over the sunlit land.

W. H. BENSON.



One of the deplorable things about modern civilisation is the way in which vulgar falsehoods are supplanting the ancient and picturesque lies which we all worship.



LE MOYEN DE PARVENIR

STRAIGHT as the path which leads at some far point
To the large issues of the narrow gate,
Be thy life shaped in all its ways and aims!

A SYMPATHETIC WOMAN

By the Author of "Told on the Pagoda" and "Under Eastern Skies"

SCENE I.



RS. MORNINGTON and Mrs. Harbord sat in the cool shuttered writing room of the former's bungalow at Kokine.

They were great friends; they had been friends for two whole months!

Nina Mornington was young, foolish and confiding, being at that stage in a woman's career when she still believes in her own sex.

Mrs. Harbord was older and considerably wiser, not good looking, but possessed of the popular temperament; with a gay smile and gracious manners, and a tart tongue; she was shifting as a sandhill and shallow as a teaspoon; she read little, reflected never, and in her opinion nothing mattered very much so long as you were not found out.

"You seem worried, child," she was saying softly, regarding her hostess with well assumed anxiety. "What is it? Confide in me; perhaps I can be of use."

"Oh! never mind, it doesn't matter," was the reply; "let us talk of something else." The speaker did her best to appear indifferent.

"Child, don't tell fibs; I know something is vexing you, what is it?" And Eleanor Harbord earnestly scanned Mrs. Mornington's pretty face for information. Nina Mornington blushed and hesitated, and then said impulsively, "You are right, I am worried, but oh! Eleanor, if I tell you what is breaking my heart, will you promise to keep it secret? I should so hate to think that anyone here ever knew."

Mrs. Harbord looked everything that the occasion demanded as she answered, "My dear, if I promise you, you may

certainly trust me; I don't break my word!"

Thus encouraged, Nina Mornington moved nearer to her friend's chair. "It is about Hugh," she began, "he is so changed; he does not seem to care for me any more—he, who used to care so much, he, who used to think the world of me!"—she paused, her lip quivered a little. "I don't know what to think, I am not conscious of any difference in myself; and yet it has come to this between us, that he hardly ever speaks to me, beyond just a careless greeting or so, and if I want him to drive or ride, he makes excuses or pleads previous engagements. Then he is always out at the 'Gym' or the mess, or the Pegu; he is out again to-night, he says it is a Freemasons' Meeting—they seem to be always holding meetings." The ghost of a smile dawned and died away in the listener's eyes. "Still I don't think, no indeed, I am sure that he would never deceive me; he has such a horror of deceit in any one, he always says so; and yet I feel so perplexed, so unhappy; indifference is such a remorseless thing to face, it slays all hope."

Mrs. Mornington's sight clouded, and she played nervously with the handkerchief in her hand.

"I am so sorry dear, so very sorry, but perhaps after all you may be mistaken, or at least your fears possibly make you magnify trifles."

The speaker's voice expressed deep concern. Mrs. Harbord had the somewhat rare gift of distilling triple essence of sympathy on the surrounding atmosphere. Nina Mornington always said, and does still, that she is the most sympathetic woman in all Burmah.

"Men are changeable, dear; we wives have much to pain us; only dignity keeps us silent so often. After marriage

D

husbands frequently appear indifferent, though it does not always follow that it is because they no longer care; in matrimony people are forced to see far too much of each other from the start, and then the reaction sets in. You must only be patient, little woman, and forbearing; be as cheerful as possible in your manner, and wear your best and most becoming gowns, though indeed you always look charming whenever one sees you."

How delightful the smile that accompanied this, how sincere the tone, how comforting the pressure of the soft hand! Eleanor Harbord had particularly nice hands.

"Personally," she resumed, "I do not think you have the faintest need for alarm. I am sure that he adores you."

"Oh, no, you are quite wrong," Mrs. Mornington answered, sadly. "I have been very slow to doubt, but now there is no mistaking that his affection is waning day by day. I date the first great change from the time of our arrival in Rangoon; that is why I hate the place so. You see he is everything to me," her tone was pitiful; "it would be different perhaps if I had a mother or sisters."

"You have me!" The words held a volume of graceful reproof.

"Yes, dearest, I forgot that I have," was the hasty reply, "and I am very thankful. I don't know what I should do if I could not see you and talk to you; you are so good and kind."

Her listener purred complacently, as becomes properly recognised virtue.

"But, oh, Eleanor," exclaimed Mrs. Mornington, "if only you would tell me what it is that other women do to retain the passion and keep the confidence of men! How can I win him back? What sorcery can I bring to bear upon his life and mine? How can I make him adore me as he once did?" And the brown eyes sought her friend's face for counsel.

A grave request truly, but Mrs. Harbord was equal to this or any other occasion.

"My dear, I do not possess any love philters," she said; "still if you ask me, I would say, never show what you feel;

only weak and silly women do that, and you are neither."

Eleanor Harbord was rather good at subtle flattery. "And, my dear, remember that life is not all love and poetry, nor even all gaiety; it is often full of irritation and dullness and pain; this time is specially so for you. Still I would advise you on no account to begin to think yourself wronged when you have no proof; do not drift to that most dreary of all conjugal shoals, *ennui*, and, although you may be pained, never be rash; that is only to give a handle to your enemies, if you have any. Do not be always measuring the quantity and quality of his affection; rest only assured that it is, that it must be there; love and happiness will not bear close analysis; they are such fine, delicate, intangible, evanescent things that they die beneath the microscope. Above all," she added, when she rose at length to go—"do not worry or question him, or ask to know where he spends his time when absent from you; women who interrogate men can care for them little and understand them even less. Be always amiable, that is so much in a wife, it is better than all the virtues; and don't brood, brooding is so ruinous to the appearance; remember that love, supposing it to be fled, cannot be conjured back by either persuasion or argument; besides, there is so much in existence besides our own discontented passions, if we would but believe it. So, my dear, set your foolish doubts at rest, and now good bye." Saying which Eleanor Harbord kissed her hostess, and broke up the cabinet council, rustling away down the stairs and out to her gharry, leaving behind a faint sweet trail of the perfume of violets.

"What an angel she is" was Mrs. Mornington's reflection, "and what a pity Hugh dislikes her so!"

"I did that rather well, considering," mused Mrs. Harbord, as she went homeward, a quiet smile curving her lips.

SCENE II.

It was half-past six o'clock on the evening of the same day.

At the Gymkhana people were fast beginning to arrive. Many carriages and tum tums were standing in the glare of the great search light.

The Madras Band played lazily. The sun was dying away and darkness coming on; a faint breeze rustled pleasantly amid the trees; boys were running to and fro carrying iced drinks; most of the cane chairs on the lawn held occupants, and prominent amongst them sat Mrs. McChatter, lately out from home. Enthroned on her right was Miss Hawks, a recent importation, while opposite to her sat Mrs. Harbord.

"There are a lot of new people since I went away," Mrs. McChatter was saying, as she fanned herself lazily and glanced languidly round. "Any one nice?"

"One or two are tolerable," replied Mrs. Harbord, indifferently, keeping time to "Soldiers in the Park" with the toe of her embroidered shoe.

"Lemon Drops is back I see."

"Oh, yes, more loudly dressed than ever, I'm sure one can almost hear her clothes!"

"And the bride, what is the bride like?" asked Mrs. McChatter, with a few more degrees of interest in her voice.

"My dear, the bride is—well, like a bride; there is an irritating sameness about the race that gets on my nerves." Mrs. Harbord stifled an imaginary yawn.

"The bride came down from Calcutta with me," announced Miss Hawks, in her solemn cathedral tones; "she has a mouth like an abyss and a temper of the small volcanic order; I thought her a poisonous person."

"Good-looking?"

Miss Hawks tossed her large head, "She never could have been that even in her youth," she said.

"Why, what's her age?" inquired Mrs. McChatter, as she wrote a chit for a cocktail.

"Her hair is so pleasingly youthful that it would be more than unkind, and I try not to be unkind always, to comment upon her years." And Miss Hawks coughed delicately, and crossed one foot over the other.

There was a pause.

Mrs. McChatter was the first to break the silence.

"How's your friend, the little Mornington woman, going on?"

"Not very well," replied Mrs. Harbord. "She was telling me her troubles to-day."

"Does she inflict confidences on you?" exclaimed Mrs. McChatter. "How dreadful."

"Is that the wife of the man with the beard that looks as if it were made of cocoanut fibre?" asked Miss Hawks, with the air of a person seeking information.

Eleanor Harbord's languid dark eyes flashed ominously in the shadows. She did not answer as she took her glass from the tray that the servant was handing round.

"What are her troubles?" was Mrs. McChatter's enquiry, ignoring Miss Hawks. Mrs. McChatter was going to be the fair virgin's social sponsor, but she was not on that account prepared to extend her any undue encouragement. Mrs. McChatter was a believer in riding with the curb.

"Oh! she's growing jealous, that's all, imagines that he seeks attraction elsewhere; and really when one tiffins with the wife, one can quite understand that he has every temptation to do so. She is one of those utterly unreasonable beings—*une femme incomprise*—with a decided tendency towards moisture and scenes. Those people make their own misery; I confess that I have little or no sympathy with them."

Eleanor Harbord's manner was one of bored fatigue.

"Tearful affection and incoherent reproaches *are* rather trying to the average male animal," commented Mrs. McChatter drily.

Miss Hawks looked down the long steep incline of her nose, and stirred up the sugar at the bottom of her lemon squash with a straw.

"Who is that awful apparition in mud colour crowned with flowers?" ejaculated Mrs. McChatter, as she raised her glasses and stared at a tall woman who was strolling alone across the grass.

"That, my dear, is the wife of Captain

Cazenove; he is A.A.G.," responded Mrs. Harbord, letting her glance follow Mrs. McChatter's; "we call her the postage stamp on account of her adhesive qualities," adding, "they do say that the lady has had a past; she has certainly had time to have had two or three."

"To have had a past nowadays, is the only way to ensure oneself a future, as far as I can see." Mrs. McChatter closed her glasses with a sharp click as she spoke, "Who was she?" she asked.

"I don't half know, but Mrs. Douglas has sent home to enquire in the interests of the community; somebody said they had seen her as one of the 'Living Pictures' at the Palace."

"Oh!" the exclamation came from Miss Hawks and Mrs. McChatter simultaneously, and contained an entire three volumes of expression. Miss Hawks' ejaculations have since come to be regarded as holding untold possibilities.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Mrs. McChatter when she recovered her breath; "I am sure Rangoon is changing so that I hardly recognise it, any sort of people go everywhere now; why the 'Gym' itself is a collection of the Ark's own miscellaneousness," the lady sighed. "By the way, to change the conversation, I saw the 'Amorous Goldfinch' when we were in Colombo the other day; she stopped to speak to me and enquired all about Rangoon; she's always lamenting having had to leave."

"How did she look?" asked Mrs. Harbord, evidently interested.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. McChatter, scornfully, "how did she ever look? Her back completely blotted out the sunset on Galle Face, which, as it happened to be a particularly fine one, was rather a pity. She was covered with great lemon-coloured freckles, and wore a ham frill, as my husband will call those ruffles, round her neck, and a hat, if you had very long nails like a mandarin's, you might have been able to lay hold of its brim; so becoming, you know, especially when your false fringe is made up of combings through which the foundation shows."

"Very," Mrs. Harbord remarked, laconically.

"She asked us to dine," continued

Mrs. McChatter; "if you remember she always did one rather well, so we went. A nice bungalow, but if you had only seen her. 'She wore a wreath of roses, the night when first we met,' you know those lines, well they were literally represented—the little man who sat next me, evidently a stranger, did nothing but stare in sheer speechless amazement at her undraped shoulders. We went on to a dance at the Galle Face Hotel afterwards; she is so fond of dancing, its really most painful to hear the poor thing panting, and to see the tears running down her forehead; I felt quite sorry for her. However, she is very sensible and uses liquid rouge." The speaker's manner implied sympathetic relief at the reflection.

"And how is he?" enquired Eleanor Harbord.

"The same as ever, radiating with self satisfaction. He fell asleep with his head in the ice plate before the end of supper; it was such a pleasing sight, his face is all red and flabby like a pink blancmange."

Then, dropping her voice to the proper pitch of insinuating spite, she added: "There are all sorts of tales about her and a man whom they call the Immortal Bard, because he writes such bad poetry."

"What to the 'Amorous Goldfinch's' eyebrows?"

"I really don't know; I suppose so. That is when she remembers to put them on, which is not always," answered Mrs. McChatter.

"It would be more appropriate to address any lines to her back," commented Miss Hawks; "it would give a poet, especially an amateur one, more scope."

"Oh, no! it would take up far too much space; however, it's all too funny, my dear, only I can't stop to tell you now, because I must be going. Come, Miss Hawks, I'll drive you home."

"What does the Amorous Goldfinch do with her freckles in the evening? Does she take them off like her clothes?" asked Mrs. Harbord as the three rose and walked towards their gharries.

"I couldn't tell you," answered Mrs. McChatter; "she made me quite ill."

Ask Miss Hawks what she thought of her complexion, that is in its entirety. I would describe it only I am afraid of being indicted under the S.P.C.A. Act." Her tone was grandly magnanimous.

Mrs. Harbord glanced interrogatively at Miss Hawks.

"Her complexion, dear Mrs. Harbord," echoed the lady in question, "I can compare it to nothing except moonlight shining on a damp tombstone."

Mrs. McChatter laughed an amused, satisfied laugh, and then said: "Good night, dear, good night, good night! *Cuch wan gur me Jao*," and the two carriages rolled away down the Halpin Road into the soft gloom of the fallen evening.

SCENE III.

In Mrs. Harbord's drawing-room lights were burning dimly under their silk shades. There were flowers everywhere, and the perfume of the josssticks was heavy on the air. It was in its way a charming room, full of a picturesque disorder. A handsome tiger skin half covered the polished floor, there was a certain fantastic gloom from the curtains of Eastern make; chairs of queer shapes and all degrees of laziness were scattered about, together with small tables laden with countless trifles. In the most comprehensively comfortable lounge which the place held, reclined at complete ease six foot nothing of remarkably good-looking manhood, carelessly glancing through the illustrated papers, while the punkah waved its satin petticoat over his head—and the smoke from his cigarette curled upwards.

He looked up expectantly, when at last the trot, trot of a pony's hoofs bore to him the announcement of an approaching carriage. A few minutes later the lady of the house entered.

"You!" she said, and her tone was one of pleasure.

"Yes, I," he answered, as he tossed the paper aside and rose to greet her. "What has delayed you so long? where have you been?" he asked, and his glance was full of fond approval as it took in every detail of the charming apparition before him.

"At the Gym, with the McChatter

and Co," the lady replied, and she slowly removed her hat as she spoke.

"How can you waste your time with that woman? She is such a malignant toad," he said.

Eleanor Harbord smiled deprecatingly, glancing critically at her reflection in a mirror opposite, before she responded—

"She is malicious, I grant you; at the same time she is so amusing."

"Bye the way," she prodded her toque with long pearl pins, "I took tiffin with your wife to-day and gave her a great deal of good advice, with which she seemed very pleased."

"Oh! why, what's the matter with her? Was she inflicting upon you a list of my misdemeanours, past, present and to come?" His voice was full of languid indifference.

"Don't be so unfeeling," exclaimed the lady; "she is so sweet and so good, so—" she paused.

"Spare me a catalogue of her virtues," he cried in mock distress. "I know them by heart, they are a perpetual reproach to me; I don't like goodness and sweetness, that is why it is so pathetic that so much perfection should be wasted on such a sinner as I am." He smiled.

"She says that she is very worried about you," continued Mrs. Harbord, "that you do not notice her, that you are always out, that you no longer care. Do you plead guilty?"

The man laughed slightly, blew a ring of smoke into the air and hastily throwing away his cigarette, took his hostess's fair jewelled hand in his: "And," he enquired interrogatively, "what then?"

"Well, she is miserable, she, in a word, is jealous."

"She surely does not suspect!" His tone was just a shade anxious.

"Dear Goose, of course not; how could she?" The answer was one of playful reproach.

"Well," he said, after a slight pause, drawing the lady gently to him; "she might be jealous with less cause; what do you think?"

"She might," responded Eleanor Harbord, and then she laughed softly. So did he!

FOUNDATIONS OF VICTORY

A LITTLE while in the ways unknown,
 One little life, have I sought,
 Or possibly many lives, to find
 That truth of truth which can fill the mind;
 Nor have I feared to stand alone
 In the lonely ways of thought.

The false lights came and the false lights went;
 I did not tarry for these;
 The dreadful sense of a heart unfit
 Through its native earth—how I fought with it;
 And the knowledge of days mis-spent
 In face of the destinies.

If once, but once, I have sunk and said:
 Yield, Soul; or: The dream is done;
 Because alone the untainted heart
 Wins crowns I work for; then, Hope, depart;
 But 'twas up with the stricken head,
 Still looking to meet the sun.

Therefore I hope that a soul on fire
 For weal has the wine-press trod,
 And though my sins upon either hand,
 In witness rising, against me stand,
 They shall waste not my heart's desire,
 Which out of them leaps to God.

PHILIP DAYRE.



"Its easy to talk," she said bitterly, and he, suffering in silence, devoutly wished it wasn't.



The man who gets a pass on the railway is probably the only person who is not displeased at having a long journey for nothing.



THE ASCENT OF LOVE

THERE kindles light upon the furthest verge
 Which bounds the stormy waters of the soul;
 Essential part of Heaven's supernal whole,
 Moon of surpassing light—
 In silence soaring from the mist and surge—
 Thy beauty haunts the depth and glorifies the height!

THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE
RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

II

THE MAN WITH THE RED HAT.



HERE have been many stories going about as to how we got ourselves out of Ancona. But they are mostly inaccurate, as is the way with such stories after they have been wafted abroad for a time on the breath of rumour. Indeed, there are few people who know the truth in this matter, if there be any at all, for death has played havoc with my old comrades of those days. Perhaps even I do not tell the story truly, for a man dreams much, and if he lives a long while these dreams of his become mingled and interwoven with the doings of his life until, looking backwards, he fails sometimes to distinguish the shadow from the substance.

It was just at the beginning of what may be called my active career with Prince Louis that the events I here set forth took place. We had seen no little service against the Austrians in the National Cause. And what a mighty pleasant service it was! Ah! those wild dashes, those mad forays, those impossible escapes against enormous odds, through which youth and confidence and a great faith in a great future carried us! How it all comes back to me now in my old age, and makes the blood fly through my veins at a pace that almost sets me fancying myself young again. Day by day it

seemed to me that Prince Napoleon and Prince Louis were more and more looked upon as the leaders of the revolt, that our old dream in Rome of a United Italy with yet another Bonaparte on the throne in the Eternal City was likely to come true. Everywhere the young princes were hailed as deliverers. But, if truth must be told, the princes were too young. Jealousy had sprung up, not between the brothers, but between our party and the older leaders of the revolt. It was after the splendid repulse of the Papal troops at Terni and Spoleto that the trouble came to a head. Louis and I had planned a great *coup de main* on Civita Castellana. Everything was ready. We determined to set free the prisoners who had been immured for years in the terrible dungeons of that place. We were full of excitement and fire, the Empire seemed already a half accomplished fact, when suddenly the blow fell.

The jealousies roused by the success of the two brothers reached a climax, and one night Louis came to me with a white, angry face, declaring that they had been deposed from their commands in the revolutionary army, the reason alleged being that their position threatened to become a hindrance to the national cause, and might even be the occasion of a further danger in the event of a failure. They resigned their commands, wishing to continue to serve the cause of Italy as simple volunteers, but even this was not allowed them.

Something of our plans must have got

abroad, for we were looked upon with distrust by everybody. The provisional Government of Bologna openly warned us, Tuscany refused to allow us to put foot in her territory, and although I went about with a smile on my lips and a song in my throat, I knew well that our position was fraught with danger. Nearer and nearer came the Austrian troops, and let them be once caught by the Austrians not even the memory of the King of Rome or the shadow of the great Emperor could save the Princes from a round of ball shot and a quickly dug grave. Truth to tell I was not at first overburdened with anxiety on this account. The devil might take the Austrians. I was willing to pit myself and my masters against the entire army. But there were other matters which gave me cause for alarm before long. A soldier will face a soldier's fortune, but when diplomacy comes in to the field, and diplomacy such as was the fashion at the Papal Court of Rome and the Imperial Court of Vienna, well, let me confess, I did not sleep over soundly at nights. And this was the manner in which the real danger was brought home to me.

We had unexpectedly a flood of couriers, not only from Queen Hortense but from King Louis, and this extraordinary interest in his sons on the part of the King of Holland caused me no little perplexity. The father and mother rarely acted in unison. Their natures were not of a kind to agree. Fire cannot mate with snow, and the lively, vivacious and ambitious spirit of Hortense Beauharnais had nothing in common with the studious and philosophic mind of Louis Bonaparte. But now they acted together, and it was this unusual co-operation which made me uneasy. Their messages contained little, for reasons which I now see ought to have been obvious. For living like outcasts as we were, loved only by the people, it would not have done for any message of importance to have fallen into the hands of our enemies.

As the days went by, and the number of these couriers increased, my anxiety became greater in proportion, and at last, when I heard that Queen Hortense had left home and was hurrying north

to the side of her sons, I knew that danger of a very grave nature was threatening us. Then, I found a clue which revealed the source from which this danger might be looked for.

We were at Forli, making our preparations to join the Queen, when, most inopportunistically for our plans, Prince Napoleon fell ill. Louis, who had always in him a large share of the feminine, sat by his bedside day and night, tending him with the care and attention of a woman, but it was of no avail. A few days later, just as we heard that the Queen had reached Pesaro, Prince Napoleon died in his brother's arms, and the burden of the Empire passed in that moment on to the shoulders of Louis. We hurried through the funeral, for nearer and nearer pushed forward the Austrian troops. All the poor people of Forli turned out in their thousands to pay their last respects to the remains of the man who had risked his life in the cause of their welfare. He might be scorned and cast aside by the leaders of the people, but the people themselves did not forget. As we passed back from the grave-side, Prince Louis, with immobile face, hard set and stern, with just a little quavering about the eyes marking his nervous temperament, I suddenly caught sight of a figure in the crowd. It was just for one brief second, and then the figure was gone, but in the dark cloak and fat stealthy face I recognised Trini, and then I knew that devil's work was on foot. We had evidence enough by this time that Trini was not only a spy of the Vatican but was also in the pay of Vienna. That decided me. We returned to our villa hurriedly, I acting for Louis, who was broken down by his grief. In such moments he, a man of determined action and curious resolution, became lost in dreamland. Life seemed to slip away from him. He was not dazed or incapable, but he seemed to walk and move always as one in a dream. I have observed this feature in his character a hundred times, in Strasbourg, in London, in Boulogne and Paris, and last of all in the final great tragedy on the field of Sedan. On the present occasion I took

him in hand as you would a child, and brought him gradually to see the necessity we were in of reaching the Queen Mother with all possible speed. For I knew Queen Hortense as a woman with a practical head, and a woman capable of pitting herself against all the intrigues that surrounded us. So to her we hastened.

We reached Pesaro, and even now I cannot bear to write of the scene of grief and sorrow which took place between Hortense and the only son that was left to her—thank God, I can say her favourite son. They were both broken hearted; their fortunes seemed to be at the very lowest ebb. For days Louis was incapable of thinking of his affairs, and I, what could I do? True, twenty-four hours after we left Forli I had recovered most of my spirits, but I could not infect Louis with anything of my gaiety or with my devil-may-care habit of hopefulness.

The Queen was the first to recover herself—wonderful woman that she was—and she immediately acquainted me with the secret of her journey northwards. It was as I had suspected. A plot was on foot to seize Prince Louis and hand him over to the Austrians. That meant death, and Queen Hortense, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Fesch, had learned of the plot. Then I told her of the glimpse I had caught of Trini, and that decided her. Without a moment's delay, all but prostrated though she was, we set out from Pesaro. On the following day we reached Ancona. We had secured an English passport which I confess I viewed with a kind of ironical grimace, for I was not used to be beholden for anything to the agents of the "fool and the black-guard called George," as Byron and my father called them. But needs must when the devil drives, and the devil was driving us a trifle furiously.

At Ancona we were to take ship away to France and thence overland across to England, and thus say goodbye to our Italian dreams. We arrived at Ancona safely, with the Austrians close upon us, I for ever keeping a good look out for that fat figure in the black cloak. For I meant if Trini ever came my way to

stamp him out as one would a snake. I saw no Trini, however, a fact which added to my uneasiness and made me more eager than ever to have Prince Louis out of the country and away across the sea. But the fates were against us. Our luck was out as clean as ever I have known it, and I have seen not a little of the vagaries of fortune in my life. No sooner had we got to Ancona than Louis must needs fall ill of the same disease that had recently carried off his brother, and there we were in a fine state with spies and enemies round us, only the people on our side, the Austrian troops ever advancing and certain death staring my young Prince in the face, if the troops of the Emperor succeeded in making him captive.

I confess my head spun with helplessness, and I filled an hour of the Queen's time with laying before her almost as many wild plans for our safety as there were seconds in the hour. But she did not answer me one word. She just sat still lost in thought. In ordinary circumstances she was a woman of keen perception and wonderful ability, who knew how to act when the occasion required. She could work with the skill and diplomacy of a Richelieu. That was the inherited intelligence of this extraordinary woman. But now there was added to this intelligence the primeval instinct of a woman, that most wonderful instinct which no man knows or ever will know, the instinct of a mother to preserve her child. Here for sure was a combination which, had I but known it, might have been difficult for all the treachery and corruption of the united forces of the Vatican and Vienna to fight against. I did not realise this, however, at the time, and indeed I fear I was given to looking on myself as both the arm and the brain of our party, and on the Queen just as a defenceless woman, prostrated with her troubles. This, I can now see, was nothing but the conceit of youth, and, on looking back, I can laugh at the silly proposals I made, each more ridiculous than its fellow.

At last one morning Queen Hortense sent for me. It was our last day of

grace, for the Austrians were on us, and Prince Louis was lying in bed delirious and raving.

"Monsieur Blennerhasset," said the Queen, and her voice was steady and cold, "I have made arrangements for the safety of Prince Louis. To-night you will go on board ship impersonating him; to-day I shall have the baggage and boxes taken down ostentatiously to the quay-side and shipped on board. It shall be given out that the Prince is departing. I have procured a proper passport from the authorities here. You will drive down with his servants when it is dark and get on board immediately. Remember that after this evening, whatever chances to you, Prince Louis is no longer in this house. From to-day I shall have a new attendant."

I was amazed at the acuteness of her plan. By the side of my hare-brained suggestions the simplicity and ingenuousness of it made me stand lost in wonder. I could only murmur, so confused was I at heart, that her Majesty's commands should be obeyed. Then I went out to see to the preparations and the proper execution of our plan. I, myself, superintended the removal of the baggage, and it is safe to say that the only people that did not know that Prince Louis was having his baggage taken on board and was about to depart that evening were the blind and the deaf. I resorted to all methods to bring it home to the dull pates of the authorities that he was going. I even indulged in no few pranks which my active brain suggested to me to celebrate the occasion and to further our interests. I had the wheels of the vehicle which carried the baggage loosened, so that when we reached the most populous part of the town in front of what had been the late Governor's house, the whole business upset, and the boxes were thrown into the street. A crowd immediately collected, and I took the opportunity of cursing the driver in good round Roman, with a few native oaths of my own thrown in, for being so careless of the property of the Prince. Of course the crowd caught at the name and set the talk going, and many were the good fellows who out of

love for the Bonapartes, helped to fix the wheel again on to the axle, and pile up the baggage in safety. All day long the removal went on, and then at last the shadow of night came on suddenly, and with it the time for my departure.

I went to say farewell to the Prince. He was conscious at last, but too weak almost to speak. He pressed my fingers, however, and murmured "Good-bye." Kneeling down, I kissed his hand, and then, with a queer aching at my throat, I fled from the room and sought the apartments of the Queen. I was immediately admitted, and received from her instructions as to how I was to conduct myself.

The details of her plan were these. I was to drive down to the quay-side, carefully muffled up in a black cloak which she had provided for me. My face I was to keep resolutely hidden, and on reaching the harbour I was to affect extreme weakness, and allow myself to be carried to the boat, so that no one might see me walking. "Because, Monsieur Blennerhasset," explained the Queen, with a wan smile, "there is a difference between the stature of my son and yourself."

At this I laughed with a sudden flicker of merriment. For truth to tell I was well over six foot.

"Madame," I replied, "our race has a weakness for running to great lengths."

The Queen smilingly inclined her head. "Your race has a reputation for being true to lost causes. And now, sir, it is time for you to go. I trust you will one day have an opportunity of doing us yet other services—and we of repaying them. Farewell."

I dropped on one knee, and took the hand she held out to me, raising it to my lips, and then feeling with my newly inspired enthusiasm, as if the burden of the Empire rested on my shoulders, I drew myself erect and marched bravely out of the room, little thinking how soon I should be back again. From one of the servants I received the long black cloak which completely covered me from top to toe, and hid my face in its folds. I took my seat in the carriage which stood outside in the courtyard.

The time had arrived and my adventure was about to begin. Perhaps it was not exactly an adventure after my own heart, for it included no prospect of a fight. It was highly unlikely that I should be discovered, and the sole extent to which my duty allowed me to go was to permit myself to be rolled quietly in the carriage to the boat. I was not, however, going to quarrel with any undertaking that I knew to be necessary for the safety of my comrade and master.

The servants took their places on the box, and the footman sprung up on to the footboard, the gates were thrown open, and we rattled out into the street. A crowd had collected, and as the carriage swept by, shouts went up of "Long live Napoleon!" Good honest people, they did not forget us or all that we had done in the cause of liberty. As I heard the shouts I felt like putting my head out of the window, and roaring back their cry; but I remembered my trust, and put a check on myself. And, I can tell you, to suppress one's-self is no easy task for a kind of hot-blooded mixture of Italian and Irishman like me.

We rattled through the town until at last we reached the quay side. Men servants were in waiting to carry me out, and, to my annoyance, I found that quite a number of people had gathered here, as at the house. The carriage door was flung open, and, covered with the long cloak, and holding my legs up under me in the manner in which a professional beggar gives himself the aspect of a legless man, I reduced my stature as much as possible.

Now, I am a heavy man, and if the crowd had been of an enquiring nature, they might have wondered that the men were put to such obvious labour to carry the slight Prince Louis even a few yards in their arms. But without accident I was taken out of the carriage, and borne to the side of the quay. There at the top of the steps my bearers paused. The press was great, and with difficulty were they able to force a way through the crowd, but I kept the hood well over my face just allowing one eye a loophole. The men were on the point of lifting me down the steps to the boat

when we were jostled somewhat by the throng. Suddenly, I felt someone deliberately push himself against me and then a hand, fat and sleek, went out, and for one second whipped aside the folds of my hood, and a face looked down into my own. The whole episode did not take more than an instant, but in that instant I caught sight of some well-known features. The man who stared down on my face was Trini, and I knew that our little carefully conducted plot was discovered.

In a fret of uneasiness I allowed myself to be carried down the steps and placed in the stern of the boat. The man at the helm gave the word, the boat was pushed off, the oars slipped into the water, and in a few minutes we were gliding swiftly over the sea to where the lights of the ship in which I was to sail, danced in the darkness.

In that passage I had the opportunity of making up my mind as to my future course of action. Undoubtedly, our plot was discovered. With Trini in Ancona aware that Prince Louis was still in the town, I realised that our plans had miscarried. One thing was evident, I must return to give warning. When we arrived at the ship's side, the sailors in the boat were, I do not doubt, surprised to see a tall figure rise up in the stern and run nimbly up the ladder, for they were not in the secret and honestly believed they were carrying Napoleon and his fortune. The captain met me on the deck, and the surprise of that honest Frenchman was not disguised.

"What is this?" he said. "You are not Prince Louis. How is it you have come here?"

"That is as it may be," I replied, for I was in too great a haste to trouble myself with the fellow. "All that concerns you now is that you take me back as quickly as possible to the shore." The sailor threw a nasty look at me; the tone of my voice and my bearing evidently did not please him.

"I do not know who you are," he said; "and I take orders from no man on board my own ship."

I was annoyed, and my temper, for ever hasty, got the better of me.

"You have been paid," I said, sharply, "to do what you are told. That is all that you have to consider. Nothing else concerns you. In an hour's time from now,"—for I realized that I must let some time elapse before I ventured ashore again—"you will weigh anchor and put out to sea having first set me ashore in the boat."

The captain planted his feet square upon the deck, and put his hands on his hips, looking at me with a sneer.

"Has your Royal Highness any further commands?" he asked, in a rough Breton dialect.

"Damn your insolence!" said I, furiously, taking a step towards him. "You have been paid by Prince Louis to obey his orders, and——"

"Enough of this," the captain broke in; "the family of the Bonapartes are nothing to me. King Charles is my king. God bring him back to his own again right speedily; and for such as you I have a quick method on board my ship."

He took a whistle from his pocket and putting it to his lips blew two shrill notes. Immediately a couple of burly sailors came to his side. "Take this man and put him in irons," he said sharply. The men advanced towards me to lay hands on me. They had not reckoned with their host. I cast my eye rapidly round to note the circumstances in which I was situated, then, as the two men came on to me together I took a step backwards and sideways and let the fellow nearest to me feel my fist full on the point of his jaw. He dropped to the deck like a stone. The captain came up to the assistance of his men, but my blood was up. If it was fight he wanted I was willing to give him as much as he wished and to spare. I rushed at the other sailor and taking him by the throat with my left hand, and grasping his trousers at the right knee, I picked him off the deck and threw him full in the stomach of the captain. With a curse the latter fell to the ground, and knowing that I should now have the whole crew on me unless I at once made good my escape, I lightly took a leap over the side into the sea.

Behind I heard shouts and cries, lights flashed backwards and forwards on the decks of the ship, but I cared not a whit for any of these things, for I knew that I was in no danger of being pursued. And so I struck out across the dark, oily waters, slipping from my shoulders the heavy cloak which bade fair to weigh me down. The ship lay about half a mile from shore, so for a man trammelled with his clothes I had a good swim before me. Across the dark waters I gazed at the lights of the town, wondering at each stroke why they came no nearer, or at least seemed to come no nearer—that illusion of the weary swimmer. Gradually I drew into the shore. Then I began to pick a place to land at. It would not do to come out like a jack-in-the-box at the quay-side, so I made for a point beyond where the ship lay. When I felt my feet strike the shingle, I stood up cautiously at first trying to pierce the sombre darkness to see that I was not watched, and finding the coast clear I waded out.

Quietly I slipped up to the shadow of a neighbouring wall and wrung out the water from my wet clothes. I must have cut a queer figure as I slunk into a back street of the town, my clothes clinging tightly round me, exaggerating to all sorts of creases and lines the curves of my body. But I was little concerned on that account, my business with the Queen taking up all my thoughts.

Now, although I was wholly out of luck, such are the strange tricks that Fortune plays us, that just when my affairs seemed to be at the lowest ebb, I struck a trail which led me to what I sought. For as I walked up that street leaving a wet impression behind me at every step I heard the roll of drums beating in the distance and coming nearer and nearer. Then suddenly the roll was broken in upon by a volume of music which I recognised as the Austrian National Anthem, and I guessed that the vanguard of the enemies' forces had entered the city. If I was to inform Hortense I must make haste. For I knew that a guard would be immediately placed over the household of the Queen.

One thought gave me courage, and that was that the General in command would be too busy for some time to give a hearing to Trini. I knew that Trini would waste no time in selling his information to the enemy. By some means, therefore, I must outwit him, but how, thought I to myself, hammering my brains for some possible means of doing it. It was not, however, any deep cogitation of my own that finally gave me a clue, but rather that very fortune that I had lately been cursing so roundly.

Just as I was turning the corner of the street I saw a couple of drunken Austrian soldiers coming down with sabres drawn, shouting and swearing and making it clear to everybody that it was not safe to be in the same street with them. I would have turned and run in order to avoid them, but they saw me before I could put my purpose into execution, and gave chase, roaring out their tipsy oaths in a shameless way. I fled as fast as my wet clinging garments permitted me, but the soldiers gained ground upon me rapidly.

We had arrived in one of the principal streets and my pursuers nearly had me in their grasp, when seeing the door of a house ajar I boldly plunged in. The passage I found myself in was unlit, and I was groping my way up to see where it led to when I heard the soldiers following me, and also what gave me more cause for alarm, footsteps coming in the opposite direction.

I crouched down by the side of the wall, and the man—for man it was who was coming down the passage from within the house—passed by without noticing me. But the soldiers had less good fortune, for they ran straight into him, and by the oaths that followed I knew that it had now come to an affair of blows.

Suddenly a sharp word of command rang out. The hubbub of the angry men's scuffle died away, and was followed by a hush of silence. As if recognising the voice that had spoken, one of the soldiers slunk away, but his fellow was evidently in the other man's grasp, who appeared to be an Austrian officer, and judging by the flow of

language that burst from his lips, more than a trifle annoyed. Not understanding their conversation, and, indeed, not being interested in it under the circumstances, I crept up the passage, and then turning a sharp corner I found myself in an unlighted room which evidently formed an ante-chamber to yet another apartment. From within came the sound of voices—the voices of two men. One I did not recognise. It was that of a man who spoke in a species of bastard Italian, but the sound of the other voice sent a thrill through my body, for it belonged to no other than Trini. By good fortune I had hit upon the very house to which he had come, and when I heard him mention the name of the person with whom he was speaking, I knew that he was in the presence of the General who was commanding the vanguard of the Austrian army.

In the corner of the room I crouched down as near the door as I dared, fearing lest the officer from without should return. I could hear every word that was said for the wainscotting was thin and much worn with age.

"General Blumenbach," said the voice of Trini, "these are the orders I have been told to give you. Shall I mention big names?" The General must have made a gesture of dissent, for Trini went on in an assertive tone, "Prince Louis is still in the town, and must be removed."

"Monsieur," a gruff voice broke in on him, "he shall be removed. Understand, however, that I give orders. I am in command here."

"Well, well," said Trini, petulantly. "I have achieved my purpose if I have brought you to see the necessity for the Prince's removal."

There was something that struck my ear jarringly in the stress he laid on the word "removal." The General must have had something of the same feeling in the matter, for in his reply he rested on the same word with what appeared to me as a kind of counter accentuation.

"He shall be removed," he declared with a sort of mocking grimness, "as soon as he is well enough to travel—if he is here," he added, with a chuckle.

I heard the sound of a chair being pushed back—evidently Trini had risen to his feet in exasperation.

"You do not understand," he exclaimed. "Must I speak more clearly? The Prince is a dangerous man, not only to His Holiness but to your own Emperor. He will be a danger so long as he lives, whether at Ancona or elsewhere. There is no use fixing a Napoleon on an Elba. You must stamp him out once and for ever."

It was with difficulty that I contained myself in my place behind the wainscoting. I would have given my worldly prospects just then for five clear minutes at the old scoundrel's throat. The general's next words came in a tone of unconcealed contempt.

"If I can catch him," he declared, sardonically. "But the Queen assures me that he has gone on board ship, and is off—pouff!—the Lord knows where."

"That is a lie," replied Trini, his voice shaking with excitement. "The man who was taken on board was an Irish rebel from Rome, a meddlesome fool called Richard Blennerhasset, who shall meet his punishment in due course."

"Monsieur," again came the voice of General Blumenbach, "I have known Hortense these many years. In the year 1815 I had the honour of escorting her and her sons across the borders from Paris, and I did not then look upon her difficulties as affording me *carte blanche* to heap insults on her. If she tells me her son has gone on board and has now left Italy, I cannot but accept her assurances."

There was silence for some moments. Evidently Trini was trying to master himself. It was obvious that in General Blumenbach Queen Hortense had one of those admirers whom she had the trick of winning, with nothing more than a smile or a word passing between them; and the old Austrian was too gallant a soldier to set a trap for a defenceless woman and a sick man.

It was otherwise with the crafty Italian. He considered only his own advantage, and the thought that he was to be fooled of his game and his price by a stubborn old soldier with an accent

that was like the rasping of a file was almost too much for his temper. With difficulty he controlled his emotion and forced himself to speak in a calm voice.

"This gallantry, General," he said with affected suavity, "is the highest testimonial to the goodness of your heart, but it is doubtful whether His Majesty will regard the matter from quite the same chivalrous standpoint. This Pretender is a firebrand with whom we cannot deal safely with the gloves on. He is given to pranks that have already caused more than a little suffering to thousands of your Emperor's subjects, and if you allow him to slip through your fingers it is not likely that His Holiness or His Imperial Majesty will view your conduct with approval."

"Monsieur," said the General, in his turn rising from his chair, "I am alone responsible to His Majesty. Whatever I shall do I am prepared to bear the consequences. I have much pleasure in wishing you good evening."

But Trini was in no hurry to go. He was playing a losing game and the perception of this fact seemed to madden him. For once in his life the crafty old scoundrel lost his head.

"You are an old fool," he said, stamping on the ground.

"And I took you, sir, only for a spy."

I heard the heavy military boots tread across the floor, and I crouched down in the furthest corner of the ante-chamber.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and the figure of General Blumenbach stood against the light of the room within.

"Fritz," he shouted, in a loud voice. The door of an adjacent room which I had not noticed opened promptly, and an officer followed by two men came up and saluted.

"Take this man away," said the General, pointing sternly to Trini, who stood biting his nails in speechless wrath, "and keep him under close arrest until I have time to deal with him." The men formed up behind Trini, laying a hand on each of his shoulders, and at a word from the officer, the cortège moved from the room from whence they came.

I heard the door shut, and the key turned in the lock. Then the General closed his door, and I was once more left alone.

Now that the safety of Prince Louis seemed assured, I had need to turn my attention to my own preservation. I knew that by some good fortune or other, the guard had not been placed round the house when I had entered, but it was certain that this was a state of affairs not likely to exist at that moment.

I realised that to attempt to make my escape by the way I had entered would be impossible. I must seek some other means of exit. So, taking off my boots, I began to steal cautiously back into the passage. Feeling my way along the wall, I suddenly stumbled across some steps; climbing up these I reached a landing, from the opposite side of which the light of the Spring moon poured down through an open window. Quickly I pulled myself up to the ledge and looked out. The window hung over a side street branching off from the main thoroughfare down which I had run. As I peered up and down, I saw the sentinel march by to the end and then stop, turn round and continue to march back again. I stayed there for some seconds thinking over in my mind what I should do, and the soldier again passed by and again turned round. Then a plan came to me.

I counted the number of seconds the sentinel took in his beat to and fro. They amounted to just thirty-four, and I knew therefore that if I counted seventeen from the time I saw him pass by the end of the street and turn, he would at that moment have arrived at the further end of his beat. I could then have time to drop into the street and await my opportunity to get away. As I saw him cross once more and turn, I slipped out, letting myself hang at my full arms' length. Then I slowly counted seventeen and dropped.

It was a matter of perhaps ten feet, and my wet stockings deadened the sound of the fall. On reaching the ground I crouched down in the darkness until once again the sentinel's figure crossed the exit. As soon as he had

once more turned I crept swiftly out, and peering round the corner to see that all was well, I sped swiftly across the street in the opposite direction.

I did not stop to look round; I knew that if I was discovered I should have to run for it, and if I was not discovered it was as well to be out of that neighbourhood as quickly as might be.

Down side streets and side alleys I hurried, hardly knowing in what direction I was going, with only one thought in my mind—to tell the Queen of the new turn affairs had taken.

The streets were deserted; everybody was indoors. Sometimes I heard in the distance the sound of firearms, and the noisy singing of some drunken Austrian soldiers. I met not one, however, until suddenly, as I turned a sharp corner which led into a long narrow thoroughfare, I ran into a man with a red slouch hat.

We bounded back from one another with the shock. As for myself, I was about to turn and run for it. For although I did not fear the man nor indeed would have minded an encounter with him, yet I was bent on getting to the side of the Prince with as much despatch as possible.

The other man was angry at the collision, and let fly at me with a volume of oaths. As we stood facing each other, he cursing and I trying to get past him, something in his face struck my attention. I had seen him before, somewhere, though for the moment I could not say when or where. I racked my brain and summoned up all the faces that I could remember, but nowhere could I locate this man with the red hat.

Then a light flickered into my brain and it stole over me in some dim way that he was connected with our society in Rome. Almost mechanically I made the sign of the secret section of our body of Carbonari.

I hardly realised what I was doing, but the effect of my gesture was immediate. The man quickly made the countersign.

With a sense of relief I went up to him and held out my hand.

"Comrade," I said, "this is a lucky meeting."

He returned my grasp with warmth.

"We meet in a bad time, comrade," he replied, referring to the rush of the Austrians that he and his fellows had in vain struggled against.

"But there is still work to be done," I replied, suddenly thinking of Trini, and knowing it would be well to have one of our Society to watch him.

Then rapidly, standing there in the street, I related to him as much as I thought advisable of the treachery of Trini. I came myself of a suspicious race, and I was not going to give the name of Prince Louis away to one who was, after all, comparatively a stranger. My friend, however, had already heard something of Trini's strange doings. From the look of hate that spread into his face at the mention of the man's name, I saw that the picture he had mentally conceived of Signor Trini was of a commendable blackness. This I made it my business to improve upon until the hue of pitch itself shone in comparison. Having cleared the way in this manner, I went on to tell of Trini's present captivity and of the dangers involved to the cause of Italy in his escape. "He has information," says I very meaningfully, "that means death to a lot of us and ruin to us all, if it should ever reach the ears of the Austrians. Thank God," said I, turning my eyes up piously, "he went with his news to no wiser an old dunderhead than General Blumenbach. But the devil has money," I went on, hammering my pocket significantly, "and money among soldiers spells three parts of the word liberty."

The man's eyes glowed as I spoke. "If he should escape!" he hissed, his hand feeling for his sword-hilt.

I nearly laughed that he should have taken my meaning so well.

"A dagger will do," I nodded briskly. "But meantime I have told you where he lies. Keep a good watch, and, if he *does* escape—well," says I, reaching out my hand and looking square into his burning eyes, "a dagger will do very well."

The man in the red hat made no answer, but simply pressed the hand I held out to him, and I knew by the firm

grip that he would obey me to the death. Then taking my directions from him as to my whereabouts, for Ancona was almost unknown to me, I set off at top speed towards the house where Louis lay.

At the foot of the grand staircase a guard was set.

I approached boldly, and at my approach the soldiers presented their bayonets and ordered me to be off.

"I have a message for Queen Hortense," I said in a loud voice, "and I demand immediate entrance."

Their reply was only to laugh at me, for to tell the truth I must have presented rather a curious figure, bootless and hatless as I was, and my clothes wet and coated with mud and dust.

But I was not to be baulked by two lines of Austrian soldiers.

"It is a matter of importance," I said, taking some money from my pocket and putting it into the hands of one of them, "and I should be glad, good comrades, if you would make enquiries as to whether I may be admitted or not."

Gold has a way of putting a new complexion on things; the only rule I have never yet found an exception to. The man to whom I gave the money took my name and passed it along to another soldier within, and after half-an-hour of tedious waiting an officer appeared.

Seeing me, he looked somewhat annoyed, but quickly his look of annoyance changed to one of amusement.

"Are you the fellow who demands an immediate audience of the Queen?" he said.

"My name," I replied, haughtily, for his tone irritated me, "is Richard Blennerhasset, very much at your service after I have seen Her Majesty, the Queen."

Something in my voice, I suppose, told the officer that I was not to be lightly dealt with in spite of my ludicrous appearance, for it was in an altered tone that he enquired as to what was the nature of my business.

"I wish," said I, getting very red in the face, I am sure, "to let the Queen know that, in spite of the laudable efforts of your men, my throat is still unslit and my skull unbroken. Her

Majesty may have some interest in the matter, for seeing that it was I who attended Prince Louis to the quay, my safety will be the surest guarantee of his Highness's safety."

The officer turned on his heel and bade me follow him, and after going to my room and making my appearance more presentable, I craved an audience of the Queen.

As I entered her apartment she turned pale and half rose from her chair.

"What is this," she said "and how does it come that you are not on board and away?"

As clearly and as quickly as I could I explained to her all I had heard and all I had come through, and when I came to the account of Trini, and the interview I had overheard between the spy and General Blumenbach, I saw her grip the sides of her chair in nervous anger.

"You have done well," she said, when I had concluded, "but this Trini, is he safe, do you think? With men like General Blumenbach," she sighed, a faint smile curling into her lips, "we women have a more effective weapon in our keeping than mere brute force and treachery. While he is in command here and Trini is safe, Louis and I need have no fear. If Trini contrives to escape"—she paused, her lips tightening, as though she were thinking out a difficulty.

"If Trini contrives to escape," I repeated the words after her, "it will be a short holiday. I have a man on his track," said I, "who is in a terrible hurry to wipe a debt off."

Then I told her of my meeting with the man in the red hat, and how I discovered that he was a member of our Society in Rome, and of how he had sworn never to lose sight of the place where Trini was kept prisoner until we were all safely out of Ancona.

Then I begged her leave to retire, for I was clean worn out, as they say, with all my doings of the last few hours, and it was with something like a sigh of content that I threw myself down on the bed that I had thought that morning I should never see again.

The next few days were full of excite-

ment and anxiety. We had much to do and much to prepare.

Prince Louis picked up his health very quickly. In two days he was out of bed. In four more he was well enough and strong enough to give his mind to the journey which was before him.

As to how the first step in that journey was to be managed was a difficult matter to decide.

General Blumenbach had come to pay his respects to Queen Hortense, and had taken care not to ask too many questions regarding the whereabouts of the Prince.

It was clear to me as I stood in attendance on the Queen on the day of the General's visit, that the lovely daughter of Josephine still retained a hold over this rough old fellow's heart, and they had not been in conversation for more than two minutes before I realised that Blumenbach was not the man to cause us any trouble. Sure, the Queen was right enough when she boasted that she had better weapons for fighting this sort of man than mere beast strength and trickery.

She and the General just had a quiet talk on a number of subjects that were of interest to both of them—the days in Paris, the time that Holland was ruled by a Bonaparte Dynasty, the 100 days, and the tragedy of Josephine and the great Emperor. His unmusical voice rang true, I thought, as he offered the Queen his sympathy on the death of Prince Napoleon, and indeed his words brought the tears to her eyes. In the end, when he left her, he did so with a promise that he would do all in his power to make her stay in Ancona as free from trouble as the circumstances would allow, and her departure as easy as was compatible with the exigences of war.

It was this departure that troubled me. The pass which Blumenbach provided Hortense with through the Austrian lines, was for herself and servants, and I could not see how we were to get Prince Louis, who was well known, out of Ancona on the strength of this. But that wonderful woman, his Mother, she it was who again hit upon a plan.

E

Prince Louis was to dress up as her footman, and ride on the board of one carriage, and I was in like disguise to take up a similar position on the second carriage.

It was a simple ruse enough, no questions would be asked, the General had made it clear to the Queen that this would be so. Our only fear was as to what had become of Trini. If he escaped there would be the devil to pay.

And so the days wore on until Prince Louis assured his mother he was quite strong enough to travel. With this she was content, and sent word to the General that she proposed to set out the following day—Easter Sunday—for France, and through France to England.

When that eventful day arrived we all rose early, containing ourselves with difficulty as we waited until the carriages should be brought into the courtyard.

Prince Louis, pale, not only from his weeks of illness but from a sleepless night, looked strangely out of keeping with the livery he was wearing, and, whatever my own appearance may have been, I certainly felt about as awkward as could be.

We were all in a state of nervous excitement except the Queen. As for her, she had passed through too many scenes of trouble and danger to have her nerves set jumping by such a situation as this. She had a joke for all of us, and laughed drolly when Louis came to see her in his fancy costume; but I could feel that he himself was enduring a strain of mind and body that threatened to bring him to the ground at any moment.

Unnerved and unstrung, he could think of nothing for himself. All his assurance had left him for the moment, and I well remember how amazed I was at the strange mix-up of the nature of the man just before the time arrived when we had to take up our positions on the carriages.

I was in his room and everything was in readiness, when suddenly, without any warning, he came up to me, and, taking my hand, hid his face on my shoulder and burst out crying.

The position was to me a terrible one. There is nothing that goes against my stomach more than to see a man weeping, but to have my Prince, the man I had sworn to follow to the death, sobbing on my shoulder like a weak girl, irritated me almost past bearing.

I shook him off without any attempt to hide my view of his behaviour.

"Come, come, Louis," I said, "play the man. Put off your crying till a day when it fits in better." He took no notice of my words, but, sinking into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and broke into a renewed fit of weeping.

I watched him for some moments anxiously, but at last he rose, pale and shaking all over, and began to pace the room with quick, nervous steps. He did not utter a word; he was suffering a deal in silence, and the only relief he allowed himself came in the way of tears. Unexpectedly, he stopped with his back to me, a tremor passed through his body, and then, on a sudden, he turned, and I saw to my amazement that he was quite calm and cool and resolute.

"Come, Dick," he said, in an everyday voice, that was wine to my heart, "let us go and play at being servants now. You need not be angry. I will promise," he went on, coming up to me and patting me on the back with a comical imitation of a repentant child, "I will promise to be a good boy." His face saddened, and a far-away look softened into his eyes. "Sometimes," he sighed, "I think I am a kind of girl. But I shall be brave enough when the time comes," he added, more cheerily. He paused, and then repeated the words solemnly, "When the time comes."

In after years I remembered this, and I realised the truth of what he had said. This was the clue to the Prince's entire character. He had the nervous temperament of a woman, with the steel brain and mind of a man, and the story of the struggle between these two conflicting elements in his nature is the story of his life, take it as you will.

It was still early when Louis and I descended into the courtyard, and quietly took our stations on the footboards of the two carriages. The gates

were flung back, and between the Austrian soldiers the carriages rolled out to the foot of the grand staircase. There we paused for some moments. A large crowd had already collected, and from my position on the second carriage, I scrutinised it closely, fearing that I should see Trini.

The minutes seemed hours as we waited—the Prince standing calm and erect, the very picture of coolness in his footman's livery. Not the slightest sign of his late outburst was visible. He looked the most collected of mensevants, far more so I fear than myself. Indeed, I am certain that no self-respecting householder would have had me in his employ for one hour, for I was for ever fidgetting with my hands, resting first on one foot and then another, and conducting myself like the veritable novice that I was. Perhaps, this can be said as an excuse for my bad acting, that I knew more about the dangers of discovery.

Queen Hortense was long in coming, for she wished to show no haste, and I began to grow weary of my part and longed for some distraction.

I gazed resolutely over the heads of the crowd wishing we were well out of the place, when suddenly I saw something which made me start.

In the press of the mob I saw moving towards the outer edge of the crowd, a figure in a black cloak almost monkish in its cut and colour, and I caught sight of a fat, fleshy face from which a pair of cunning eyes looked out. My heart jumped to my mouth as I saw that Trini was free and in our tracks again.

God knows how, and the devil knows why, he had escaped, but that he had escaped was the one fact which excited me at that moment.

In my excitement, I almost entirely forgot the fact that I was dressed out as a lackey. I wondered wildly why the Queen waited. Unless we got away immediately all would be discovered, all might be discovered even then.

The appearance of Trini could have no other purpose but that of forcing the General's hand by betraying the Prince. If it was made obvious not only to the

crowd, but to the soldiers and officers that Prince Louis was there in disguise, and was being permitted to escape by the General in command, there would be nothing for the old Austrian to do but arrest him and hand him over to the authorities.

I was pulled a dozen different ways with excitement and anxiety. My head burned with thinking what I should do, and how I should act in the event of the Prince's arrest.

Our only hope lay in the goodwill of the people who looked upon Prince Louis as the emblem of their liberty and freedom. But any movement in his favour I knew would be immediately suppressed by the large force of Austrian soldiers that was present.

My thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by the appearance of the Queen. With a grand air of ease she came down the grand staircase, and without a tremour or movement displaying anything but the calmest and most collected spirit she took her seat in the carriage.

As Prince Louis jumped on to the footboard, I glanced over the heads of the crowd, and saw the black cloak coming closer and closer, forcing its way through the dense mass.

Would it be in time? Then I looked again, and saw something lend a distinct patch of colour to that mass. It was a red hat. It stood out from the throng, and was moving like a cork caught in some rapid stream through the crowd in the direction of the black hood. I watched it with strained eyes as it moved nearer and nearer. But still the black hood had the lead.

Which would reach the edge of the crowd first? Would the black hood succeed in getting clear of the throng? Towards the edge of the crowd the press was thickest. The black hood had difficulty in forcing its way, and in the delay nearer and nearer drew the red hat. Gradually it crept up inch by inch. The soldiers for a moment swept the people back, and in that back flow the red hat sprang up on a level with the black hood.

The sweat must have been standing on my brows with excitement. They were side by side now—the red and the

black. Then suddenly the black hood disappeared. There was a tremor in the crowd. A space was suddenly cleared. I raised myself on tip-toe, but could see nothing except a red hat speeding back through the press in the direction from which it had come. That was enough. I knew that Trini, the spy, had got his deserts.

The reaction after these moments of excitement was almost too much for me, strong man though I was. I jumped on to the footboard of the second carriage, and followed with as placid demeanour as I could assume, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could

keep my place. My nerves were as jumpy as a cat's, but the Queen and Louis rolled on in front calm and unmoved. They—God love them—did not know of the tragedy that had almost been a tragedy for them as well.

At last we reached the gates of the town, our passports were examined by the officer on guard, and returned to us without any trouble.

The great danger was over. We were free from Ancona, and when we reached Loretto, it was with a feeling of genuine thankfulness that we followed the Queen into the Church to give thanks for our safe deliverance.



TO LUCASTA

IF one should ask me wherefore Pain still seeks
Persistently thy presence, I'd reply,
'Tis but that he would flush thy snowy cheeks,
And lend a newer lustre to thine eye.

For Pain is Beauty's cruel minister,
And grace and charm ethereal bestows,
Though with his fires at last consuming her—
So the sirocco withers up the rose.

But thou, whilst taking all he may bestow,
Gently inflexible, canst still retard
His fell advances, teaching him to know
Thy spirit, diamond-bright and diamond-hard!

And so thy song rings through thy flow'r-decked rooms,
And threnodies are straightway turned to glees;
Thy smiles irradiate the study's glooms,
Flashing new light on old philosophies.

Even the garden to thy tender sway
Responds through all its maze of leaves and bells,
As, moving, moonlike, on thy luminous way,
Thou goest, like Diana, weaving spells!

RICHARD LOVELACE.

A GROUND OF UNION

By JOHN LAW

THERE is no need to take thy hand,
To touch thy lips, or thee to greet ;
Nor must I say in what far land,
Out of all time, we first did meet ;
As in this russet hour we stand,
That which has parted us meseems
A curtain in some House of Dreams.

Or, in this aching scheme of things,
If memories like these delude,
My yearning towards thee, taking wings,
Doth even in the past intrude,
From those dim halls thy picture brings ;
Because it sees thee everywhere
Can skry no world but thou art there.

I will not speak of love to thee,
For, having looked in eyes like thine,
Past love's inscrutable mystery,
Something more sacred, more divine,
And undeclared than love I see ;
And what these secret depths enfold,
Shut in my heart, for thee I hold.

Taught in strange schools, this earthly place
Finds task-work in my forms of speech ;
But, looking on thy chastened face,
All hast thou learned which I would teach :
By thy tired eyes and tortured grace,
Surely when making thee God sighed,
Thou art so wan, so mortified.

From us whom Nature never knew
That common health is far removed
Whereof old saints with instinct true
But angel-mildness disapproved ;
They read our weakness through and through,
Saw that strong thews and nerves of earth
Win hardly towards the second birth.

The cords which bind our souls are such
As earthly ties would strain and start ;
Each would not hold in each so much
If ill-content on earth to part :
That once the ways we walk should touch
For consolation, not for need,
That which is merciful decreed.

Let then those ways divide, not they
 Either conjoin or disconnect;
 Thou wilt not fail me on a day,
 Nor I from thy sheer height deflect,
 By stooping towards thy house of clay;
 But when that day for thee and me
 Comes, at the end, remember me.

In the great session, where they meet
 For rites of union, thou wilt wait,
 Knowing I follow on thy feet,
 And I will pause if thou be late
 A little at the mercy-seat;
 Till God shall make us one in Him,
 Hide in the wings of seraphim.



Many who would scorn the notion of being tyrannised over by men, are yet dominated by inanimate things.



TO OTHER ENDS

LOOK forth no more where bindweeds creep
 About thy lattice bars,
 And move no more where waters sweep
 Entranced by musing stars!
 Thy peace be full, thy rest be deep,
 Dark night possess thine eyes;
 While night as dark is ours who weep,
 Sweet Life, fill other skies:
 That which God joined to make thy wonder,
 For Heaven's gain, thus he puts asunder.

Q. S.



There are kindly misanthropes just as there are pitiless philanthropists.

THE PHANTOM STATION

By E. Way Elkington

Author of "The Squatter's Stud" and "The Rugged Way"



EARLY every Englishman who goes to the colonies is filled with a longing to be a ranchman; to drive bullocks, and to mix with the rough, strong, cow-boys of his imagination. I do not mind confessing now, for years have gone by since then, that I was no better than the rest of my fellow-voyagers, the only difference being that perhaps my ideas of ranch, or station life were even more romantic than theirs. I had the wildest fancies concerning the habits of cow boys. I pictured myself on a thin shaggy pony with a high-backed saddle and lasso pummel, galloping wildly into the nearest township, accompanied by a roaring crowd of these boys. I could see myself ahead of them all, cracking my long stock whip with my right hand as I took left-handed shots at the lamp-posts with my six-shooter. How as each light went out shouts of applause greeted me; how the inhabitants hurried out of our way, laughing and telling their friends that the "boys" were enjoying themselves to-night!

These were only my wildest dreams of what station life was. The others are laid aside, but not forgotten.

With such romantic ideas it was not surprising that soon after my arrival in New Zealand I hurried off to the Hawke's Bay district, where I heard the largest cattle and sheep stations were situated. Whilst in Napier I made enquiries as to how I should get employment as a stockman. I, of course, thought so long as one could ride no difficulty would be met—in fact that squatters would be only too glad to have men. To my utter astonishment I

found things otherwise, and learnt that the only way to get work of this kind was to tramp from station to station and enquire at each if a man were needed.

Seeing that there was no other method, and not wishing to waste time, I wrapped a few clothes in a blanket, strapped them on my back, and started on my journey. Prior to leaving I received minute instructions from my adviser as to the way of procedure.

It was a bright morning, full of promise; the sun had not long risen, and the streets of Napier were deserted. I hurriedly left my hotel, and walked sharply away, hoping that no one would see me; for, be the truth spoken, I felt my position was not a dignified one. A tramp in a town was somewhat different to a man going to be a stockman in the country. I feared that the inhabitants of Napier would not look at the matter from this broad standpoint, and that they would see only the outward signs, and judge me accordingly—a loafer and a tramp—whereas, no man that ever trod the pavements of that worthy but sleepy town had higher resolves or more beautiful ideals than I had that bright November morning.

Once clear of the town, I felt less conscious of the swag on my back, and stepped out more freely, dreaming gaily of the bright future which I thought lay before me.

The roads were in splendid condition, and the beautiful scenery made walking a pleasure. After the quiet, peaceful look of English country, the wild broken tracks of land on which I soon found myself were strangely interesting. For the first two days my travels took me along the main road, and I experienced no

difficulty in finding my way, though I saw but few people of whom to enquire.

Concerning the tramp I had, and the experiences at the various stations, little need be said; they were the same that hundreds of others have written about, so I will push on to my third day.

As I had walked at a fair rate I was soon, well out into the country. The stations were now further apart, which made it necessary to get an early start to enable me to reach the next stopping place before sundown. It was on the 13th day of the month that I left the last station this side of the Tutikouri River in my search for one on the other side. I remember the date well, for the mail from England was due, and as I tramped along I wondered if any letters were lying at Napier for me. Once or twice I felt inclined to turn back, so keen was my longing for home news. However, I stuck to the road and walked steadily on all day, until, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I sighted a large wool shed and station, on the far side of the river where I had been told that I should find it. It was almost hidden from sight by the thick bush which grew all along the opposite bank. As it only appeared to be a mile from the other side, I sat down to enjoy a rest and smoke before wading the river. Young as I was at tramping I knew enough not to arrive too early at a station, for it only meant more work—most squatters make the swagmen (tramps) work until sundown before they will give them their meals and allot them a sleeping-place, hence the name sundowner is given to those men who do not arrive at a station until the sun has set and work for the day is over.

The river rippled idly past me as I lay down on the soft grass, puffing clouds of smoke into the air and enjoying to the full the wonderful sensation of complete freedom. Here was I, without a penny in my pocket, in a land where the sun was nearly always shining; surrounded on all sides by the most perfect scenery; free from all care and looking quietly across at the station where I knew I could get as much food as I wanted, a nice place to sleep in and

the companionship of amusing men. It was delightful to lie down and think on all these good things, to picture the scramble that was going on in London, my native town—how men were tearing about in the foggy streets all bent on a fight for existence, all fearing that tomorrow they might be ruined, or that next month they would not be able to meet their bills. I felt so far above all these men in my content. There was a mad delight in the peace that surrounded me. What had I to bother about? Absolutely nothing. I knew if I didn't get work I could go on as I was, and surely no life could be more pleasant.

It was in this dreamy blissful state that I took a last look at the station, marking carefully the direction I had to take, and struck off down the bank with my swag held high over my head, to keep it dry as I waded through the river. Luckily it was not in flood and only wet me to my waist. Once on the opposite bank I shouldered my swag, wrung some of the water out of my clothes, and searched for a track to take me to the station. At first I could see no sign of any path, but after about half-an-hour's hunting I came across the wheel marks of a cart which, not long since, had evidently passed through the river about half a mile below where I had crossed. So distinct were the tracks that I felt sure if I hurried I should come across the dray. It could not be far ahead, for the water which had dripped from the horses was still wet on the ground. For fully half-an-hour I trudged along feeling all the time that the cart, if leading me to the station, was taking me a roundabout way. This I knew might possibly be necessary, a creek or the clump of bush I had seen might have barred the most direct route. Suddenly the wheel tracks led me into a small swamp and through a creek. I followed them but on reaching the other side could no longer discover where the wheels had been. As it was now getting dark I wasted as little time as possible in trying to find the lost tracks, but instead searched for some trodden footway which would take me right.

A more desolate looking place than

this I had never come across. The land around me was extremely marshy. Ti-tree, scrub and flax, grew over everything and no sign of field or station could I see. To the right of me grew the thick bush, barring my view, behind stretched the flat broken ground I had traversed, and ahead bush, swamp and scrub. For some minutes I remained still listening intently for some sign of life, the barking of a dog or the cracking of a stockwhip. All was as quiet as the grave. In desperation I *coo-ee'd* loudly once or twice in the hope that if anyone were about they would answer me. I waited anxiously for an answer till the stillness began to depress me. The dripping of the water and the murky noises of the swamp were the only sounds that broke the monotony. Their very regularity only added to the unpleasantness of the situation.

At last I decided to retrace my steps and endeavour to find another track; I came to the conclusion that the one I had been following was wrong.

In twenty minutes I was back by the river and felt a pleasant sense of homeliness in its company. Darkness was coming on apace. I quickly took my bearings again and started off in what I felt sure was a direct line for the station. There was no track visible, but as I was certain the bush could not be very large, I thought I would trust to Providence and make a bold dash for it.

New chum as I was, I knew the dangers of trying to pass through the bush, but I was getting desperate and the distance seemed so short.

Anybody, I thought, could walk straight for that little way. Fearing lest I should go wrong, I took care to leave good marks behind me so that I should have no difficulty in retracing my steps to the river, which had now become quite a home to me; from its opposite bank I knew I could see the station; that in itself was a comfort in this lonely spot.

For the first quarter of a mile the bush was thin, and the undergrowth was not sufficient to impede my progress, but as I went on it became thicker, the trees higher and the darkness more intense. Walking in a straight line became im-

possible, for great trees and fallen logs barred my way. Gradually I felt I was going down into a gully. I could see the tree tops far beneath me.

From the river the ground had seemed quite level, and surely, I began to think, I had travelled more than a mile. The farther I went the more troubled I felt. I was certain that I was wrong again.

The gully seemed endless, and in a kind of nervous terror I swung sharply round and began hurriedly to retrace my steps. A large rat jumped down from the branch of a tree in front of me and scuttled through the thick undergrowth.

Uncanny feelings began to assert themselves, and I scrambled along as fast as I could, stumbling over fallen branches and getting entangled in "bush lawyer" and "supplejack." The latter seemed purposely to twine its long vines round me and clutch my arms and legs. The more I tugged to free myself the more entangled I became and the more nervous I grew. These vine-like ropes seemed human in their persistence. Each strand had to be parted and separately disentangled before I could proceed. When I got back to the open the perspiration was pouring off me and my heart was thumping against my ribs. I doubled my pace until I saw the river before me.

On reaching it I sank down by its friendly bank, thoroughly exhausted.

Beyond a small crust of bread, I had eaten nothing since my breakfast and was now feeling the pangs of hunger. It must have been nine o'clock, and I had been thirteen hours without a meal. The river looked more deep and lonely now as I gazed down at it. I was strangely tired and weak, and felt more like sleeping where I lay than re-crossing it, preparatory to making a fresh start, I determined to make sure of the exact position of the station. The water was cold, and in the darkness I took a new crossing, where the water rose up to my arm-pits. It was indeed terribly cold and made me shiver as I battled through it. At last I reached the opposite side. Throwing down my swag I ran up the bank. There it was! Exactly where I had come from! The white roof of

station and wool shed, even in the darkness, stood out plain and clear against the sky.

For a moment I shut my eyes and then opened them again to make sure that what I saw was no fancy. It was all right. A light shone out from one of the windows and a dog barked loudly in the distance. The men were evidently closing up for the night.

Filled with fresh energy I made one more start. This time I followed the river further up, so that I should cross in a straight line to the sheds. On reaching the opposite bank my way was barred by a steep, bush-covered hill, the sides of which, from the water, were impossible to climb. I determined not to be done this time, so I headed up the stream in order to find some other landing place beyond the station. About two hundred yards higher up I arrived at a ford where cattle came to drink, and could have shouted for very joy. With a bound I was out of the water, and a few minutes later was following the cattle tracks right in the direction I knew the station lay.

This time I felt sure I was right. I fancied I could already hear the men talking in their shanties. Vain fancy that it was!

After an hour's weary walking, I found myself back at the cattle ford!

The river babbled by. The moon shone on its waters in peaceful serenity. I hated that river now, and turned from it in disgust. Back into the bush I strode, neither looking nor caring which direction I took.

A fever seemed to possess me as I stumbled along barking my shins against the tree stumps.

Presently I fell down exhausted and must have slept. When I awoke, strange noises filled the bush. The trees groaned and the wind sighed through their branches. As I lay and listened, I wondered if I were awake, whether these noises were only fancies of a fevered brain or whether the wind had really risen. The gnawing sensations of hunger began to tear at me and my soaking clothes hung round me, making me shiver all over. Strange ideas began to haunt me.

Suddenly I started up. The loneliness of the place began to frighten me. I felt that a walk would steady my nerves. I was weak and tired but I scrambled along in a vain endeavour to dissipate my fears and bring warmth to my body. I had no idea where I was going, every place seemed alike. The trees and shrubs all grew in one way and there was no telling one from the other. The fitful flashes of the moon as they shot through the thick clouds overhead, seemed to cast strange shadows across my path. The wind, too, was rising, and the boughs of the trees groaned weirdly. A swimming seemed to fill my head and my limbs refused to move another inch. Again I sank down, this time by the side of a small creek; its green mossy bank looked restful.

On all sides the tall trees stared down at me. Queer noises made me start, and every now and then I felt as if some unknown horror were upon me. The shadows cast by the moon danced like demons in this wild unearthly grotto. My brain began to mix the real and the unreal. A sort of haziness came over my vision, and the shadows took shape and danced round me, as if mocking me in my sad plight. The wind gained strength and howled piteously through the trees.

I felt that I was going mad. I must get up and move about. As I rose a clamouring noise broke on my ears almost deafening me. The demons danced more furiously. My head swam round. I heard a crash, and felt a keen pain shoot through my head. I fell back instantly; a strange sensation of peace came over me. The imps of the bush went further and further away; the harsh sounds became fainter and fainter.

Death! I thought how sweet it was. Suddenly, it must have been hours afterwards, for the sun was well up in the heavens, I came back to consciousness. At first a strange feeling of uncertainty possessed me, and I could not collect my thoughts. I wondered, in a vague sort of way, where I was.

At last, little by little, a feeling of unrest came over me, and I began to realise my position. The events of the

past night came crowding before me, till I remembered all—the crash and the oblivion.

Blood was on my hands, and I became conscious of a dull pain in my head. My hair was all clotted with blood. The broken bough of a tree lay by my side; its branches were half over my body.

Now I knew everything. The whole ghastly position was before me. I was lost in the bush!

Weak, sore and feeble, I rose slowly to my feet, and crawled to the little stream to bathe my temples in its muddy, swollen waters. A terrible storm must have raged in the night, for the bush was strewn with broken branches. The beautiful ferns of yesterday were now a tangled heap of rubbish.

How miserable I was! The gnawing pangs of hunger alone kept me from lying down again.

Surely, now, in the daylight I should be able to find the Phantom Station.

The water had refreshed me. Slowly I began to retrace my steps, but the way was rough, and all traces of the path by which I had come had now disappeared.

For hours I wandered aimlessly about, getting weaker and weaker, till at last I sunk down thoroughly exhausted and slept, praying that I might never wake again. A cracking of whips and shouting of men suddenly startled me from my dreams. Hope sprang up within me. They sounded so near, just behind me.

I started up and scrambled towards the sound with all my remaining strength, stumbling and falling as I went.

The shouts of human voices still sounded plainly. It was no mere fancy this time. The rough oaths of the cattlemen were the sweetest of music to me. Their voices were going away, and a frenzy seized me lest I should

fail to reach the open in time to cry out.

Suddenly, through the trees, far on a hilltop, I saw a mob of cattle tearing wildly about. Men were rushing here and there rounding them up, but they were going away from me. In a few minutes they would be over the hilltop and out of sight!

I struggled on, though each movement wrung me with pain.

It was fully an hour before I reached the spot, and there below me I saw the road I had come the day before. To the right of it lay the river I had crossed, and behind me the bush where the Phantom Station had led me astray. I determined to abandon all hope of finding it, and setting my face to the road I crawled back to the station at which I had last slept. When I arrived there astonishment was on everyone's face; my pitiful condition alarmed them. I tried to speak and explain my position, but I was too weak.

The squatter's wife took charge of me, and, after giving me the smallest piece of bread and honey and half a glass of milk despatched me to bed, where I lay all that day.

When I awoke I ate the biggest meal I had ever tackled, and after it I was able to tell them what they had already guessed, that I had missed my road and spent the night in the bush. I remember how I laughed when they told me the station was no phantom, but a real and very big one. They could hardly believe that I was speaking the truth, for I must have walked round it at least twice and at one time, at the creek, could only have been three hundred yards from the main road.

The next day I found my phantom station quite easily, and have since been over the bush that had nearly become my burial ground. To this day I cannot imagine how I missed the track, but such is the way of the bush when a new chum first takes to it.



TOWARDS JERUSALEM

UNHALLOWED exhalations steaming up
 From passion's burning sacrifice becloud,
 The altar height whereon the soul enthroned
 Sits like a sybil on the divining seat
 And raves, inebriate with the ascending fumes.
 Who looks abroad, commanding life and time?
 Who, calm in conscious strength, her crown awaits?
 Child of the greater doom—not she, long called
 But chosen not; in madness revelling . . .

O! if the splendours of the life above,
 This turbid life of earth might dawn on me,
 With shafts of sacred light and two-edged beams
 Refracted up and down from rocks and peaks
 Of spiritual precipice, to rend
 This temple's veil, this temple built by flesh
 To flesh for the soul's bondage and dark night;
 And the soul freed, among the dateless hills
 Some path discover, that followed ever more
 Might lead to Zion, the eternal town,
 The endless rest. Receive thine exiled son,
 High city, set upon the hills; from far,
 How far, across life's turbid, unannealed
 And questing waters, from the murk and waste,
 Where upas vapours breathe, I hail thee now,
 Suspiring towards thee.

H. MARSHALL NEALE.



Many an over zealous man resembles Atlas in attempting to support a burden which might safely be entrusted to natural laws.



The gate of the future is the gate of dreams.



There are men who will stand on your toes while they explain their unwillingness to injure even a fly.

AMICUS PLATO

By Stephen Finch



IF the multiplication of interests adds really to the value of life, then it must be confessed that the last hundred years have added almost incalculably to the goodwill of human existence, regarded as a going concern. It has become almost trite to say that every department of activity is now-a-days highly specialized in view of these interests, and tends to become further divided and sub-divided. The minute philosopher and practitioner are called for more and more, and such higher mental abilities as are qualified for the profession of the specialist, in whatever department of industry, are not likely to lie idle or to go without their reward for many generations to come. Knowledge adds to the complexities of civilisation, and civilisation, as it increases its complexities, makes further demand upon knowledge. We have really very little need to ask what we shall do with the more intelligent and capable of our children, whether boys or girls. The answer may well be: Train them for specialists in that subject wherein you observe that their interest has been awakened, or along the lines of which it seems possible to awaken their interest. The departments are innumerable; they are all wage-earning, and in many of them there are high rewards possible. Naturally, they lie outside the common fields of the educational curriculum; they are not comprised in the classical or commercial course; and education itself, as it rises to meet the demand for particular and extraordinary knowledge in given directions, will tend to become specialised, as it is indeed already tending. Outside the practical advantage that knowledge means daily bread, there is one of a

higher order, for it is purely intellectual. The field of discovery is always in front of the specialist, and he can scarcely fail to enter in its promised land, by whatever path he travels. He is ever on the threshold of that unknown which is also ever passing into the known. There is, however, unfortunately another side to the picture. The eye which looks in one direction only, loses sight of the wide horizon; the mind which works solely upon a single department of knowledge, loses the greater issues; and it is to this extent an open question whether the multiplication of interests has added capital value to life, or has simply split up its investments.

The speculative question in any case is not without importance at this day, when side by side with the specialisation of knowledge, research and industry there is found also the growing conviction that man's best interests do not lie in these directions. In the old days of the schoolman there were those who argued from particulars to universals, following roughly what was called the Aristotelian method, and there were those who argued from universals to particulars, which they used to call the Platonic method. These two classes find their representatives even in the modern spirit of this 20th Century, and by taking a glance at the age as it is, it may be possible to forecast somewhat broadly and very roughly, bearing these two tendencies in mind, how matters are likely to stand in respect of them after the lapse of another hundred years.

There is a safe assumption at the outset, and this is that the gigantic tasks have been already achieved; in science, in literature, in art the statement holds equally. The possibilities of differentiation are infinite, but the great things have been discovered, said and done.

To affirm this is not to put a limit upon human capacity but to define the unavoidable bounds of the existing order of things. Once and for all—unless another flood should again reduce the race to the unit of a single family and all knowledge perish in the catastrophe—earth and sea have had their Christopher Columbus and the new world cannot be discovered for a second time. It is more than probable that the North Pole will be reached before this century has passed, and he who reaches it will be counted among the immortal adventurers; but he will not be so great a discoverer as Columbus, though the latter's task was infinitely more simple, because his success means less to the world. In a word, earth and sea have been so far reduced within the province of our knowledge that all further explorations are necessarily of secondary importance, and in two or three generations it seems reasonable to suppose that nothing worth speaking of will remain to be done in this direction, but the differentiation and specialisation of our knowledge in every corner of the world will of course go on indefinitely.

In all departments of science the same stage appears to have been reached, subject to one important qualification. The surface of the globe is so well known that there is no reason why it should not ultimately be explored from end to end, but along the broad tracks of the general sciences a certain great progress brings us to limits which the human mind cannot overstep. Biology, for example, is practically a creation of the 19th Century, but its irremovable landmarks have been established, its great discoveries made, and though enormous differentiation is still possible, and innumerable by-ways are still open to research, the mystery of life has been pursued in one sense to its finish, to the point, that is to say, where we lose it, at that beginning for which we cannot account and which bids fair to remain unaccountable. In astronomical observation, to take another instance, the great fields are explored and the additions to the stock of knowledge accumulated from year to year, though highly important in their own degree, are of the nature of minutiae and do not

materially assist towards a better theory of the stellar universe, while as regards those fields of investigation which lie outside the rectification and extension of the star maps, here also the tendency is to recognise, reluctantly enough, the approach of knowledge to those limits at which the word *Impassable* is written. However widely distinguished in themselves, the other sciences convey the same message: there is no important outlook in mathematics: in physiology, the barriers rise up everywhere; even in chemistry it is doubtful, should a further disintegration of substances previously regarded as elementary enable us to convert one metal into another, whether this would be regarded as a really great discovery in view of the science as it stands. It is, nevertheless, in the domain of the chemist, if anywhere, and in the investigation of the latent and concealed forces of the universe, that the great hope of invention lies.

That which is true of science seems true also of literature, of history, of religion—understood in the ordinary sense—and of the field of speculation which assumes to itself in a more particular manner the name of philosophy.

No questioning of culture would elicit an expectation of another Homer or of a second Shakspeare; as literary monuments the scriptures of Jewry and Christendom are so great that a right instinct regards them—outside all theological considerations—as not only for their own age, but all time, and this in such a manner that time is unlikely to produce their parallel. And at this period in particular we are not in the age of great names, but in that of differentiation and specialisation of literary gifts, with a highly increased standard of average talent everywhere; while round about the horizon of literature the old Titans stand impassable as those barriers which say to the biologist, the astronomer, the chemist: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. If other records of the past be challenged, it will be found that as little hope of great things to come is cherished by the historian, although the yearning eye may be turned to Lhasa of Thibet, and the heart still hope for something,

so far undemonstrable, in the land of the Pharaohs. The voices of the records are in all men's ears; they have been made to speak everywhere; but beyond this there is the dumbness of the great unknown, which looks so mournfully unknowable. There is, however, that lesser unknown, ever responding to research and multiplying minute knowledge in the hands of special investigation—like other specialities, highly important in its ways, profoundly interesting, but offering nothing to the intellectual notion of greatness. In such a connection as the present it is only possible to touch upon matters of religion in those aspects which lie outside the region of its divine sanction, and then it is a part of history, a part of literature, a domain of criticism, a controversial region, a science of the higher laws of conduct, the principles and limits of which have been fixed long ago, leaving only departmental issues, but these innumerable, in which it is possible to create new epochs. And around the whole horizon of these issues, far above and beyond them, stand the giants which were on earth in those days, the great theologians, the great commentators, the great controversialists, and—may it be respectfully added—the great saints of old, to compel reverence if they do not inspire obedience or engage assent, and to offer an overwhelming assurance that the force of Nature cannot further go. It would seem almost idle to mention a second time that arrogant word philosophy, because the mantle of this Elijah has not passed to any later servants, but avoiding the enumeration of names, and admitting that great schools of thought have originated in the last two centuries, the highest tribunal of ultimate appeal can only confirm the judgment of the mere wayfaring man, that on all the great speculations the schools of thought change, but the problems remain, and that the root-questions are unanswerable.

It follows, therefore, that the interests of the age are fixed all along the lesser degrees for at least a century to come; that they will go on multiplying, and that discovery and increase of know-

ledge will be incessant within these limits. It follows also that as in science, understood in its widest and most embracing sense, so in literature, the production will increase, and that good books will go on multiplying as the average of talent rises; but that in either case the great sum of interest and real value does not stand towards appreciation, and it is questionable whether this outlook offers real consolation to the mind. An inexpensive process for the extraction of radium so that it may be utilized for domestic purposes will be an immense convenience; the cure of cancer and consumption a great amelioration for a suffering section of humanity; the discovery of the bases of gold very interesting and possibly highly valuable, even if it upsets the currency; and since these few instances may be taken to stand for thousands, let it be asked: What next, Muse of Science, and what for the twenty-first century? Or, if nothing next, what then! So also, if Egypt permits her explorers to disinter still earlier dynasties; if Buddhist monasteries lift up some corner of the veil which covers the mysteries of the East; if the remnants of an undreamed-of civilisation are found in Australasia; if another Gospel should be discovered; if the exact area of the circle should no longer baffle mathematics; if some new motion should be distinguished in the solar system; if psychology should establish some of the disputed points in mental philosophy; will it not still be true that "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers" and that the path of these particulars, these details, wonderful as they may be, is not the path which leads to the things that are universal, while it is these only in the last resource which lend value to life and can alone be truly added to the heritage of man?

And if this be so, the great question which arises is whether there is another way, for an answer to which, if indeed there be an answer possible, recourse must be had to the ground of those convictions previously mentioned, that man has other interests which are quite distinct from anything that is

attained or attainable by the faculties of external observation. In the nature of things these convictions are not open to experimental demonstration by the way of physical science. They baffle empirical psychology in the same way that the ultimate nature of life baffles the biologist, but they exist as life exists, and they are older than the prophecies of Isaiah, the religious epics of India, and the Egyptian Book of the Dead. They are precisely that element which constitutes the greatness of Plato in philosophy; of the fourth gospel, as it can be appraised by the literary sense; of Dante and Spenser in poetry; of St. Thomas in theology; of Jeremy Taylor in personal religion; of Francis Bacon at his greatest, though essentially he was an experimental philosopher; and, despite the apparent jumble of this enumeration of certain old books of knight-errantry and other mirrors of the romantic spirit. But if this element has found its expression thus diversely in literature, it is no less evident in Gothic architecture; in the early Italian masters; and in such "great tone poets" as Sebastian Bach. The ground of the conviction must not be understood as religion in the conventional meaning of the word, and yet it can be defined only as the sense of the infinite. It is the deficiency of this sense which has taken greatness out of modern poetry and has reduced the modern novel to an involved study of character, of situation and of manners. It is the sense of this deficiency and the desire of this lost consciousness which have brought about the revival of romanticism in literature. It is the realisation of the truth that man does not live by bread alone, and that for the same reason his mental nourishment does not or should not consist exclusively of facts; that he is not really better or worse for the discovery of a new star in the constellation *Lyra*, or for the household adaptation of radium; and that the prevention of cancer and con-

sumption though an enormous safeguard for his body, does not really console his heart.

But if the ground of this conviction, that there are better things possible than the providence of science can confer, is to be sought in the sense of the infinite, by the presence of which some men and women have been great in all ages and have left imperishable monuments, does it not seem to follow that there is a side of consciousness which calls for cultivation, and has been neglected amidst the rapid methods and specialisation of modern life? Man in the last resource is that which he thinks; he grows wicked by thinking evil, but if he thinks that which is good, the good fills him entirely. And if amidst the multiplication around him of all those pressing yet lesser interests which make modern life so complex and so differentiated, he can learn how to detach himself occasionally and revert to those things which are simple and not differentiated; if, in the crowded city, he can remember the great world; if he can embrace the larger interests which are not of one age but of all time, will he not, amidst the full appreciation of all that science and research have effected in his interest, and the full enjoyment of their benefits, gain something also of that larger consciousness, that contact with things immeasurable which gave us Plato and Dante. There will in this way be effected a certain marriage between the interests which are universal and the interests which are particular, and seeing that at the beginning of the twentieth century the want of some such union is finding a voice everywhere, is written everywhere in our literature, our painting, our music, and finds a dumb expression even in our painful reproduction of Gothic architecture, it is not a rash forecast to affirm that the twentieth century will accomplish it, and that art and thought and letters will receive the new voice which they are certainly demanding.

OF TRUE AND FALSE UNION

By SEBASTIAN GROVE

“**W**HOM GOD hath joined”—aye, that leaves room for wonder,
 Granting—who doubts?—that none can put asunder,
 But seeing that two lovers in one bed
 Are further each from each,
 As love itself will teach,
 Than any star is far from them o’erhead,
 This question still recurs :
 Whom hath God joined ?

Think you, his flesh to hers,
 By stratagem from other arms purloined,
 And she not surely first, nor he the last,
 While simple passion is so quickly past,
 Or courts remain to utter their decrees ?
 But think you any marriage of the flesh ?
 True, they shall part not when their earth is dead
 Who, few and rarely, in their souls are wed :
 Past doubt, eternity, assuming these,
 Transfigures the old bonds or welds afresh ;
 But their own souls too few on earth have found,
 Much less with others have their own been bound,
 And skin-deep wedlock with the joys it brings
 Scarce counts among indissoluble things.

Alas, the things which once God joined, through some
 Deep-seated mischief to divorce have come,
 And it is only when the inward lights
 Make contact briefly—say, with outward heights,
 Cold, inaccessible and clear—
 The space-immensities of winter nights—
 Or great distractions fallen on the sea—
 That pasts withdrawn in worlds of memory
 Send faint reports—though bands of sense enfold—
 Of great free unions which obtained of old.

Naked we are, divorced from our true ends,
 And conscious only of what pain attends
 The isolation of these earthly days :
 Unbroken solitude besets our ways ;
 Yea, on the nuptial night man stands alone
 And lonely walks the wife he calls his own :

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Veiled limbs and shrouded lips—
 Of such are our most close companionships,
 Sad travesty of joys that once we knew.
 Pass as we can this mournful exile through,
 But ask not constancy and faith too much,
 Of loving kindness ask the healing touch,
 And let us deal with those who share our lot
 As if all mercy were, all judgment not;
 Cleave, if we may, through this life's stormy weather,
 But say not rashly God hath joined together.
 What did God join? Man to the star he seeks,
 Sea to the soul to which the sea-deep speaks.
 Off with these bonds, over the great abyss
 The far-off hope proclaims what union is,
 And all that cannot rest in man's vast deep
 Till it returns to God and there finds sleep
 Has since creation in our inmost cried:
 What God hath joined who was it dared divide?



Life reminds one of a walking bicycle race in which the winner is the one who arrives last.



THE VAGABOND

WHERE'ER I turn, I find all marts o'erstocked,
 All gates of Fortune closely barred and locked;
 So, since no road is open, 'tis my mode
 To take, in man's despite, the open road.



More than two-thirds of the human anatomy, we are told, consists of water.
 It is a strong temptation to take one's spirituous liquors in an undiluted form.

MESMERISM AND HYPNOTISM

By A. E. Waite



At the present day when, more especially in France, the experimental study of hypnotism has assumed the guise of a purely scientific investigation pursued in several important hospitals, and when, even in England, it is in practice almost daily among medical specialists whose professional position is above all challenge, it may be interesting for a few moments to look back upon its early struggles, at the period when it was appealing for recognition in this country. Hypnotism had not only to encounter and live down the opposition of the medical and scientific worlds, but also to displace a rival which had come into the field before it. That rival was Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism, and the competition was none the less keen because then, as now, it was to some extent uncertain whether the two processes were not fundamentally identical.

The school of mesmerism in England may be said to have originated in the course of the year 1829, with the publication in the "London Medical and Physical Journal" of some articles on the subject by Richard Chenevix, F.R.S., as the result of experiments which had been undertaken by himself. These experiments were witnessed by various members of the medical profession, and, among these, led to the conversion of Dr. Elliotson, whose sufferings in support of the unpopular cause form an instructive chapter in its history. Some years passed away, and, in 1836, J. C. Colquhoun published his once well-known work, "Isis Revelata," which is a summary history of animal mag-

netism up to the year 1831, when the second French commission issued its memorable report on the subject. In the same year the Baron du Potet visited London, being perhaps the most successful operator who had yet appeared in France. Indeed, from Mesmer to Puséygur, from Puséygur to De Leuze, and from De Leuze to Du Potet, these are the four epochs, in so far as France is concerned, of that art which was said by the more devoted of its followers to have done more towards the explanation of man and the universe than any other discovery of the century to which it belongs. Du Potet gave public demonstrations, and we notice again the presence of Dr. Elliotson, who now undertook investigations on his own account, and published their results in the "Lancet." The high position which he occupied at the time gave great prominence to his views, and they excited much discussion and bitter hostility, from which he emerged, professionally speaking, a ruined man. But gifted as he was with a peculiar tenacity of purpose, and withstanding, if he did not overcome, all the opposition, he was the recognised centre of the movement, within which a small but useful literature began to grow up. Townshend's "Facts in Mesmerism;" Esdaile's Account of its curative powers, as proved by his mesmeric hospital in India; Elliotson's "Cases of Surgical Operations without pain in the Mesmeric Sleep;" Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism," became and remain among standard works of reference, to which appeal on the subject is still made, and not without justice.

The English school sought its expla-

nation of the phenomena in the hypothesis of Mesmer himself, namely, that animals exercise an influence one upon another, at a distance and otherwise, by the projection or diffusion of a subtle fluid which was compared to the action of the magnet on iron; and about this there was for a long time no division of opinion. Those who believed in the phenomena accepted the explanation concerning them, while those who rejected the latter challenged the alleged evidences. But in the year 1841 a remarkable innovation arose which was destined to throw a fresh light upon the experiments, and to inaugurate the scientific investigation and general acceptance of many facts which had long been the subject of derision on the part of scientific men. In that year the Swiss mesmerist, La Fontaine, came to England and gave public demonstrations all over the country, including the town of Manchester. There James Braid, a Scottish surgeon of exceptional ability, had settled recently, and his curiosity, or rather his scepticism, drew him to the meetings of La Fontaine with the object of discovering how the manifestations were produced. He found, however, that he was not in the presence of occurrences which were the result of collusion, as he had expected, but that some at least of the phenomena were genuine. He then betook himself to the first-hand study of the experiments, with the idea of ascertaining the agency at work in their production. Prior to his investigations, the peculiar pathological conditions understood by the mesmeric state were supposed to require, of necessity, the presence of an operator, and on the hypothesis of a projected fluid, it would be impossible for it to be otherwise. But Braid discovered that an operator was not essential, and he produced, under the name of Hypnotism, similar effects, which at the time he regarded as identical, by simply fixing the attention of the subject on some bright object. When he published the result of his observations and his reflections thereupon in his little work on "Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep," he abandoned the identity of the conditions induced by

the two processes, but, from his later writings, there is ground for believing that he had not really reached any definite conclusion.

While Elliotson was a man, as we have seen, of very high reputation and position, Braid had only a local practice, with a certain more extended reputation for his skill in the treatment of club-feet. Yet the man of influence lost caste, altogether, while the more humble surgeon became famous. The explanation is not to be sought in the cross-purposes of fortune; in the one case, an unpopular cause was championed by a person who, except by the repetition of experiments, cast no further light thereon; in the other, an original genius found a new explanation which made it possible to accept at least a section of the facts, without reference to a hypothesis which was everywhere regarded as unscientific because it was thought transcendental. It would not, however, be correct, to assume that Braid's discovery was at once welcomed in all the medical circles. The chief organ of the profession may be said never to have mentioned it during his lifetime, though it took it for granted when his obituary appeared in its columns. There was silence also for years in another camp, which there is no need to say was that of the mesmerists. It does not follow that individual exponents of the older process did not recognise the importance of Braid's discovery, but it was disliked by the central authority. Dr. Elliotson had suffered too long and too severely to allow willingly a cause, which, for him at least, had become sacred in his own person, to be thus rationalised and explained away.

The hypnotic method, despite its professional welcome, and despite the opposition of the so-called transcendental school, was in connection with some tenets of that school more intimately than its discoverer imagined at the inception. He was not long, however, in learning or perceiving that his process was akin to other processes which rank among the wonders of the past. He came to realise that self-hypnotism had been performed more or less by Fakirs,

Yogis, Ascetics and even Saints of every land and most religious dispensations. When he first entranced a subject by means of his gold pencil case or the head of his lancet, here produced inadvertently the artificial method by which Jacob Boehme entered into what has been called the "interior condition," but the *éblouissement* and trouble of the eye is not the only means of entering either into that state or into the condition of hypnotism. When Braid laid stress on the necessity of fixing the attention, he might have known that the fixing of the eyes was only a pretext or a safe-guard. He learned this afterwards, when he found that he could hypnotise the blind.

While the phenomena of artificial somnambulism and the cataleptic trance were being reduced by Braid into science, animal magnetism may be fairly described as running riot in America, so great was the confusion of operation and theory, so indiscriminate were the things concluded from the facts produced, so sensational were the claims, and possibly the honest beliefs of its ill-balanced exponents. The hypnotic fluid of Mesmer became in their hands no longer an invisible projection from one animal to another. The whole universe was permeated with the substance which the operator was supposed to dispense to his subject, and God Himself was spoken of as the universal mesmerist, much as at a slightly anterior period, and in another school, the Great Architect of the Universe was denominated the first Free-Mason. Scarcely had the subject been rendered superficially scientific and respectable by a matter of fact explanation and ruling out of the so-called higher phenomena than a new process crossed the Atlantic, to make shipwreck of all the proprieties, in the shape of Electric-Biology, a name chosen with the peculiar tact which governs American vocabularies, and involving a double misdescription, as the phenomena were not electric and not more exclusively biological than the process of digestion. And yet the new nondescript, exotic of unreason as it seemed, really involved something which if not overlooked by Braid, had received little prominence in his researches, or

was not at least regarded from the most salient point of view. This was suggestion in the waking state. There can be no doubt that Grimes, the supposed inventor of Electric Biology, and the itinerant lecturers who had come over to demonstrate his process, at least assisted Braid to realise a point which he had shunned, and first under the spirit of vigilance as to his parental rights over his own invention, and next with something derived from his unacknowledged borrowers, he reduced the subject to its proper proportions. Unfortunately, or otherwise, for all the interests involved, hypnotism itself was destined to be made obsolete almost at its commencement, by the discovery of anesthetics, which are far simpler in their operation and far more certain in their results. This was because the new psychological agent was almost exclusively presented for its curative powers and for its aids to surgery. Within the professional sphere, Braid, however, was a man of open mind, and recognised the superiority of ether and chloroform in these special respects, without at the same time abating the superiority of his own agent in more important respects than those of mere facility.

Towards the close of his life the report of experiments by the Austrian Baron von Reichenbach reached this country. These were designed to demonstrate quite unconsciously the very antithesis of Braid's discovery, namely, the existence of a fluid given off by animals and human beings, and by other objects which need not be enumerated, but including the graves of departed persons. He conducted his experiments with a great number of persons whom he found had the faculty for perceiving the alleged emanations, and there is no doubt that his patience and care were infinite. He seems in particular to have avoided as far as possible any suggestion of that which he expected to his subjects, but none of those could enter into a second experiment without being aware of its object. This unavoidably was a weak point in his researches, and Braid took up the matter accordingly, exposing the fallacy of his conclusion, while paying an admiring compliment to

his skill and to the importance of his facts within a more limited range, namely, that of suggestion. It was the fashion of the moment in England to reduce all medical theses to the smallest dimensions and to publish them in the most unobtrusive form. Braid's counter-experiments, after appearing in a second-rate journal, because the ruling organ of the profession would not have received them with welcome, re-appeared in a minute pamphlet closely and painfully set. Beside the enormous volumes of Reichenbach it must have looked so unserious as to be little short of ludicrous, and the Austrian baron seems to have left the Manchester surgeon to be disposed of by his English disciples, among whom were Ashburner and Gregory. There was, therefore, no explicit reply to the ingenious arguments and experiments of James Braid. Reichenbach continued to believe that he had demonstrated the existence of a new imponderable, and at the present day, and in view of the researches in France of Colonel de Rochas and his school of investigators, while it is certain that Reichenbach was wrong in some material points of fact, it would be difficult to determine conclusively with whom the truth rested.

The lessons which may be derived from the early history of the two processes in England are at once encouraging and disconcerting. They illustrate that natural and, we may hope, ineradicable sobriety which so invariably disposes the English mind to the middle way in which safety for the most part lies, and in which truth is found occasionally. Sobriety of this kind is essentially of the scientific spirit. But it illustrates also, and this is not less true because it is a commonplace, that the reticence and

reluctance of the middle way, and the scientific caution which in itself is so salutary, are subject to observable excesses of intolerance, the results of which have been not infrequently regrettable, and the treatment of Dr. Elliotson at the hands of men who were professionally his brethren, must be regarded as an instance to the point, after due allowance for the fact that a peculiar temperament may have disposed him to aggravate rather than disarm the hostility which took arms against him. Except for the moral it conveys, the personal question is not now of any real consequence; it is very nearly true to say that, in England at least, "no man suffers loss or bleeds" for scientific experiments or theories. Moreover, the memory at least of Elliotson has in these later days received a tardy but altogether honourable exculpation. The great majority of his facts have been fully substantiated by research, especially in France, and it has therefore been demonstrated that he suffered mainly because he was in the right. There is no higher compensation for suffering than a demonstration of this kind. Unfortunately, time has also shewn that in mesmerism as in hypnotism the field of experiment is restricted, so far as the medical standpoint is concerned, and the instinct which dissuaded the profession from recognising the one and which caused it to welcome the other because it reduced the one, was, so far, a true instinct. There are other points of criticism from which it may be possible to approach it for the discovery of much larger issues, and as these issues have been heretofore scarcely approached, perhaps the process is in its infancy, but it would be out of place here to make more particular reference to these possibilities.



THE IDEAL SUBURB

I HEARD a report the other day," said the Enthusiast, "that they were going to start a suburb somewhere exclusively for the benefit of intellectual people. I am anxiously awaiting further news of the notion, for I consider it would supply a long-felt want among the cultured classes."

"What's wrong with the present arrangements?" asked the Commonplace Person. "If you grouped cultured folk all altogether in the way you suggest, they would cease to be remarkable. There would be no relief. And isn't it one of the main functions of intellectual superiority to leaven the mass of mediocrity?"

"The ordinary suburban householder would tell you," broke in the Cynic, "that he doesn't want any of your precious leaven. And yet, he mightn't altogether oppose this idea of a cultured colony, as it would lead to the expatriation of so many undesirables. Peckham would rid itself of its prigs and Balham of its bores!"

"I am not pleading for the ordinary suburban resident," returned the Enthusiast impatiently. "He is perfectly capable of looking after himself. Besides, he has no grievance. He revels in the smug monotony of his environment. He obeys the laws of his own devising with a light heart, quite oblivious of the amount of pain and annoyance these petty ordinances cause to a man of true sensibility and artistic refinement."

"He's treated all right so long as he conducts himself decently," protested the Commonplace Person.

"You think so?" the Enthusiast proceeded, warming to his task. "But what sort of conduct does Suburbia

expect of him? He must live a life of clock-work regularity, and dress himself according to the fashion which travels, in belated stages, down from Bond Street. What is of even greater importance, he must see that his wife's gowns equal, even if they do not outvie, those of her neighbours. Moreover, he must assist to swell the profits of an extortionate railway company by purchasing a first-class season ticket to take him to town."

"And bring him back again," supplemented the Cynic, "armed with one of those nice rush-woven bags, so successfully skewered that it may contain, for all one knows, a leg of lamb, a brace of pheasants, or the fractional haddock!"

"He must do many other things which are bitter to the soul of the cultured person," the Enthusiast continued, hardly noticing the Cynic's interruption. "He must live in a street where the houses are all of one pattern. His gaze must feast for ever on what the poet calls 'roofs of slated hideousness.' In the naming of his house he has the choice of a hundred idiotic specimens, from 'Rosebank' to 'The Ingle Neuk.' But if the thoroughfare in which it is situated happens to be particularly treeless, he must perforce christen his domicile 'The Poplars' or 'The Firs.'"

"Not to mention the pair of lions—those delightful little bijou beasts in plaster—which he has to place on the threshold of his residence," remarked the Cynic.

"I had forgotten the lions," said the Enthusiast, with a shudder.

"But what does it matter so long as he's happy?" asked the Commonplace Person, rather inconsequently.

"But the cultivated mind never is happy under such conditions," the Enthusiast returned; "the atmosphere

stifles it. To develop itself and lead the higher life it must have congenial surroundings."

"The proposed suburb will be a kind of a new Bohemia, I presume?" queried the Cynic.

"That's what it ought to be," answered the Enthusiast; "only, of course, the inhabitants will pay more heed to personal cleanliness than did the old race of Bohemians."

"The Water Companies will be glad to hear that," put in the Cynic. "It will give them an excuse for tacking on the usual bath-room extra."

"In my mind's eye I see the place arising," the Enthusiast went on, his face transfigured with the radiant light of rapture. "Convention is abolished; the so-called proprieties are forgotten. The carved porches, quaint gables, and Gothic windows, prove that Ruskin's architectural mission was not in vain. The thoroughfares perpetuate the memory of the great thinkers and sweet singers of all ages. Here is Shakespeare Square, there Plato Road; if you bear to the left, round the corner, you will find Darwin Avenue. On the walls of the dwelling-rooms the eye will rest on Morris's dadoes and Whistler's impressionistic sketches. Even the kitchen

utensils will take the classic mould. On the lawns, on beautiful summer afternoons, will foregather the suburb's distinguished denizens—women with short, touzled hair and loose Liberty robes, men with velvet jackets, flowing locks, and pointed Elizabethan beards."

"A sort of British Museum reading-room turned out to grass," was the Cynic's irreverent commentary.

"Until I heard you talk," said the Commonplace Person, mildly, "I thought Hampstead was an ideal suburb!"

"It may have been in the days of Keats," the Enthusiast responded. "But Hampstead has retrograded."

"Until it has become merely a place where the maker of literary reputations strokes the manes of exceptionally docile literary lions," growled the Cynic. "But where do you think they are likely to erect this new suburb—this glorious colony where men will be esteemed for their intellect rather than their wealth?"

"Where?" asked the Enthusiast, in surprise. "Why, in London, of course. Where did you think?"

"I should have thought Utopia would have offered a more suitable site," was the Cynic's response.

CHARLTON KING.



Solomon, although the wisest of men, must have laboured under a certain delusion when he affirmed that among a thousand individuals he had found only one man. He should have said rather, that in a thousand animals, less or more in human guise, he had come across one dog.



Both in literature and art Catholicism is always in a minority.

THE HIGHER ASCETICISM

BY MERVYN LYTE.

THE end of self-denial
Is not to rack the flesh,
Of needless pain to heart and brain
Adding a burthen fresh.

It is to school the spirit,
And that shall teach the sense
How patience meek through all must seek,
And yet through all dispense;

Must look for love the perfect,
For truth the perfect end;
Not for the prize before the eyes
But that unseen contend.

Yet must it strive contented
To fail on earth of each,
And nurse no doubt, but still hold out
To reach what's out of reach.

The earth displays her treasures;
It sighs but does not stay;
O'er secret parts of human hearts
It yearns but moves away.

The lesser purpose round it
Shall gain the lesser meed
And take its fill; the greater still
Goes empty and in need.

Perchance its goal awaits it;
We dream but do not see;
If we but knew our pains were few—
Ah! light our task would be!

Task, do I say? What spirit
Would pause on things of earth
Did, bright and clear, that star appear
Whence all our stars draw birth?

To act as if with knowledge
 Is here, meanwhile, our lot,
 And to forego, but not to know,
 Asking, but answered not.

One thing is certain only—
 That which we burn to find
 Earth cannot give; for earth to live
 Dares not the man of mind.

And so by self-denial
 His greater schools his less
 'Twixt soul and star to lift us far,
 Because the end may bless.

At least its sense is with us,
 As in cathedrals vast,
 Through incense dense, the altar's sense
 When first the door is past.

And great beyond all greatness,
 A spell beyond all spells,
 While earthly things for us take wings,
 The far-off end compels.

O! well for those who labour
 Their daily bread to eat,
 And God at last bless those who fast
 Desiring ghostly meat.



Every thought which is calculated to disgust us with life, which discourages us in good, which tempts us to despise Nature, which alienates us from our kind is an evil, that is to say, a false thought.



It is no more meritorious to be good than to be beautiful or rich.



Religion is the poetry of humanity, illuminating the prose of daily life.

TINKER AND THE SATANISTS

By Edgar Jepson



LILDEBRAND ANNE BEAULEIGH, his angel face ashine with joyous excitement, came hurrying through the rose-gardens of Beauleigh Court, and found his father smoking a cigarette on the terrace from which you get that wonderful view down the vale of the White Horse.

"Monsieur Fournier is waiting to see you, sir, in the smoking-room," cried Hildebrand Anne. "He's come straight from Paris! It looks as though it's something very big, or very delicate, or they'd have done it themselves."

"Thank goodness!" said Sir Tancred, "Since I married, I've done nothing. I was beginning to think that there was no work left in the world. Tinker, you are the bringer of good news!"

"And you'll let me help, sir?"

"Don't I always let you help?" said Sir Tancred, and he went quickly to the house. When he came into the smoking-room, a stout Frenchman whose face beamed with a perpetual good humour, sprang up from an easy chair with a lightness which showed that, for all his fat, his muscle was good, and came forward with outstretched hands.

"How are you, Fournier?" said Sir Tancred, shaking both of them. "It's like old times seeing you again."

"That's what I've been wondering. Is it old times?" said the famous chief of police, anxiously. "I find you living in a house like this, of the most magnificent; and I say to myself, will Sir Beauleigh care to help us any longer?"

"Oh, the house," said Sir Tancred, lightly. "It was a whim of my wife's

to restore Beauleigh Court to its old magnificence. She is a millionaire, you know. But I am always ready to help you fight the old fight against the criminal, and there is no sport like man-hunting."

"Good," said M. Fournier; and they sat down in facing easy chairs.

"It is a matter of Satanism of the worst," M. Fournier began. "You know the Duke of Morbihan."

"One does not know the Duke of Morbihan; one knows of him," said Sir Tancred with a sudden coldness.

"Precisely," said M. Fournier. "Three years ago he married a lady—of Martinique ancestry."

"A Creole?"

"Precisely. Before his marriage we had our eyes on him. There were four affairs in which we had reason to suppose that he was in the background. But he is very cunning and very rich. Always the evidence disappeared. Then we lost sight of him. He seemed to have arranged himself on his marriage. Two months ago one of our agents, investigating the disappearance of a child, came into contact with a Sebastien Bonpré, a negro of the French Congo, and servant of the Morbihans. Sebastien talked when he was drunk; and when he was sober by threats and promises our agent made him go on talking. He told a tale, *ma foi!* a tale. I know my Paris, but it surprised even me. Conceive of that."

Sir Tancred nodded gravely.

"You know the Satanists—imbeciles. We laugh at their magic, and their sabbaths, and their black mass. Games, Sir Beauleigh, unpleasant games, but

games. Imbecility and hysteria; and sooner or later the convent or the mad-house. They only hurt themselves: we can do nothing. But this—this was another matter—the real thing—infant sacrifice."

"The deuce!" said Sir Tancred.

"Nineteen cases. It was a horrible tale. We sent Sebastien Bonpré to Sevres in charge of a man we thought we could trust, and sought further evidence. At Sevres a mulatto woman, Eglantine, maid of the Duchess, contrived an interview with him. She paid seven thousand francs a minute for it."

"Ah, they spend their money then," said Sir Tancred.

"It was cheap for them—dirt cheap; for in three days Sebastien Bonpré developed the Berri-berri disease. He became very interesting to the doctors, but as a witness useless. He is dead."

"And now?" said Sir Tancred.

"And now we are in a *cul-de-sac*. There is no evidence. Yet the negro's tale was true. Also the Morbihans know that for them there is no more infant sacrifice in France; no, nor in Europe. But the thirst for blood in these diseased is a frenzy; they stick at nothing to glut it. They are going the day after to-morrow under the names of M. and Madame Silvestre, to Barbados, to a place called Pleasant Hill."

"Pleasant Hill? Why, that is next to my estate, Beauleigh!" said Sir Tancred.

"You have an estate in Barbados?" cried Fournier.

"If you can call a thing that brings in no revenue, an estate," said Sir Tancred.

"It is Providence," said Fournier, gravely. "Ah! well, look you, what could we do in an English colony? I ask you."

"You would be hampered."

"Hampered? We could do nothing—nothing at all. Will you act?"

"Of course I will. What do you want me to do?"

"Do? Bring them to justice! Shoot them like dogs!" cried the Frenchman, his pleasant face suddenly grey and terrible. "Look you, Sir Beauleigh, it is a disgrace to France that such fiends

should have stained her soil with the blood of these innocents! While they live we feel ourselves disgraced! We have failed in our duty to humanity! I conferred with M. Le Président and the Minister of Justice. They are agreed. These creatures are French subjects. However they die, France will not say a word!

"I understand," said Sir Tancred.

"But if they are brought to justice, or if they die, we should like it done as quietly as possible. We would not parade this shame before the nations."

"Naturally."

"Will you do it?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world."

"Good: then it is done," said M. Fournier; and he wiped the sweat from his forehead. "We thought for expenses a hundred thousand francs." And he took from his pocket a charming stamped leather note case, with the notes in it.

"It should be enough," said Sir Tancred thoughtfully; and he took it. "And now for a brandy and soda; you need it, my friend; and then lunch."

At lunch M. Fournier was charming, full of the gayest, lightest talk. In the middle of it Sir Tancred announced that he must go to Barbados on the day after the morrow, to see to his sugar estate. At once Lady Beauleigh said that she was coming; Elsie, his adopted sister, said that where Tinker went she went. M. Fournier launched into a panegyric on the delights of travelling in a family party; and Sir Tancred saw in a flash that the most suspicious would never look for danger from such a quarter. In the afternoon he drove M. Fournier to the station, wired to Southampton for berths, and cabled to his attorney in Barbados to make Beauleigh habitable.

The Thursday morning found them on board the *Atrato* with Ushant on their quarter. They were all good sailors, soon at home on the steamer, and on the way to become very popular with their fellow-passengers. For the first five days Sir Tancred saw nothing of the Morbihans, though he had learned that they were on board; but four or five times he met a tall, gaunt, mulatto

woman, loose-lipped, fierce-eyed, moving with a swift, catlike tread in the saloon or the passages between the state-rooms, and was sure that she was the Eglantine who had infected Sebastian Bonfré with the Berri-berri disease.

Then, on the sixth morning, she came on deck with a negro valet, both of them loaded with cushions, which they arranged in two deck chairs. Sir Tancred saw them, and dropped into a chair hard by, as the prey he hunted came on deck and sat down. In casual glance after casual glance he examined them carefully; and at the first sight they looked, in all conscience, a harmless couple. Big, heavily-smoked glasses hid much of the duke's pale face; but his short, thick, curved nose, coming right down on to his thick lips, between which stuck out protruding teeth, gave him a curiously animal look, not in the least lessened by his scanty, pointed beard. The duchess was the very picture of languid sleekness. Her sleek and shining black hair was plastered down about her head; she looked at the world with lazy eyes; her turned-up nose was thick, the nostrils were wide; her sleek cheeks were full, and the skin of them of a singular lustre; her lips, thick in the middle and thin at the corners, were of an intense scarlet; and her short face, triangular from the cheek-bones to the little pointed chin, was like a cat's.

Sir Tancred studied the sinister, disquieting pair for a while; then he rose and sauntered forward in search of his little son. Tinker had been his close and constant companion almost from his babyhood, for his mother, Sir Tancred's first wife, had died when he was a baby. The child's intelligence had made the companionship far closer than it is generally between father and little son; and when an accident had enabled Sir Tancred to be of use to M. Fournier, and that judge of men had begged his help in two or three affairs too delicate, or in too remote regions on the heights of European Society for the ordinary detectives, Sir Tancred had let Tinker help him, and found him of the greatest use, since a small boy of engaging manners awoke no suspicion in any one's mind. Insensibly, too, as his heart

had warmed to the noble sport of man-hunting, he had set about cultivating in Tinker qualities which are usually allowed to lie dormant in the young till they grow atrophied from disuse, but which are of the greatest value in the modern battle of life, above all the habit of keen observation of his fellow men, until the boy had grown able to tell more about a man or woman from a casual scrutiny, than most men could tell after half a day's intercourse with them.

Sir Tancred found Tinker watching a game of bull, and called him. As they walked back he said, "I want to show you the people I am hunting. Here they are in the two end chairs, the man in goggles."

Tinker was at once all dreamy abstraction; and as he passed he gazed at the Morbihans with lack-lustre eyes. But at the sight of his angel face and far-away gaze, their faces filled with an eager light, and with one accord they bent forward whispering quickly.

When Sir Tancred and Tinker had strolled round to the other side of the deck out of sight behind the deck-cabins, Tinker said slowly, weighing his words, "The man looks like a goat in spectacles. But the woman's cheeks—shining like that—I've seen before. Where now? Oh, I know—butcher's wives. Their cheeks shine like that. I suppose it's living with meat."

Sir Tancred laughed a short laugh: "By, Jove, you do see things," he said. "If only I'd been taught to see things at your age!"

"You taught me, sir," said Tinker, simply. "What have these people been up to?"

"Black magic—infant sacrifice. Murdering little children."

Tinker's angel face went suddenly black and stern, curiously like his father's at its most saturnine. "Oh, that must be stopped, don't you know? That must be stopped," he said.

"Well, it is stopped for them in Europe; and we are going to stop it for them in the West Indies. The French Government have given me a free hand," said Sir Tancred, with a gentle, disquieting laugh.

"That's all right," said Tinker. "We could burn them if we wanted to."

They came round, and passed the Silvestres again; they were talking quickly with Eglantine, who leaned over her mistress's chair. The three of them fixed eager eyes on Tinker as he passed.

"I interest them," said Tinker. "I hope they don't think I'm digestible, because I'm not."

For the next two days nothing happened. The Silvestres kept to themselves, taking their meals in one of their three staterooms, talking to no one. Then, on the third afternoon, as Tinker sauntered past them, the duchess said, "Leetle boy, will you do something for me?"

"With pleasure," said Tinker, raising his cap. "What is it?"

"It is noding—a game;" said the Duchess; and she stammered in her eagerness. "I want you to look in the creestal for me, a glass ball. And look, I veel geeve you dis preety reeng; it has a ruby in it."

Tinker disliked her thick, purring voice; but he saw a chance of learning something. He took the ring, slipped it on his finger, and said, "Shall I do it now?"

In five minutes he was sitting in the Morbihan's state room in a thick cloud of incense, peering into a crystal sphere lighted by a candle set beyond it, while the Duke and Duchess sat on a couch against the steamer's side.

Presently the Duchess said, "Do you see anything, leetle boy?"

"Clouds," said Tinker in a hollow, far-away voice: he had seen crystal-gazing before, and knew what you saw, and how you said you saw it.

He was silent again, then keeping his voice hollow and far away, he said, "I see a room—no, it is a passage with a door at the end of it. There are men in it—prison warders in uniform—and a man in black. You are there—both of you—and—yes, your hands are tied behind your backs." There was a sudden rustle, and he was aware that the Silvestres were sitting upright, stiff and rigid. "The man in black is putting a white cap over your head,

Madam—it covers your face. He opens the door, and takes you through it. I cannot see what is through the door. The door shuts."

There was a loud gasp, and the bump of a head against the ship's side.

"Two of the warders are holding you up sir," the remorseless Tinker went on. Your legs seem"—

A gurgling cry of "Stop! Stop!" from the Duke interrupted him.

"Eglantine! Eglantine! Eglantine!" cried the Duchess on a quavering, rising note; and the mulatto rushed in.

"It's gone! Why did you interrupt? It was most interesting!" cried Tinker, angrily, and he turned and surveyed his victims.

The Duchess lay in a huddled heap on the floor, the Duke lay back on the couch, his face an even tint of bluish grey, the lower part of it, mouth, nose, and chin, working like a goat munching grass. Eglantine bustled about, propping them up, and giving them brandy.

With a grim content in his heart, and a pained anxiety on his face, Tinker surveyed the result of this little effort of his imagination. He was sanguine enough to believe that he had given them a fright which would cure them of their evil practices for some time. When the brandy had braced them up a little he said, with extreme politeness, "Are you ready for me to go on?"

"No! No!" They gasped in one voice. Tinker rose sadly.

"You will not—you will not say a word of this to anyone?" said the Duchess, faintly.

"Certainly not, if you don't wish it," said Tinker; and he took his leave of them.

While the shuddering Morbihans were discussing with pale faces the terrible fate he had foretold for them, Tinker was dancing his newly-acquired hornpipe with the blithest energy, to the extreme pleasure of his fervent admirers, the other children on board the steamer; he found it the most fitting way of working off the high spirits induced by his satisfactory dealing with the black art.

When they next appeared on deck, he was quick to perceive that the sight of him set them shivering; and he was careful to indulge them with as many such sights as could be got into the short, tropical day. On the eve of reaching Barbados, he had made one of his disquieting descents into their field of vision, when the Duchess said, in her thick, purring voice, "Leetle boy, were those men, those wardaers you saw in the crystal, white men or black?"

"White men—they looked like Englishmen," said Tinker, thoughtlessly.

He caught her sudden look of relief; and walked down the deck with a very glum face, bitterly angry with himself. He had undone the good he had done, and given them the West Indies as a fair field.

The next evening saw the Beauleighs installed in the Barbadian Beauleigh, a great, square, two-storied, tiled house, set in a hollow among many strange trees. A relict of the palmy days of the Island, its broad verandah was paved with marble imported straight from Carrara, its lofty, spacious rooms were floored with teak from the East Indies. Pleasant Hill, the abode of the Morbihans, stood on the ridge above Beauleigh, the best part of a mile away. A staring, white building, roofed with shingles, it stood bare to the trade wind, save for a wind-swept clump of mahoganies, and three tall cabbage palms. This lack of trees made it hardly a convenient residence for persons who wished to celebrate the rites of black magic in their proper open air; but three parts of the way down the ridge, a quarter of a mile above Beauleigh, ran a deep, thickly-wooded gully, some thousands of years ago the bed of a river, which, as is the habit of Barbadian rivers, had sunk below the surface, and now ran its course through a series of limestone caverns. Neither for money nor fair words would a negro set foot in the gully at night; it was haunted by duppies. From the edge of it up to Pleasant Hill ran a lane, a gap as the Barbadians call it, between fields of tall canes.

The Beauleighs did not easily grow used to West Indian life. The atmosphere of their hollow was often that of

a vapour-bath. The common mosquito bit them by night, and the more venomous Scots grey bit them by day, covering the fine skins of their hands and faces with ugly red scars. The din of shrill myriads of whistling frogs at first prevented them from hearing one another speak in the evenings; and a great number of terrifying and poisonous centipedes had taken up their quarters in the long empty house.

They were quicker growing popular with the neighbouring planters, a genial, hospitable race, especially with a young widower, Stuart of Glenorchy, the next estate on the side opposite to Pleasant Hill. Tinker and Elsie made a great pet of his little daughter, Annette, a pretty child of four; they pitied her that she had to be left to the care of negro servants; and either she came over to Beauleigh or else Elsie went over to Glenorchy nearly every day in the week. Also, as soon as they outgrew the first discomfort of tropical life, Sir Tancred and Lady Beauleigh were often in Bridgetown, at the tennis clubs, the garrison, Government House, at dinners and at dances.

But Sir Tancred never let these diversions relax the close watch he kept on Pleasant Hill. Every night he or Tinker, hidden in the edge of the canes which ran to within fifty yards of the house, watched with tireless eyes; a fruitless watch, for never once did they see a sign of mischief afoot. Every night they saw the Morbihans reading and smoking cigarettes on the verandah from nine to eleven. At eleven they went to bed; at a quarter past the lights were out. They received no visitors, and returned no calls. The story spread abroad that Madame Silvestre had come to the island for the good of her health; and in a month their neighbours had forgotten them.

Only one day driving into Bridgetown, Sir Tancred saw the mulatto, Eglantine, talking with three privates of the 1st West India Regiment, men of a bulk and blackness which showed them recruits from the West Coast. There was nothing unnatural in their foregathering—for anything he knew, Eglan-

tine might have been a West African herself—but it disquieted him.

Then came, sudden and startling, a sure proof that their watch had not been close enough. A little negro boy of two was missing from a village near Beauleigh, and though every corner of the country was searched not a trace was found of him. When Sir Tancred and Tinker heard of it, they looked at one another blankly. For a while Sir Tancred paced the verandah with eyes that grew fiercer and fiercer. Of a sudden he stood still, stamped his foot and cried, "The full moon! Of course! Of course! What a fool I've been!"

"Why, what's the matter with the moon?" said Tinker.

"All this magic is a matter of the moon; the rites are always celebrated at the new moon or the full."

"Ah, then we know where we are," said Tinker, thoughtfully, "At the next full moon we shall catch them."

The pleasant days passed quickly; Tinker drew more and more amusement from his surroundings, especially from the negroes; and he and Elsie spent more and more of their time on the petting and training of little Annette Stuart, to the great pleasure of her father, who was very pleased that she should be so much with white children. They kept their close watch on Pleasant Hill, and as the moon drew near the full they redoubled their carefulness.

On the eve of the full moon, Sir Tancred and Lady Beauleigh were dining at Government House, and before he went he bade Tinker be especially watchful, since the Satanists must surely be making some of their preparations this night. Tinker therefore, spent his time moving inside the edge of the canes in a watchful prowling round three sides of Pleasant Hill, but there was assuredly nothing afoot. At eleven the Morbihans went to bed, and he saw the black butler put out the lights downstairs.

He came slowly back to Beauleigh, ate some biscuits, changed into his pyjamas, and cast a last look up to Pleasant Hill before getting into bed. Even as he looked a tall white figure came out of the canes above the gully,

and went down into it; another followed, and another, till five had gone down. He could see that they were negroes, from the white clothes muffled round their heads to prevent the moon giving them cold; and either they were men of great bulk, or the intense moonlight exaggerated their stature.

In five seconds Tinker had his shoes and jacket on, thrust his revolver into his pocket, and, his eyes sparkling, his breath coming quickly, stood at the window for a moment doubtful; should he go at once? should he wait for his father?

He was just turning to go, when he heard the rattle of galloping hooves; his father had got wind of mischief afoot, and had come.

Tinker ran into his father's bedroom, took his heavy revolver from its case and a dozen cartridges, ran downstairs, and stood on the lighted verandah loading it. The galloping hooves were clattering up the avenue nearer and nearer; a horse plunged out of the darkness into the light, was reigned in with a slithering rattle, and Tinker looked into the anxious face of Stuart.

"Annette?" said the planter, panting. "Is she here? She's been missing since eight o'clock. It just occurred to me that she might have strayed over here."

His eyes blinked in the lamplight; but they did not miss the sudden wild terror in Tinker's face; and his ears caught his choking gasp. He swung himself out of the saddle, crying hoarsely, "What is it? For God's sake, what is it?"

Tinker thrust the revolver into his hand; gasped, "Come! and oh, come quickly, and shoot straight!" turned, and raced through the garden up the ridge. Stuart followed without a word: Tinker's terror left no need for questions. Stuart was a heavy man; but he kept close on the child's flying heels.

Tinker was racing for the point at which the white figure had descended into the gully, when his quick eye caught a faint, thin column of smoke curling above the trees fifty yards higher up. He swerved to the smoke, and on the edge of the gully paused, and listened;

a shrill, raucous voice rose from the depths in a curious sing-song.

"Quietly, quietly," said Tinker, and went down the side of the gully like a cat. The planter kicked off his shoes and followed him. Swiftly and noiselessly they made their way to the glimmer of a fire, and peered into a little pit-like glade. Tinker gripped the planter's wrist, holding him quiet. A fire burned on a rude altar of heaped up stones in the middle of the glade; before it knelt or crouched eight figures; nothing was to be seen of their faces but the gleam of teeth and white eyeballs in the firelight. Upright beside the altar stood the mulatto, Eglantine, chanting a curious clicking gibberish; as she chanted she let things fall from her hand into the fire, and the crouching figures swayed from side to side in unison with her chant. Holding the wondering planter still, Tinker watched with all his eyes, assured that they were in time. Suddenly the fire burned brighter, and he saw the Duke on the right of the altar, the Duchess on the left. Slowly the chant turned to a call of four clicking words, repeated with an insistent, frenzied clamour; and the crouching figures knelt upright, rigid. The call hushed suddenly; there was a rustle as the Duke and Duchess rose to their feet; and a long knife shone in the Duke's hand. The Duchess stepped back, stooped among the bushes, and came forward with a little white bundle in her arms; she held it out to the Duke, and the firelight fell on the white face, and scared eyes of little Annette.

"Shoot! Shoot!" screamed Tinker, and ere the revolver banged in his ears, the side of the Duke's head seemed to cave in, and he pitched sideways. The negroes sprang to their feet, and Tinker fired at the shoulder of the biggest. With the roar of a wounded beast, the man turned and plunged into the bushes, his companions after him. The Duchess dropped the child and followed them shrieking, but Eglantine stooped, tore the knife from the Duke's hand, and came leaping towards the ambush. Stuart's revolver banged out again, and she went down in a heap as Tinker

sprang past her and caught up the child.

"Quick!" he cried thrusting her into Stuart's arms, "Let's get out of it!" And he hurried up the side of the gully.

Out of it, and in the canes beyond, Tinker untied the handkerchief bound across Annette's mouth, and she began to scream with a lusty, reassuring vehemence.

"She's all right," said Tinker, with a sigh of relief. "And now, you get off home quietly and quickly. You were quite right to shoot those brutes; but it would be hard and expensive to prove it. The thing to do is to sit as tight as wax. See!"

Stuart shook his head. "No," he said, in a dazed way. "I don't understand anything about it."

"I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. Now, the thing to do is to keep out of a mess. Get off! Get home!"

Tinker's vehemence had its effect; the planter kissed Annette and hurried off through the canes to his horse. In three minutes Tinker had the child soothed, and as he led her down to the house, she was babbling of the nasty brown woman who had carried her away. He took her upstairs; awoke Elsie, and while she fed Annette on biscuits and milk, explained that for the next few days the child must not be allowed to speak to anyone but them.

He went into his own room, and was cleaning the revolver, when the carriage returned, and his father hurried upstairs.

"What's happened?" he said quickly, when he saw what he was doing.

"The Duke's dead, and Eglantine's dead, and there goes the Duchess," said Tinker, and he pointed up the ridge.

Along the lane to Pleasant Hill between the cane-fields a white figure went staggering along from side to side; once it fell and lay still awhile, then staggered up and stumbled on. As it passed out of sight, Tinker said, "She can't do much harm without the other two." And he told his father of the happenings of the night.

When he had finished, Sir Tancred heaved a great sigh of relief, and said, "Thank goodness; I can breathe easily again. Those brutes; they were a weight on me. It's fifty thousand francs to your banking account," he added.

"It was worth it," said Tinker, firmly. "That gully was not nice; no, it was not at all nice."

They kept Annette at Beauleigh the next day; she got no word with any servant; and a new doll and cradle filled her mind. Her father came over in the middle of the morning, and was told enough to understand the fate she had so narrowly escaped, and the debt he owed Tinker.

After dark Sir Tancred and Tinker stole through the canes down into the gully. As they came near the glade, they heard the sound of a spade grating against pebbles. Creeping very quietly up, they peered into it. In the middle was a big hole, and beside it two bodies wrapt in

sheets. Up to his waist in the hole was a negro digging with feverish vigour; and they could hear his quick, panting gasps. Now and again he would stop and listen, his eyeballs rolling in frightened glances that strove to pierce the bushes on this side and that; his chattering teeth almost rattled against one another. It was the Duke's black valet. Noiselessly, with infinite caution, they stole away.

Three days later Sir Tancred was riding out, when he met the doctor of the neighbourhood in his buggy. At the sight of Sir Tancred he stopped, and Sir Tancred reined in his horse.

"I've just been seeing your neighbour, Madame Silvestre. The poor woman's lost her reason. The servants tell me that her scoundrel of a husband slipped away last mail, and deserted her. I'm off to arrange her admission into the asylum."

"What a scoundrel!" said Sir Tancred.



More than one rider in the race of life has outstripped his fellows only to come in at the end on the wrong side of the post.



The Scotsman does not wait for you to find out his superiority to the rest of the world. He tells you of it.



The anathema pronounced upon those who cry "Peace," when there is no peace should perhaps be visited in the form of a milder malediction upon those alarmists who persist in crying "War," when there is no war.

FROM THOSE DEPTHS

BY CYRIL STRANGE

THE secret of the world is sadness,
Though the tears be wiped away
And the stains that mar life's pages
In the course of many ages
May be blotted from the day.

Take the heights and the abysses,
Those great spaces which are past,
The great forward vistas blending
With the dreams of life unending
And immeasurably vast:

Surely joy with all its keenness
Works within too narrow range:
On the common sense of pleasure
Draws too much to serve as measure
For the world's resource and range.

Morning stars may sing together,
Sons of God for joy may shout:
But beyond the choric pæan
Dwells the stillness empyrean,
Where the anthem falters out.

If we came and passed like summer,
Short of sight though joy would be
It might help us towards forgetting,
'Twixt our rising and our setting,
What a moth's flight space have we.

But confronting earth's unearnest
And yet ever anxious span
With the undeclared hereafter,
Joy must perish and all laughter
Wither from the lips of man.

Life is so far past all searching,
So much hangs from strings so frail,
That the firmest faith must question
And against all dark suggestion
Hope can never quite prevail.

Love remains and Love may save us,
All the keys of doom are there;
Whether more with gladness blended
Than by sadness deep attended
Those who love shall first declare.

Well then to be self-reliant,
 Highest ends with strength achieve,
 Hold that life is best expounded
 By a faith in goodness grounded;
 So go forward, so believe.

But ask not that joy be with you;
 Light things are by joy expressed;
 Unto us the deeps are speaking,
 Past the sadness of their seeking
 Is God's graveness and God's rest.



There are certain conditions under which it is more sinful to keep the law than to break it.



A COMPLETE CLEARANCE

WHEN conscious of approaching dissolution,
 "Wife," said the Bailiff, bent on restitution,
 "Of all my worldly goods my house I'll clear."
 "Thou fool!" cried she, "A pretty revolution—
 Thou would'st not even leave my children here!"

PIERRE LEBRUN.



Man is greater than the universe, and in this respect the contained exceeds the container.



Life is an experiment with unknown quantities in the laboratory of the universe, and as there are many rash experimenters, so there are many fatal consequences.



The measure of knowledge is the measure of responsibility which wisdom teaches us to avoid, for which reason the great secret of life is that of disassociation,

IN AN OLD CAPITAL



In the little spire of Bedfont Church the bells stirred in their sleep with soft chimes and cadences as the blessed procession passed by, and the fantastic yews at the porch, the two peacocks of the legend, stirred also, but tremulously, as though in their sombre enchantment they discovered that now at length the reign of all vanity was over. In this wise we passed on to London, overtaking ever and anon a belated market waggon, whereon the heavy-eyed yokel waking, wonder-struck, beheld, as in a vision, how the goodly train swept by, with the light of the Graal encircling it, and the horses plunging in the light, with the banners swirling and twisting as the soft, fresh wind took them, with the King of all the world, as I hailed ever my great lord in my heart, *rex quondam rexque futurus*, on his great white horse, riding reverently behind the holy vessel, amidst "all manner of sweetness and of savour." Behind the King was his sword-bearer, and the sword lay keen in its sheath, but the sharp quick light of it, "like unto thirty torches," and the writing of gold about it, rayed on all sides through the scabbard and suffused and transfigured its jewelling.

Past the still road-side stream, with crooked willows crouched murmuring above it; past the windy rookery swaying in the old elm tops; over the narrow bridge, with a shallow water shining faintly below it, and a punt submerged, in the moonlight; across the remnant of the open heath dotted with pointed tents all white and ghostly; past decaying houses lost in ivy thicker than their walls; past the dim windows, with dainty drawn blinds, of the little villas; past the Bell

Inn, where the great road from the west enters the dreary street of Hounslow, peopled with squalid memories; past the shuttered shops of the still town. Without the street upon the east, the railway crosses the road by a bridge, and as we drew towards it a luggage train steamed slowly southward, so slowly that I saw the eager forth-leaning of guard and driver, and heard the wild awe of their cries.

Hereat I fell dreaming, at first of the wonder and marvelling which should stir all multitudes when the King came to be manifested; and then the pictures the great quest, which had now closed so happily, began to marshal their rich colourings. The fever of its inception once more kindled its fires within me, going out of the great city, through green lanes, by a free way into the west. Then came the doubt, and the questioning, the aching sense of loneliness when crossing mournful marshes, where the mist at sunset flamed with a ruddy light, which often in the moonlight turned to rolling seas. Again, through the smoke of the sunset I heard the plover and bittern cry strangely, with breasts incarnadined, flocking, flying, towards the sun. Or descending steep hillsides, I saw below me the tree tops sweep, surging before the wind, spelling strange messages. Through fields of barley and fields of rye, and through winding by-ways all among tall ripe wheat, faring forward many a morning after; behind the teeming life of hedgerows, the lush and common growth of bank and ditch, all in the drowsy heat and richness of early autumn sunshine, circling of gaudy moths and splendid heavy flight of armoured dragon-flies; by lonely disused wells and the forgotten source of

springs; by open roads which wound white over hills and white through miles of valley and worlds of meeting streams; past apple orchards of russet, green and red; and so to the sea, the great, unrestful, wandering waste of ocean. How it cried in the moonlight terribly, how it broke in a long white line of angry surf, chafing beyond the bar, there where the beacon lamps in the lonely light-house tower seemed to flash watchwords into eternity! But often in the morning glory, far along the coast, sea voices taking shape as fair souls take flesh, scattered light music, and breathed between it little words of prophecy and promise, till all the landscapes and seascapes merged into a dreamer's land, the hills abode in a light which seemed to fall from the bright city above, all visible realities, taking on a richer tincture, became types of the ideal, and in the human side of of things a higher magic confesses its mystery even in cottage homesteads and humble farms.

And thus the path of quest passed into a place of sacrament and mystery. Vested in white samite, strange ships sailed upon the sea; the savour of the spicery of the world breathed over all the shore; the air echoed to high mystic chants, telling of Avalon and of the Holy Cup. There was the hint of perilous quests in turrets dimly seen between the trees and in moated manors far away from all frequented roads; glades of strange encounter opened out in bushes where steaming summer drew rich scents from the yielding leaf mould; old chapels stood in the waste places, and in them sieges were set less for worship than vision; the reverence of high feasting rang in castle halls: pavilions rose on lawns at a word of power; white doves flew past with golden censers in their beaks; children in sacred vestments carried sacred lights, following priest-like men from strange countries which no one reaches by faring over land or sea.

In such a place the path of quest and of promise was closed about with faces, and on the faces fell the white light shining from the Holy Graal. And I saw that they were faces of men and angels—the face of Galahad, the face of

Percival, the face of Lancelot, sanctified by sorrow and sealed by priesthood. But more than all there was the face of the King in his splendour, as the King came out of Avalon, in the morning glory passing along the coast, while the light sea scattered music, the orchards ripened and mellowed, and all the white roads ran behind his horse's hoofs; over the bridges and over the hills, through fields of barley and fields of rye; out of the west and into the east, by secret paths for many and many a day, riding reverently behind the Holy Graal, "amidst all manner of sweetness and of savour."

In this wise we reached the great gates of Syon House, and behind them, as it seemed to me for a moment, I had the vision of a pale nun with a quivering aureole—on her knees, watching and praying. So I knew that all would come to pass, as I had been warned already in my quest, for now at length the sorrowing queen had looked upon the face of her master. As we crossed the bridge over the Brent, a homeless urchin lifted his head from his knees, screaming worship and wonder. The glorious train swept by and the hem of the twelfth angel in the gorgeous scarlet dalmatic brushed his bare feet. About the same time a light began to twinkle very faintly in the east, and the eastern heaven dissolved its stars slowly in a solution of many dyes. For the morning was now near. There would be a stir of human life presently, at the thought of which I felt my heart leaping within me, because of the great things which all men would witness. As I rode humbly on my palfrey behind the great train, I saw that the narrow street of Brentford was still sleeping, but the waggoners, tarrying at the early inns and coffee houses, stared at us with strange amazement, and, as men dreaming, were unable to move for wonder. But when we had passed through, I could hear that there was a great stir in the town, a shouting of many voices, a clatter of doors and windows, and over all the shrill tones of the bare-footed boy. Below Kew Bridge the whistle of an early steamer blew in the thin morning air, as we entered for the first time upon the pavement of the

London streets. So far no one had followed the procession, though there was the dull echo of many feet in the old capital of Middlesex. And now a cloud wrapped us, so that we rode invisible, for the manifestation of the King in the face of the city was kept back by his choosing

till the Holy Graal should have been set for worship on the altar of Westminster Abbey. Hence, albeit the wild rumour of some unknown mystery ran like light fire from the West, the great metropolis awoke to its accustomed life of day, and knew not what was to befall it.

WALTER YOUNG.



PASSE

A pretty young woman she was in her youth,
But now her old lovers wax cold,
For time, that grim traitor, has made her, in truth,
Pretty old !



The alien workman may be taunted with his foreign origin, but he can always reply that England is the land of his berth.



When melodies mingle
A fig for their meaning !
Perhaps it is jingle
When melodies mingle.
O green glade and dingle
With fernery screening !
No rhyme shall be single
When melodies mingle—
A fig for their meaning !



Man is more important than the stars, and the great sea is his servant.

PRIESTCRAFT

COULD God have given me my desire,
 Or if God could grant it now and here,
 One boon, I wot,
 Would wreathe my lot
 As the star is wreathed by a fire—
 Fair aim, high purpose, but far, I fear.

I would put my making of songs aside—
 Vain struggles to utter what can't be said ;
 And it should be mine
 The bread and wine,
 By mighty mass-words deified
 To change in substance from wine and bread.

And then in some lonely fane apart,
 Or—little matters—in crowded street,
 With a soul contrite,
 From altar's height
 I would nourish the empty heart
 With the hidden manna and angels' meat.

That which has hindered me hinders still,
 Though the higher part of faith is mine,
 'Tis the gift to know
 That here below,
 Fair as the blazoned signs are set,
 They shadow only the things divine.

Holy and grand though the Church may be,
 The types it mixes with things foreshown,
 And a place denies
 To the too keen eyes
 Which past the mundane types can see,
 And symbols past to the truth unknown.

Yet may I hope—is it overbold ?—
 Somehow—somewhere—it shall come to pass,
 While I still live,
 That my King shall give
 To me, like Launcelot, knight of old,
 Grace, and a twelvemonth to sing my Mass.

PERCIVAL GAUL.



“Woman was made to temper man,” according to the poet. And what was man made for ? Robert Burns supplies the answer, “Man was made to mourn.”

THE KING'S PARDON

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARGARET PERCIVAL

I.



WHEN, with faltering steps and wildly beating heart, I at last reached the sombre portals of the great prison at Winchester, having walked thither from our house, some five miles distant, I was received by a gaoler—a coarse fellow, with cropped hair and taciturn countenance—who led me through a labyrinth of dark passages to the cell wherein my dear father lay.

It was a relief to enter that apartment after the Cimmerian gloom of the prison corridors, for the pale rays of the morning sun were falling through the narrow loophole in the eastern wall, and the little fire in the corner of the room added something to the light of the place, in addition to providing an agreeable warmth. But neither the sun's wintry radiance nor the fitful laughter of the logs proved half so refreshing to my troubled heart as did the chastened smile which kindled on my father's face as I approached.

"So they have permitted thee to come hither, Madge," he said, rising and tenderly embracing me. "Thou art a good lass, and a brave, to search me out within these gloomy precincts. I am truly sorry that the entertainment I have to offer thee is of so ill-conditioned a kind."

He smiled round on the meagrely furnished cell. Even in the midst of the tribulations that had overwhelmed him, his smile was graced with good humour, and courtly charm had not forsaken him. Moreover, his voice was

still clear, its tones reliant. I noted these things with a glow of filial pride. Though fortune had withdrawn all her favour from him, Sir John Vaudrey was still the high-souled cavalier, the honourable English knight. It was when I looked in his handsome face, and met the loving glance of his fearless eyes, that my whole being rose in revolt against the tyranny of princes and the injustice of those in high places. How dared they condemn so brave and upright a man as my father to the shameful ignominy of a public death? It availed him nothing that he had fought valiantly for the martyred King on many a stricken field; nor yet that he had remained faithful in his allegiance to the Stuart line when the sun of the second Charles was in eclipse, content to suffer from the Roundhead faction many kinds of hurt and indignity. Past services, were they ever so great, afforded no passport to the heart of King James II.

My father, having requested me to be seated on the corner of the bed, for there was no chair in the room save that on which he himself was sitting, asked the gaoler if he would be good enough to withdraw.

"The lady you have conducted hither is my daughter, and so, my good fellow, I would fain be alone with her for a space, especially"—his voice dropped almost to a whisper—"as it may be the last time we shall ever meet."

I verily believe that there were tears in his eyes as he said these words, but I could not rightly tell, for the tears which I myself could not repress were fast blurring my vision.

It may have been that the fellow was touched by my father's stately presence and impressive tones; at all events, he withdrew without a word. A moment after I heard the key turning in the lock and the creaking of bolts as they were shot back into their places.

"Now thou, too, art a prisoner, Madge, even as I," said my father, with a light smile. But I was in no mood to be beguiled by his simulation of gaiety.

I threw myself at his feet, for the sharp pain at my heart refused longer to remain inarticulate. "Father!" I cried, hoarsely, "Is there no hope?"

He avoided my eager, anxious gaze, and his head slowly sank on his breast.

"Alas! I fear there is none," he answered, in a low voice.

I pressed my hands to my eyes, for I would fain have spared him the sight of my tears. But the sound of my sobbing betrayed my grief to his ears.

He strove to comfort me. "Nay, do not weep, my poor maid," he said, tenderly, "I know our lots are hard, thine and mine, and yet it was never the way of the Vaudreys to confront the harsh visage of misfortune with tears. Have no fears for me, dear Madge. Amid all the turbulence and bloodshed that have afflicted this unhappy realm, the gentlemen of England have shown by the manner of their death that craven fear is a stranger to them. I shall not disgrace my order, I trust. I have, as thou well knowest, sweet one, lived all my days in the close neighbourhood of peril, and it has fortified me to face the last great peril of all. I shall face it manfully—thou canst rely on that, my dear Madge!"

"But thou wilt die, my poor father, an innocent man!" I cried, as I passionately kissed his dear hands, my tears flowing fast all the while.

"Others, too, have died, whose innocence was as great as mine," he answered, quietly. "It is no uncommon fate that has overtaken me. Innocence is of no avail against the machinations of wicked and unjust men."

"And can it be?" I asked, my whole soul aflame with indignation, "that the King and his evil counsellors can thus

condemn to shameful death any innocent man or woman whom they choose?"

"It is not strange that these great matters of statecraft should be beyond the comprehension of a girl," he replied. "Before God I am an innocent man; before the law of England I am a guilty one. For that we must thank circumstance, which covered me with a cloud of suspicion."

"After all," I responded, "it was only the question of the Duke's letter that condemned thee."

"True; but that missive had a vital importance for the Crown and a deadly significance for me. Long ere the Duke of Monmouth had prepared his plans for invading England, he wrote to me and explained his rash projects. I replied, warning him against so fruitless and treasonable an enterprise, and urging him to remain loyal to his uncle, the King. That letter of mine, had it been produced, might have saved me. But the Court held that the confidence which the Duke reposed in me proved me privy to the rebellion. And so I was condemned!"

"But thou hadst never seen this Monmouth!" I said.

"Not since he had come to man's estate," my father replied; "but in his youth, ere yet he had become the tool of self-seeking, ambitious men, I knew him well. Earlier still, I had known and admired his mother. She was a kinswoman of the Vaudreys. Poor Lucy Walters! The dissoluteness of the Court proved her ruin, and her sin has entailed ruin upon her hapless son!"

"But *thou* shalt not suffer for her folly!" I cried. I scarce knew what I was saying, and my voice sounded strangely in my ears. A courage I had not hitherto known greatly exalted me, and it seemed at that moment as if the marshalled forces of my soul were put forth in appeal to that august Judge before whom the petty injustice of man's tribunals is shrivelled up like flax in a raging fire. Dimly, with a woman's prevision, I felt that He would never allow the blood of that gallant gentleman, my father, to ensanguine the headman's axe.

"Thou shalt not suffer thus!" I felt emboldened to repeat my words, for it seemed as if a sustaining Presence was at my side.

"Alas! my poor Madge," said my father, in tones of manly resignation, "thou art flattering thy soul with false hopes. I fear me there is no earthly power that can save me from my impending doom."

"There is still hope," I pleaded. "It has seemed to me at times that thy judges hesitate still as to thy guilt, and so refrain from committing this crowning injustice. Else why have they kept thee in suspense so long. Jeffreys has moved on his bloody circuit, and all other persons, with the Duke at their head, convicted of rebellion, have been executed. But in thy case, dear father, the law still tarries, and though three months have passed since thy trial, thou art still alive!"

For answer, my father shook his head. "Poor lass!" he said, "thy sanguine words compel me to break the bad news. My death-warrant has been at last signed by the King, and will reach Winchester to-morrow."

He buried his face in his hands. As for myself, I felt a ghastly dread settling at my heart, so that the blood left my cheeks; I should have fallen from the place where I sat had not I grasped the bed-rail for support. I recovered my self-possession with a suddenness that surprised me. It was not for me to weep at such a time. For how dire was my father's fate compared with mine! I had still my life before me—a blighted life, it was true, over which the brooding shadow of treason would ever hang, but still it was life. And freedom, too, was mine! While, as for my poor father, I felt the darkness of the tomb already gathering about his beloved head!

I did not speak any further of those intangible hopes which were still quick within my soul, for I feared that the expression of them might be interpreted by my father as the mere empty comfort of the lips. But I alluded to more solid grounds upon which I had based my belief in his ultimate acquittal.

"Father, believe me, I do not speak idly," I exclaimed; "my hopes for

thee repose on a material foundation. Edmund Percival is in London even now. After a long and weary search, he has obtained that letter of thine to the Duke, dissuading him from his rash designs. Edmund will leave naught undone until he has seen the King, and if, as thou sayest, the warrant is already signed, he will, by virtue of that letter which proclaims thy innocence as with the tongue of trumpet, implore the King to cancel that terrible decree and grant thy pardon!"

"Edmund Percival has obtained that letter?" cried my father, in a dazed voice. "Edmund is a brave youth and a subtle. Ah, Madge, although I shall soon bid adieu to this unquiet life, I have little fear for thy future, for the soul of Edmund Percival is as stainless as the mountain snows."

I blushed to hear my lover's praise, while my father went on:

"The sight of that letter may alter the King's decision, and yet it is doubtful, for has not that rising soldier, Churchill, said that his master's heart is as hard as the marble chimneypieces at Whitehall?"

"But Edmund will prove thee innocent!" I protested.

"No protestations of innocence availed the Lady Lisle or the hapless Elizabeth Gaunt," my father returned.

"But they harboured the rebels," I rejoined.

"And I, too, was charged with a like offence. And to be charged with an offence before the terrible Jeffreys—methinks I see his merciless features scowling at me now—is already to be proved guilty of it."

"But thou wert not guilty," I cried vehemently. "and thou shalt not die!"

"What dost thou mean, Madge?"

He spoke earnestly, as though he suspected me of harbouring some rash unwomanly stratagem. And though I could not have given voice to the unformed ideas that were stirring within my brain, it seemed just then as if the curtain of the future was lifted, and I saw, in shadowy outline before me, the bold part that I was to play.

"The death warrant!" I exclaimed; "it is not yet here." I spoke hastily,

for the noise of the key turning in the lock told me that the moment of parting was at hand.

"It will come to-morrow," he said, quietly, as the gaoler re-entered the cell.

"And to-day Edmund will see the King," I returned, anxious that the last word to my dear father should be one of hope and comfort.

I did not weep as we embraced, for my grief, so far as its visible expression in tears was concerned, had spent itself in the early stages of our interview. My father's bearing was calm and dignified, for it has never been the custom of our race to expose their deepest feelings, whether of joy or sorrow, to the prying gaze of strangers.

The gaoler then conducted me to the gateway of the prison, and I started upon the return journey to our house with a feeling something akin to certain hope within my heart. I quickened my pace, for the watery December sun was fast dipping towards the horizon; the air, moreover, was chilly and full of sleet, for it wanted now but a few days to Christmas.

Walking at a quick pace, I managed to cover the distance to our home in less than an hour and a half. The old place looked terribly desolate, and my spirit once more sank within me. The look of misery and mute appeal in the eyes of my father's favourite hound, as it came mournfully towards me as I entered the hall, oppressed me still more.

At the foot of the stairs one of the serving maids handed me a letter. I tore it open eagerly, for one glance at the penmanship was sufficient to show me that it was from my dear Edmund.

II.

Although Edmund Percival's letter was written in a fair, round, clerkly hand, it was some time before I could decipher it, for the violent agitation of my feelings rendered my vision indistinct, so that the lines ran one into the other. When I had at last gleaned its purport, it seemed to add little to my

impoverished stock of hopes. "Though I have striven hard," my lover wrote, "I have failed until now to get an audience of the King. Yet I have not given myself over to despair, for I have enlisted the goodwill of a great lord at the Court, who has promised to conduct me into the royal presence to-morrow morning."

I started. To-morrow morning! Then by this time the momentous interview was over, and my father's fate decided.

The letter continued: "Even should my mission be prosperous, as I verily believe, and am fully assured that it will be, there is still the fear that the bearer of that fell message of death may arrive in Winchester some hours before I can reach that city. I gather that it is certain he will depart before I can obtain an audience of the King. Rest assured, my beloved, that I will ride as though on the very wings of the wind, when once I have the King's pardon in my possession. Even so, I may be too late! Little time, alas! is given to rebels for repentance when once the mandate for their execution has gone forth. By this I mean, dear Madge, that the warrant may be executed before I can appear at the prison, *unless the messenger can be stopped!*"

I glanced hastily over the remainder of the letter. It was chiefly composed of terms of endearment, which, though precious to my heart, I could not afford to dwell upon too fondly now.

Unless the messenger can be stopped! I grasped the situation to the full. Even now my imaginative ear could catch the muffled sound of his horse's hoofs striking on the snow-covered road. He must be stopped, but there were none of those near me bold enough for such an enterprise. I paced the room like one bereft of reason.

I looked out of the window. It was dark already. If that messenger had started early from the Capital, he would now be more than half way to Winchester.

Suddenly my indecision vanished; my fears fell from me, and I saw my course clearly marked out before me.

I hurried to my father's room, and, throwing open his wardrobe chest, I

drew therefrom a suit of his clothes of a sober colour. These I quickly donned, without calling for the assistance of my maid. I then put on a stout pair of boots, and one of my father's heavy coats, afterwards muffling my neck and the lower part of my face in a great scarf.

Thus attired, I hurried to the stables, and hastily saddled the sorrel mare, whose speed and sureness I knew I could rely upon. I had been too absorbed in the tremendous business I was embarked on to feel aught of a maiden's modesty in this swift assumption of masculine apparel; albeit, when I leapt to the saddle, and bestrode the mare after the fashion of a man, I confess that there was a sharp tingle of girlish shame in my cheeks.

I soon reached the main road, and set the mare's face in the direction of London. Away she trotted at a brisk pace, and this, combined with the excitement which I felt, kept me sufficiently warm, although the snow was now descending fast, and a light breeze blew the flakes full in my face.

It was now seven o'clock. Yet had I no fear that I was too late, and that the King's messenger had eluded me. I felt quite convinced of this, although I had had no time to calculate the distance from London to Winchester. I was guided more by intuition than by reason, and all through that day—the most terrible of my life—my soul seemed more receptive to those higher sources of intelligence which great poets and philosophers have dreamed of than it had ever been before. I knew—I know not how—that the bearer of that dread mandate had not yet passed along the road.

In the village of Froyle, at that day, there was a comfortable roadside inn, which afforded a convenient halting-place for wayfarers travelling into Winchester. I saw, as I approached, the cheerful glow from the lights of the inn, and the notion suddenly struck me that the King's messenger, weary with his long ride and disconcerted by the inclement weather, would be tempted, as he passed, to put up at so cosy a hostelry for the night.

Acting on this supposition, I diverted my course from the roadway on to a piece of waste land. A clump of bushes and low trees grew in the middle of the common, and here I dismounted, and tied up the mare to the bough of a tree. Snow had ceased falling, and by the light of the moon, which had now risen and was sailing swiftly among the torn fleeces of the silvery clouds, I realised that, thanks to my stature, which was almost as great as my dear father's, the disguise I had assumed was tolerably effective. The position I had taken up by the thicket commanded a very good view of the inn door. And here I waited, fully prepared to play my adventurous part when called upon to do so. I was, indeed, surprised at my own coolness! I only shuddered once, and that was when the light of the moon, after being obscured for some time under a great mass of snow-cloud, scintillated sharply on the barrels of the two pistols I had brought with me for protection.

I had not met a soul during the journey from our house to Froyle, but I had not waited long by the thicket before I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming in the opposite direction. Instantly all my activities were awake. As I hurried forwards, keeping as well as I could in the shadows, a horseman pulled up at the inn and dismounted, while a man took his horse to the stables at the back. Whoever this might be, he evidently meant staying awhile at the tavern.

I lingered for some minutes by the thicket, and then rode to the point on the highway from which I had previously diverged. Having turned up the collar of my coat, and carefully arranged the muffler, I put spurs to the mare, and drew rein in the tavern courtyard. A servant came forward to take charge of the mare, leading it away just as he had led the steed of the previous guest. I took the precaution of following him to the stables, so that I might find my way thither again without difficulty.

When I entered the common room of the inn, I informed the landlady, in as gruff a voice as I could command, that I was a Winchester gentleman, that I was pressing forward on important

business to a small town in the county of Surrey, and that I was at present undecided, owing to the badness of the weather, whether I should stay at that excellent hostelry for the night, or move onward after a short interval of rest and refreshment. Meanwhile I would like a measure of ale.

This having been supplied, my hostess became loquacious, and, much to my discomfiture, peered into my face.

"Why," said she, "you're too young and delicate a gentleman to be out travelling in such weather as this."

She withdrew her scrutiny, greatly to my relief; then, looking out of the window at the moon, now at its full radiance, she remarked, "Still, I doubt if we shall have more snow to-night. It looks more like a frost. 'Twill be rare Christmas weather after all. How are the roads from Winchester?"

"Not so bad," I answered, shortly.

"The other gentlemen who just called here," she proceeded, while I hung breathless on her words, "gave a different account. But, true, he came the other way—from London. Poor man! he was quite tired out with hard riding. He hardly said a word to anyone, but drank off his measure of ale, and tumbled off to bed. Now, who would you think," she asked, reflectively, "I imagine he is?"

"I cannot guess," I said, in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Why, I feel sure he's a messenger from London on the way to Winchester Gaol!"

To hide my intense agitation, I buried my face in the great drinking-cup, and took a deep draught of the ale, although it was exceeding nauseous to my palate. Luckily, at that moment, my hostess was called into the kitchen, so my trepidation went unobserved.

When she returned, I was completely self-possessed. "I think I will accept your hospitality," I exclaimed, "for the night is too chilly for venturing farther, I will pay now, as I may be off on my business before you are stirring."

She, nothing loth, accepted the gold coin which I tendered.

"The London gentleman has the best room at the top of the stairs, but you

can have the one next to it," she explained, unconsciously supplying me with a piece of very valuable information.

As I ascended the stairs to my room, I breathed forth my silent thanks to God that up to now He had so marvellously protected me; and when I reached the apartment I knelt down at the bedside and prayed fervently that I might yet be able to save my poor father's life.

I arose from prayer refreshed, and stepped out on to the landing. A thin stream of light came from under the door of the room in which my quarry was sleeping. As I noiselessly opened the door, it seemed to me that I possessed the full strength of man; the greatness of the stake I was playing for filled me with a very ecstasy of courage.

The man was sleeping soundly. He had evidently been greatly fatigued, for he had thrown himself, still booted and spurred, on to the bed. His two pistols lay on a small table at his side, and underneath them my eyes fell upon that fatal mandate.

Carefully I withdrew the charges from those ugly firearms, and then I seized that ominous packet. I thrust it into my bosom, and just at that moment the man, breathing more heavily than he had been doing, shifted his position on the bed. Terrified, I withdrew swiftly to the door, but even at that tense moment good fortune did not fail me, for the messenger went on with his slumbers. I crept silently from the room, down the stairs, and through the inn premises all unnoticed by the landlady.

I had no difficulty in finding my way to the stables. They were in great darkness, so I called softly to the mare, which answered me with a joyful whinny of recognition. I could tell, from the sound of its breathing, that there was another steed in the neighboring stall—doubtless the horse of the King's Messenger.

Outside, the snow lay several inches deep on the cobble stone path, a circumstance in itself providential, for it served to deaden the sound of the mare's hoofs.

When I was well out of earshot of the inn, I leapt lightly to the saddle, and urged the mare forward with an eager cry. She did not require the stimulus of whip or spur, but sailed forward at a grand pace, her flying hoofs striking the snow and scattering it in powdery spray, for a biting frost was now in the air.

When I had ridden about three miles I slackened the pace a little, not, I am ashamed to say, for the purpose of relieving my poor beast, but rather of gratifying a feeling of curiosity that had now got the best of me. Before doing so, however, I listened intently to discover if my ear might catch the dread sound of pursuing hoofs. But the velvety stillness of the snow-clad winter night was unbroken.

With trembling hands I withdrew that terrible document from my bosom, and glanced at it fearfully in the light of the moon. I shuddered as I read, for I had not been deceived; it was the veritable warrant for the execution of Sir John Vaudrey!

Its legal jargon had a strange fascination for me, and I perused as much thereof as I could make out in the pale moonlight; albeit I knew what deadly risks I ran by thus tarrying.

I had at last appeased my curiosity and hidden away the parchment in my garments (for the sight of the King's sign manual made me hesitate to destroy it), when, just as I was about to urge the mare forward again, my eager ears detected a faint sound in the distance. I listened, spellbound with horror, for without doubt the distant sound was none other than that of a horse's hoofs. More appalling even than this, I knew from the gathering intensity of the sound that the rider was coming towards me. It was the King's messenger! He had discovered his loss and was hard in pursuit! Such was my terror-stricken thought.

With a wild cry I called to the mare, which responded gloriously, and careered at a mad, breakneck pace over the crisp snow. All the while I shouted in her ear, tightened my knees against her sides, and gave the reins free play. As we flew along, the frosty air cut my

face, and the rushing noise of the wind joined with the impetuous upleaping of my blood to make a strange singing at my ears.

I turned my head. The sound of those pursuing hoofs grew nearer and nearer. My hunter was gaining upon me at every stride. He was full in view when I dared to turn my head again; the flying forms of horse and rider being clearly outlined against the snowy whiteness of the track.

I called again to the mare in all the bitterness of terror and despair, but she, poor beast! had done her best, and her speed every minute was falling away. I knew then that the race was hopeless, and so waited in the very fascination of fear—the fear of my pursuer; in the same way as I have seen in our fields at home a hunted rabbit pause, fascinated by the lithe terror pursuing it.

I heard a voice calling upon me to halt. I pulled up the mare, and would have turned and craved mercy (for I do not claim more than the ordinary courage of a woman, and the deeds I here relate I performed under the prompting spell of a great love), only at that moment the horseman was upon me, and I felt the cold muzzle of a firearm against my temple. With a terrified scream I faced my assailant, and as I did so, my eyes met those of Edmund Percival! I swooned in my lover's arms.

When I recovered my senses, I was lying at the edge of the road on my dear Edmund's cloak. He was kneeling beside me, moistening my lips with a strange liquor that seemed wondrously potent. In the centre of the road I saw another horseman watching us intently. I recognised him at once as the King's Messenger. But him I did not heed.

"Edmund!" I cried, pulling myself up to a sitting posture, "hast thou obtained the King's Pardon?"

My lover replied with a gay smile, "Ay, my sweet Madge, that have I. For us the sun is again shining in the heavens, and the winter of our discontent is gone." My brave Edmund ever loved the rolling phrases of England's great bard.

"But what," I asked, with some concern, pointing to the bearer of the death warrant, "what of this gentleman?"

"I have found him a very estimable fellow indeed," my lover answered. "I have explained all to him while thou layest there entranced, and he has a heart big enough to understand. But, my brave Madge, thou must return to him his papers. Thou canst do so with safety, for I have here the wherewithal to render them of no avail."

I rose, and handed the warrant to the King's Messenger.

"My thanks, Mistress," he said. "I am glad to handle this parchment again, for its loss would have meant sore pains for me. But I am even more glad,

Mistress, that it can now be torn into pieces for all it is worth."

I could almost have loved the man for that speech, even if I had not already been taken by the kindness of his face.

Thus we rode away, a happy trio, through the winter night towards Winchester.

It behoves me not to tell how my dear father received the good news—there are some experiences in life too sacred for recital; nor yet how my brave Edmund was rewarded for his gallant services. I sometimes tell him that it was an exceeding poor reward for the rich succour he lent us; and yet, whenever I speak in that wise, he has a fond way of silencing my lips by sealing them with his own.

MARTIN FLETCHER.



THE ONE WOMAN

A FACE with gleams of Heaven shining through,
A form more radiant than Raphael drew,
A soul wherein all subtle beauties merge—
This is the Quarry man shall e'er pursue.

Elusive as the Jack-o'-Lantern's glow,
How few her sweet possession e'er can know;
Lo! Dante yearns for Beatrice's eyes,
And Petrarch, lacking Laura, drown'd in woe!

Poor Swift, for all his weight of lore, denied
The light which he in Stella's eyes descried;
Yet with what zeal *we* press the self-same quest,
To find at last the boon is set aside.

ARTHUR DOWDESWELL.



Most nations at the present time endeavour to "gain ground" by annexing territory.



"Truth is beauty," said Keats. And yet we hear of the plain truth.

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

I.



EDWARD DARNELL awoke from a dream of an ancient wood, and of a clear well rising into grey film and vapour beneath a misty, glimmering heat; and as his eyes opened he saw the sunlight bright in the room, sparkling on the varnish of the new furniture. He turned and found his wife's place vacant, and with some confusion and wonder of the dream still lingering in his mind, he rose also, and began hurriedly to set about his dressing, for he had overslept a little, and the 'bus passed the corner at 9.15. He was a tall, thin man, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and in spite of the routine of the City, the counting of coupons, and all the mechanical drudgery that had lasted for ten years, there still remained about him the curious hint of a wild grace, as if he had been born a creature of the antique wood, and had seen the fountain rising from the green moss and the grey rocks.

The breakfast was laid in the room on the ground floor, the back room with the French windows looking on the garden, and before he sat down to his fried bacon he kissed his wife seriously and dutifully. She had brown hair and brown eyes, and though her lovely face was grave and quiet, one would have said that she might have awaited her husband under the old trees, and bathed in the pool hollowed out of the rocks.

They had a good deal to talk over while the coffee was poured out, and the bacon eaten, and Darnell's egg brought in by the stupid, staring servant girl of

the dusty face. They had been married for a year, and they had got on excellently, rarely sitting silent for more than an hour, but for the past few weeks Aunt Marian's present had afforded a subject for conversation which seemed inexhaustible. Mrs. Darnell had been Miss Mary Reynolds, the daughter of an Auctioneer and Estate Agent in Notting Hill, and Aunt Marian was her mother's sister, who was supposed rather to have lowered herself by marrying a coal merchant, in a small way, at Turnham Green. Marian had felt the family attitude a good deal, and the Reynoldses were sorry for many things that had been said, when the coal merchant saved money, and took up land on building leases in the neighbourhood of Crouch End, greatly to his advantage, as it appeared. Nobody had thought that Nixon could ever do very much; but he and his wife had been living for years in a beautiful house at Barnet, with bow-windows, shrubs, and a paddock, and the two families saw but little of each other, for Mr. Reynolds was not very prosperous. Of course, Aunt Marian and her husband had been asked to Mary's wedding, but they had sent excuses with a nice little set of silver apostle spoons, and it was feared that nothing more was to be looked for. However, on Mary's birthday, her aunt had written a most affectionate letter, enclosing a cheque for a hundred pounds from "Robert" and herself, and ever since the receipt of the money the Darnells had discussed the question of its judicious disposal. Mrs. Darnell had wished to invest the whole sum in Government securities, but Mr. Darnell had pointed out that the rate of interest

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was absurdly low, and after a good deal of talk he had persuaded his wife to put £90 of the money in a safe mine, which was paying five per cent. This was very well, but the remaining ten pounds, which Mrs. Darnell had insisted on reserving, gave rise to legends and discourses as interminable as the disputes of the schools.

At first Mr. Darnell had proposed that they should furnish the "spare" room. There were four bedrooms in the house; their own room, the small one for the servant, and two others overlooking the garden, one of which had been used for storing boxes, ends of rope, and odd numbers of *Quiet Days* and *Sunday Evening*, besides some worn suits belonging to Mr. Darnell which had been carefully wrapped up and laid by, as he scarcely knew what to do with them. The other room was frankly waste and vacant, and one Saturday afternoon, as he was coming home in the 'bus, and while he revolved that difficult question of the ten pounds, the unseemly emptiness of the spare room suddenly came into his mind, and he glowed with the idea that now, thanks to Aunt Marian, it could be furnished. He was busied with this delightful thought all the way home, but when he let himself in, he said nothing to his wife, since he felt that his idea must be matured. He told Mrs. Darnell that, having important business, he was obliged to go out again directly, but that he should be back without fail for tea at half-past six; and Mary, on her side, was not sorry to be alone, as she was a little behind-hand with the household books. The fact was, that Darnell, full of the design of furnishing the spare bedroom, wished to consult his friend Wilson, who lived at Fulham, and had often given him judicious advice as to the laying out of money to the very best advantage. Wilson was connected with the Bordeaux wine trade, and Darnell's only anxiety was lest he should not be at home.

However, it was all right; Darnell took a tram along the Goldhawk Road, and walked the rest of the way, and was delighted to see Wilson in the front garden of his house, busy amongst his flower-beds.

"Haven't seen you for an age," he said, cheerily, when he heard Darnell's hand on the gate; "come in. Oh, I forgot," he added, as Darnell still fumbled with the handle, and vainly attempted to enter. "Of course you can't get in; I haven't shown it you."

It was a hot day in June, and Wilson appeared in a costume which he had put on in haste, as soon as he arrived from the city. He wore a straw hat, with a neat puggaree protecting the back of his neck, and his dress was a Norfolk jacket and knickers in heather mixture.

"See," he said, as he let Darnell in; "see the dodge. You don't *turn* the handle at all. First of all push hard, and then pull. It's a trick of my own, and I shall have it patented. You see, it keeps undesirable characters at a distance—such a great thing in the suburbs. I feel I can leave Mrs. Wilson alone now; and, formerly, you have no idea how she used to be pestered."

"But how about visitors?" said Darnell. "How do they get in?"

"Oh, we put them up to it. Besides," he said, vaguely, "there is sure to be somebody looking out. Mrs. Wilson is nearly always at the window. She's out now; gone to call on some friends. The Bennett's At Home day, I think it is. This is the first Saturday, isn't it? You know J. W. Bennett, don't you? Ah, he's in the House; doing very well I believe. He put me on to a very good thing the other day."

"But, I say," said Wilson, as they turned and strolled towards the front door, "what do you wear those black things for? You look hot. Look at me. Well, I've been gardening, you know, but I feel as cool as a cucumber. I daresay you don't know where to get these things? Very few men do. Where do you suppose I got 'em?"

"In the West End, I suppose," said Darnell, wishing to be polite.

"Yes, that's what everybody says. And it is a good cut. Well, I'll tell you, but you needn't pass it on to everybody. I got the tip from Jameson—you know him, 'Jim-Jams,' in the China trade, 39, Eastbrook—and he said he didn't want everybody in the City to know about it. But just go to Jennings,

in Old Wall, and mention my name, and you'll be all right. And what d'you think they cost?"

"I haven't a notion," said Darnell, who had never bought such a suit in his life.

"Well, have a guess."

Darnell regarded Wilson gravely.

The jacket hung about his body like a sack, the knickerbockers drooped lamentably over his calves, and in prominent positions, the bloom of the heather seemed about to fade and disappear.

"Three pounds, I suppose, at least," he said at length.

"Well, I asked Dench, in our place, the other day, and he guessed four ten and his father's got something to do with a big business in Conduit Street. But I only gave thirty-five and six. To measure? Of course; look at the cut, man."

Darnell was astonished at so low a price.

"And, by the way," Wilson went on, pointing to his new brown boots, "you know where to go for shoe-leather? Oh, I thought everybody was up to that! There's only one place. 'Mr. Bill,' in Gunning Street, — nine and six."

They were walking round and round the garden, and Wilson pointed out the flowers in the beds and borders. There were hardly any blossoms, but everything was neatly arranged.

"Here are the tuberous-rooted *Glasgowia*," he said, showing a rigid row of stunted plants; "those are *Squintaceæ*: this is a new introduction, *Moldavia Semperflorida Andersonii*; and this is *Prattsia*."

"When do they come out?" said Darnell.

"Most of them in the end of August or beginning of September," said Wilson, briefly. He was slightly annoyed with himself for having talked so much about his plants, since he saw that Darnell cared nothing for flowers; and, indeed, the visitor could hardly dissemble vague recollections that came to him; thoughts of an old, wild garden, full of odours, beneath grey walls, of the fragrance of the meadowsweet beside the brook.

"I wanted to consult you about some furniture," Darnell said at last. "You know we've got a spare room, and I'm thinking of putting a few things into it. I haven't exactly made up my mind, but I thought you might advise me."

"Come into my den," said Wilson. "No; this way, by the back;" and he shewed Darnell another ingenious arrangement at the side door whereby a violent high toned bell was set pealing in the house, if one did but touch the latch. Indeed Wilson handled it so briskly that the bell rang a wild alarm, and the servant, who was trying on her mistress's things in the bedroom, jumped madly to the window, and then danced a hysteric dance. There was plaster found on the drawing-room table on Sunday afternoon, and Wilson wrote a letter to the *Fulham Chronicle*, ascribing the phenomenon "to some disturbance of a seismic nature."

For the moment he knew nothing of the great results of his contrivance, and solemnly led the way towards the back of the house. Here, there was a patch of turf, beginning to look a little brown, with a background of shrubs. In the middle of the turf, a boy of nine or ten was standing all alone, with something of an air.

"The eldest," said Wilson. "Have-lock. Well, Lockie, what are ye doing now? And where are your brother and sister?"

The boy was not at all shy. Indeed, he seemed eager to explain the course of events.

"I'm playing at being Gawd," he said, with an engaging frankness. "And I've sent Fergus and Janet to the bad place. That's in the shrubbery. And they're never to come out any more. And they're burning for ever and ever."

"What d'you think of that?" said Wilson, admiringly. "Not bad for a youngster of nine, is it? They think a lot of him at the Sunday School. But come into my den."

The den was an apartment projecting from the back of the house. It had been designed as a back kitchen and washhouse, but Wilson had draped the "copper" in art muslin and had boarded

over the sink, so that it served as a workman's bench.

"Snug, isn't it?" he said, as he pushed forward one of the two wicker chairs. "I think out things here, you know; it's quiet. And what about this furnishing? Do you want to do the thing on a grand scale?"

"Oh, not at all. Quite the reverse. In fact, I don't know whether the sum at our disposal will be sufficient. You see the spare room is ten feet by twelve, with a western exposure, and I thought if we *could* manage it, that it would seem more cheerful furnished. Besides, it's pleasant to be able to ask a visitor; our aunt, Mrs. Nixon, for example. But she is accustomed to have everything very nice."

"And how much do you want to spend?"

"Well, I hardly think we should be justified in going much beyond ten pounds. That isn't enough, eh?"

Wilson got up and shut the door of the back kitchen impressively.

"Look here," he said, "I'm glad you came to me in the first place. Now you'll just tell me where you thought of going yourself."

"Well, I had thought of the Hampstead Road," said Darnell, in a hesitating manner.

"I just thought you'd say that. But I'll ask you, what is the good of going to those expensive shops in the West End? You don't get a better article for your money. You're merely paying for fashion."

"I've seen some nice things in Samuel's, though. They get a brilliant polish on their goods in those superior shops. We went there when we were married."

"Exactly, and paid ten per cent. more than you need have paid. It's throwing money away. And how much did you say you had to spend? Ten pounds. Well, I can tell you where to get a beautiful bedroom suite, in the very highest finish, for six pound ten. What d'you think of that? China included, mind you; and a square of carpet, brilliant colours, will only cost you fifteen and six. Look here, go any Saturday afternoon to Dick's, in the Seven Sisters Road, mention my name, and ask for

Mr. Johnston. The suite's in ash, 'Elizabethan' they call it. Six pound ten, including the china, with one of their 'Orient' carpets, nine by nine, for fifteen and six. Dick's."

Wilson spoke with some eloquence on the subject of furnishing. He pointed out that the times were changed, and that the old heavy style was quite out of date.

"You know," he said, "it isn't like it was in the old days when people used to buy things to last hundreds of years. Why, just before the wife and I were married, an uncle of mine died up in the North, and left me his furniture. I was thinking of furnishing at the time, and I thought the things might come in handy, but I assure you there wasn't a single article that I cared to give house-room to. All dingy, old mahogany; big bookcases and bureaux, and claw-legged chairs and tables. As I said to the wife (as she was soon afterwards) 'we don't exactly want to set up a chamber of horrors, do we?' So I sold off the lot for what I could get. I must confess I like a cheerful room."

Darnell said he had heard that artists liked the old-fashioned furniture.

"Oh, I daresay. The 'unclean cult of the sunflower' eh? You saw that piece in the *Daily Post*? I hate all that rot myself. It isn't healthy, you know, and I don't believe the English people will stand it. But talking of curiosities, I've got something here that's worth a bit of money."

He dived into some dusty receptacle in a corner of the room, and showed Darnell a small, worm-eaten Bible, wanting the first five chapters of Genesis, and the last leaf of the Apocalypse. It bore the date of 1753.

"It's my belief that's worth a lot," said Wilson. "Look at the worm-holes. And you see it's 'imperfect,' as they call it. You've noticed that some of the most valuable books are 'imperfect' at the sales?"

The interview came to an end soon after, and Darnell went home to his tea. He thought seriously of taking Wilson's advice, and after tea he told Mary of his idea and of what Wilson had said about Dick's.

Mary was a good deal taken by the plan when she had heard all the details. The prices struck her as very moderate. They were sitting one on each side of the grate (which was concealed by a pretty cardboard screen, painted with landscapes), and she rested her cheek on her hand, and her beautiful dark eyes seemed to dream and behold strange visions. In reality she was thinking of Darnell's plan.

"It would be very nice in some ways," she said at last. "But we must talk it over. What I am afraid of is that it will come to much more than ten pounds in the long run. There are so many things to be considered. There's the bed. It would look shabby if we got a common bed without brass mounts. Then the bedding, the mattress, and blankets, and sheets, and counterpane would all cost something."

She dreamed again, calculating the cost of all the necessities, and Darnell stared anxiously; reckoning with her, and wondering what her conclusion would be. For a moment the delicate colouring of her face, the grace of her form, and the brown hair, drooping over her ears, and clustering in little curls about her neck, seemed to hint at a language which he had not yet learned, but she spoke again.

"The bedding would come to a great deal, I am afraid. Even if Dicks are considerably cheaper than Boons or Samuels. And, my dear, we must have some ornaments on the mantelpiece. I saw some very nice vases at eleven-three the other day at Wilkin & Dodds. We should want six at least, and there ought to be a centre-piece. You see how it mounts up."

Darnell was silent. He saw that his wife was summing up against his scheme, and though he had set his heart on it, he could not resist her arguments.

"It would be nearer twelve pounds than ten," she said. "The floor would have to be stained round the carpet (nine by nine, you said?) and we should want a piece of linoleum to go under the washstand. And the walls would look very bare without any pictures."

"I thought about the pictures," said

Darnell; and he spoke quite eagerly. He felt that here, at least, he was unassailable. "You know there's the 'Derby Day' and the 'Railway Station,' ready framed, standing in the corner of the box-room already. They're a bit old-fashioned, perhaps, but that doesn't matter in a bedroom. And couldn't we use some photographs? I saw a very neat frame in natural oak in the city, to hold half-a-dozen, for one and six. We might put in your father, and your brother James, and Aunt Marian, and your grandmother, in her widow's cap—and any of the others in the album. And then there's that old family picture in the hair-trunk—that might do over the mantelpiece."

"You mean your great-grandfather in the gilt frame? But that's *very* old-fashioned, isn't it? He looks so queer in his wig. I don't think it would quite go with the room, somehow."

Darnell thought a moment. The portrait was a "kit-cat" of a young gentleman, bravely dressed in the fashion of 1750, and he very faintly remembered some old tales that his father had told him about this ancestor—tales of the woods and fields, of the deep sunken lanes, and the forgotten country in the west.

"No," he said, "I suppose it is rather out of date. But I saw some very nice prints in the city, framed and quite cheap."

"Yes, but everything counts. Well, we will talk it over, as you say. You know we must be careful."

The servant came in with the supper, a tin of biscuits, a glass of milk for the mistress, and a modest pint of beer for the master, with a little cheese and butter. Afterwards Edward smoked two pipes of honeydew, and they went quietly to bed; Mary going first, and her husband following a quarter of an hour later, according to the ritual established from the first days of their marriage. Front and back doors were locked, the gas was turned off at the metre, and when Darnell got upstairs he found his wife already in bed, her face turned round on the pillow.

She spoke softly to him as he came into the room.

"It would be impossible to buy a presentable bed at anything under one pound eleven, and good sheets are dear, anywhere."

He slipped off his clothes and slid gently into bed, putting out the candle on the table. The blinds were all evenly and duly drawn, but it was a June night and beyond the walls, beyond that desolate world and wilderness of grey Shepherd's Bush a great golden moon had floated up through magic films of cloud, above the hill, and the earth was filled with a wonderful light between red sunset lingering over the mountain, and that marvellous glory that shone into the woods from the summit of the hill. Darnell seemed to see some reflection of that wizard brightness in the room; the pale walls and the white bed and his wife's face lying amidst brown hair upon the pillow, were illuminated, and listening he could almost hear the corncrake in the fields, the fern-owl sounding his strange note from the quiet of the rugged place where the bracken grew, and, like the echo of a magic song, the melody of the nightingale that sung all night in the alder by the little brook. There was nothing that he could say, but he slowly stole his arm under his wife's neck, and played with the ringlets of brown hair. She never moved, she lay there gently breathing, looking up to the blank ceiling of the room with her beautiful eyes, thinking also, no doubt, thoughts that she could not utter, kissing her husband obediently when he asked her to do so, and he stammered and hesitated as he spoke.

They were nearly asleep, indeed Darnell was on the very eve of dreaming, when she said very softly—

"I am afraid, darling, that we could never afford it." And he heard her words through the murmur of the water, dripping from the grey rock, and falling into the clear pool beneath.

Sunday morning was always an occasion of idleness. Indeed they would never have got breakfast if Mrs. Darnell, who had the instincts of the housewife, had not awoke and seen the bright sunshine, and felt that the house was too still. She lay quiet for five minutes, while her husband slept beside her, and

listened intently, waiting for the sound of Alice stirring down below. A golden tube of sunlight shone through some opening in the Venetian blinds, and it shone on the brown hair that lay about her head on the pillow, and she looked steadily into the room at the "Duchesse" toilet table, the coloured ware of the wash-stand, and the two photogravures in oak frames, "The Meeting" and "The Parting," that hung upon the wall. She was half dreaming as she listened for the servant's footsteps, and the faint shadow of a shade of a thought came over her, and she imagined dimly, for the quick moment of a dream, another world where rapture was wine, where one wandered in a deep and happy valley, and the moon was always rising red above the trees. She was thinking of Hampstead, which represented to her the vision of the world beyond the walls, and the thought of the heath led her away to Bank Holidays, and then to Alice. There was not a sound in the house; it might have been midnight for the stillness if the drawling cry of the Sunday paper had not suddenly echoed round the corner of Edna Road, and with it came the warning clank and shriek of the milkman with his pails.

Mrs. Darnell sat up, and wide-awake, listened more intently. The girl was evidently fast asleep, and must be roused, or all the work of the day would be out of joint, and she remembered how Edward hated any fuss or discussion about household matters, more especially on a Sunday after his long week's work in the City. She gave her husband an affectionate glance as he slept on, for she was very fond of him, and so she gently rose from the bed, and went in her night gown to call the maid.

The servant's room was small and stuffy, the night had been very hot, and Mrs. Darnell paused for a moment at the door, wondering whether the girl on the bed was really the dusty faced servant who bustled day by day about the house, or even the strangely bedizened creature, dressed in purple, with a shiny face, who would appear on the Sunday afternoon, bringing in an early tea, because it was her "evening out."

Alice's hair was black and her skin was pale, almost of the olive tinge, and she lay asleep, her head resting on one arm, reminding Mrs. Darnell of a queer print of a "Tired Bacchante," that she had seen long ago in a shop window in Upper Street, Islington. And a cracked bell was ringing; that meant five minutes to eight, and nothing done.

She touched the girl gently on the shoulder, and only smiled when her eyes opened, and waking with a start, she got up in sudden confusion. Mrs. Darnell went back to her room and dressed slowly while her husband still slept, and it was only at the last moment, as she fastened her cherry-coloured bodice, that she roused him, telling him that the bacon would be overdone unless he hurried over his dressing.

Over the breakfast they discussed the question of the spare room all over again. Mrs. Darnell still admitted that the plan of furnishing it attracted her, but she could not see how it could be done for the ten pounds, and as they were prudent people they did not care to encroach on their savings. Edward was highly paid, having (with allowances for extra work in busy weeks) a hundred and forty pounds a year, and Mary had inherited from an old uncle, her godfather, three hundred pounds, which had been judiciously laid out in mortgage at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Their total income, then, counting in Aunt Marian's present, was a hundred and fifty-eight pounds a year, and they were clear of debt, since Darnell had bought the furniture for the house out of money which he had saved for five or six years before. In the first few years of his life in the city, his income had, of course, been smaller, and at first he had lived very freely, without a thought of laying by. The theatres and music halls had attracted him, and scarcely a week passed without his going (in the pit) to one or the other; and he had occasionally bought photographs of actresses who pleased him. These he had solemnly burnt when he became engaged to Mary; he remembered the evening well; his heart had been so full of joy and wonder, and the landlady had complained bitterly of the mess in the

grate when he came home from the city the next night. Still, the money was lost, as far as he could recollect ten or twelve shillings; and it annoyed him all the more to reflect that if he had put it by, it would have gone far towards the purchase of an "Orient" carpet in brilliant colours. Then there had been other expenses of his youth; he had purchased threepenny and even fourpenny cigars, the latter rarely, but the former frequently, sometimes singly, and sometimes in bundles of twelve for half-a-crown. Once a meerschaum pipe had haunted him for six weeks; the tobacconist had drawn it out of a drawer with some air of secrecy as he was buying a packet of "Lone Star." Here was another useless expense, these American-manufactured tobaccos; his "Lone Star," "Long Judge," "Old Hank," "Sultry Clime," and the rest of them cost from a shilling to one-and-six the two-ounce packet; whereas, now he got excellent loose honeydew for threepence-halfpenny an ounce. But the crafty tradesman, who had marked him down as a buyer of expensive fancy goods, nodded with his air of mystery, and, snapping open the case, displayed the meerschaum before the dazzled eyes of Darnell. The bowl was carved in the likeness of a female figure, showing the head and *torso*, and the mouthpiece was of the very best amber—only twelve and six, the man said, and the amber alone, he declared was worth more than that. He explained that he felt some delicacy about showing the pipe to any but a regular customer, and was willing to take a little under cost price and "cut the loss." Darnell resisted for the time, but the pipe troubled him, and at last he bought it. He was pleased to show it to the younger men in the office for a while, but it never smoked very well, and he gave it away just before his marriage, as, from the nature of the carving it would have been impossible to use it in his wife's presence. Once, while he was taking his holidays at Hastings, he had purchased a malacca cane—a useless thing that had cost seven shillings—and he reflected with sorrow on the innumerable evenings on

which he had rejected his landlady's plain fried chop, and had gone out to *flaunt* among the Italian restaurants in Upper Street, Islington (he lodged in Holloway), pampering himself with expensive delicacies; cutlets and green peas, braised beef with tomato sauce, fillet steak and chip potatoes, ending the banquet very often with a small wedge of Gruyère, which cost twopence. One night, after receiving a rise in his salary, he had actually drunk a quarter flask of Chianti and had added the enormities of Benedictine, coffee and cigarettes to an expenditure already disgraceful, and sixpence to the waiter made the bill amount to four shillings instead of the shilling that would have provided him with a wholesome and sufficient repast at home. Oh, there were many other items in this account of extravagance, and Darnell had often regretted his way of life, thinking that if he had been more careful, five or six pounds a year might have been added to their income.

And the question of the spare-room brought back these regrets in an exaggerated degree. He persuaded himself that the extra five pounds would have given a sufficient margin for the outlay that he desired to make; though this was, no doubt, a mistake on his part. But he saw, quite clearly that, under the present conditions, there must be no levies made on the very small sum of money that they had saved. The rent of the house was thirty-five, and rates and taxes added another ten pounds—nearly a quarter of their income for house-room. Mary kept down the housekeeping bills to the very best of her ability, but meat was always dear, and she suspected the maid of cutting surreptitious slices from the joint and eating them in her bedroom with bread and treacle in the dead of night, for the girl had disordered and eccentric appetites. Mr. Darnell thought no more of restaurants, cheap or dear; he took his lunch with him to the City, and joined his wife in the evening at high tea—chops, a bit of steak, or cold meat from the Sunday's dinner. Mrs. Darnell ate bread and jam and drank a little milk in the middle of the day; but,

with the utmost economy, the effort to live within their means and to save for future contingencies was a very hard one. They had determined to do without change of air for at least three years, as the honeymoon at Walton-on-the-Naze had cost a good deal; and it was on this ground that they had, somewhat illogically, reserved the ten pounds, declaring that as they were not to have any holiday they would spend the money on something useful.

And it was this consideration of utility that was finally fatal to Darnell's scheme. They had calculated and recalculated the expense of the bed and bedding, the linoleum, and the ornaments, and by a great deal of exertion the total expenditure had been made to assume the shape of "something very little over ten pounds," when Mary said quite suddenly:

"But, after all, Edward, we don't really *want* to furnish the room at all. I mean it isn't necessary. And if we did so it might lead to no end of expense. People would hear of it and be sure to fish for invitations. You know we have relatives in the country, and they would be almost certain, the Mallings, at any rate, to give hints."

Darnell saw the force of the argument and gave way. But he was bitterly disappointed.

"It would have been very nice, wouldn't it?" he said with a sigh.

"Never mind, dear," said Mary, who saw that he was a good deal cast down. "We must think of some other plan that will be nice and useful too."

She often spoke to him in that tone of a kind mother, though she was by three years the younger.

"And now," she said, "I must get ready for church. Are you coming?"

Darnell said that he thought not. He usually accompanied his wife to morning service, but that day he felt some bitterness in his heart, and preferred to lounge under the shade of the big mulberry tree that stood in the middle of their patch of garden—relic of the spacious lawns that had once lain smooth and green and sweet, where the dismal streets now swarmed in a hopeless labyrinth.

So Mary went quietly and alone to church. St. Paul's stood in a neighbouring street, and its Gothic design would have interested a curious inquirer into the history of a strange revival. Obviously, mechanically, there was nothing amiss. The style chosen was "geometrical decorated," and the tracery of the windows seemed correct. The nave, the aisles, the spacious chancel, were reasonably proportioned; and to be quite serious, the only feature obviously wrong was the substitution of a low "chancel wall" with iron gates for the rood screen with the loft and rood. But this, it might plausibly be contended, was merely an adaptation of the old idea to modern requirements, and it would have been quite difficult to explain why the whole building, from the mere mortar setting between the stones to the Gothic gas standards, was a mysterious and elaborate blasphemy. The canticles were sung to joll in B flat, the chants were "Anglican," and the sermon was the Gospel for the day, amplified and rendered into the more modern and graceful English of the preacher. And Mary came away.

After their dinner (an excellent piece of Australian mutton, bought in the "World Wide" Stores, in Hammer-smith), they sat for some time in the garden, partly sheltered by the big mulberry tree from the observation of their neighbours. Edward smoked his honeydew, and Mary looked at him with placid affection.

"You never tell me about the men in your office," she said at length. "Some of them are nice fellows, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they're very decent. I must bring some of them round, one of these days."

He remembered with a pang that it would be necessary to provide whiskey. One couldn't ask the guest to drink table beer at tenpence the gallon.

"Who are they, though?" said Mary. "I think they might have given you a wedding-present."

"Well, I don't know. We never have gone in for that sort of thing. But they're very decent chaps. Well, there's Harvey; 'Sauce' they call him behind his back. He's mad on bicycling. He

went in last year for the Two Miles Amateur Record. He'd have made it, too, if he could have got into better training."

"Then, there's James, a sporting man. You wouldn't care for him. I always think he smells of the stable."

"How horrid!" said Mrs. Darnell, finding her husband a little frank, lowering her eyes as she spoke.

"Dickenson might amuse you," Darnell went on. "He's always got a joke. A terrible liar, though. When he tells a tale we never know how much to believe. He swore the other day he'd seen one of the governors buying cockles off a barrow near London Bridge, and Jones, who's just come, believed every word of it."

Darnell laughed at the humorous recollection of the jest.

"And that wasn't a bad yarn about Salter's wife," he went on. "Salter is the manager, you know. Dickenson lives close by, in Notting Hill, and he said one morning that he had seen Mrs. Salter, in the Portobello Road, in red stockings, dancing to a piano organ."

"He's a little coarse, isn't he?" said Mrs. Darnell. "I don't see much fun in that."

"Well, you know, amongst men it's different. You might like Wallis; he's a tremendous photographer. He often shows us photos he's taken of his children—one, a little girl of three, in her bath. I asked him how he thought she'd like it when she was twenty-three."

Mrs. Darnell looked down, and made no answer.

There was silence for some minutes while Darnell smoked his pipe. "I say, Mary," he said at length, "what do you say to our taking a paying guest?"

"A paying guest! I never thought of it. Where should we put him?"

"Why, I was thinking of the spare room. The plan would obviate your objection, wouldn't it? Lots of men in the city take them, and make money of it, too. I dare say it would add ten pounds a year to our income. Redgrave, the cashier, finds it worth his while to take a large house on purpose. They have a regular lawn for tennis and a billiard room."

Mary considered gravely, always with the dream in her eyes. "I don't think we could manage it, Edward," she said, "It would be inconvenient in many ways." She hesitated for a moment. "And I don't think I should care to have a young man in the house. It is so very small, and our accommodation, as you know, is so limited."

She blushed slightly, and Edward, a little disappointed as he was, looked at her with a singular longing, as if he were a scholar confronted with a doubtful hieroglyph, either wholly wonderful or altogether commonplace. Next door children were playing in the garden, playing shrilly, laughing, crying, quarrelling, racing to and fro. Suddenly a clear pleasant voice sounded from an upper window.

"Enid! Charles! Come up to my room at once!"

There was an instant sudden hush. The children's voices died away.

"Mrs. Parker is supposed to keep her children in great order," said Mary. "Alice was telling me about it the other day. She had been talking to Mrs. Parker's servant. I listened to her without any remark, as I don't think it right to encourage servant's gossip; they always exaggerate everything. And I daresay children often require to be corrected."

The children were struck silent as if some ghastly terror had seized them.

Darnell fancied that he heard a queer sort of cry from the house, but could not be quite sure. He turned to the other side where an elderly, ordinary man with a grey moustache was strolling up and down on the further side of his garden. He caught Darnell's eye, and Mrs. Darnell looking towards him at the same moment, he very politely raised his tweed cap. Darnell was surprised to see his wife blushing fiercely.

"Sayce and I often go into the city by the same 'bus," he said, "and as it happens we've sat next to each other two or three times lately. I believe he's a traveller for a leather firm in Bermondsey. He struck me as a pleasant man. Haven't they got rather a good-looking servant?"

"Alice has spoken to me about her

—— and the Sayces," said Mrs. Darnell. "I understand that they are not very well thought of in the neighbourhood. But I must go in and see whether the tea is ready. Alice will be wanting to go out directly."

Darnell looked after his wife as she walked quickly away. He only dimly understood, but he could see the charm of her figure, the delight of the brown curls clustering about her neck, and he again felt that sense of the scholar confronted by the hieroglyphic. He could not have expressed his emotion, but he wondered whether he would ever find the key, and something told him that before she could speak to him his own lips must be unclosed. She had gone into the house by the back-kitchen door, leaving it open, and he heard her speaking to the girl about the water being "really boiling." He was amazed, almost indignant with himself; but the sound of the words came to his ears as strange, heart-piercing music, tones from another, wonderful sphere. And yet he was her husband, and they had been married nearly a year, and yet, whenever she spoke, he had to listen to the sense of what she said, constraining himself, lest he should believe she was a magic creature, knowing the secrets of immeasurable delight.

He looked out through the leaves of the mulberry tree. Mr. Sayce had disappeared from his view, but he saw the light blue fume of the cigar that he was smoking floating slowly across the shadowed air. He was wondering at his wife's manner when Sayce's name was mentioned, puzzling his head as to what could be amiss in the household of a most respectable personage, when his wife appeared at the dining-room window, and called him in to tea. She smiled as he looked up, and he rose hastily and walked in, wondering whether he were not a little "queer," so strange were the dim emotions and the dimmer impulses that rose within him.

Alice was all shining purple and strong scent, as she brought in the teapot and the jug of hot water. It seemed that a visit to the kitchen had inspired Mrs. Darnell in her turn with a novel plan for disposing of the famous ten pounds.

The range had always been a trouble to her, and when, sometimes, she went into the kitchen, and found, as she said, the fire "roaring half-way up the chimney," it was in vain that she reproved the maid on the ground of extravagance and waste of coal. Alice was ready to admit the absurdity of making up such an enormous fire merely to bake (they called it "roast") a bit of beef or mutton, and to boil the potatoes and the cabbage; but she was able to show Mrs. Darnell that the fault lay in the defective contrivance of the range, in an oven which "would not get hot." Even with a chop or a steak it was almost as bad; the heat seemed to escape up the chimney into the room, and Mary had spoken several times to her husband on the shocking waste of coal, and the cheapest coal procurable was never less than eighteen shillings the ton. Mr. Darnell had written to the landlord, a builder, who had replied in an illiterate but offensive communication, maintaining the excellence of the stove and charging all the faults to the account of "your good lady," which really implied that the Darnells kept no servant, and that Mrs. Darnell did everything. The range, then, remained, a standing annoyance and expense. Every morning, Alice said, she had the greatest difficulty in getting the fire to light at all, and once lighted it "seemed as if it fled right up the chimney." Only a few nights before Mrs. Darnell had spoken seriously to her husband about it; she had got Alice to weigh the coals expended in cooking a cottage pie, the dish of the evening, and deducting what remained in the scuttle after the pie was done, it appeared that the wretched thing had consumed nearly twice the proper quantity of fuel.

"You remember what I said the other night about the range?" said Mrs. Darnell, as she poured out the tea, and watered the leaves. She thought the introduction a good one, for though her husband was a most amiable man, she guessed that he had been just a little hurt by her decision against his furnishing scheme.

"The range?" said Darnell. He paused as he helped himself to the mar-

malade, and considered for a moment. "No, I don't recollect. What night was it?"

"Tuesday. Don't you remember? You had 'overtime,' and didn't get home till quite late."

She paused for a moment, blushing slightly; and then began to recapitulate the misdeeds of the range, and the outrageous outlay of coal in the preparation of the cottage pie.

"Oh, I recollect now. That was the night I thought I heard the nightingale (people say there are nightingales in Bedford Park), and the sky was such a wonderful deep blue."

He remembered how he had walked from Uxbridge Road Station, where the green 'bus stopped, and in spite of the fuming kilns under Acton, a delicate odour of the woods and summer fields was mysteriously in the air, and he had fancied that he smelt the red, wild roses, drooping from the hedge. As he came to his gate he saw his wife standing in the doorway, with a light in her hand, and he threw his arms violently about her as she welcomed him, and whispered something in her ear, kissing her scented hair. He had felt quite abashed a moment afterwards, and he was afraid that he had frightened her by his nonsense; she seemed trembling and confused. And then she had told him how they had weighed the coal.

"Yes, I remember now," he said. "It is a great nuisance, isn't it? I hate to throw away money like that."

"Well, what do you think? Suppose we bought a really good range with aunt's money? It would save us a lot, and I expect the things would taste much nicer."

Darnell passed the marmalade, and confessed that the idea was brilliant.

"It's much better than mine, Mary," he said, quite frankly. "I am so glad you thought of it. But we must talk it over; it doesn't do to buy in a hurry. There are so many makes."

Each had seen ranges which looked miraculous inventions; he in the neighbourhood of the City; she in Oxford Street and Regent Street, on visits to the dentist. They discussed the matter at tea, and afterwards they discussed it

walking round and round the garden, in the sweet cool of the evening.

"They say the 'Newcastle' will burn anything, coke even," said Mary.

"But the 'Glow' got the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition," said Edward.

"But what about the Eutopia Kitchener? Have you seen it at work in Oxford Street?" said Mary. "They say their plan of ventilating the oven is quite unique."

"I was in Fleet Street the other day," answered Edward, "and I was looking at the Bliss Patent Stoves. They burn less fuel than any in the market—so the makers declare."

He put his arm gently round her waist. She did not repel him; she whispered quite softly:

"I think Mrs. Parker is at her window," and he drew his arm back slowly.

"But we will talk it all over," he said. "There is no hurry. I might call at some of the places near the city, and you might do the same thing in Oxford Street and Regent Street, and Piccadilly, and we could compare notes."

Mary was quite pleased with her husband's good temper. It was so nice of him not to find fault with her plan; "he's so good to me," she thought, and that was what she often said to her brother, who did not care much for Darnell. They sat down on the seat under the mulberry, close together, and she let Darnell take her hand, and as she felt his shy, hesitating fingers touch her in the shadow, she pressed them ever so softly, and as he fondled her hand, his breath was on her neck, and she heard his passionate, hesitating voice whisper "my dear, my dear," as his lips touched her cheek. She trembled a little, and waited. Darnell kissed her gently on the cheek and drew away his hand, and when he spoke he was almost breathless.

"We had better go in now," he said. "There is a heavy dew, and you might catch cold."

A warm, scented gale came to them from beyond the walls. He longed to ask her to stay out with him all night beneath the tree, that they might whisper to one another, that the scent of

her hair might inebriate him, that he might feel her dress still brushing against his ankles. But he could not find the words, and it was absurd, and she was so gentle that she would do whatever he asked, however foolish it might be, just because he asked her. He was not worthy to kiss her lips; he bent down and kissed her silk bodice, and again he felt that she trembled, and he was ashamed, fearing that he had frightened her.

They went slowly into the house, side by side, and Darnell lit the gas in the drawing-room, where they always sat on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Darnell felt a little tired and lay down on the sofa, and Darnell took the armchair opposite. For a while they were silent, and then Darnell said suddenly,—

"What's wrong with the Sayces? You seemed to think there was something a little strange about them. Their maid looks quite quiet."

"Oh, I don't know that one ought to pay any attention to servant's gossip. They're not always very truthful."

"It was Alice told you, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She was speaking to me the other day, when I was in the kitchen in the afternoon."

"But what was it?"

"Oh, I'd rather not tell you, Edward. It's not pleasant. I scolded Alice for repeating it to me."

Darnell got up and took a small, frail chair near the sofa.

"Tell me," he said again with an odd perversity. He did not really care to hear about the household next door, but he remembered how his wife's cheeks flushed in the afternoon, and now he was looking at her eyes.

"Oh, I really couldn't tell you, dear. I should feel ashamed."

"But you're my wife."

"Yes, but it doesn't make any difference. A woman doesn't like to talk about such things."

Darnell bent his head down. His heart was beating; he put his ear to her mouth, and said "whisper."

Mary drew his head down still lower with her gentle hand, and her cheeks burned as she whispered:

"Alice says that—upstairs—they have

only—one room furnished. The maid told her—herself."

With an unconscious gesture, she pressed his head to her breast, and he in turn was bending her red lips to his own, when a violent jangle clamoured through the silent house. They sat up, and Mrs. Darnell went hurriedly to the door.

"That's Alice," she said. "She is always in in time. It has only just struck ten."

Darnell shivered with annoyance. His lips, he knew, had almost been opened. Mary's pretty handkerchief, delicately scented from a little flagon that a school friend had given her, lay on the floor, and he picked it up, and kissed it, and hid it away.

The question of the range occupied them all through June and far into July. Mrs. Darnell took every opportunity of going to the West End and investigating the capacity of the latest makes, gravely viewing the new improvements and hearing what the shopmen had to say; while Darnell, as he said, "kept his eyes open" about the city. They accumulated quite a literature of the subject, bringing away illustrated pamphlets, and in the evenings it was an amusement to look at the pictures. They viewed with reverence and interest the drawings of great ranges for hotels and public institutions, mighty contrivances furnished with a series of ovens each for a different use, with wonderful apparatus for grilling, with batteries of accessories which seemed to invest the cook almost with the dignity of a chief engineer. But when, in one of the lists, they encountered the images of little toy "cottage" ranges, for four pounds, and even for three pounds ten, they grew scornful, on the strength of the eight or ten pound article which they meant to purchase—when the merits of the divers patents had been thoroughly thrashed out.

The "Raven" was for a long time Mary's favourite. It promised the utmost economy with the highest efficiency, and many times they were on the point of giving the order. But the "Glow" seemed equally seductive, and it was only £8 5s., as compared with £9 7s. 6d.,

and though the "Raven" was supplied to the Royal Kitchen, the "Glow" could show more fervent testimonials from continental potentates.

It seemed a debate without end, and it endured day after day till that morning, when Darnell woke from the dream of the ancient wood, of the fountains rising into grey vapour beneath the heat of the sun. As he dressed, an idea struck him, and he brought it as a shock to the hurried breakfast, disturbed by the thought of the city 'bus which passed the corner of the street at nine-fifteen.

"I've got an improvement on your plan, Mary," he said, with triumph. "Look at that," and he flung a little book on the table.

He laughed. "It beats your notion all to fits. After all the great expense is the coal. It's not the stove—at least that's not the real mischief. It's the coal is so dear. And here you are. Look at those oil-stoves. They don't burn any coal, but the cheapest fuel in the world, oil; and for two pound ten you can get a range that will do everything you want."

"Give me the book," said Mary, "and we will talk it over in the evening, when you come home. Must you be going?"

Darnell cast an anxious glance at the clock.

"Good-bye," and they kissed each other seriously and dutifully, and Mary's eyes made Darnell think of those lonely waterpools, hidden in the shadow of the ancient woods.

So, day after day, he lived in the grey phantasmal world, akin to death, that has, somehow, with most of us, made good its claim to be called life. To Darnell the true life would have seemed madness, and when, now and again, the shadows and vague images reflected from its splendour fell across his path, he was afraid, and took refuge in what he would have called the sane "reality" of common and usual incidents and interests. His absurdity was, perhaps, the more evident, inasmuch as "reality" for him was a matter of kitchen ranges, of saving a few shillings; but in truth the folly would have been greater if it had been concerned with racing stables,

steam yachts, and the spending of many thousand pounds.

But so went forth Darnell, day by day, strangely mistaking death for life, madness for sanity, and purposeless and wandering phantoms for true beings.

He was sincerely of opinion that he was a city clerk, living in Shepherd's Bush—having forgotten the mysteries and the far-shining glories of the kingdom which was his by legitimate inheritance.



CONSOLATION

HE was poor—all knew that—for he lived up so high,,
 The attic that held him seemed kin with the sky—
 Just to think of its stairway made timid folk dizzy ;
 But the bard didn't mind it a bit, by his looks,
 Well he knew that it led to his well-beloved books,
 Over which—and his rhymes—he seemed constantly busy.

The moral is clear: Though the garret be high,
 And its roof seem ambitious to soar to the sky,
 The worse for the poet, the nearer the ground :
 An attic's advantage, considered aright,
 Is, that thence you can take a much easier flight
 To the stars—where the songs of the poet are found !

ARTHUR DOWDESWELL.



A little help is worth a good deal of philosophic doubt.



Many byways of character still await investigation—as, for example, the inscrutable connection between conscientious earnestness and the follies of the commonplace.



VEILS OF ISIS.

Nature is naked until man her breasts
 With rainbow hues of his own mind invests,
 And she in turn provides his garments dim :
 Say who shall clothe her when his hand divests,
 Who unclothe him ?

THE SAVIOURS OF LOUIS XVII.

By A. E. Waite



ROMANTIC interest attaches to Royal Pretenders, almost independently of the inherent value of their claims. Perkin Warbeck has figured as the hero of fiction scarcely in a less degree than the Duke of Monmouth, while the several Stuart pretenders have offered endless opportunities to writers, from the days of Sir Walter Scott to our own. So far, however, as English literature at least is concerned, there is one line of claimants which has been hitherto overlooked, though in some respects the most interesting of all. I refer to the alleged survival of the French Dauphin, who, but for the misfortune of his dynasty, should have been crowned at Rheims as Louis XVII.

The temperate and occasionally, if it must be confessed, the frigid zones of thought in which we live and move and have our intellectual being at the present day, are far removed from the regions of collective enthusiasms and hallucinations, of white heats of conviction and prejudice, in a word, of mania which characterised more than one popular and many disguised and secret movements in the past. The party feeling which sometimes runs high among us is but a bubble on the tide of sentiment in comparison with the geyser-springs and water-spouts of the old passions of mobs, and, in their degree also, even of sects, coteries and obscure cabals. For this reason our politics in the twentieth century are sensibly distinguished from our religious fervours, if, indeed, we possess any zeal of the latter kind. In the eighteenth century, and especially at the period of the

French Revolution, it was otherwise. Through the operation of some causes less or more obvious, the politics of that day, above all in the land of the Revolution, bore all the marks and seals by which we diagnose conspiracy, and for some concealed reason the man who was planning the ruin or the glory of his country had to begin by becoming an *Illuminé* of sorts, or at least a member of some mysterious secret society. In this way a political motive was imported into many associations which by their ostensible objects cared nothing for Cæsar, if Cæsar left them in peace; and in this way also the politician or the political conspirator became tinctured undesignedly by the craze which he had adopted as a disguise for the better attainment of his ends. To the articles of association, so to speak, by which the French Revolution was incorporated, the contributories were gathered from the Brethren of the Rose-Cross, the Martinist Lodges of Lyons, the Rites of Perfection, Societies of Philalethes, *Illuminés* of Avignon and disbanded *Illuminati* of Germany. In addition to being political conspirators, they were in certain cases profound believers in the tenets of these particular associations, and in the absence of their frenzy for a new social order—for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—they might not have been saved from religious mania. The political enthusiast did as a fact become occasionally the religious *halluciné*.

The movement which is here designated broadly as that of the Saviours of Louis XVII. was, of course, as its name suggests, political at its inception, but being also enthusiastic—and French—it

became visionary, and once visionary it abounded in signs and wonders. As a fact, it is *par excellence* the great thaumaturgic chapter in later French history. It possessed not only *la vraie légitimité*, with the ordinary paraphernalia of seer-ship, clairvoyance and prophetship which in a circle of zealots could and did mostly develope at that period, but its alleged tangible miracles, its divine messages and its inspired revelations. It must be regarded as something much exceeding the typical history of enthusiasm tempered by imposture. That was no ordinary hysteria and no common charlatanry which converted a fanatical handful of royalist loyal servitors into a religious sect which possessed its literature; which had once at least its ceremonial, its symbolism and its sacraments; which was distinguished, in one of its phases, by special condemnation in a papal bull, and has produced a number of transformations, one at least of which exists at the present day; which, in fine, has given rise to half the histories of Black Magic and of nameless orgies that for so long a time have been current in France. It has provided true material for the phantasias of M. Jules Bois, practical suggestions for the romances of Huysmann and a colourable pretence to at least one existing secret society.

When it is said that there were persons who loved to regard themselves as Saviours of Louis XVII., it is clear that, in their opinion, the unhappy child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette did not die in his prison, as official history affirms. Nor will any well informed person fail to be aware that the possibility of his survival and escape has received considerable countenance. It is natural that this should be the case, because there is a romantic element in such a supposition, while at the same time it is not a notion which does open violence to probability. These facts once realised, no one will need to be reminded that they were very liable to create pretenders whose credentials were of less account than those of Perkin Warbeck, whom I have already mentioned. As in the course of this history, the Saviours of the Dauphin had more than one grandson of St. Louis raised up to

them, no doubt they experienced the realisation of this danger. We must not, however, regard their enthusiasm as unreasonable in itself. Supposing the Dauphin to have escaped, his jailors, on all accounts, would have spread the report of his death, in order to shield themselves from the consequences of their negligence, real or supposed, and those to whom they were responsible could scarcely have contradicted that report, and would rather have insisted upon it, ostensibly at least, whatever their private knowledge, because it helped to make the survival of the Dauphin without political consequence. He became dead as a danger to themselves, though not dead in the body, for the difficulty in establishing his identity would be probably insuperable, and it would be enough to say that he was an impostor. The test question is, therefore, whether the Saviours of Louis XVII. could or did offer to produce any evidence worthy of the name as to the escape of their idol. If they did, they established, at least, their title to existence. It would not follow that the person whom they accepted was in fact the escaped prince, and the heir of Hugh Capet, for the true heir may have been only too glad to hide himself in obscurity alike from friends and enemies.

This test question, however, like so many others which arise in the by-ways of history, is not one which is determinable, if at all, without long and difficult investigations; but the King's Saviours are not the less curious as a sect, and are perhaps the more interesting, if we agree that they were deceived grossly by every one of their pretenders. We may speak, indeed, of the Dauphin's survival and escape as of the second legend of the Temple, and this reminds us that there was a first legend, which arose prior to the Revolution, in the shape of the claim made on behalf of the Knights Templar to a survival after their suspension in the 13th century. It has been said that the Templars were avenged in the person of the Dauphin, that the French King who had immolated the innocent Grand Master Jacques de Molay suffered, in the person of his descendant, imprison-

ment, torture and misery of all kinds in the very tower which was once the patrimony of that old chivalry of Europe. Some writers have lingered suggestively over this piece of poetical justice, as they have ventured to term it. We may note the coincidence because it has been regarded as significant by those whose disposition it is to find meaning in strange accidents, and to trace the hand of God in several obscure events of history. But there is another coincidence which, though it has escaped them, so far as I am aware, ought from their standpoint to lay considerable stress upon the claims of the King's Saviours. The first legend of the Temple, at least in one of its varieties, affirms that, in surviving its destruction, the Order became Freemasonry, the secret design of which was to vindicate the cause of the knights, and that this end was ultimately accomplished by the realisation of the French Revolution. And so also, according to the second legend of the Temple, the French monarchy survived the alleged onslaught of Freemasonry in the person of the Dauphin, as if to show that, after so many generations, wrath is not visited utterly, even by the secret societies.

After what manner it was that the escape of Louis XVII. first became bruited abroad we have no means of ascertaining, but it found believers speedily who were willing to live and die for it. As I have spoken of a line of claimants, it follows that the impostors were many and of these some were so obscure that they have passed practically out of memory. It will be readily supposed that, even in the days of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, more than one handful of concealed Royalists dreamed of the rescue of the Dauphin while he was still unquestionably alive. Among these there was a member of some obscure society of visionaries which goes back to the year 1772, a certain Sieur Ducy, the recorder of many prophecies and revelations, who, in common with his partizans, believed that the future of the world could be secured only by the conservation of the true legitimacy in the person of the

future Louis XVII. In all more than seven or eight Dauphins, bearing marks of authenticity sufficient for the purpose of their believers, arose at different times. It has been suggested, not without reason, that some of the loyal servitors of the destroyed dynasty were wrought up to such a pitch of frenzy by the desire of an object before whom they could pour out their loyalty, that they were ready and eager to accept almost any pretender. They scarcely required testimony; they recognised, they were convinced, and it was enough. Long after the period had passed when it was possible, humanly speaking, for the Dauphin to have been still alive, one such zealot is reported to have affirmed his supreme assurance that God could raise him from the dead. The fervency and fever with which such beliefs were cherished gave rise ultimately to three sects, part political and part religious, whose tenets in common were :

(a) The perpetuation of the legitimate line.

(b) The foundation of an universal monarchy, which was to guarantee the social order of the future, with France as the leader of the nations.

(c) The interposition of a special providence for the fulfilment of the designs of the Saviours.

From this programme, it follows that these sects carried on the old dream concerning universal monarchy which for centuries had haunted most of the seers of France, which is found in the writings of William Postel at the period of the Council of Trent, and, earlier still, in those of the Abbot Trithemius. The sects in question are :—

1. That of Ganneau, who took the mystery name of Mapah, and of Catherine Theot, who was his spiritual spouse.

2. That of Eugène Vintras, who is *par excellence* the priest and prophet of those Saviours who accepted the claims of Naundorff.

3. That of Louis Michel de Figanières, the last development of the hallucinations of Vintras.

C

Of this triad Ganneau has passed completely away, except in so far as he is remembered in the person of his disciple A. L. Constant, better known under his Jewish pseudonym of Éliphas Lévi, who, as a young man, perambulated France, preaching the gospel of his master, publishing pamphlet Bibles of Liberty, with wonderful visions of pontiffs and kings to come, and enduring from time to time even imprisonment in the cause. He is remembered also to some extent in the once interesting personality of Alphonse Esquiros, who also fell within the same circle of enthusiasm, and made his contribution to the literature and history of this strange movement in France. We know nothing of the doctrine of Ganneau, except through a single reference in the writings of A. L. Constant. His identity with Louis XVII., which was the final secret revealed to his disciples, rests on his own statement simply, and there is no evidence that it was believed by the more intelligent among his followers, even in the days of their pupilage. In this claim he proved himself a maniac rather than an impostor, and, for the rest, he must be classed in that order of squalid prophets of which some anti-types have been given us in England, in the shape of the Muggletons and Brothers, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. If he can be said ever to have issued from obscurity, he returned rapidly therein; some of his disciples, at least, came to their senses, and he himself passed away, leaving his spiritual spouse still on earth and still apparently possessed with the belief that she was actually Marie Antoinette, of whom it is said that she appeared to external observation as the living image.

The second sect is that which recognised the one claimant whose pretension has enlisted the sincere conviction of several generations, not altogether hallucinated, in France; that claimant is Charles Edward Naundorff, or, as he styled himself, the Duc de Normandie, who arrived in Paris from Prussia, in the year 1833, was, in 1836, banished from France by Louis Philippe for instituting a lawsuit in Paris against the deposed King Charles X. to extort an acknowledgment that he was his

nephew; who sought refuge thereupon, like so many other royal and political exiles, in England, and during his sojourn here lived chiefly in Camberwell; who in the end died on August 10th, 1845, at Delft, in Holland, as he personally believed, of poison, and was buried as Louis XVII. This, in brief outline, is the historical and undisputed side of Naundorff's history. By his own testimony he remembered of course his captivity and told its story with details which for his followers had all the air of realism. An impostor with ability might do as much. He bore also an extraordinary likeness to his alleged father, and, what is more, he had the general family characteristics, possibly in a marked degree; but recognitions of this kind remind one of the spirit-photographs which under lamentable circumstances have been claimed by bereaved relatives as undoubted portraits of those whom they have lost; in other words, sobriety is too often wanting to this kind of recognition. But it has been said further that his old jailers at the end of their days confessed to him and that the convictions which his appearance excited, among others who had reason to know, were too fervent, too whole-hearted, too supreme for them to be lightly challenged. Now it must be admitted that this taxes overmuch the convenient hypothesis of a treacherous and easy memory. Collective hallucination is possible, when speaking broadly, but to introduce it as an explanation of facts which are awkward and unwelcome is a little childish as a resource and seems to substitute the ridiculous for the unlikely. Nothing of any importance now attaches to the possible survival of the ill-starred prince of the Temple; nothing now attaches to the honesty of Naundorff, who is dead, indeed, like St. Louis; and supposing the romance of the French monarchy to have been founded in substantial fact, it is an event without consequence. A certain balance of probability must, doubtless, be registered against the claims of Naundorff, but we can afford to postpone judgment till it is warranted by further research.

Naundorff left memoirs behind him

which have appeared in English, and although they do not at the present day command any strong conviction, they are exceedingly curious reading, and are supported by an array of documents which are at least a testimony to the very serious belief of those who deposed to them. He left behind him one son, the survivor of five children. This son was living towards the end of the last century; there are grandchildren who probably survive to this day, and for many years their cause was represented in France by a weekly newspaper, once edited by the Abbey Duprey, under the title of *La Légimité*.

Such are the broad facts of the claim, and they are less or more familiar to many persons who are acquainted with the side issues of French history. What is less generally known is that Naundorff, outside his political pretensions, has figured also as a kind of religious visionary, and was the author of books for which he claimed an inspired origin. One of these, under the title of "The Heavenly Doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ," appeared in 1839, and has, I believe, been translated into English. He wrote also three similar works during his sojourn in England, but these are so rare at the present day as to be practically out of reach. They constituted, in any case, for those who accepted his pretension, text books of religious belief, and in this way the so-called Duc De Normandie was not only the real representative of the true Bourbon legitimacy, who was naturally as such the rightful heir of the French throne, but was one also whose political mission had received, for those who could tolerate it, the seal of divine sanction. This is strange enough, but it will suggest only to the ordinary mind that Naundorff was hallucinated rather than a simple impostor. Still stranger, however, is the undoubted fact that long before he himself became the recipient of supposed revelations, and long also before he advanced any claim to recognition as the son of Louis XVI., a poor peasant of Northern France, named Martin De Gallardon, after a prosaic life passed among the fields for something like half a century, became sud-

denly the victim of visions, revelations and premonitory orders from the unseen world, all of which were designed to lead up to the recognition of Naundorff, not merely as the true sovereign of France, but one who was designed to restore and even increase the glories of that monarchy. These extraordinary experiences began on January 15th, 1816, when Martin was visited for the first time by an apparition which claimed subsequently to be the Archangel Raphael. He was charged with messages to be delivered to Louis XVIII., who was at that time the occupant of the French throne. The peasant was disturbed in his conscience by this unlooked for visitation; he consulted his curé and the curé consulted his bishop, with the result that the case of Martin was reported to the police authorities and he was ultimately placed for a time in the asylum of Charenton. He persisted, however, throughout in the conviction that he would see the king and would deliver to him the messages with which he had been entrusted; and, as a matter of fact, this interview, against all probability as it was, took place on April 2nd of the same year. In the course of the audience, Martin informed Louis XVIII. that, although lawfully he was a royal prince, he was not the legitimate occupant of the throne of France. In the end the peasant was allowed to return to his native village and there he remained, still visited at unequal intervals by the same apparition and still under the special charge of the priest for the time being of his district. In 1830, the voice told him that the Dauphin was in Germany, and in conformity with this prognostication it has been proved that Naundorff was about that time at Crossen, in Silesia. In 1833, he was similarly informed that the legitimate king was in France, and this, as we have already seen, was the date when Naundorff repaired to that country from Prussia. In the same extraordinary manner Martin was made acquainted with various signs by which he would recognise the prince, and when at last a meeting took place between them, the prophetic assurances which he had received in this respect are said to

have been more than verified. On April 16th, 1834, the life of Martin came suddenly to a close, and there is little doubt that the story of his death by poison and strangulation combined may have been only too well founded. It has been suggested that the unfortunate peasant was simply the dupe of the sect who were bent on securing the recognition of their claimant, but the facts are against this view; he was, therefore, either an impostor or the victim of hallucinations, some of which may be classed with those which are now-a-days termed veridic. In this connection it is curious to note that the visionary experiences which befell Naundorff himself took place only after the death of the seer who had been, so to speak, his precursor.

But despite the visions and the prophecies of Martin, despite also the revelations and inspirations of Naundorff, the Saviours of Louis XVII., even in the lifetime of their master, stood apparently in need of further signs and wonders to enforce the divine nature of their mission, and they found it, possibly more fully than they expected, in the person of another peasant, Eugène Vintras of Normandy, who is described as originally a pious illiterate, mentally somewhat weak and disposed towards enthusiasm. In all probability he knew as much and as little of the Second Legend of the Temple as did Joe Smith of that obscure and worthless novel which has been claimed as the first matter of the "Book of Mormon," and its mysterious tablets of brass. But among the pleasant fields of France the angel came to him, as he came, *ex hypothesi*, to one similarly unequipped in England, sending him on strange errands with strange messages, the purport of which he pretends not to have understood. In some undeclared manner they were all connected with *La Vraie Légitimité* and proved acceptable to the Saviours scattered through the country on the eve of the *coup d'état*. Vintras seems to have been a similar product in France to Andrew Jackson Davis, in America. In order to hear him with some show of seriousness, we have to accept it as a fact, firstly, that

he was wholly uneducated, on which point we have indeed the authority of independent French criticism; and, secondly, that the notions which he disseminated were quite beyond his own unaided possibility. There are certain respects in which he must have outrun even the sanguine enthusiasm of the King's Saviours, and, as time went on, his frenzy lost sight altogether of the Dauphin and the Duc de Normandie, for Vintras posed ultimately as the religious prophet of a new sacerdotal order. What he preached was the coming of the King and the King's Rendering, but in a manner so perfervid and so exalted that it lost touch with the true legitimacy, and became identical with the doctrine of the second advent. We have no statistics to show how he was received or what proportions were attained by the sect of which he was the head. One would think that it must have been numerically at least, more important than might be inferred from its character, or from any available records, from the simple fact that it was worth while for a Pope to condemn it, as already mentioned, in the brief published by Gregory XVI. on November 8, 1843. This was possibly on account of its thaumaturgic phenomena and the priestly pretensions of Vintras who, without any episcopal consecration, as need scarcely be said, took upon himself the ecclesiastical function and celebrated mysterious masses in which the hosts had miraculous properties and exhibited strange stigmas, while the sacramental wine was given up by the atmosphere itself, and was seen, in the presence of the worshippers, to distil by drops into the chalice. The church which dispenses the sacraments could not of course tolerate this Eucharist which flouted apostolical succession and yet offered such miraculous signs of efficacy. When Vintras was excommunicated he did what other archheretics had done of old before him, he excommunicated the Pope in return, and, further, clothed himself with Pontifical garments of a pattern received in his revelations. As a consequence probably of the papal brief, the sect appears to have been proscribed shortly afterwards in France,

and the self-constituted pontiff betook himself to London, where his miraculous masses continued in the prosaic region of Marylebone Road. The house is still standing with its old walled garden in front, but it offers no external evidence that it is a house with such a past behind it, and probably its present occupants would be astonished to hear of all that once transpired beneath its roof. The sect, in spite of its miracles, and most probably because they were connected, in the good old protestant days, with the "superstitious mum-mery" of the mass, attracted little attention in England, but it was there that the second epoch in its literature began. There the prophet Vintras published a book which constitutes a further gospel of the sect, under the title of *Le Livre d'Or*, the preface of which is dated from the house above mentioned. It was followed by another fulminating work, the "Sword on Rome and Her Accomplishes," also issued from London, and announcing that Vintras was the Prophet Elias, the precursor of the second coming of Jesus Christ. We see, therefore, that the Saviours of Louis XVII., so far as they are represented by this prophet, had now completely passed into an advanced Messianism, and this was actually the key-note of some ultra-religious devotion in France at the period of Vintras. It received its fullest and most philosophic expression in the works of Hœne Wronski, who announced an absolute reform of human knowledge under this name. Naundorff is said to have been a disciple of Vintras, but there is not much evidence in support of this statement, and we have seen already that he had set up as a prophet on his own account. It was a period of political convulsion, and of considerable social distress; revelations also were beginning everywhere, and the Pedlar of Rochester, Wayne County, U.S.A., had already begun his knockings. The only citable names in connection with Vintras are those of Madrolle, a Parisian littérateur, and Charvoz, a pious and learned priest, whose heads had been turned by the revelations and the marvels. Charvoz testified to the miracles at the cost of his curacy, but whether by resignation

or expulsion is not known; and M. Madrolle gave evidence in pamphlets which have now passed out of memory. These pamphlets lead us to certain grave charges which were made against Vintras. He was accused of indulging, in the name of religion, in singular excesses, to which it was replied, with some show of reason, that such accusations are the unfailing resource of enemies in cases of this kind; but, on the other hand, if M. Madrolle may be taken as illustrating some social and ethical principles by which the sect abode, there is certainly a slight ground for the suspicion. At the present day the societies for the practice of Black Magic which are said to exist in France, and to have nameless rites, are usually referred to Vintras and the bizarre charge is indeed the last fatality which befell the unhappy Saviours of the Dauphin. For when Vintras died in obscurity, he can scarcely be said to have left any followers. The sect, so far as can be ascertained, had perished before himself. It is true that Louis Michel de Figanières arose subsequently to announce that all mysteries had passed away because he, himself, had discovered the living science which explained all existence, from the Deity to man; and that he was, to some extent, the last voice of the legitimists, whose history reminds one of Bishop Berkeley's treatise on Tar-Water which, beginning with the merits of that preparation, went on to discuss all subjects beneath and above the starry heavens. I mean to say that perhaps there is no movement which in its various developments has so much forgotten its original intention. Though latest in time, Louis Michel has passed away like the prophets who preceded him, but, unlike these, he appears to have left behind him a small school in Paris which still obtains a hearing occasionally in those periodicals, more numerous there than here, which deal in hallucinations and enthusiasms. They do not mention the Dauphin or the lineal descendants of Naundorff, if these are still living. The wrongs of the Duc de Normandie, real or supposed, are now shadowy, like those of Jacques de Molay, and the few

persons who connect with the Saviours of Louis XVII. are content with their philosophies of the universe, tinctured by certain schemes of social reorganisations. Speaking of the philosophies, there is not, perhaps, much choice between Naundorff and his heavenly doctrine, the lucubrations of Vintras, except that he is almost unreadable, and the doctrine of universal life propounded by Louis Michel. Many misfortunes followed all these prophets, and among them Vintras, in addition to those which were occasioned by his enemies, seems to have been subject, more especially in his later life, to profound inward misery. The reports of gross immorality which have been charged against him are, in all probability, unfounded, and so also is that alleged connection with Black Magic to which I have already alluded. On the contrary, the closing years of his existence, and his pseudo-pontificate, were, according to the vast documents which he has left behind him, made lurid by his fanatical mania against these very practices. In these and other respects the few French people who have elected to take such a trafficker in philosophy as Høene Wronski under their unconditional protection seem to have turned too savagely on Vintras. They have not accused him of imposture, because that charge is singularly difficult to handle in these

circles, but they regard him as a false prophet, and they have not been specially concerned in keeping clear the line of demarcation between truth and falsehood in what has been spread abroad concerning him. Despite all this, and perhaps because of it all, the King's Saviours make, as I think will be apparent, one of the most curious and fantastic chapters in the political-religious proceedings of France in the nineteenth century, if only for the unprecedented way in which it merged a political object in a spurious transcendentalism, and that to such an extent that the royal pretender himself, dissatisfied simply to be encircled by seers and diviners, became a prophet on his own account. It is to be regretted that the sect has not been seriously studied in this or any of its aspects, and that after all is said and done we know so little of the rival dauphins, their mutually exclusive gospels, their sham priesthoods, sacraments and miracles.

ADDENDUM.—I note that Mr. H. L. Merriman, so far as this article is concerned, has just taken time by the forelock and is publishing in a London illustrated paper the first instalment of a romantic narrative founded on the claims to recognition of an alleged grandson of Louis XVI.



STARS OF EMPIRE

From east to west the soul her journey takes,
At many bitter founts her fever slakes,
Halts at strange taverns by the way to feast,
Resumes her load and painful progress makes
Back to the East.



What we describe as the debt of nature is rather the debt of folly, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the wise man does not die.

THE VISUAL TELEPHONE

By Charlton King



"I'm rather glad to see that Edison's going to have another show," said the Commonplace Man, looking up from his paper.

"He's been rather out of it lately, hasn't he?" queried the Cynic. "Which is strange, seeing that people used to imagine that the faculty for invention was a close monopoly of the great Anglo-Saxon family. The discovery by mere aliens of the X-rays, wireless telegraphy, and radium, has rather exploded a theory which, whatever else might have been said for it, had the merit of being comfortably insular. What?"

"The foreigner is sometimes capable of putting out a solitary invention, I grant you," said the Enthusiast. "But what of that? Edison has a whole string of them to his credit."

His eyes kindling, he began to enumerate the list on his fingers. "There was the electric light," he said, "the kinetoscope, the telephone, the —"

"The phonograph!" broke in the Cynic, with a bitter sneer. "That marvellous instrument which has brought a surfeit of music into the homes of the humble!"

"Say rather," the Enthusiast returned impressively, "the instrument which has enabled the clarion voice of a Gladstone to reverberate down the ages!"

The Cynic laughed. "My dear fellow," he said, "when you talk like that, it makes me feel there ought to be a phonograph handy to receive your own utterances. Still, I prefer to regard it as a musical entertainer on Suburbia's lower slopes."

"I've been seriously thinking about

getting one," said the Commonplace Man.

"Mind you choose one of the smaller, quieter kinds," counselled the Enthusiast.

"Not so," said the Cynic. "That would be arrant selfishness. He who lays in a low-pressure phonograph benefits only his own household; but he who buys its enlarged, trumpet-tongued edition, the gramophone, is a benefactor to the whole street and a part of the next. Let others participate in your pleasures, and your own enjoyment of them becomes all the keener. I am a convert, you see, to the communal idea with regard to phonographs. They should be as 'free' as our baths are free, our libraries, and our schools."

"Haven't we had enough of them?" inquired the Commonplace Man, plaintively.

"Enough of the phonograph?" replied the Cynic, promptly. "I quite agree. We've had more than enough of it, although it's only been before the world for a matter of ten years or so. But what about this latest scheme of Edison's?"

The Enthusiast, grasping the Commonplace Man's paper, read as follows:—

"Mr. Edison hopes soon to invent a telephone which will carry not only sound, but sight—that is, it will bring, not only the human voice along the wire, but the image of the speaker as well. It may yet be that we shall sit by our own firesides and see our kin across the sea, that we shall be 'switched on' from our drawing-rooms to be present at some great battlefield, and that the streets of all the world's capitals will be familiar to those who never leave their London."

"Well, that beats all," was the Commonplace Man's commentary, but the Cynic only muttered, "Worse and worse."

"Why worse?" asked the Enthusiast, impatiently.

"Give me time, and I might love the phonograph with all its faults, but *this* never!" the Cynic replied.

"But consider its possibilities, man," the Enthusiast protested.

"That's just what I am doing," was the Cynic's sorrowful response. "Here is one of them. Suppose one has to transact business with some prolix, boresome, unspeakable fellow, one is always careful, under the present *régime*, to impress him with the fact that the telephone is a highly convenient and absurdly accessible mode of communication. This avoids a personal contact which could not be otherwise than distasteful. But now Edison's perverted ingenuity would rob us of this blessed security, and we shall not only have the piping, ungrammatical voice of the fellow transmitted along the wires, but his dull, vacuous face will be projected at us as well."

"Pure misanthropy," said the Enthusiast.

"Nay, only partial," the Cynic replied, "which, paradoxical though it sounds, always constitutes the truest practical philanthropy, for that involves, above all things, a method of selection. Surely you don't believe that the love of the philanthropist, however abounding it may be, embraces every prig and bore who seeks his friendship or taps his bounty?"

"This is all very relevant to visual telephony!" sneered the Enthusiast.

"It's not so remote from the subject as you fancy," the Cynic replied, with great seriousness. "I observe the newspaper man there speaks of 'our kin across the sea.' While I admire his novelty of phrasing, I can't agree that the flashing of instantaneous photographs across the wires would be a beneficial thing either for Englishmen or Colonists. It might, indeed, tend to snap rather than to strengthen the links of Empire."

"What unredeemed nonsense!" the

Enthusiast retorted. "Little Englandism in its most naked and shameless condition."

"Now, don't try to crush me with a party shibboleth," the Cynic cried, with reproach in his voice. "Take the trouble to understand my point of view, and you will discover that I am the soundest of patriots, the very biggest of Big Englanders. For what, after all, is the main object of the cult of Imperialism? What, but to keep the straggling masses of the Empire together. And, how can this be effected if, every time the Englishman is rung up to receive a message over the Antipodean cable, he actually *sees* the Australian who happens to be speaking to him?"

The Commonplace Man sniffed contemptuously. "Even if it were possible to telephone to Australia," he said, "which, of course, it isn't, I don't understand how the visualisation of the speaker could have the effect you pretend to foresee."

"Don't you," said the Cynic, patiently. "Then let me explain. All Englishmen have an impression of what the Australian is like, or what he ought to be like. Clad in picturesque red shirt and slouched wide-brimmed hat, he is usually discovered sitting listlessly over a bush fire. That yearning, pensive look in his eyes tells you clearly enough that his thoughts are stealing back to the dear homeland—the little English village, the weathered farmstead, the ivy-covered church tower. It is a highly-sentimentalised picture, and not entirely devoid of the romantic element, but an Australian friend of mine assures me that it hasn't the advantage of being true in the slightest particular. The red-shirted Australian has no more tangible existence than the comic rustic of melodrama."

"Let's have the truth, then," growled the Enthusiast.

"I assure you, my friend," the Cynic replied, "the truth isn't always so desirable. Illusions have a greater value than you perceive. It is only the rash man who attempts to dispel them."

"But it may be that the real Australian," said the Commonplace Man, "is

a much finer product than our sentimental conception of him."

"Undoubtedly he is," said the Cynic, "but that is hardly the point. It is not the quality of the Australian that we are discussing, but the dangers that might attend the too sudden dissipation of an insular illusion. That kind of thing wants doing very gradually."

"Setting the Colonies aside, I suppose you'll admit that the visual telephone has what I may call its domestic advantages?" timidly ventured the Commonplace Man.

The Cynic laughed outright. "Domestic!" he cried. "With that awful word you expose the very worst side of Mr. Edison's last wonder. Can't you see? At present, when a friend calls at one's office and suggests a night of—well, relaxation, it is so easy to

telephone to an expectant spouse that so often successful excuse for one's absence which is based upon the high pressure of our modern commercial system. The tedium in the voice convinces by adding the needed touch of verisimilitude. But when not only one's words, but one's lineaments, are shot over the wires into the domestic fastness, who but a consummate actor could conceal the look of elation, the sense of pleasure anticipated, the—"

The Commonplace Man shuddered. "I see what you mean," he said.

"In spite of your trivial arguments," the Enthusiast remarked decisively, "the sight telephone has some excellent features about it."

"I fear you'll discover some 'features' in it which are not exactly excellent when it's in actual operation," was the Cynic's final rejoinder.



JOYS OF LIFE

THAT light we know to be only seeming,
Those stars in dream looking down on dreaming,
Blank space which cheats us, quick time which slips;
Thin ghosts of wines which deride our yearning.
Pale shadows of love which leave us burning
To gain the rapture of unseen lips:

The faiths too cold for the heart's subsistence,
Hope's light too faint on a bleak existence,
All ways too weary for ends in doubt;
But though perplexed by disordered courses—
One strength called up from the soul's resources—
Still to go on and to do without!

PAYNE TRUE.



Bad form in conduct is like ungrammatical English; eccentricity is like English "as she is spoke" by the foreigners; elegance in deportment is like beauty in diction. At the same time, there are certain originalities which, though bizarre, are not only pardonable but attractive, like a decadent or flamboyant style in literature.

GIFTS OF SPEECH

MAN's soul itself beholds in every glass,
 And its own speech discerns in every tone;
 All Nature voices what he is and was
 And will be—equally in star or stone.

Man gives its parable to every stream;
 If "running brooks" are books, he writes, he reads;
 If stones are sermons, he provides their theme,
 And with himself in these he speaks, he pleads.

No living tongue but his was ever heard;
 Still Nature stood till he, an exile, came,
 Bringing dim echoes of an older word
 And fragments of a now unuttered name.

For though he speaks and speech imparts to all,
 That which he would he cannot hear or say,
 And pale reflections of his own long call
 Tortures to drag their inward sense to-day.

His outward tumult fills his ears in vain,
 And down his own vast depths in vain he cries;
 Perchance the still profundities explain
 That which exceeds all words, however wise.

Perchance, his speech withdrawn from things outside,
 And all resounding caverns hushed within,
 That which the clamours from his soul divide
 May to draw nigh and to commune begin.

GILBERT BERINGER.



Every pledge contains at least one implicit which is the material of a reservation, and therefore the *ars jesuitica* is ineradicable in human relations.



Sobriety is the least interesting of the virtues, but it is excellent as a foundation of drinking.



OF CERTAIN VERSE-CRAFT

How light are the measures,
 How small the expenses;
 Come, gaze at these treasures—
 How light are the measures;
 All playthings and pleasures,
 Who knows what the sense is?
 How light are the measures
 And slight the expenses!

AH HEE

By Mrs. Chan Toon



T was a long, one-sided, straggling village, with many huts built over dirty water and mud, shrinking back, as it were, from the road into the shade afforded by a few trees growing at irregular intervals.

The huts, some of dhunni, some of wood, old and insect-eaten, some standing upright, some tumbling to pieces, were inhabited by families of Burmans, Indians, goats, pariah dogs, geese and pigs. A few of the dwellers had made feeble attempts at cleanliness within and at decoration without, by placing ferns in broken pots on the ledges, but for the most part, all were bare, and rough, and poor, being the most curious commingling of squalor and filth, colour and confusion, cries and smells. Here a beautiful fluttering silk, beside it a dung-hill; there the gleam of silver and gold in dim interiors or a group of scarlet and purple flowers; again a starved dog howling from a recent blow; or dusky children clad only in innocence and dirt, disputing the possession of the roadway with bullocks and stray horses, cackling hens and bleating kids.

There were a few little shops displaying strings of over-ripe plantains, betel nut, dried fish, cakes and unwholesome looking sweets. There was a dhurzi who announced in bold letters that he made "Ladies' and gentlemen's clothes;" there was a carver in wood, and a moulder of brass Buddhas, large, staring and hideous; there was a man who earned his living by selling paper kites, besides a family who did a good trade in umbrellas. Lastly, but by no means least either in size or importance, was the

"toddy shop" which stood at the end corner of the street and was kept by Ah Hee, the swinging and faded sign-board, slung from the branch of an aged tree, announcing to all and sundry in different languages—Burmese, Chinese and English—that "liquor retail" was to be had within; while with much forethought and consideration for the benefit of those to whom reading was an unknown accomplishment, there was an illustration in black paint—evidently the work of some local artist—of a large bottle and two most hospitable-looking tumblers standing on either side of it. Within the shop itself, opened on all sides to the world, were rows upon rows of bottles labelled in different colours, a broad wooden counter and several empty wooden packing cases used by most of the customers as seats. Here the proprietor, a bland yellow-faced Chinaman with a beautiful pig-tail and an ever ready smile, sat and smoked the hours away, while people drifted in and out, drank scalding gin principally, grew sleepy, garrulous or moody, quarrelsome or whining, as their temperaments moved them, after which some were to be seen staggering down the road, while others sat at one of the several doorways deep in the sport afforded by the pursuit of small intruders in each other's long black hair, pausing now and then for some refreshment.

The regular frequenters were principally coolies, miserable specimens of humanity, with black furrowed countenances and dirty ragged waist clothes. A few boasted silver belts that shone in the sun and delighted their owners, or earrings, or strings of cheap beads, but the greater number, from force of cir-

cumstances, had to be content with nature unadorned, spending instead anything that they could possibly spare with Ah Hee, who, though very accommodating about payment, nevertheless, grew rapidly rich, and smiled and smiled perpetually. Indeed, there was no one who had such agreeable manners to all comers as this particular man from China. He had nearly everyone's good word—no small testimony in a mixed village in which jealousy, envy, bickerings and hatred are as great in their own way as anything in the great world outside.

Ah Hee was so excessively courteous, and with so imperturbable a demeanour, that it would have been impossible to have quarrelled with him. To have been cheated by Ah Hee, supposing that so outwardly excellent a man could have been guilty of such a proceeding, would have been a much pleasanter process than being benefitted by others. Yet, there was one who knew him in very different moods, to her cost, though she loved him none the less, and that was Mah Tay, his pretty gentle little Burmese wife, who dwelt over the shop, nursing her small, droll yellow baby, and crying her brown eyes out for her former free and happy life in her home beyond Maulmein. Yet if she could have gone back she would not—such is woman!

Two years before Mah Tay had fallen a willing victim to that smile that was "childlike and bland," had married this unknown man from the distant country away behind the mountains, had come to live where all things and people were strange to her, where she passed most of her days looking out of the narrow barred opening that was her window, through which shone the sky and the sun-glinted river, listening to the clinking of the glasses and the confused jumble of voices below, low and monotonous sometimes, at others, loud and angry, followed often by the sound of blows and falling bottles. And Mah Tay, poor little girl, shivered because of a nature soft and timid and afraid, oh, so much afraid of Ah Hee—Ah Hee who beat her so unmercifully, who kept her nearly

always shut up alone, while he laughed and smoked and counted his rupees downstairs!

But Mah Tay never murmured or moaned, and, if she had been asked, she would have said that she was quite happy, quite—she who only knew unkind words and as unkind caresses. Mah Tay had the same heart as the pariah dog who lived with them and who, beaten and starved and driven from the house, came back again and yet again, and wagged his poor thin wisp of a tail with such a pitiful pleading look in his faithful grey eyes.

The days had passed with Mah Tay and become months, and she very seldom went beyond the two bare rooms that were her home—such a poor wretched place, where all the furniture consisted of a bed and a long chair; some cheap crockery; an old box slung from the ceiling by ropes, which formed the baby's cradle; a broom in one corner and a large red earthen water jar in the other; a betel nut box; a Chinese lamp with coloured stained glass sides, one cracked; and two moth eaten purdahs. Green lizards covered the walls, and scores of spiders wove their webs in the corners. But there Mah Tay sat mending clothes and crooning little cradle songs, or cooking her curry and rice, for Ah Hee ate alone or with friends.

It was a sad sort of life for one who had come from a country place buried amid grasses and trees, where the days were sunfilled and full of innocent mirth and gladness. She never went out except to the bazaar, and not often there. Friends she had very few, pains many, pleasures none. Ah Hee did not care for her to go out—she had a fair face, strange eyes would rest on her, and he did not like this idea; so he kept her within, and when he did not scold her, he left her.

Yet withal Mah Tay loved him. When of a morning he went from her, she saw, with keen regret, his bare yellow back and long pig-tail braided with floss-silk disappear from her sight, and she watched for and greeted his re-appearance with silent but unalloyed pleasure.

Mah Tay never reproached him with

neglect, nor questioned how he passed so many hours in Rangoon, three miles away.

Mah Tay never guessed on how many others Ah Hee's small eyes shone. Often he would come up the narrow, creaking stairs of a night having lost some of his much loved money in gambling, or some customer had gone off owing him, and then his brow would be lowered and his mood morose and savage. Then nothing pleased and all things chafed him; then every trace of anything approaching a smile was left down below in the shop, and, then indeed, life became more than ordinarily gloomy and sad for Mah Tay.

Two years and nine months crept by slowly, and at length Ah Hee began positively to hate the sight of his poor little wife and child, and to do all—and it was much—to goad her into running away, when he could have filled her place permanently with a woman of his own country for whom he had conceived a sort of tiger's love. Just about that time a cousin of Mah Tay's came to Rangoon, one who had cared very much for her in the old days, and having found employment as a copying clerk in a barrister's office, made his home but a short distance from where Ah Hee's gaudy signboard waved in the breeze.

Mah Tay was pleased to see him; but Maung Pho was grieved to note how pinched was her face and how troubled her eyes often looked, and, although far from clever or, indeed, gifted with any particular powers of penetration, Maung Pho in a very short while had guessed everything.

Mah Tay's carefully cherished secrets were laid bare to him; all her pride and silence did not blind him and he was filled with indignation, for he loved her.

One thing only he failed to realise, and that was, despite everything, how very dear Ah Hee was to Mah Tay's heart; but it was not surprising, perhaps, that he should fail herein.

He saw her loneliness and the neglect and indifference that were her lot. He did not understand that in return she gave meekness, affection and respect—

that in a word the girl loved this man who had no love for her.

One evening, six weeks after his arrival, and when the rain was falling very heavily, Maung Pho went, after his work was finished, to see Mah Tay, some days having gone by since they had met. He found her alone in the deepening shadows of the outer room, stretched on the ground, beside the child's cradle. The baby was dead, poor frail thing, lying there with little clenched fists and a smile on its bruised pale lips, the mother frantic with grief. It had been all that she had had to live for, or almost all. She was frightened, dreadfully frightened of the strange, chill hopeless despair that froze her heart as she crouched there on the bare boards, while the rain pelted on the old roof so loudly and the thunder pealed afar off. After a while, gradually, and with an exceeding patient gentleness, Maung Pho drew from her an account of what had happened, just the bare facts in short sentences, from between her parched, swollen lips. It seemed, as well as he could gather, that the child had been ill, not very much so, but yet ill for two days past. Ah Hee had been away and had come home; something had gone very wrong with him and he was angered. The child, toddling across the floor, got in his way, and he grew furious and struck at it with his foot. Mah Tay was in the other room when she heard the sharp agonised cry that followed. . . . There was a big swelling on the little forehead; she did not know what it was; she knew nothing, nothing, only that life had gone. . . .

Tears clouded Maung Pho's eyes as he heard, but he was silent. There were no words that could have been of the least avail. Consolation was impossible. There was a long silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of Ah Hee, who slept within the sleep of forgetfulness and indifference. Beside the cradle, dry-eyed and dumb, Mah Tay still crouched; then, in a little time Maung Pho went away, but his heart ached for Mah Tay in her desolate sorrow—ached sorely as he walked down the village street, while the rain fell, softly pattering through the leaves, and the lamps

flickered fitfully in the wind at the hut doors.

In the hot lustrous night a boat drifted down stream to Rangoon. The moonbeams lay upon the country, and upon the long reach of water. Flying as a bird might through the wide white radiance moved the little craft, its dark sail black against the sky. The misty shadows came and went among the trees on the green shores; the distant pagoda lifted itself against the stars, while the croaking of the toads in the marshes alone broke the stillness. Nothing was in sight save the little boat drifting—drifting. In the prow sat Maung Pho; in the stern, smoking opium, lay Ah Hee.

They had been to a neighbouring village on business connected with the death of a relative of Mah Tay's, and they were returning home. They had been floating thus two hours in silence, when suddenly the sky changed, as it will in the monsoon season; angry black clouds scurried across its surface, obscuring the moon; a fresh wind sprang up, ruffling the water around and bringing rain—big heavy drops—the presage of a coming storm. In a few seconds a low peal of thunder rent the heavens, followed quickly by a vivid flash of lightning, and the rain fell in torrents.

Maung Pho, no skilled boatman at the best of times, called to Ah Hee to come to his aid, for the craft was getting beyond his control, but the Chinaman was in a half stupor, and, not fully realising the danger, took no notice until it was too late. Meanwhile the storm rapidly increased; the boat rocked from side to side; the wind blew hard, and Ah Hee, when at length aroused, wrestled with the sail in vain. Maung Pho never had a very distinct recollection of what happened until he found himself, it might have been minutes or hours later, in the water, the skiff floating bottom upwards a few yards away. All was confusion and darkness; his eyes grew dim; there was the noise of a surging sea in his ears, but he could swim, and he knew that Ah Hee could not. To leave him, much as he hated him, never entered the Burman's mind. To him crime was crime, and he had

neither nerve nor courage for it. For a second the moon, faint and watery, shone upon the scene, and by its light he saw Ah Hee's head rise to the surface with a look of awful livid fear on his upturned face; then he disappeared. Maung Pho swam straight to the spot, but the tide had carried the unresisting body some paces forward. When it rose to the surface again, Maung Pho was but the length of two spars behind, but it was enough. All around was the eddying, sweeping river, and the shore that had appeared so near seemed now many lengths away. There was a faint, despairing cry, and then Ah Hee sank never to rise again. Maung Pho swam round and round, searching until his limbs grew weary; then, in despair, he struck out for the land, the swift, rushing waves tossing him to and fro, and the rain drifting thickly across his eyes.

Meanwhile the dead body of the Chinaman was carried outward to the sea, beneath the stars.

It was a brilliant noontide, and the river was gleaming like diamonds in the hot sunlight. Mah Tay squatted alone in her room, gazing with anxious, expectant look down the road.

Her eyes were heavy and tired, as if from want of sleep; her hair was disarranged. She waited and watched for Ah Hee, little dreaming that never more would she behold him; and thus Maung Pho found her two days later.

Maung Pho felt inwardly very glad at the news he had come to tell; it did not occur to him that she might not be glad also. She would be free, so he told himself, free to return to her old life, never again to be upbraided, never again to be harmed, never again to be pained; and then, perhaps, after a while—who could tell?—his heart beat with glad expectancy.

"He is gone, Mah Tay," he said abruptly, in answer to the troubled mute question that spoke in her face. "He will not come back to you ever again," and then he told her all that had happened, and she listened, standing there, a terrible grey pallor on the velvet-like brown of her skin, while her heart seemed bursting within her. When she

had heard to the very end every detail, she turned suddenly upon Maung Pho like a very tigress, and passion seemed to lend her height, and cruelty, and scorn. Withering contempt trembled on her lips; measureless hatred spoke in voice and gesture. She was transformed.

"You have killed him," she cried.

Maung Pho fell back from her as if he had been struck. His face grew drawn and changed and older, while he watched her with a miserable, dumb, appealing glance. She did not look at him; her eyes sought the river; she stood erect there in the sunlight; her fingers locking and unlocking themselves in a quick nervous fashion; her mouth quivering.

"You have killed him," she cried once more, in a strange, muffled voice; then she broke down and turned from him and from the gay light that mocked her grief, and wept long and hopelessly.

In vain Maung Pho spoke to her; in vain he argued; in vain he protested; in vain he denied; in vain he strove to comfort her; in vain he pleaded with her. She was obdurate; she knew no pity; she listened to no reason; she only gave him the same answer in a hard cold voice, from which all the old timidity and softness had for ever fled; and, as he heard, a terror fell upon him, greater than words could ever convey. He could not, he dared not even *think* of what she in her rage and grief might not do. He would have given his life for her to have believed, and she would not. Common belief was all that he asked, and that she

denied him. A great faintness came upon him, and a great despair . . .

He stayed long with her—stayed because he felt too weary to creep away—stayed until the afternoon faded and a dull red light glowed in the West; and then he went, leaving her in the gathering gloom to face her sorrow and her future—alone.

At the next sessions, Maung Pho was tried and sentenced for the murder of the Chinaman, Ah Hee; and Mah Tay was the principal witness against him, although there were several others, prepared to swear pretty well to anything. Ah Hee had plenty of friends; the rich always have, and from their point of view he had been so.

There was scarcely any defence—the prisoner had little to offer, and no money wherewith to employ counsel to invent one.

He was condemned to prison for life. He heard his doom with, outwardly, at least, complete indifference, but the life and the youth died within him for ever.

He is in the jail now—that great, remorseful place, whose walls frown down upon the white, dusty road that leads to the town. You may often see him in fetters with many others, toiling with the burning rays of the sun on their brown, naked backs; dragging some heavy cart, or crouching in gangs on the ground; waiting to be admitted beyond those big wooden doors.

He is there for life, without faith or hope of any kind—for life, at three-and-twenty years—and guiltless.



THE UNKNOWN TONGUE

Minstrels whose themes concern the lower good,
Mirth, love and maids, are quickly understood;
When with deep speech they plumb the soul's abyss,
The world exclaims, "What alien tongue is this?"

YET SO AS BY FIRE

O H, lady, thou didst once, a moon at night,
 Shine burnished with a pale and psychic grace,
 With argent beauty, toned and softened down
 From all harsh outlines of reality
 Into a face of dream, which melted all
 And all the world about thee filled with love,
 As thy sweet magic filled the space of life.
 But after, stricken in a woeful time—
 As sometimes night, star-panoplied, supreme,
 And saturate with Artemisian light,
 Grows wan before a vague and dreary day,
 And the moon, dying in the white distraught
 Turns to a pallid shadow—thou didst wane;
 And hence the mercy of all-patient God
 Was written in agony through all my youth,
 But thou wast martyred more who now art crowned;
 So for thy suffering's sake, my love, my loss
 And the long dereliction of my days,
 I swore to wear henceforth a life unstained—
 That none should suffer who environed me:
 So did a heart of pity and pure love
 With generous pulses fill the cords of life
 And there is none that I have wronged—not one.

Therefore, I pray thee, let this exile end;
 In thy clean hands the spirit I have kept
 Clean for thy sake I place. Let the still air
 Give up the soft light of thine eyes; and come—
 Come in thy mildness—or, that boon denied,
 Strong in my yearning, bid me go to thee.
 Give me a sign upon the sky to know—
 Or let thy tears fall, light as softest down
 From dreaming swan upon a pool's still breast,
 O'er mine uplifted face, if tears be thine.

DAVID KENT.



The note of life is weariness, but this is also the note of work.



It is better to contradict even for the sake of contradiction than to reflect only the opinions of other men.



It is easier to die for one's convictions than to live in conformity with many of them.



UNKIND

In all my strivings near and far
 A sense of failure lurked beneath;
 At last Dame Fortune smiled, but ah!
 'Twas only then to show her teeth.

THE HERB ARAXA

By Edgar Jepson



I HAD often wondered who Trilithis might be; for we had for some months affected the same restaurant, and as I ate my lonely dinner, I would speculate idly on the possibilities of his uncommon face. Often, too, I would come upon him at the Empire, talking, or rather listening, to one of the brightly coloured ephemeridae who flutter their exaggerated hour on its promenade; and again he set me wondering by what spell he enchanted them to put off the light air they wear, with so peculiar a propriety, in the company of other men, and to talk to him with so manifest a revealing of some other self. Thus, after a while, he had inspired into me a curiosity, not indeed of such a liveliness that I would have put myself about to gratify it, but apt to burn to a steady flame at the sight of him. Then an acquaintance brought him into a bar to which men of letters and artists gather towards midnight, and, with a plain desire to be rid of him, made us known to one another.

He had been drinking; but the wine seemed to have clarified rather than clouded the stream of his ideas, to have induced an openness I suspected to be unnatural in him. I was soon at no loss to understand the desire of the man who had brought him, a popular author, to hear no more of such disquieting talk; and when Trilithis went away, I importuned several men with enquiries about him. They seemed to know him little, and to like him less.

The acquaintance, thus begun, continued at the restaurant; we fell into the way of dining at the same table,

greeting one another with the surly nod of men still under the oppression of the long drawn out struggle, mine with the intractable clay, his with the intractable word; and expanding later, under the influence of the cheap Barolo, to a shadow of urbanity. It was plain enough why men disliked him: he showed a coldness so unhuman as to be almost reptilian to all that moves other men; and his talk was distinguished by an unashamed cynicism that was for ever rending, with an oppressive persistence, the decent cloak in which we are so careful to drape the naked facts of human nature. It was no pose, or men would most likely have condoned it; it was the natural expression of a very arid spirit, that knew and, may be, had known no illusions. For my part I was but little shocked by this indecent habit of plain statement; his words accorded too nearly with my carefully unverified suspicions of the truth of the matter; besides, I could afford to pay a few shocks to my sensibleness for the stimulation from his company. His abnormal point of view was a well-spring of abnormal ideas, often of an impossible justness, often diverting, and at any rate expressed with the lucidity of a past master of the art of conjuring with words. Furthermore, he was of so perverse a corruption, as kept for ever stirring in me a keen desire to account for it. He was quick to perceive this desire which I was at the less pains to hide from him the longer I knew him; avowed without reservation his passion for the perverse; and professed an interest in it equal with my own. He suggested that the origin of it lay in his blood; and indeed, if he might be

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believed, it was an unique blend. I was inclined to believe him.

Little by little our intimacy came to wear the air of a friendship, though it never reached that pitch: so unhuman a creature could neither feel, nor inspire, an affection. Night after night I spent with him in a mood of interested observation, sometimes in his rooms, sometimes in mine. For the most part he kept the silence about his own life that I had expected, and we talked art, letters and women; but now and again some need of being open would constrain him to a relation of doings in his past of an astounding depravity; and he displayed a natural joy in the evil he had done, very near the diabolical. He was reticent, too, about his work; I learned from a chance word that he lived by it; and it was plain from the luxury of his rooms that it was well paid; but he would neither show me any of it, nor as much as tell me of what he wrote, putting me off, if ever I grew urgent with him, with the promise that I should see it later.

On two nights in the week we went to the Empire, going our divided ways as soon as we were inside; I to watch the dancing for a suggestion of line, or attitude, he to his interminable, intimate conversations. That women were attracted by him seemed to me very strange, now that I knew him; for I have observed that a woman, whoever she be, insists far more than a man on a pleasant presentation of life, and seems at any rate to endure a pain from a cynical phrase little less keen than from the prick of a needle.

Once I asked him why, with his contempt for them, he wasted so much time upon them. He smiled in his sinister fashion, and said, "You should know that since my eyebrows meet, I must be either a vampire, or a werewolf, and as I'm of a Levantine strain, most likely a vampire. In this late age the vampires, in the natural development of their kind, drain the blood of the soul, rather than of the body; and the souls of women being so much easier to drain than the souls of men, I waste, as you ungallantly phrase it, my time upon them."

It seemed to me that there might be some truth under his mockery.

One night he came to dinner very angry, his usual gloom deepened to a scowl, his eyes restless with rage. I was careful not to ask him what ailed him, so that presently he broke out with his complaint against the eternal order of things: he had just finished some work, and his typewriter had died. It seemed a trivial reason of so evil a temper; but when I said that he could easily find another, he told me, with some shortness, that his was not the kind of work that might be entrusted to any chance copyist, and that he would, on the contrary, have great difficulty in finding another of equal discretion. Then I bethought me of Christine Doyle, the little type-writing girl who lived in a garret above my rooms, and suggested that he should entrust his work to her.

"A girl!" he cried, on a shrill, derisive note.

I set myself to persuade him, vouching for her honesty, carefulness, and discretion; and even appealed to a pity, far from probable in him, by painting her hungry plight. For I knew that she had been earning nothing for some time, and was spending her days in vain journeyings through the unkindly town, seeking work. I had been unable to help her with even the scanty wage she sometimes earned from me by sitting as a model for the head; for I had been busy with a pot-boiling bust; and she was of too savage an independence for me to think of offering to lend her money. I liked the child for her courage in keeping honest under so constraining a pressure of poverty; and his opposition stirred my liking to urge him to the uttermost. As I talked the moodiness of his face changed to a sardonic reflection.

"She's pretty, you say?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, carelessly, "undoubtedly of a fragile prettiness. Anæmic of course; but clear skinned, and with some fine lines in her face. That's what makes her the more remarkable; poverty, prettiness and virtue are the rarest conjunction of qualities, as even so romantic an idealist as yourself will admit."

"She's very hard up indeed, you say?"

"I would wager the money for my bust that she hasn't had a decent meal for a fortnight," I said.

"And she'd give a good deal for ten guineas?"

"Ten guineas! Why, she'd sell anything she has for ten guineas, except her type-writing machine or her honour."

"I never got one before for money; it would be worth trying," he said, thoughtfully, half to himself.

"Got what?" I said, sharply.

"A soul," he said, with a swift, mocking glance.

"I don't know what on earth you are driving at. If you think you can buy Christine Doyle's soul, you're wrong!" said I.

"Ah, well, never mind," he drawled, "I risk it: that is, if you will take the responsibility, and guarantee that I get every scrap of the manuscript back, and that she shows neither it, nor her copy of it to any one."

"I will," said I, thinking that he carried his secrecy to an almost lunatic extravagance.

"She shall have the work then. It is fifty thousand words, and I will give her ten guineas for it," he said.

"Ten guineas is an extraordinary price for fifty thousand words, isn't it," I said.

"It is *my* work," he said, with a superb conceit. "Besides, no one must see a line of it but the girl herself, and I must have every word of it back."

"Yes, I'll see to that," I said.

"Good: your benevolence inspires into you a readiness to take responsibility really admirable," he said.

I was not easy about the matter; for I had a suspicion that he was using me to compass some further design, and I knew surely that any design of his was nefarious. However, I considered the girl's need, went with him to his rooms, and, after an hour's talk, brought away with me a packet of manuscript, tied with careful knots.

"The chance of doing a benevolent deed rarely comes my way, and I jump at it. I am deeply obliged to you for this one," were his last words, and the

irony of his tone was of a disquieting mordancy.

When I came home, I found that Christine was out; but I had not long been settled down to a pipe and a book, when I heard the house door open and shut, and her dragging feet on the stairs. I called to her as she passed my room, and she came in very weary and despondent: the dauntless air with which she had faced evil fortune, was changed to the desperate air of one who knew that the fight had gone against her beyond retrieving, and that the end was surely come.

"Good evening," I said, "I've got some work for you."

"Oh," she said in a little gasp, and her face flooded with a joy almost indecent considering its trifling cause, a little type-writing.

"It's fifty thousand words, and the pay is ten guineas," I said, pushing the manuscript towards her.

"Ten guineas!" she said, and her eyes opened very wide, as it flashed upon her that it meant three months carelessness, comfort and almost luxury.

"Yes," I said; "but the writer is very particular that no one but you should see the manuscript or the copy, and that you should send every word of it back."

"Oh, I will keep it carefully locked up," she said, fingering the packet, with trembling hands.

"And you had better let me lend you a sovereign to go on with till you are paid," I said, laying one on the packet.

"Oh, no! indeed, I would rather not. I don't want it really. I—" she said, in shamed distress.

"Don't be a little idiot!" I said, roughly; for I saw that, in her weakness, she was on the point of tears. "You can't possibly work well unless you live well, and I want you to do credit to my recommendation," and I thrust a sovereign into her hand.

"Thank you—thank you so—" she said, faintly.

"Not at all, not at all," said I, cutting her short.

There was a pause, neither knowing what to say, and to end it she asked, "Is it a good story?"

"I don't know," I said. "I have never seen any of the man's work."

She tried to thank me again, and when I would have none of it, went away, hugging the manuscript. I sat down again to my book all aglow at having played the god out of a machine.

The next morning I had been at work some time before I heard the ting of her type-writer. It ceased suddenly at the end of half-an-hour, and I knew that she had grown interested in the story, and stopped to read it through; but I was surprised to hear it no more that day.

Five days after I found a packet on my table of double the thickness, and a note from her, to say that it was the manuscript of the story, and the copy. When I gave it to Trilithis, he carried it away, as soon as he had finished his dinner, to assure himself that it had been copied rightly, and that all the manuscript had been sent back. Once more his anxiety that no one should see any of his work seemed to me to pass the bounds of reason; but I accounted it a mere eccentricity of his artistic temperament, and thought no more of it. The next morning I received a letter from him, saying that he was well satisfied with the work, and containing a cheque for ten guineas. I cashed it after breakfast, and bade the maid tell Miss Doyle that I wished to see her.

She was long coming, and, even when she had come down the stairs, lingered awhile outside my door. When at last she entered, I became aware at once that she had suffered a change; there was a foreign, defiant uneasiness in her air, a nervous disquiet in the restless movements of her hands; and she seemed, and that was strangest in her, unable to meet my eyes. I might have been a judge, and she a criminal. But over and above that, she impressed me as a fine-skinned fruit that has had its bloom blurred by the fingers of the picker: she had lost her virginal freshness.

"Mr. Trilithis has sent you the ten guineas, and is very pleased with the work," said I, pushing the gold to her hand.

"Thank you very much," she said, and the words came from a dry throat.

She took the money slowly, with none of the gladness of the worker taking the earned hire, but as a man might take bloodmoney.

"Is it a good story?" I asked, idly.

Two or three sovereigns tinkled on the floor, and she stooped quickly to pick them up. As she raised her head she pierced me with heart-reading eyes in a burning face. My look of very natural wonder seemed to reassure her.

"Yes—no—yes," she said, with a deep, unburdening sigh, then cried in a wail, "oh, I was very near starvation!" and fairly fled from the room.

I was astounded. I had always suspected her of hysteria; but this outbreak confounded me, and I racked my brains for its cause.

As I went out that evening, I met her coming in, and she said in a sullen tone, with a sullen averted face, "Do not bring me any more work from that man, please."

"Very well," I said, in a greater surprise.

Trilithis plied me with many questions about her manner, look and words, when he learned that I had seen her. But I was on my guard with him, and balked his curiosity. At the end I told him that she would do no more work for him.

"Ah, wait; she will change her mind," he said, and for the first time I heard his laugh: it left me with no wish to hear it again.

The matter passed from my mind, and for some time I saw nothing of Christine. Then, on an evening when the air was vibrant with the fire of spring, and the blood ran swifter in the veins, I was a few yards from the restaurant, on my way to dine, and I saw her coming down the street. She wore a new gown and hat, very neat and becoming to her, and was instinct with the charm of youth and freshness. The pleasant sight of her, and the impulsion of spring and good fortune—my pockets were, for me, full of gold—urged me of a sudden to ask her to dine with me. I stopped her, and made my invitation with sufficient grace. After

an hesitation natural to her shyness, she accepted it; and we went into the restaurant. It was some little while before she was at her ease with me, and began to talk without constraint; and I was congratulating myself on my felicitous impulse, for her pretty face and soft voice made something of a change befitting the season, when Trilithis came in. I saw his eyebrows rise at the sight of us, and called to him to join us. As he reached the table, I said, "Mr. Trilithis, Miss Doyle. Miss Doyle did you the honour to type your story."

I had no sooner said it than she gripped the table-edge with both hands, and half rose; then seemed to collect herself, and after a helpless look round the restaurant, the helpless look of the shy who can only escape from an awkward pass at the expense of a scene, braced herself to bear the situation, and sank back into her seat, her face burning from crimson to pink, from pink to crimson. I was moved by her distress; but in my ignorance of its cause, could do nothing. It was for Trilithis who must know it, to relieve it, by going away if need were. But to all seeming he was blind to it, sat down, and began to talk to us with a natural unconcern, and in a vein of sentiment which I was unused to in him. The poor child remained silent and ill at ease, now and again letting fall on him a furtive glance, in which I saw a mingling of loathing—it was no less—and curiosity, but very careful not to meet his eyes. It was soon plain to me that his efforts were directed to making her meet them; and, as I ate my dinner in a gloomy discouragement, feeling that in some subtle fashion the coming of Trilithis had chilled the spring warmth out of our blood, I watched the struggle between her inexplicable repulsion, and his repose, with a dull interest.

A glass of Burgundy restored her control of herself to the point of enabling her to talk a little, and as her eyes brightened under its influence, her glances lost some of their repugnance, and filled fuller of the uneasy curiosity; then she fell off her guard, and her eyes met his. The meeting seemed to break

down some barrier she had set between them, for after it they met them again and again, and seemed to seek them, but always with a certain constrained and defiant curiosity.

After dinner we persuaded her to come with us to a promenade concert, and all the evening she kept by me very closely, and would not be left alone with him. But towards the end of it, under some pressure of his presence, she was talking with a recklessness, a faint suggestion of the sensual, almost of the wanton, very discordant in her. As we walked home, she fell into a quieter mood; but she seemed to be labouring under an obsession of Trilithis, and questioned me about him with such questions as assured me of some further interest behind them, touching her more closely, but not to be expressed.

In the next week I chanced upon her several times. She wore an harrassed, haunted air, and seemed unnerved and feverish. Then I did not see her for awhile. About this time Trilithis lost his regularity at the restaurant, and would dine there but twice or thrice in the week, declaring that a change of place stimulated his appetite. One night he came very cheerful, insisted on my helping him to drink two bottles of champagne; and, when later, in his rooms, there fell a pause in our talk, he rose, unlocked a small cupboard, and took one from a row of books on its shelf.

"You've often asked me to show you some of my work," he said; "look at this; it's my last story."

I took the book, admiring the beauty of the binding, and opened it with a lively eagerness to know if I had been right in my suspicions of his excellence. I had been right. Sentence after sentence of an amazing rhythm and felicity met my eyes; the language had been strained, and racked to express with exquisite justness the most subtle shades of thought and fancy. Then I grasped the character of the book, and wondered no more that I had never seen any of his work; it was of the kind printed for private circulation, and invited illustration by a Fragonard. Of a sudden a thought flashed upon me; I snapped it

to, and cried in a voice that rang harsh, "This is the book that Christine Doyle copied?"

He was taken utterly aback, and I saw him waver on the lie; but my eyes drew the truth from him.

"Well?" he said, sullenly.

"Good God!" I said, savagely, "you had no right to make me a party to this."

"Your sentimentality does you credit," he sneered.

It was a sneer too many.

"You damned mongrel!" I cried, and sprang from my chair. But he was watching me, and in a flash had put the table between us, and snatched an ugly dagger from the wall.

"None of your English brutality with me!" he jerked out shrilly from trembling lips, all his body quivering in an abject dread.

I saw I had a rat in a corner, and could do nothing. I put on my hat, and coat, and gloves slowly, with a wary eye on him, watching if I might by a happy spring surprise the dagger from him. He gave me no chance.

I came out of his room without another word. As I slammed the house door, his window flew up, and in a reaction from his intense fear to an equal intensity of rage, he leaned out of it, and screamed at me every blasphemous and obscene objurgation he could remember, or coin.

I paid no heed to him: I had something more bitter to think on. I have a fancy that in the necessary solitude of the artist's life the moral sense sinks dormant. Mine had awakened lacerated and bleeding: and I made my way home

on feet that now dragged, and now quickened to a nervous haste, as I battled with the impossibility of undoing the crime I had unwittingly abetted, under the imperious desire to make amends.

I paced my room in a torturing confusion for awhile, then, spurred by the impulsion of the desire to make amends, ran up the stairs, and called to Christine through the door that I wished to speak to her. Presently she came down to my room under a manifest apprehension as to what I might want, and my disordered air went no way to reassure her.

I stood looking at her, at a loss how to tell her, and then blurted out, "I've just seen Trilithis' story."

She drooped and shrank, buried her face in her hands, and groaned, "You know?—You know?"

"I know," I stammered, and my voice was eloquent of my distress; "and I wanted to tell you—I had to tell you how grieved—how horrified I am—at having had a part in taking so shameful an advantage of your need. I had no knowledge—no suspicion of it, even."

"I knew that," she muttered; and then wailed in a passion of shame, "but oh, what must you think of me; what must anyone think of me!"

"Will you marry me, Christine?" I said.

She let fall her hands from a face ablaze with an amazed thankfulness and consolation, that faded slowly to a dreary hopelessness, as she looked back on the irretrievable.

"I—I—belong to Mr. Trilithis," she said, very low; and crept from the room in the silence that fell.



THROUGH A GREY WORLD

BY DERMOT BRYDE

*The horse is warm in his stall,
 Warm in his hut lies the thrall;
 A measured music, grand and dim,
 Heard from afar is the angels' hymn;
 Turn, horse in stall and churl on bed;
 Angels of Issa, bend the head:
 Let all waif-children be comforted!*

THESE things in a vision saw I,
 But they rest with me till I die,
 And ever the pity grows in my heart
 For all earth's strayed ones, her counterpart.

Now, the child rose up where the great downs rose,
 And about the downs the hills did close;
 Peak above peak, with a frozen crown,
 Each mountain over the hills looked down:
 The sky was snow, and within it all
 Was a sense of night which could not fall,
 While the wind, which seemed to carry a cross,
 Screamed an eternal sense of loss:
 Yet through that wailing world of grey
 Ever the waif-child went astray.

The child was wretched, the child was bare,
 And, for greater horror, was lonely, there;
 No single soul in that stricken place
 Had bent to meet her a kindly face,
 Or offered the grasp of a helping hand,
 For no man dwelt in that dreadful land;
 And the tender heart of a woman had not
 Ever lightened that orphan lot:
 For it seemed that since the beginning of things
 Her feet came less than an angel's wings,
 And the kind, sweet angels, as 'tis known,
 Only encircle a great white throne,
 Or if ever downward they turn their faces
 'Tis not to visit accursed places.

As a child will strive when it goes astray,
 She went on trying to find the way,
 But she knew not whence she had come nor whither
 Tended the path which had brought her hither,
 And fear—which is worse than a frozen track
 Stretching through ice-ways front and back—
 Forbade the pulses of thought to stir
 And withered the poor little heart of her;

One thing only, by waste and hill,
 Something drove her to hasten still,
 Lest doom more dreadful than doom unblest
 Should turn and rend her in seeking rest.

Over the waste, through the mist so wan,
 The tortuous path went on and on;
 Whither it tended passes wit—
 Say, is there light at the end of it?
 And after all, in the scheme of things,
 Is the child protected by unseen wings?
 Or is this only a show which seems,
 And the child shall wake from uneasy dreams
 On a bed of down, where bright rays are falling,
 To hear the voice of her mother calling,
 Saying: "Sweet child, it is late, so late,
 And out in the garden your sisters wait,
 In the morning shine, as the bells begin
 To usher my sweet one's birthday in."

The grey clouds gather from rim to lift,
 And the child enters a great snow drift;
 The sharp flakes stifle her wailing cry,
 The peaks are lost in a blank of sky;
 If God is behind this doom and wrath,
 She will haply issue on smoother path,
 But I know not, granting all crowns of bliss,
 For what good end it is ruled like this;

*While the horse is warm in his stall
 And warm in his hut lies the thrall,
 And a high chant filling the heavens says thus:—
 "But Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us!"
 Angels of Issa, bow the head
 Till all waif-children are comforted!*



When Martin Luther uttered his *Pecca fortiter*, "Sin boldly," he proved himself greater as a moralist than as a reformer, and he made a secret concordat with the Church of which he was the opponent. In that profound maxim lies all the science of the casuists.



Man is a lamp which has been extinguished, and it is the object of philosophy to relight it.



Our chief intellectual consolation at the beginning of the twentieth century is, that in spite of our vast literature, everything remains to be said, or at least to be restated.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE
RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

III.

THE INCIDENT OF THE WEAK-FACED YOUNG MAN

IT is a complicated story, and a trifle ludicrous, that of our first visit to England. Had my master had his way at the time such a story would not now need telling, for the voyage to England lay within the plans neither of Prince Louis nor Queen Hortense, but was forced on us by the crass-headedness of that make-shift monarch, Louis Philippe.

When we arrived in Paris, on the tail of our Italian adventures, none of us but was in a kind of hope to be allowed to rest there as private citizens. Prince Louis in especial clung to this hope. He had not set foot on French soil since he was five years old. Still France had always been his great dream, and, now that he was in the heart of it, his eyes (that sometimes were dulled and glazed over like a blind man's) flamed up in a sort of child's joy at a dream come true.

Many a deep sweet breath had he drawn as we drove past the tidy farms and fruit gardens of the country people on our way from the Italian border, but it was Paris that sent the final thrill through him.

"Paris!" he declared with a pleased laugh, as we looked out over the Place Vendôme one night. "You have only

to add one syllable, Dick, and you make it—Paradise!"

I think a mood of happiness settled down on him in the place, and it was the fault of others if all his ambition did not die down before it.

"Living here," he sighed another evening, while the two of us sat at an open window, "is all I would ask for. That is ambition enough for me."

The Queen was close by in a chair, sewing a sampler, when he said this.

"More than enough," she put in, without lifting her eyes from her work, "if you only had a different name."

"Name!" he cried, turning round on her, with his cheeks reddening. "I'm a two-legged man, with a brain, a heart, a pair of eyes——"

"And a very loose tongue," she broke in on him, looking him fair in the eyes and laughing. "Only your name happens to be Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

I do not know if the Prince would have yielded to his mother's driving and ambitious will, had Louis Philippe not chosen to deal with us in so piggish and uncompromising a spirit of obstinacy. The King's attitude was a stinging spur to my master's sensitive nature. There was, of course, a smile for Queen Hortense, and how long did she intend staying? But not even this politeness was extended to poor Louis who got his marching orders in the most unmistakable fashion.

It has been the custom to laugh at my master for a simple kind of rogue in

the appeal he made to be permitted to remain in France in the obscure position of a private gentleman. I myself, however, always dated his active fight for the throne from the day on which that appeal was rejected.

It was I who carried the Prince's begging letter to the Palais Royal. Louis Philippe welcomed me at first with those bland shop-keeper's ways of his. Then he opened the letter and I could see his pin-points of eyes getting angrier and angrier as they went further down the writing. His flabby lips kept moving and muttering with the words he read.

"It's nonsense, nonsense," I caught him snapping to himself here and there.

After a little, he laid the manuscript down on a table and dressed his fat face out in a smile.

"There is no neighbour," he said, with a smirk and a bow, "I should like better than the nephew of the great Emperor. But, Monsieur -"

"Blennerhasset," I growled at him, for he had paused at the name.

"*But*, Monsieur Blennerhasset," he went on, rapping his fist on the letter and changing from one foot to the other, "circumstances, you will understand—Well," he broke off, spreading out his hands with a helpless, resigned air, "none of us but must bow to circumstances!"

I bent my head stiffly and went out.

This, then, was the prelude to our English schemings. The Queen, I think, would have schemed, no matter where you had put her. But Louis was different. She was a woman of action: he was an actor. In other words, he was a sentimentalist with a great love for playing a part. And at this time, the part of Emperor itself attracted him less than that of a man throwing overboard his claims and ambitions and asking nothing more in return than mere nearness to the people and the country of his dreams. The alternative of self-sacrifice being refused him, he immediately fell in with the Queen's views and entered into a conspiracy against the French crown.

I did not realise all this—I did not, indeed, realise how deep was my

master's resentment of the King's behaviour—until we had reached London. There we found a lodging in Brompton, a quiet drab-faced house that you would never have suspected of harbouring such angry plotting schemes as were at once set on foot. While we were in Paris, Queen Hortense had, of course, received visits from numbers of old soldiers and politicians who still kept the memory of Napoleon burning in their breasts, and I think they must have infected her with the notion that all France was smouldering with the same memories and ideals as themselves. This, at any rate, is the only way I can explain the hope she was in of upsetting the throne of Louis Philippe. Certainly both she and the Prince determined upon this project almost with a frenzied energy. For my part, I filled the character of devil's advocate for a while, and spoke out for a waiting game, thinking it best not to disturb French affairs until the people had had a surfeit of their King and his habits of a shop-keeper. But the Prince would not hear of such a thing. The name of Napoleon was, in his mind, sufficient to set all the joy-bells in France ringing. Nothing remained then to do but to come into communication with the Napoleonic partisans in Paris and to prepare for one of those sudden reversals of power that the Parisians had always loved so well.

We had no difficulty in finding a man we could trust to carry our messages over the Channel. A silent, faithful sort of man, named André Lecoup, was recommended to us by an old friend of the Queen's, and a few days later he sailed from Dover with a budget of dispatches to Lafayette, Lafitte, General Callot, and other leading friends of our cause.

Lecoup had strict orders from the Queen before starting to carry out his business with all haste possible, and when he had not returned within five days I confess we looked at each other with a kind of anxiety.

Unable to endure the strain of waiting, I then went down to his lodging off the Strand to find if there was any news of

him. Nothing had been heard of him there, however, and I wandered back along the Strand with slow steps and a very long face. I had no eye for those who passed me. It was half unconsciously indeed that I suddenly found myself stopped short and gazing into a shop window where a new mechanical toy was being displayed. It was a doll, I remember, that represented a singing girl perched on a stage and holding out her hands in the true opera way. I was looking at it (stupidly, I am sure) when someone lurched into me, making me stagger a pace or two to the side. I turned round with an oath jumping to my lips, when I saw a lady—almost a girl—standing in front of me, her mouth rounded into an O of pretended fear, and a pair of blue eyes twinkling as though it had been the drollest matter. I put my sternest face on, and looked her up and down, finding her (there's no harm in confessing) a pretty figure of a girl enough. She had a pale green dress on, all tucks and frills, and the gayest little bonnet coming down over her ears, with curls of golden hair showing under it. My eyes must have blabbed the pleasure I felt at the sight of the girl, for her face softened into modesty and her eye-lids lowered.

"Sir," she said, in a quiet, foreign voice, "I tripped and let fall my satchel."

I looked down at my feet, and there was the satchel lying before me. Thumping out apologies, I stooped to lift it.

"Madam," said I, handing it back to her, and laying my fingers on my heart, "forgive me, but you took me un-awares."

She dropped me the perfectest little curtsy. "I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Blennerhasset," she declared, taking stock of me from under her lashes.

Now I was fresh to England, and had not added so many acquaintances since my arrival, but I could make shift to remember their faces. Yet here was a little bit of sprightliness that knew my name and greeted me familiarly. I screwed up my face inquisitively at her, and looked at her so long she

bit her lip, and fell into a trill of laughter.

"I have been chasing you," she said, putting her finger on her mouth confidentially. "Come with me into my carriage and I will astonish you."

The carriage was waiting by the side of the foot-walk, and I stepped into it as if under a spell. Every time I looked at the girl, the summing-up of her smiling daintiness pleased me better and better. I confess she had driven away remembrance of the business I had in town out of my mind. No sooner had I sat down beside her, however, than it came back to me with recriminations. I felt shame on myself to have such responsibilities resting on me and yet to be fooling here at the side of a kittenish girl.

I reached for the door-handle and pushed the door open with my knee.

"Madam," said I, with a bitter self-condemnation in my voice, and rising in my seat, "I must go. I have no time for capers."

She pulled me back with an angry tug at my arm.

"Wait, you foolish Irishman," she commanded me, with a swelling contempt, "and when I propose to 'caper,' as you call it, it will be time enough to insult me. Have you ever heard by chance," she went on breathlessly, still with a hold on my arm, "of Monsieur Talleyrand? Do you know that the Duchesse de Berri has arrived in London? Has it ever entered your great Irish head that the plans of Queen Hortense——"

"Stop," I roared, my brain in a muddle; "what concern are all these matters of yours—or of mine?" I added, suddenly reflecting that she might be spying.

She must have noted the fall of suspicion in my voice, for she shook her curls, and put her hand to her mouth in laughter.

"Mr. Blennerhasset," she said, "you have sense; for you do not know me. My father is the Baron de Brunelles and an enthusiast for the great Napoleon. This"—she pulled out a card and gave it me—"is our address. If you wish to hear more, you must visit us there. Be-

lieve me," she wound up earnestly, as the carriage drew up to let me out at the foot of Bond Street, "you are in considerable danger."

When the Queen came to examine me on my adventure with the green-dressed girl, I began to feel with what a wooden head I had conducted myself through the interview. At one moment I was cursing myself for the credulity with which I had refrained from cross-examining the girl; the next for the suspicions with which I had twice dishonoured her. It struck me now for the first time, for instance, that it was odd that any one concerned about our safety, instead of coming post-haste to warn us of our danger, should have waited for a chance meeting with a trivial person like myself to impart her alarms.

When I mentioned all this as an example of my foolishness, Prince Louis twisted his lips up knowingly.

"What colour of eyes had she, Dick?" he asked, with his own eyes probing me.

The Queen's face, however, was heavy with seriousness. She had the air of a woman massing her facts in order and shaping them into a conclusion.

"Talleyrand," she declared, after a moment's pause, a darkness falling on her eyes, "is a devil. The Duchesse is worse—an ambitious woman with a son."

The house to which the card of Mdlle. de Brunelles directed me stood in a square near the Park end of Oxford Street.

I went there the same evening. Mademoiselle herself met me at the door and led me upstairs to the library, where a little man stood over a table, spreading a pack of cards out in a game of patience. He was a lean, dancing figure of a man, with a forehead slanting unpleasantly backwards towards a thin tuft of steel-grey hair. He did not even look up when I entered the room, but went on placing the cards here and there, with his brows puckered in the deepest interest. The girl went up to him and whispered something in his ear.

At this he peeped up at me from a

pair of squinting eyes that the lids winked faster over than I had ever seen before.

"You must have heard my name—often," he jerked out—(which, God knows, was not true)—in a piping voice. "My brother was the Maréchal de Brunelles." (His eyes wandered back to the cards in his hand.) "He was killed at Borodino."

Then he became absorbed in his game. Dump, dump, dump went club and spade, heart and diamond; and as I sat and watched him, his expression changing from eagerness to petulance, and his fingers twitching at the cards nervously, I knew that I had completely slipped his memory.

Suddenly he screamed out a French oath and flung the whole pack higgledy-piggledy on to the floor.

"Beaten! beaten! beaten!" he screeched, throwing himself back into a chair with his hands catching his eyes.

Then a tremor seemed to pass through his body, and, removing his hands, he turned his face towards me.

"And now, Monsieur Blennerhasset," he snarled, gathering his serious senses with a rapidity that startled me, and bending forward with an intense crazed look, "I am going to tell you what a great fool you are."

He waved to me to keep my chair, and folded his hands, chuckling at my astonishment. "You are a fool, sir," he continued, settling down complacently, "for three reasons. First, you have secrets which are no secrets; second, you have friends who are no friends; third, you have a head—Pouf!" (he jumped from his chair and snapped his fingers) "which is no head in the world at all."

I was now fully decided that I was in the presence of a madman, and my only trouble was as to the purpose of Mademoiselle in bringing me to listen to these incoherent reasonings.

The Baron rose, and paced up and down before the fire-place, his thin legs almost running with his excitement.

Suddenly the door opened, and a pale young man, with a drawn face and shifty eyes, came into the room. At sight of

him, the Baron widened his mouth, and drew in a deep breath. Then he hobbled over to the side of the young man, and, catching him by the arm, dragged him with ludicrous haste towards me.

"This is the man we have been waiting for," he declared, in quick syllables. He introduced him with a bob of his head: "Monsieur Rodolphe Sapreval, Monsieur Talleyrand's secretary at the Embassy."

The young man sent an imploring look at Mademoiselle. I caught her nodding back to him encouragingly, as though she had already coached him in his part.

"Sir," he began, coughing and throwing his eyes down nervously, "you are a friend of the Prince Napoleon?"

I assented, the old man still trotting impatiently up and down the floor.

"The Prince," continued Sapreval in a hushed strangled voice, "has had recent dealings with certain persons in Paris. M. Talleyrand knows everything, and is only waiting until the Prince has involved himself more deeply to make a public exposure."

"You must know our name," broke in the Baron, stopping in front of me and cocking his head merrily. "My brother was the Maréchal de Brunelles; he was killed at Borodino."

With the breath of a smile at me, Mademoiselle went over to her father and laughingly laid her hand on his mouth. Sapreval looked over at me as though appealing to me to say something. I was filled with pity for the man, for he stood on a cruel moral razor-edge, as all men do who betray their masters for the blue eyes of a girl. I continued, however, in a silent, listening attitude.

"Sir," he began again, almost trembling by this time, "Monsieur le Baron has demanded that I should tell you this with my own lips. They say also at the Embassy that the Duchesse de Berri has come to London to plot against the Prince Napoleon." The sweat was standing out on his frightened face. "If I could be of any service—" he stammered hopelessly, and fell exhausted into a chair.

The Baron made a sign to his

daughter, and a bottle of Benedictine having been brought down, proceeded to fill four glasses.

"Monsieur!" he declared, after taking a sip from his glass and laying it back again with a glow of relish, "I wish to drink to the young Bonaparte. My brother was highly honoured by the great Napoleon—he died at Borodino. If I can serve the Prince—" He raised the glass and held it towards me in a toast.

I bowed to him and drank. Sapreval also fumbled at his liqueur. But the girl left her glass untasted.

"Besides, Monsieur," she declared, the laughter in her eyes yielding place to vivid flame, "the King Louis Philippe . . . teaching mathematics at Beaucarne . . . my father's sister . . ." She stammered the words out brokenly, going red and white with shame; but I could gather from her fragmentary sentences that in the old unprosperous days, when he taught mathematics for a living, the French King had not acted altogether like a man of honour in the household of the de Brunelles. "That," cried Mademoiselle, squeezing her fists until the nails must have hurt the flesh, "is why we are all Bonapartists."

"My brother, the Maré—" began the Baron.

"If the Prince Napoleon will use us—" The girl did not complete the sentence; only her mouth was tight and drawn.

Soon after this I murmured my thanks and excuses, and set off back to our lodging.

My account of all I had seen and heard put Queen Hortense into as great a perplexity as I myself was distracted with. What store we might lay by the revelations that had been made to me, we could not easily decide. The crazed, squinting-eyed Baron, the young man with the shifting looks, even the clear-faced girl with her emotions apparently as irresponsible as the curls on her forehead—none of these was of a sort to inspire immediate confidence. Still, one of two things was manifestly true: Either word of our plans had leaked out, or Talleyrand was at work with his wonderful instinct for guessing.

By the end of two days—by which time Lecoup had returned safely—we had confirmation of one item at least of Sapreval's story. From a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, we learned that the Duchesse de Berri, mother of the romantic Bourbon who was many years later to reject the crown of France out of a too punctilious sense of honour, had hurried up from Bath to keep watch on us.

I have often suspected that the meeting a few evenings after, between my mistress and the Duchesse cannot have been purely an accident. Whether the Duchesse had arranged it by a trick or not, we found ourselves confronted one night with her as our fellow-guest in Lord Holland's house in Kensington, then famed for its broad and cosmopolitan gatherings.

I had been standing by the Queen's side in the reception room; the flaming chandeliers, the red hangings of the room, the decorated breasts of the men, and the laughing, chattering lips of the women dazzling me into a kind of merry silence. Suddenly, a pause to all cheerfulness came on us, with the same heart-catching effect as if the lights had been blown out unexpectedly and all the company struck dumb. A bepowdered, compelling, contemptuous sort of lady had entered, holding in her heavily-ringed fingers her lorgnettes, through which she sent a chilling look at the lot of us. I felt the press of the Queen's hand on my sleeve, and as she drew herself up in a splendid indifference, I caught her whisper, "The Duchesse." My mistress met the eyes of this stormy petrel of a visitor unmoved. The whole room hung like a resting pendulum, drinking in the dramatic scene—two women fighting the battle of their children for a throne.

Lady Holland must have had word of the tension that was threatening, for she came suddenly bustling from the ante-room, and set to arranging us for the walk into dinner.

The Queen sat with Lord Holland at the head of the table, the Duchesse, by some misfortune, finding a place within a few seats of her. Now, Lady Holland had a way of raising a subject and pre-

serving a general conversation round the table. This evening she was full of complaints on the sickness of Jumbo, a negro boy in her service. It was not a promising subject, yet even here the Duchesse found a means of aiming her poisoned shafts at my mistress.

For example, Sidney Smith, a humourist, whom I have always thought over-rated, began a train of fanciful stuff on the happy plight of exiles in general.

"One can be an exile very pleasantly," cried the Duchesse, with a stabbing look over at Queen Hortense, "on ten thousand a year."

(This, of course, with reference to our reputed riches.)

Sidney Smith put on a face of droll solemnity.

"The Duchesse must look upon England as the half-way house to the New Jerusalem," he murmured, sending the table into a ring of laughter; for (though I do not think the hit was intended) a story not greatly to her credit had just been going the rounds with regard to the Duchesse and a rich Jew's banking account. Lady Holland, however, who never could see a joke, shook her commonplace little head sadly.

"Jumbo there," she said with her curious wise look, "would not change his exile for all the crowns of Europe."

"Jumbo," snapped the Duchesse, still flushing from the laugh at her expense, "is too modest. If he were a European born"—she made a pretence of smiling—"I'm sure he would be more ambitious."

Now this was all very petty—as petty, say, as flies. In both cases, however, the very pettiness may be put down as the cause of one-half of the annoyance. Imagine a running series of such nagging insinuations as I have just mentioned, and you will realise how vexing to my Queen the table talk at Holland House must have been on that evening. Happily, my mistress maintained a silence that drew, I think, every gentleman present to her banner. For myself I sat fuming through it all and longing to twist the Duchesse's silly, venomous neck for her.

Later in the evening the longing was strengthened into a temptation. I had

withdrawn into a side chamber off the Gilt Room in a kind of weariness (for I had not yet become inured to the rigid forms of English society), and the Duchesse must have seen and followed me. I had not been alone two minutes when she came in on me, her shoulders virginal in a white shawl, and her dress a dazzle of grey silk and jewels.

She moved towards me with the most winning smile on her lips, and dangling a Watteau fan with the air of a coquette—and not an easily refused coquette at that.

"I break in upon Monsieur's dreams," she apologised with a dimple and a laugh.

"Madame is, herself, the realisation of the fairest dreams."

"The dreams of Monsieur" — her eyes roll with flattery—"concern themselves with fighting and adventures, rather than with ladies."

"It comes to the same thing, Madame."

"Monsieur is charming."

I bowed to this paste goddess. Every word I had spoken was frosted with an extravagance of politeness. I hated the woman from an instinct of loyalty to a better, and yet—I declare my shame—I was almost drawn to her by the play of her eyes and the set of her head, as I may have been attracted to many a worse.

I intended to assure her by my bow that I wished for no further dealings with her. As I stepped back, however, I came against a couch and the Duchesse followed and cornered me there.

I sat down, as though under a fate, the Duchesse taking a place beside me with the freest familiarity.

"Monsieur," she said, looking down and swinging her foot quietly, "is a great friend to Madame Buonaparte."

The slight conveyed in this Italianised naming of my mistress brought me to my senses with a jump. Any fascination I had been fearing to come under disappeared before it, like poison under a caustic.

"I do not understand Madame," said I, shaking my head.

"Monsieur is loyal," she laughed, tapping her fan on my knee with a look

of admiration. "I wish I had such friends."

"Madame behaves herself so as to create enemies."

"I trust"—drawing nearer to me—"I do not number Monsieur among them."

She dropped her fan to the floor, and I stooped to lift it. The Duchesse leaned down for it at the same time. By some trick of hers our hands became confused, and, when I raised my eyes to her, I found her flushed and breathing quickly, and her look burning with a flame in poor keeping with the laughter that sounded in her throat. A painted, ill-souled thing she seemed at that moment. Still, had it not been for the pin-prick of a slight which she had put on my Queen, I can conceive myself forgiving the woman much for her great talent of wooing.

While we sat there, she with her hand in mine, believing (I suppose) that the lustre of her eyes were playing the devil with all my senses, Lady Holland flustered suddenly into the room, crying, "Where's Macaulay? where's Macaulay? Has anybody seen Macaulay? Here's Tom Moore," she exclaimed, in a petulant kind of humorousness, "calling out for Repeal, and I want Macaulay to tell him what nonsense it is." She turned as briskly and swept out of the room again, still whimpering in her childish way, "Where's Macaulay? where's Macaulay? Has anybody seen Macaulay?"

The Duchesse had in the meantime freed my hand with some show of confusion. The train of her spell had been broken, and I could not help the smile that gathered in my lips. The Duchesse must have observed this, for she turned on me with a stabbing look.

"Allow me to congratulate Monsieur on possessing a heart of steel."

"Madame is an alchemist: she would change it into gold."

Frankly, Monsieur," she demanded, flashing round her full face at me, "at what price do you rate yourself?"

"Madame, I fear, could not pay it."

"Has Monsieur the sense to comprehend?"

"If Madame had more sense, she would waste less time."

She bit her lip, the flush spreading to her eyelids.

"Monsieur will find me a dangerous enemy."

"Madame would be a friend still more dangerous."

The mask of politeness had been worn so far with fair success. Now, however, the human Duchesse seemed to leap up behind the rouge and powder, and roundly fell upon me.

Her face was twisted into an ugly hate, and I was afraid for awhile she was going to strangle herself with the venomous words that crowded in her throat.

"You will take a message to the little Buonaparte from me," she said, getting up from her seat and bending her face into mine. "Tell her she may trick and trick, but she will never trick her fool of a son into the Tuileries. Tell her she may win a silly man with her kisses, but she will never kiss France back into the hands of the Napoleons. Tell her, if she ever ascends one step of the throne of France, I will join hands with the dirty Talleyrand himself to push her down again—yes, though it means that the Orleans would sit there for ever. Tell her I have eyes like the good God himself for watching every move she takes. Oh!" she groaned, crushing her fan in her hand and flinging it on the floor: "how I hate her!"

I had no aim in waiting to hear more of this sort of thing. The speech of the woman had turned into meaningless melodrama; her face and gestures had become loathsome as a deformed thing. Dropping a low bow, I left her there, spitting and gurgling like an angry cat.

As soon as I was able to find my mistress, I besought her by her goodness of heart to hasten our leaving. I think the evening must have proved as wearing on her as on myself, for with a little laugh she assented.

My head was still confused with the heat and strain of that terrible interview, and I am afraid I took in no very good part the railleries Prince Louis cast at me on the drive home.

"Man," he cried at last, impatient at

the long face I drew, "you look as though you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen," I replied, with a quick glance at him, "the devil."

When I had turned the events of the evening over in my mind, my fancy wandered on to the question whether the Duchesse had as yet had any communication with Talleyrand. The alliance was, on the face of it, improbable. But interest, like poverty, makes strange bed-fellows. The combination of two such hardened intriguers as these would, I thought, be all but the death-blow to our own poor plottings.

If we were to proceed, then, with our plans, at all, it became necessary to do so with the minutest cautiousness. Meantime we speculated not a little as to who could have been publishing hints of our affairs. Never for a moment did we doubt any of our own household, for we had told none of them anything. Nor could we fairly lay the blame on Lecoup, our messenger, or on the Baron and his daughter, considering that the leaking of our plans had preceded—had, indeed, been the cause of our acquaintance with them. Besides, the Queen had by this time met Mademoiselle and had taken her so warmly to her breast that she would not hear of any suspicion resting on her.

Pretty often I repeated my visit to the old Baron, determined always to be in touch with the latest news of Talleyrand. Prince Louis sometimes came with me, and Sapreval, who was engaged to be married to Mademoiselle, was generally there in the evening. Prince Louis was touched at first with a generous sentiment of pity for the weak, unstable face of the man, and afterwards he warmed to him with a kind of friendship. Many a time, when his sympathies were big over a bottle of wine, I heard my master making confidences on our plans to this man that I would have bitten my tongue out before telling.

We still kept Lecoup plying pretty busily between London and Paris, sometimes on serious business, sometimes on a lighter excuse. We had as yet formed no definite plan of revolution. The preliminaries to such a plan,

however, are of equal importance with the plan itself. Just as we were in the thick of these the Prince fell ill of a jaundice—one of those melancholy break-downs that seemed to dog him at every critical turn in his life. Our schemes were, of course, for the moment at a stand-still. The Queen and I nursed the Prince diligently through his illness. When he was quite better, my limbs called for a rest, so I went over to Ireland on a visit to those relatives I had never seen before.

On my return to London I found things in a condition that gave me a deep pang of anxiety. Talleyrand had called in person on Queen Hortense, under a profession of polite interest in her future comfort, but had used his visit to throw out veiled hints that he was in possession of some awkward acts concerning us. Besides this, Mdle. de Brunelles had brought a warning that someone was slipping our secrets in Paris, and at the same time that the Duchesse de Berri was finally acting in accord with Talleyrand.

No sooner had I digested the unpleasantness of our situation—for a premature disclosure of our plans would mean the postponement of the Napoleonic hopes indefinitely—than the Prince came down on me with what was to me another thunder-clap of news. He was going out, he told me (though the Queen did not know it) to fight a duel.

On the evening before my return, it appeared, Prince Louis had strolled into a military club where the talk ran after a while on certain European naval commanders. The name of Admiral Verhuel had been casually mentioned, when an officer of dragoons—a Captain Dudely, an unprincipled fellow, afterwards suspected of complicity in the Orange plot to oust the Princess Victoria from the succession to the throne and make the Duke of Cumberland King of England—rose with a coarse laugh, and, bowing to the Prince, made a mocking apology.

"Your Highness must pardon our udeness," he declared, with a grin, "in discussing so near a relative of your Highness's while you are present."

Louis Napoleon knew well enough the vile scandal which made out that Admiral Verhuel was his own father. This public insult to his mother, therefore, raised him to his feet, and, without a word, he struck the bullying captain to the floor.

The duel—for a challenge naturally followed—was to take place in a wood behind Richmond. The Prince, indeed, was just at the moment of my arrival setting out to Knightsbridge, where a carriage was in waiting to drive him there. I resolved to accompany him, and took my place in the carriage along with him and his second—a M. Strang, a fire-eating little Alsatian (whom Mademoiselle had introduced to us) and as true as steel.

Half way between Kew and Richmond the Captain (a huge-framed, knotty-faced man) and his friend awaited us on horseback. We moved on together, coasting the foot of Richmond Hill, until we came about half a mile further along to a tall park-gate, through which we passed. Dismounting, we soon found a pleasant glade in the elbow of the Thames, guarded with silver birches and elms. The owner of the park being a friend of Dudely's, we were secure, to all appearances, against interruption.

A distance of sixteen paces having been measured out, the Prince and the Captain took up their positions. Dudely wore an air of bragging contemptuousness, while my master's eyes twinkled with more cynical stuff. The Captain's second carried a case of pistols, from one to the other. I stood there with my heart catching in my mouth for fear. The voice of the Captain's friend rasped in on me with its "Are you ready?" My master's arm swung up level with his shoulder. Dudely's man was about to drop his hands for the word "Fire!" Before the word had passed his lips there was a scramble near us in the bushes. A confused bundle of police pitched in among us breathlessly.

"In the King's name, stop, gentlemen!" roared one of them.

In a moment the living eyes of Mdle. de Brunelles were before me.

"You must sacrifice yourself," she

E

declared hurriedly. "Follow me in everything."

She darted a finger at the Captain and then at me.

"Arrest those men, serjeant," she commanded.

The fat red-skulled person thus addressed, trembling slightly, set two constables over the Captain, and surrounded myself with another pair.

The Prince seeing me thus innocently arrested broke into a roll of laughter.

"You have the wrong man," he smiled at the serjeant, pointing me out. "I am the person you have to arrest."

The policeman scratched his head and looked at Mademoiselle.

"Monsieur is gay," she said, with a fine acted surprise.

"Who is this gentleman?" Monsieur Strang asked me in a purposeful stage whisper, eyeing my master with an amazed look, and I only shook my head in answer and smiled at the Prince in a pitying way, as who should say, "God help the looney; he must be some poor half-wit."

Napoleon, growing impatient at the turn affairs were taking, walked up to the serjeant with a menacing air and peremptorily bade him to release me, while Mademoiselle, Monsieur Strang and myself kept our eyes fixed on him with an affectation of continued amazement.

The Captain now joining in with a storm of oaths—for clearly he bore no love to my master—the serjeant was on the point of yielding to his and the Prince's clamour.

Just then, guessing that my present ludicrous state must have been brought about for some end of significance, I interposed my voice.

"You see," said I to the serjeant, pointing to the Prince, "the pistol the gentleman carries."

Napoleon and the Captain brightened up at this, and cried: "Yes, yes, see the pistol!"

"Well," I continued in the most bland manner of lying, "I had come here to fight with the Captain and was just about to begin, when this cracked gentleman" (jerkng my thumb at the Prince) "rushed in from nowhere and disarmed me."

Swallowing my story, the serjeant was in the middle of a sign to his men to carry me away when, a wise twitch coming into his eyes, he cocked his red head suddenly at me—

"But his 'anner there," (nodding towards Dudely), "says it was the other gentleman he proposed to shoot."

"His honour," said I, with a laugh, "hasn't forgiven the gentleman for interrupting our arrangements, and must want to see him punished for his cursed interference."

Strang backed me up with an oath that the Prince was some crazed, irresponsible fellow he had never set eyes on before. The Captain swore, crying that it was a "damned put up job." His second, however, a twinkling freckle-faced little man, only shook his head and laughed when the other told him to speak out the truth.

"This is too fine a farce to interfere with," he declared, with his lips quivering. "I don't understand it; but there's a meaning in it, and a pretty petticoat; and I was never one of your spoil-sports."

The serjeant finally lost his temper at the cross-streams of mis-statement that flowed round him. He decided at length to agree with the majority of us; and so, surrounded by a cordon of rag-and-bone police, we were marched off in a laughable procession to the house of the owner of the estate, there to be left in readiness for a magistrate's investigation. The Prince was at first for following us, but by good luck Mademoiselle dissuaded him and led him away with her. Happily, as it turned out, there was no need for his presence, for the owner of the estate, being (as I have said) a friend of the Captain's, and at the same time a magistrate, held an immediate trial on us, and by the help of bullying the police first, and (presumably) bribing them afterwards, acquitted us all without a slur on our innocence.

As soon as I was back in London, I hurried straight to Mademoiselle de Brunelles for her solution of the day's mystery.

The explanation amazed me in parts almost into protests of incredulity. I

had known that the Duchesse de Berri was acting hand in hand with Talleyrand, but it had not yet struck me that the duel might be of her making. This, however, was what Mademoiselle assured me of. The Duchesse—so ran her story—had engaged certain gentlemen in her acquaintance, or in her pay, to insult and force a duel on the Prince, trusting that in the course of a series of encounters a bullet or the wipe of a sword would clear this rival of her son's out of her way. Sapreval had only let out this secret on the evening before my return; and, just as Mademoiselle was on the point of setting off to warn the Prince and his mother, M. Strang, my master's second, rushed in with the news of the Dudely affair. Now that matters had gone so far, it was useless to attempt to restrain the Prince from fighting. Still, Dudely was a shot of known excellence, a fact which impressed both Mademoiselle and Strang with the necessity for police interference. "A Napoleon in handcuffs is worth two in the grave-yard," she summed the position up with a nervous laugh. Having brought the police, then, to the scene of the duel, she was astounded to find me present. The thought of substituting my own arrest for my master's had come upon her with a flash of inspiration. She had then whispered a word of assurance to Strang and myself, persuaded that we should play up to our parts. "And, oh, Mr. Blennerhasset," she wound up, with a wreath of smiles on her face, and her curls shaking, "you were both of you as fine as Drury Lane."

When I retailed this story to Napoleon, he was inclined at first to throw doubt upon it. No gentleman in Talleyrand's position, he declared, would abet even passively such a crime as was imputed to the Duchesse. Then I reminded him of a not very old scandal that had been raised when my Lord Castlereagh—as clean-handed a man, at least, as Talleyrand—had entered into a similar duelling conspiracy for getting rid of Grattan and other leaders who opposed the Irish Union.

My master, however, had no weakness more marked than this over-confi-

dence in the right nature of others. An incident of the evil which attends a characteristic so generous was soon made clear to us. We had been arranging a meeting with some of our closer partisans on the north coast of France, when suddenly we had news that a grey-haired cleric, whom Napoleon had insisted on letting into our secrets, had whispered the whole business into the ear of the Government, who were only waiting to entrap us.

This piece of intelligence, brought by Sapreval was, of course, a mighty shock to us. Our plans were nearing maturity, and a fiasco of revelation such as we had been on the brink of would have made an end to everything. Happily, we were in time to come to another arrangement by which our friends—those whom we could trust most intimately—were to meet us at Ostend. At this conference, final plans were to be discussed for the overthrow of the Louis Philippe constitution.

So grateful did the Prince feel for the service Sapreval had done us that not all I was able to do could prevent him shedding hints to the man on our intended voyage. On the night before our departure, indeed, we visited the de Brunelles together, and my master, flinging reserve to the winds and his face beaming and glowing with enthusiasm, threw his head back and blabbed our whole project to the Baron, his daughter and Sapreval.

Then came the passage to Ostend, and the first big disappointment of my life at the end of it. God knows I had always been as ready to mistake a goose for a swan as my neighbours, but the poetic fancy that could drape out the half-dozen crank-faced, crazy-pated old soldiers who welcomed us at the far end of the voyage in the colours of heroes or statesmen was something beyond me.

Napoleon, however, as I have said, had the actor's temperament. Reality or not mattered little to him while the sentiment was fine. The tawdry hotel room in which we met that day I am sure he looked on as a temple, and I judge from the way he addressed the scare-crow company assembled in it

(Lafayette and the better sort of our friends were not present) that he felt towards them as towards a band of St. Augustine's devoting themselves to some high religious mission.

But I will not dwell on this unedifying affair. In between the lofty extravagance of language a plan for a *coup d'état* was spoken of. It was of the usual kind—the seduction of some half-dozen Parisian regiments, the intimidation of the Chamber of Deputies, the driving of the King into flight, and the establishment of a nominal Republic.

My heart was sick all the way home with what I had seen. Prince Louis danced up and down the deck in an enthusiasm that for once failed to electrify me. My black mood proved in the end better justified than his bounding spirits.

No sooner had we arrived home than Mdlle. de Brunelles came to us with the news that Lecoup's body had been found floating in the river near Blackfriars. The lining of his vest where he carried the Queen's despatches had been ripped open and rifled, and there was every sign of murder having been done. By good fortune, he had only been carrying a private letter from the Queen to an old friend at the time of his death, so that no compromising documents were taken.

This murder stung my Queen almost into a frenzy. She immediately laid the crime at the door of Talleyrand, and insisted upon my going with her to the French Embassy, there to accuse him of it to his face.

I will not easily forget that meeting between my mistress and the old diplomatist. White with age, scraggy, broad-shouldered and limping, he, who had been servant and traitor by turns to a dozen masters, still wore that eternal curl on his lips which you might interpret at your choice, either as a smile of consideration or a sneer at all the world and its ways.

The Queen would not sit down; Talleyrand, still a prince of manners, remained standing on his doddering pins. The Queen stormed; Talleyrand bowed. The Queen flung accusations at him of lying and a score of other

things; Talleyrand smiled sweetly, and, turning with a word of apology, limped over to a bell-rope and gave it a gentle pull.

"Send Monsieur Sapreval up to me," he said to a servant who entered.

Sapreval came in and, immediately he saw me, his eyes hung on my face like those of a man fascinated by fear.

"Speak, Sapreval," said Talleyrand with a smile of encouragement. "I wish you to relate to Madame a pleasant little history—the history of the stay of Madame and her son in London."

The weak chin now trembled; the shifty eyes were fixed with horror. The sweat broke out on the young man's forehead, and with a groan he sank into a chair.

"Sapreval is not well," murmured Talleyrand, with a keen glance at him. "But, to begin. I fancy you have the Duchesse de Berri to thank for this—what you call—murder. The Duchesse is a very extreme woman" (he shook his head gravely), "a very extreme woman," he repeated. Then he went over to the young man, with his eyes dancing, and patted him on the shoulder. "As for Sapreval's little history"—he smiled—"let that pass. In the meantime, allow me to congratulate his Highness, Prince Louis, on his very charming little holiday at Ostend. I was so pleased with it that I am having an account of it printed in *La Tribune* of to-morrow."

He bowed his lean, stiff back, as though dismissing us.

"All France," he smiled, patting his secretary again, "will be under a debt to Sapreval for a most amusing account of a—most amusing affair."

I do not know how the Queen held up under so hard a blow. Clearly all our plots and plans were now exploded—and all through this grovelling, pack-thread creature before us.

Leaping suddenly to his feet, his face in a white agony, Sapreval sprang to the Queen's knees, and clutched her hand and kissed it with a cry.

"Madame, Madame!" he sobbed, unable in his piteous condition to articulate another syllable.

I think the Queen's action after this

was the most generous I have ever seen. A kind of compassion seemed to seize her for the man's terrible weakness, and more terrible repentance. She just put her hand on his head, and murmured gently, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

As for me, I was in no such humour of forgiveness. I looked on the man as a mere traitor without the courage of his treachery. The end proved that he was something more—or, rather, less.

In the mellow light of distance I can judge him better. To Talleyrand (as I learnt later) he was the weak man before the strong, the tool in the hands of the wise user. To Mademoiselle, on the other hand, he was the weak man made strong by his love, even to the length of betraying the master he feared.

Traitor to one through love, to the other through the hypnotism of terror, he paid a fine definite price for his failings.

When I hurried round in a fury to the house of the Brunelles that night, I found him lying dead on the library floor. There was a pool of blood at his side, and a red-stained knife showing on the tiger skin mat before the fireplace.

The Baron was standing with his back to the door, laying the cards out on the table in his unending game of patience. The girl was crouched in a chair, her eyes fixed on her father, who had evidently wrought the awful deed, in a rigid terror. My heart turned

round completely at the sight of her, and I went over and took both of her hands to comfort her.

She let her flushed face fall on my hands in a broken, tired way.

"Sir," she said, "I loved him."

There were no sobs, no tears, no pranking of grief; only the dry flame in her eyes and those terrible simple words.

The Baron must have heard me speaking to her, for he jerked round suddenly. There was a crazed look in his eyes; under their winking lids they did not seem to recognise me.

"Ah!" he said, with a sudden look of realisation, "an agent of Louis Philippe's." His eyes narrowed cunningly. "I serve the Napoleons, sir. He, he, he! My brother," (he edged slowly towards the fire-place) "was the Maréchal de Brunelles. He was killed at Borodino. He, he, he! Sir, I serve the Napoleons. I do not fear you. He, he, he! I—do—not—"

With a flash he had picked up the knife. I rushed in on him, but the work was already done. With a maniacal thrust he had slit his own throat, and with a titter died a few moments later in my arms.

On the following day a paragraph in the *Morning Post* announced that the Duchesse de Berri had returned to Bath. As for ourselves, it was as though we were shaking off a bad dream when some time after we left England on our way to Switzerland.



THE CONDITIONAL MOOD.

Uncertain is May's mood, I fear,
And yet, if wooer asked aright,
Would she incline a listening ear?—
May might!

RESTORATION

I CAME into the world for love of thee,
 I left thee at thy bidding;
 I put off my white robes and shining crown
 And came into this world for love of thee.

I have lived in the grey light for love of thee,
 In mean and darkened houses:
 The scarlet fruits of knowledge and of sin
 Have stained me with their juice for love of thee.

I could not choose but sin for love of thee,
 From thee so sadly parted;
 I could not choose but put away my sin
 And purge and scourge those stains for love of thee.

My soul is sick with life for love of thee,
 Nothing can ease or fill me:
 Restore me, past the frozen baths of death,
 My crown and robes, desired for love of thee:

And take me to thyself for love of thee;
 My loss or gain counts little,
 But thou must need me since I need thee so,
 Crying through day and night for love of thee.

RALPH BROTHERHOOD.



A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

Business was made for man and not man for his business: do not allow it to interfere too impertinently with the natural pleasures of unpunctuality.



With a little philosophy we can afford, after all, to be generous and to forgive the world.



AT THOSE SIGNS.

Great were the taverns where we used to dwell,
 Fired by strong cups which we could drain of yore;
 And great the stories which we used to tell,
 Great maxims now repeated never more;
 Could any scribe have followed us—how great
 The truths we found in cups at early hours and late.

FOOL'S MATE

By Sidney Allnutt

IT was almost dark, and the gusty wind held a cold rain that stung the skin like a whip-lash. Gas lamps flared and flickered as their flames were tossed this way and that by the rushing air, making erratic, waving reflections on the soaking pavement.

A well-trained attendant held an umbrella over me as I went to the hansom that waited to carry me home. In another instant I should have been gone, but for a voice in my ear.

"A word with you, Murray!"

I turned. It was Desmond.

"Jump in," I said, and he followed me into the cab.

In the darkness I leant back and chuckled noiselessly. Under the gas lamps I saw his face, and needed no second glance. There were dark rims round eyes that shone with a feverish fire, and cheeks and brow drawn tense with pain. His mouth too had lost all its suave and easy curves. Under the goad of quivering nerves it was become a thin and twitching line. I touched his elbow as he sat beside me, and felt a tremor as of ague running through his frame. And again I laughed to myself silently and long.

The light flashed full upon him as we passed the garish brilliance of a public-house.

He was wearing evening clothes, I saw, but his coat was as wet as if it had been at the bottom of the river, and an intermittent stream of water dripped from the rim of a crush hat. His collar was merely a limp rag, and his shirt-front was buckled and bent. A diamond stud gleamed like an evil eye out of the disorder.

There was some distance to go, so I waited for him to speak. I had an idea that he was aching for a friendly word, so I waited for him to speak. It came to my mind that the silence held only agonized thought for him, and I was very patient. For a long time the only sound was the beating of the horses' hoofs, the level drawn out swish of the wheels and the dripping of rain upon the windows. Then of a sudden he spoke, in a hoarse strained voice that I could hardly recognise.

"You must help me, Murray."

I had to choke back the sound of my delight before I answered him.

"What's the matter?"

"The Internationals."

"What of them?"

"I joined them."

"Ah!"

With new interest I began to perceive what had happened. Though not one of them, I knew a good deal of the Internationals.

Desmond clenched his hands tightly as he jerked out his words. They seemed to run in a mad metre with the "thud," "thud," of the hoofs.

"I was only a fool, Murray, only a fool—and it was years ago—and I was drunk—and I never heard anything of them—until—until—the letter."

"What letter?" I asked with interest. But I knew, I knew! What a fool I had been never to discover it was Desmond they had spoken of.

"It was on my dressing-table—I told Muriel I put it there myself," he went on, with a harsh laugh that rang as music in my ears. "It appears there was somebody to be killed—the lot had fallen to me. They reminded me of the oath—my God, what oath? I

was drunk, I tell you. I took no notice—"

It was balm for old but ever open wounds to hear him talk thus, with the look of a wounded, hunted animal in his eyes. I knew it all now, all. But I meant to enjoy my hour and learn it from his lips. What a feast to see the horror deepen in his eyes.

I prompted him. "And then?"

"There was another note—a warning—about consequences of disobedience—it was pinned to my pillow, God knows how—it gave me three days. I did nothing—how could I, Murray?—they wanted to make me an assassin, do you hear—an assassin!"

He flung his arms out in a wild gesture and sobbed hysterically. I saw that he would collapse unless—ah, there was my flask! I made him swallow all that was in it and he grew steadier, while the blood came back to his grey cheeks and burned in two angry blotches there. Presently he was able to go on:

"I heard nothing for three days—nothing. Then, as I waited for the train, some one stumbled against me. I fell on the line—the train was coming in—they stopped it just in time. I thought it was an accident. But next morning a dray nearly ran over me and a great stone fell from a crane. I only just escaped. Then I understood. Of course, they could have killed me—but it would be better to have an accident."

He paused, and wiped the sweat that stood in heavy drops upon his temples. In the darkness of my corner I smiled, and filled my ears with the sound of his misery.

"It was my only chance. I told Muriel I should be away on business—I've been hiding—but three times to-day—it was very nearly—and I saw you—you could hide me. It is only till twelve to-night—you know their rule. If I am alive by then—they do nothing more. When they told me that—they said nobody ever was alive when the clock struck twelve on the third day."

Then, for the first time, he turned to me.

"But you will help me, Murray?"

till twelve," he said, with a frantic appeal in his straining eyes and quivering lips. "You will help me, won't you? We were good friends once. And for her sake—it would kill her, Murray."

For *her* sake! He could appeal to me by *her*! How I revelled in the satisfaction of the moment. What a comedy! If Desmond only knew—if—if! To keep down the laughter that caught me in the throat, I lit a cigarette. Desmond broke out again.

"For God's sake, Murray!—you'll do what I ask?"

In a moment it all shaped itself in my mind. I leant over and put my hand on his.

"Of course I'll help you, Desmond. Come to my place and I'll fix you up where no one can get in—save those who come at my invitation. I'll fix you up all right, never fear."

He caught at my hand, and broke out sobbing, dry, gulping sobs that shook him through. Some minutes passed before he got some command of himself. Oh! it was magnificent. Then he began to thank me.

"Sorry I went to pieces—it has been too much—the last few days. Thank God, I met you, Murray. You were always a decent chap—whatever they said. I'll tell her, Murray—she didn't like you—but now—"

He broke off suddenly and sat silent.

I nearly struck him when he spoke of *her* again, but held my hand in time. It would not do to spoil it all; the pleasant evening I had mapped out. No! I would have my hour and enjoy it to the full.

Before long we drove across the heath and came to my house. I pointed out to Desmond its isolated position, and the safety that lay in its seclusion. He pressed my hand.

Dismissing the cabman I let myself in with my key, and took Desmond straight up to my dressing-room. A glass of neat brandy soon made something of a man of him again, and I left him changing into dry clothes while I went down to order dinner. Afterwards I wrote two notes and sent them off. As I wrote I heard him overhead and smiled again. If he but knew!

Desmond was surprised when I introduced two strangers to him before dinner, and for a moment afraid, but he had not been sparing of the brandy, and when I told him they were two old friends I had invited to spend the evening, his uneasiness soon passed away. We were much of a size and in the clothes I set out for him he looked himself again. He had plenty of self-control ordinarily, too, and with the aid of the alcohol had suppressed all signs of nervousness beyond a spasmodic movement of the fingers.

At dinner I took care to keep his glass replenished, and as the wine warmed him he became quite easy and even gay, until by the time we were taking our coffee and liqueurs he was in a mad mood of merriment.

He looked at the clock as he lit his cigar.

"Only two hours more, Murray," he said to me.

I laughed back at him.

"Just two hours," I agreed, while Desmond explained to the others that he was alluding to a little bet between the two of us. I laughed aloud at the irony of it.

"You are very merry," said Desmond, looking at me curiously.

"You know why. Think how we are playing with the Fates, you and I!"

And Desmond joined me when I laughed again.

Then we played cards and Desmond won. The reaction after his terrible anxiety made him reckless, and he drank deeply and proposed playing for big stakes. Nor was I in a mood to baulk him.

Eleven struck.

"One hour more," he shouted.

"Just one hour," I answered.

We played on and still he won. The large hand of the clock crept slowly round the dial.

"Only fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes."

What a play it was—that what I waited for should have come about like this.

I filled all four glasses as the clock marked ten minutes to twelve.

"A toast!" I called to Desmond:

"To your birthday!" And I threw a meaning glance across to him.

He rose to his feet unsteadily, his cheeks flushed and his fair hair flying wild.

"I'll drink that toast, myself," he said.

"No heeltaps," said I.

"My birthday!" he shouted.

"Your birthday!"

We all clinked glasses, then drained them to the last drop.

There was a moment's stillness.

"Damned queer taste in that," said Desmond.

I was silent. Now that the hour was come I was not minded to lose any of its sweetness.

"Must have had a deal too much," he continued, in a thick voice. I'm feeling a bit rocky."

It opened well. I smiled at him, but said nothing, nor did the other two.

He looked at us in surprise.

"Why don't you speak? What's the matter?"

There was a difficulty in his articulation that was not all alcohol. It was beginning.

"Let's get on with the game."

"No use," I told him.

"Why not?"

"Well, it's five minutes to twelve now, and you'll be dead when the hour strikes."

It was a delight to watch his face then.

At first he seemed stupefied, and it was a full minute before he began to realize what I said. It sobered him instantly, but even then he did not take it for the truth.

Then, as he looked from one to the other of us, he knew.

"My God, Murray—say it's a joke—say it's a joke."

How I laughed at him. It was exquisite.

"It is," I said, "*my* joke."

"And these men?"

"Officers of the International. I arranged it with them."

He broke out into a fearful burst of laughter. "My birthday," he said, and laughed again, until the room rang with the unholy sound.

Then he fell back into a chair. All

colour went from his face. His limbs shook, and uneven tremors seized upon him. The poison was powerful.

"After all, to die like this—God be kind to Muriel." His voice faded away to a sigh.

I thought he was falling into a stupor, and would rob me of my moment.

"I'll be kind to Muriel," I mocked.

He snatched a bottle from the table and tried to hurl it at me, but dropped back in his chair, his body bent and twisted by convulsive movements, as the bottle fell smashed on the floor.

I went over to him and jeered. I reminded him of all that life held for him—I reminded him again and again that Muriel would be at my mercy, and

though he could hardly move by then, *that* shook him.

"Have mercy—on—her," he whispered, his breath grown quick and short.

I bent down to his ear.

"I will be *more* than kind," I promised with a chuckle.

He understood. It was the final touch of all to my comedy, and I was satisfied.

He half raised himself, opened his mouth to speak, but only a rasping sound came from between his swollen lips. Then there was a horrid, windy rattle in his throat and he fell to the floor dead.

The clock struck twelve.



TAKING THE VEIL

"L'esprit se revête pour descendre et se dépouille pour monter."

FOLDS of flesh henceforth enwind thee,
Earthly veils thy form conceal;
Five restricted senses bind thee—
Dimly wails our vain appeal.

Wings of those that loved and knew thee
Round about thy house may throng,
But the charm of life which drew thee
Holds thee by a spell too strong.

Soul of sweetness, thus forsaking
True life's light and love divine,
When the witch-spell fails, awaking—
Light and life and love be thine.

So the walls of earth entomb thee,
So we leave thee—born of men;
May thy sisters' hands assume thee,
Born in death to life again.

AUSTIN BLAKE.

SHAKESPEARE AND *ARRIÈRE* SHAKESPEARE

TWO DIALOGUES AND A DISCOVERY

By F. J. Cox and Another

DIALOGUE I.

"IS IT SHAKESPEARE?"



AM a plain man, and one unskilled in controversies. I do not doubt that God made the world, though remaining to some extent anonymous, in place of emblazoning his name upon the sky as upon the title-page of a great book. Yet I confess that a name upon a title-page carries with it a reasonable conviction which it is difficult to displace. I believe that Shakespeare wrote his Plays, and Bacon his Essays, because the books have always said so, and because if I doubted in these cases I should begin to feel uncertain in others which are much more important. Moreover, my neighbour, Wilkins, certainly wrote "Bethel Vindicated: or, Christ the First Protestant," because it cost him fifty pounds, and he never sold a copy. Now I know better of Wilkins than to suppose he would have risked so much for another man's vanity.

All the same, I felt somewhat distressed in my mind as I could not help connecting such attempts with Paine's "Age of Reason" and Ingersoll's "Contradictions of Moses," to say nothing of a wicked French book which proved Napoleon I. to be only a solar myth, and is far more insidious than Whately's "Historic Doubts." Something

about "double personality" was also running through my mind, and I had always been afraid of Spiritualism and other blasphemous wonders. I determined to consult my friend Maurice, who is a dealer in all kinds of dangerous curiosities, but in a disinterested and dilettante sort of way, so that they do not seem to have hurt him, for he is quite sound on the fiscal question and as great an Imperialist as Mr. Chamberlain.

I found him as usual in his book-room clouded with pungent Virginia, and he was drinking, also as usual, black tea of incredible strength and temperature out of a tall glass. He has the worst taste in tea and tobacco of any man in my circle.

After the customary civilities, and when my own pipe, of a medium-to-mild mixture, had put me at peace with the atmosphere, he seemed to observe that I was thoughtful, and also that I had a book in my hand.

He said, "What is it?"

He has a kind of intonation which makes his most ordinary words in a way original.

"Is it Shakespeare?" I asked.

"Does that trouble you?" he returned. "I thought it was a Stock Exchange quotation."

"It troubles me just a little. I confess that I shrink instinctively from those new subjects which have not yet received the certificate of public

opinion, the hall-mark of admitted scholarship, and with something akin to dread from those which continue to exist in spite of public opinion and the verdict of the learned. I know that you are above such prejudices, and I should like to get at what you think upon this subject."

"It is an obscure pool of speculation," remarked Maurice, "but I tried some fishing in it long ago."

"And what did you bring to the surface?"

"To be frank, nothing, beyond some curious analogies. Now, I am not a mathematician, but I know that two parallel straight lines will not meet, even if prolonged to infinity, and, in the same way, no number of parallels between two writers justify their identification, because analogies are not identities."

This reply did not surprise me, for Maurice had championed more than one cause which was at the time awaiting its diploma, and, in at least one case, is likely to receive it at last, for he has been always a sound Protectionist.

"There is this book," I said, laying it before him on the table. "'Is it Shakespeare?' by a 'Cambridge Graduate,' with whom I must admit an analogy, which is certainly not an identity. I have not the courage to form an opinion for myself on a subject which excites so much ridicule, and he lacks the boldness to support his own, although he has formed it, by placing his name on the title page."

"But he has hidden it twice in a cryptogram by way of dedication and colophon, though I have not tried to disentangle it. Personally I think that any man has the right to be anonymous, and for the work itself, I have seen it; it is the latest publication on the subject."

"With the imprint of a very serious house," I observed, "Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street. How does it impress you?"

"I am not paying it too high a compliment," said Maurice, "by admitting that it is among the best of its kind; some pages have an air of persuasion, though they are not really persuasive; it raises

new points, and it has, for its group, the rare merit of being readable."

"Then you do not class its standpoint as utterly contemptible?"

"As the lawyers say, it is a question of fact. I should like to compile a catalogue of the people who have not written the books attributed to them."

"Would that be possible?"

"It would make a goodly volume, I can assure you. Have you ever considered the question of the ghost or devil in literature?"

I did not understand Maurice, and said so.

"Oh! he is a modern growth. I have heard of books on Egyptology which have been really written by pressmen, though appearing under the names of specialists. That is known as devil-ling—an obscure form of the pot-boiler. Then there is or was Mr. Edward Gibbon Swann, of whom no one has heard, but he lays claim to the concealed authorship of well-known medical treatises. The case of Dumas the Elder is, of course, notorious; he employed the ghost in literature for years, and may even have invented him."

"Then you think that many people have not written the books attributed to them."

"It is one of the last convictions surrendered by the human mind, and it is sometimes a singular instance of its emancipation when it is strong enough to rise above this rooted preconception and to say boldly that this or that book has been falsely ascribed. Occasionally, however, it happens that an impeachment of authorship rests on no better foundation than the idiosyncrasy of some idle critics. David may not have written all the psalms attributed to him; Solomon may not be responsible for certain books which have come to be classed as apocryphal; the epistle to the Hebrews may be erroneously ascribed to St. Paul; Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai did not write the 'Zohar'; Plato and Aristotle did not bequeath to posterity certain dangerous books on the transmutation of metals; St. Ignatius may be guiltless of those decretals which are regarded as forgeries; it is demonstrable that Dionysius had no con-

nection with the book on the 'Divine Hierarchies' which bears his name. It is, therefore, true that many books have been falsely attributed. But, on the other hand, there is no really valid ground for affirming that Lucian did not write his celebrated *Peregrinus Proteus* or that the *Pastor* of Hermas was forged at the Renaissance, both of which views have been advanced gravely."

Now, this was just like Maurice. He knew so much about everything that it was difficult for a plain man to follow him. It was no wonder that his opinions carried some weight in his own circle, which was not inconsiderable, for it included many of the *literati* of the day, though he wrote nothing himself, unless, indeed, he was a concealed author.

"In which of your two classes would you rank the disputed authorship of the Shakesperian plays?" I demanded, anxious to bring matters to an issue.

"That is, indeed, a test question," he replied. "Has a case been made out by the Bacon Society in favour of Francis Verulam? or by Miss Delia Bacon, who first originated the suggestion? or by Mrs. Pott, with her *Promus* and her secret society? or by Mr. E. P. Roe, in America? or by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, with his Rosicrucian devices? or by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Theosophist, and a recent Baconian convert? or by Dr. R. M. Theobald, with his 'Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light?' or even by Ignatius Donnelly and Mrs. Gallup, with all the trickery and complication of cipher? I knew all these wonderful people in the past, so far, at least, as England is concerned, and I can give you one assurance concerning them that, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Sinnett, who, as I say, is a new comer, their knowledge both of Shakespeare and Bacon was exhaustive—almost preternatural."

"You were impressed if you were not converted."

"I could only be impressed by their knowledge; by their reasoning I was not impressed. Their alleged objections to Shakespeare were founded on our ignorance and not on our knowledge, while their arguments in favour of

Bacon were raised in spite of our knowledge."

"As for example——"

"The fact that Francis Bacon made certain translations of the Psalms renders it for ever impossible that he wrote also—let us say, the Sonnets."

"A clear issue like this can scarcely have escaped the Baconians."

"No; but they have failed to grasp its importance, because as a class they have, in the first place, failed to distinguish between the poetic gift in the absolute, or in Shakespeare, and its substitutes, as in the metrical exercises of Lord Verulam."

"Perhaps I should fail likewise. I know that there is good and bad poetry, but some good poets have written some bad verses, and it might be the same with Bacon. You see, I am a simple person over book questions and have never doubted the names which appear on their titles, but you have opened an abyss before me by saying that so many people have not written the books attributed to them."

"I think that you may be comforted in this instance. The Baconian canon of criticism must be judged by its results, and these are ludicrous, for by applying the same principles, Mr. Wigston has discovered that Francis Bacon wrote Rosicrucian books; Dr. Theobald, that he was the author of Marlowe; and Mrs. Pott, that he was more or less responsible, not only for Elizabethan literature as a whole, but for the essays of Montaigne, and I have heard even of a pious opinion—a kind of counsel of perfection in literary faith—that "Robinson Crusoe" was the last residue of his notebooks."

"And this book by the 'Cambridge Graduate'?"

"It is a kind of argument for joint authorship and devilling in the case of the plays. The *Morning Post* has quite recently said that such a thing is possible. But the evidence, whatever it is, depends, in the present instance, mainly on the Sonnets, which have been to some extent overlooked by the Baconians previously. I must admit that it illustrates a certain construction sometimes placed upon the Sonnets by alleged

facts in the private life of Bacon after a rather striking manner. But here again an identity in tastes or in vices does not argue an identity in authorship."

"What would become of your canon of criticism if it were suddenly proved to demonstration by some disinterred document that Bacon did write Shakespeare?"

"I could only say that outside Shakespeare the canon had been misapplied."

"And what would become of your notion about the poetic gift?"

"I should say that the impossible had occurred."

And with this consolation I took leave of my friend Maurice, feeling, on the whole, less assured than I had been that my neighbour, Wilkins, was the true author of "Bethel Vindicated: or Christ the First Protestant." It seemed probable, however, that Maurice was not the concealed author of "Is it Shakespeare?"

A few days afterwards, to increase my confusion, the following document, written with faded ink, reached me anonymously by letter post. I thought at first that it was some trick of my friend Maurice; but I found that he had forgotten our conversation, and he was so completely immersed in the question whether "Amadis of Gaul" was originally written by a Frenchman, that he refused to look at my manuscript. But I have my doubts about Wilkins, to whom I had mentioned the Baconian controversy, and who had told me that my heart was not right before God. I know that his heart is not right about the fiscal question, and I daresay he didn't write "Bethel Vindicated" after all. In fact, I mean to insinuate it when we next meet, as it seems that, much against my will, I am born to be mixed up with questions of disputed authorship.

DIALOGUE II.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CIPHER *

Scene: *The Mermaid Tavern, A.D. 1602.*

Master William Shakspeare is sitting at a table, whereon he is impatiently playing the Devil's tattoo. Suddenly he ceases and raps peremptorily. To him enter a serving-maid.

W.S. (reproachfully): Why hast thou tarried so long, girl? Faith, 'tis enough for a poor actor to endure the contumely of lordly gentlemen without being subject to the scorns of serving-maids. There! Pout not thy pretty lips! How can I scold thee? Thy comely face would rob the testiest knave of choler. Ah, that smile becomes thee better! And now, prithee, fetch me a cup of sack, for of a surety, this tarrying for one who comes not hath bred in me an unconscionable drouth.

The serving-maid retires, re-entering immediately after with the wine.

W. S. (drinking with gusto): Ah, this likes me well. Now, tell me, pretty one, hath any this day enquired for Master Shakspeare?

Maid: Master Jonson was here an hour ago, and did much desire to see thee. He returns anon.

W. S. (aside): Marry, that's awkward. At other times Ben is a rare comrade. But to-night, no! He must not see Master Bacon, or the mischief will be out, and I shall be bankrupt alike in fame and purse. (*Aloud*) No other caller, sweet?

Maid: None, Sir.

W. S.: Now, look you, if a courtly gentleman who hath weighty business with me, should come hither, might we repair to some inner room, relying on thee to keep a discreet silence?

* Of the multiplication of ciphers there is no end; but multiply them as you will, the impression they produce is nought. A veracious record of what actually took place at one of the business meetings between Shakspeare and Bacon would be of more value than many ciphers; and it is exceeding strange that no such document is to be found in the voluminous literature of the Baconian Society. The appearance of the present chronicle in these pages is an illustration of the fact that the most vital evidence in support of a theory does not always emanate from the cult or school specially charged with its advocacy.

Maid: Ay, Sir, there is a chamber above where men may talk most privily without fear of strangers' ears.

W. S.: Thither conduct us, for here the stranger comes. Here's for thy pains, girl—and thy silence.

Enter Francis Bacon disguised. He and Shakespeare ascend to the upper room. Lights having been brought in, they seat themselves at a table whereon Bacon places a folio.

F. B. (abruptly): Hast thou the moneys ready?

W. S.: I have come not utterly unprovided, Sir. But I trust thou wilt show a little clemency, and refrain from exacting too heavy a penalty from a wretched player whose poor ventures have not been greatly prosperous of late.

F. B.: Poor ventures, quotha! (*With hauteur*) Thou speakest of *my* plays!

W. S. (shrewdly): But the world accounts them mine, Master Bacon.

F. B. (angrily) And thou art proud, of course, to strut thy little hour in borrowed plumes! Puffed up with vanity, art not? to figure as the greatest author of the age! 'Sblood! I sometimes think I will have done with this cozening, and publish it to the four winds of heaven that I, and not an unlettered knave, such as thou art, am the true beggetter of these masterpieces.

W. S. (quite unruffled): That were unwise, Master Bacon.

F. B.: Ah, thou knowest that, then! Thou perceivest that a learned gentleman who boasts the friendship of monarchs dare not acknowledge that he is an inditer of plays for vagrom men like thee to mouth. Thou knowest that, and wouldst advantage thyself of the knowledge!

W. S. (aside): Little advantage may be hoped from thee. (*Aloud*): Nay, Sir, my humble desire is ever to practice that "clear and round dealing" which thou hast aforetime counselled.

F. B.: By my troth, that thou shalt do. But a truce to idle talk! For this play (*takes up the folio*) thou must pay me the full sum of five hundred pounds.

W. S. (gasping): Five hundred pounds! Nay, Sir, thou art in jest. 'Tis a prodigious sum. "Twelfth Night" brought but the half of it.

F. B. (imperturbably): It befitteth not courtly men to bargain. I have said the price; it will not alter. Methinks thou lovest money too well, Master Shakespeare. Oh, beware of avarice; 'tis a foul distemper.

W. S. (aside): Whereof thou art wholly free, as the world well knows.

(*Aloud*): Sir, I do but try to make an honest livelihood. But, pray tell me, how hast thou named the play?

F. B.: The name is "Hamlet."

W. S.: Strangely intituled, methinks. 'Tis the tale of a village, belike?

F. B.: Dolt, no! Thy ignorance is bottomless. "Hamlet" was sometime Prince of Denmark, and herein is writ his true and tragical history. I tell thee the play shall be thine when thou hast paid me the sum of five hundred pounds, whereof I will abate not half a doit.

W. S. (looking through the folio with professional eagerness). It seemeth a goodly play. Mine eyes have caught a fine line here and there. Yea, 'tis better than "Twelfth Night."

F. B. (impatiently): Better, indeed! 'Tis the finest gem I have yet mined, out-sparkling the rest as the ruby out-sparkles the flint.

W. S. (continuing his perusal): And there are actors in it, too!

F. B.: Ay, actors. Introduced so as to give verisimilitude to the conceit that thou (*laughs derisively*) art the author!

W. S.: In sooth, Sir, thou art too kind. But the price thou demandest, though perchance proportioned to the play's merit, is prodigiously out of proportion to the depth of my poor exchequer. Thou frownest! Thy pardon! I know this parleying irks thee. (*Sighs*.) Thou wilt have thy way, I warrant me, for my patrons at the Globe will have thy plays, and none else.

F. B. (sternly): An thou agreest to the bargain, pay over the moneys.

W. S. (with a gesture of surprise): To-night, my lord? I would fain first test this "Hamlet's" quality with worthy Master Burbage.

F. B. (with great impatience): Thou shalt settle the account to-night or not at all. Talk not to me of testing quality! Have I ever deceived thee as to that? Moreover, rumour hath it that when I have sufficiently enriched thee, thou wilt be flying to Stratford, leaving thy debts behind thee.

W. S. (with an injured air): Master Bacon, I am an honest man.

F. B. (with a sneer): Honest? Ay, but in these strange pacts a man must needs exercise a shrewd caution. Come, Master Shakspeare, what sayest thou? Speed thy decision, for I hear the sound of roystering below, and I would not be seen consorting with common players.

W. S. counts out the money, and hands it over reluctantly.

W. S.: And now, Sir, the play is mine.

F. B. (pocketing the gold): Nay, not so fast. The bargain lacks its seal. There is something still—

W. S. (bridling): I have paid thee what thou didst ask.

F. B.: How slow of apprehension thou art! Thinkest thou reputation can be bought for gold alone? Nay, Master Shakspeare, the play shall be thine only when thou hast signed this parchment.

W. S.: To what purpose?

F. B.: That thou wilt have none of my plays imprinted.

W. S. (aside): Methought he was about to repent him of his bargain. *(Aloud):* I'll sign, Sir, and most readily. I am a player, I, not a bookseller!

(Signs, and the play changes hands.)

F. B.: Let the lines be well spoken, and the passion well acted, and the play will bring thee more fortune than it has brought me. For 'tis a noble play; thou shalt look for better in vain.

W. S.: I take thy word for it. But if excellence so encompasseth the play,

wherefore shall it not be imprinted when its course at the Globe is sped?

F. B. (darkly): Imprinted it shall be, but by myself.

W. S. (startled): Ay? But not with the authorship avowed?

F. B.: Not overtly, but secretly, fantastically, with the aid of a cunning cipher of my invention.

W. S. (laughs heartily): A cipher! Why, none will ever decipher it, Sir.

F. B. (with a superior air): Thinkest thou not? Men will ripen with time, and be wiser than thou art, Master Shakspeare. All that is now occulted will then be plain as the noonday sun, and the cunning index of the printer's types will show those diligent in search that Francis Bacon was the true begetter of the plays, and thou but the mask be assumed to suit his courtly ends.

W. S. (still laughing): Thou hast much faith in man's curiosity, Master Bacon.

F. B. (impressively): Ay—but more in woman's! And so, adieu! *(aside):* Enjoy thy little hour. My harvest is yet to reap!

(Exit by a secret staircase.)

W. S. (again looking over the play): There's certainly attractive metal here. But what a strange compound is this same scholar, now as grasping as a Venetian Jew, anon as fantastic as Ariel himself. A fig for his cipher! What's a cipher? Nought! E'en if 'tis ever unravelled, do I suffer hurt? Of what avail is fame when we are dust? The regard of future generations may flatter a poet's conceit, but a poor actor must needs be content with his own generation's golden opinions—and its gold. And now for a cup of sack, if, indeed, I have the means to procure one after yielding to the avarice of that exacting lawyer. And then to Master Burbage. Methinks this "Hamlet" will suit him well!

Curtain.



THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY

By Richard Stow



ANYTHING in those magazines, Dick?"

"Oh, stupid ghost stories mostly, uncle! What I can't understand is this silly recrudescence of superstition. Twentieth century indeed! It ought to be the eighteenth, with all this hysterical stuff floating about. It seems to have got on the public's nerves—all this psychic research twaddle!"

Old Uncle Jim at first smiled at my vigorous language, as he proceeded carefully to uncork a bottle. This important operation being successfully achieved, however, he replied somewhat gravely:

"I don't know, my boy. Perhaps we may be sometimes a little too confident in our negations, even the youngest of us, eh, Dick? You know the story?" he added, with a kindly laugh.

"But, surely, uncle, you don't mean to say that you believe in such stuff?" I cried, in astonishment.

At my rude speech, though I did not so intend it, the white-haired old doctor looked at me keenly and very earnestly, almost sternly, before resuming his habitually kind expression.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir!" I stammered, somewhat confused. "I had, of course, no idea you really believed in anything of the kind."

"No more did I at your age, my boy; nor at double your age."

The old man seemed to be hesitating, and for a moment a far-off look came into his eyes. Then turning to me he continued very seriously:—

"My dear Dick, you know that you are on the threshold of a life of great responsibility and difficulty. A doctor's

is the grandest of all professions. A man is not simply a body-healer only, my boy. He has often to play the part of physician of the soul as well."

I said nothing, and my old uncle resumed his seat.

"That sounds somewhat 'sermony,' eh?—and I'm no good at that sort of thing, Dick. But perhaps you would like to hear what broke the back of my own scepticism or . . . certainty—whichever you please? I was as sure as you are—once, my boy.

"It's a strange, sad story; I sometimes, even now, cannot believe it. But my certainty of disbelief—that is . . . well—permanently crippled, if you will have it so."

The old doctor bowed courteously in my direction. He was no longer my aged relative and kind friend only; it was the bow of intellect to intellect.

Uncle Jim was really my great uncle; he was eighty-two. Though we had only seen each other occasionally on his rare visits to town, we had taken a great fancy to one another. As I found out afterwards, it was he really who had been paying for me at Bart's when my poor father died and left my mother hard put to it to make both ends meet.

I had just passed my "Final" with what for me were "flying colours," and old uncle Thompson had insisted that I should run down to his place for a rest, with the additional inducement of the loan of a friend's small yacht, for I am awfully keen on sailing.

I promptly accepted his kind invitation, and lost no time in taking myself and my baggage, a pile of magazines, and the "Flying Cornishman" down to Penzance, where Dr. James Thompson, long since retired from practice, was

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living out his peaceful old age to a finish.

It was our second evening together in his comfortable study. We had been smoking and talking about the enormous progress of the last fifty years, the countless triumphs in every branch of science, the subtle methods of exact research.

When I come to think of it, however, I fancy that I had been responsible for most of the talk, and the doctor for most of the smoking; I had been telling him, I remember, some of the latest discoveries in chemistry, and had got rather keen on the subject.

He had just left the room for a few minutes to unearth a bottle of some very special old Scotch whiskey, and on his return found me lazily turning over the pages of one of the picture magazines I had brought down the day before.

I, of course, expressed myself most eager to hear his story; the old man's courteous bow had mollified me in a way, but I could not help feeling deeply chagrined that one for whom I had such respect and affection should prove to be so unsound in his science.

"Try some of this first, Dick, anyhow," said he kindly, evidently feeling I was upset. "I'm sorry Banks decanted that new stuff. I knew I had some more of the old left, the same you liked so much last night."

I helped myself mechanically, and Uncle Jim followed my example. We sat in silence for some minutes, Uncle Jim pulling hard at his pipe, and I puffing a cigarette and waiting for him to begin.

The old man, however, said nothing, but rising from his chair, crossed the room to his big writing desk near the window. Unlocking one of the top drawers, he began slowly to turn over a number of neatly arranged papers.

I smoked on in silence. There was no sound save the ticking of the old grandfather's clock in the corner, and the soft rustling of the papers as my uncle turned them over.

The rustling ceased, and the old gentleman came back slowly towards his chair, holding some closely written

sheets of blue foolscap which he was scanning so intently that he seemed almost to have forgotten my presence.

At last he sat down, and with evident effort, as though it gave him pain or opened up some old wound, began his strange story. I noticed afterwards that the old man left his pipe unlit and his whiskey untasted. It was very evident that he was living over again in imagination the past which had made so deep an impression upon him.

"Yes, Dick, it was a tragedy, if ever there was one! I am no story-teller, my boy, and I fear I can never make you realise what I felt, even as I know I can never realise what must have been felt by her.

"It was in '68—thirty-five years ago. They were stopping at Newlyn for the winter. That was long before there was any artists' colony there.

"You remember the low white house on the hill, as you go to Paul—the one with the high escalonia hedge you admired this afternoon? Well, that's where it happened. It was an old farm house then; but they've converted it into a set of studios.

"The first time I saw them they came here; or, rather, she had brought him to consult me.

"In spite of her apparently calm exterior, I could feel how terribly anxious she was about him, and how determined she was that everything possible should be done to fight the thing.

"De Brys himself—though he actually said nothing—from the first gave me the impression of not believing in any possible cure that science could devise. He seemed all along quite resigned to getting steadily worse, but had apparently no anxiety for himself. All his anxiety was for his wife—for the deep distress she was manifestly suffering on his account.

"He was willing to do anything I suggested—to take anything, give everything a trial. But then, as ever afterwards, he gave me the impression of doing this solely to pacify his wife, and not because he had the slightest belief in the efficacy of my drugs and prescriptions.

"When he first described his symptoms I had a vague unsatisfactory impression which I could not quite define, but which, in spite of his apparent frankness, led me to suspect he might speak more freely to me alone. Perhaps he did not want his wife to know all, I thought.

"Catarrh of the stomach, loss of appetite, weakness, fits of giddiness,—quite enough to begin on anyhow. Complete nervous breakdown; and yet he did not give me the impression of being nervous about himself in any way.

"I made out a prescription and promised to call next day so as to go more fully into the case.

"This was the beginning of my intimacy with two of the nicest people I had ever known." They were both remarkably well read and well travelled, he especially. But what struck me most was the perfect nature of their union; they were absolutely devoted to each other in every way.

"He was about forty, but his grey hair and feeble health gave him the appearance almost of an old man. She was ten years his junior, a woman nobly planned, in the perfection of her womanhood. They had only been married a twelve-month, I learned.

"When I say that they seemed absolutely devoted to each other, I fear I am giving you a poor idea of the impression they made upon me as an ideally united couple. I was so touched by it that I swore to myself I would cheat death of his victim by every means that science could devise or skill could invent.

"As I grew more intimate with them—for do what I would De Brys grew gradually worse—I learned to admire their characters more and more. The fine qualities which the strain of the battle against disease brought into play—the quiet bravery of the man, fearless of death, contemptuous even of it,—yet most sorely handicapped by love of his adored wife, and most of all by the torture that she suffered because of him—the brave quiet of the woman who strove in every way to hide from her husband her own cruel distress.

De Brys was now subject to fainting fits; he was evidently getting weaker

and weaker, in spite of everything I tried.

"I could make no impression on the disease; could not put my finger on the spot, try how I might. Indeed I could find no sufficient cause of any kind for his strange malady.

"De Brys had been a powerful man, so he told me, and indeed he must have been to have gone through some of the adventures he referred to on rare occasions when speaking of his travels. Moreover, Mrs. De Brys assured me that he was quite strong and vigorous before they were married. But even that gave no clue, for De Brys, in answer to a direct question from me, assured me that the tie between them was purely spiritual.

"He was now very emaciated, and his delicately-chiselled features, always clean shaven, made him look more like a woman than a man.

"The strain was also beginning to leave indelible marks on Mrs. De Brys' unusual beauty; her magnificent hair was here and there turned in iron-grey patches. I was almost as anxious about her as I was about him, and so I was glad to hear that her sister was on her way from India to help her with the nursing; for do what I would I could not persuade her to have a trained nurse down from town.

"She was still, in spite of the strain, an admirable specimen of womanhood, a veritable Juno, though indeed when with her I felt rather in the presence of a Madonna than of an Olympian goddess.

"We had now been fighting the battle shoulder to shoulder eight long months, and gradually we had grown very intimate, and had talked over and discussed many things together.

"It was an unaccustomed pleasure to me freely to discuss the problems of life with two such well read and thoughtful people, for in Penzance in those days one had to keep one's mouth shut if bread and butter were to be earned.

"Yet, somehow, in spite of their apparently genuine open-mindedness, I always felt there was a point where this might break down if I were to press my arguments home too remorselessly. However, from the very first I made it

quite clear that, as far as I was concerned, I believed in nothing but what I could see and handle.

"The weaker De Brys got, the more I was determined to pull him together again, for his wife's sake if not for his own. Ida De Brys was never tired of thanking me for my care of her husband. I, of course, told her it was nothing but my plain duty, and that my greatest thanks would be to find out the real cause of the trouble in the interests of science.

"It was the end of August, the 30th I think. In the afternoon a farm boy rode up with a hastily-scribbled note from Mrs. De Brys—'Come at once to Charles. Paralysis I fear.'

"I jumped into the dog-cart, and found De Brys in a queer state. He had been unconscious, and for some time after I came was speechless and unable to move. But I gradually pulled him together. We got him to bed, and he soon fell into a deep and natural sleep.

"Next morning I was delighted to find him much better. His wife said that he had taken nourishment and stimulant's most readily when he woke, and had slept all night and made a good breakfast, an unheard-of thing. He was still sleeping when I saw him. Nothing could be better; he had evidently turned the corner at last.

"I drove home feeling pleased with myself. But what had done the trick? All the way I puzzled over the various things I had tried lately on my patient—which of them or what combination of them had touched the spot?

"On reaching home, however, my thoughts were quickly turned elsewhere, for I found a telegram waiting for me telling me to come at once; my sister, your Grandmother Mary, was dying.

"I left by the night train for town. It is true I was disappointed to be called away from my most puzzling case just at the moment of its greatest interest; but Mary was my first care, and I really felt less anxious about De Brys than I had done for months.

"Your grandmother passed away before I got to town, and I stayed on in Russell Square for the funeral. But I was not to follow her to her last resting-

place, for on Wednesday—two days after I left home—I got a wire from Tom Pentreath—he was looking after my work while I was away—'De Brys—suicide—you wanted at once—inquest.'

"I left by the express early next morning and found matters far worse even than I had expected.

"De Brys had not committed suicide as I supposed from the telegram. There was no doubt about it. *Ida de Brys had shot her husband and then blown out her own brains.*

"The most puzzling thing about the whole mysterious occurrence was, that the bodies were both found in Mrs. De Brys' room. Their rooms opened into one another.

"The farm people were startled by the shots at about ten in the evening. Old Bob Keirgwin, the farmer, found a ghastly sight. He, of course, sent straight off for Tom; Tom said it made even him feel quite sick.

"De Brys lay huddled up on the hearth rug with nothing on but his night shirt. He was shot in three places, thigh, heart and head.

"Mrs. De Brys had fallen across the bed, on the other side from the fireplace. She was fully clothed except that instead of a dress she had on a soft Oriental wrapper of silk. She had fallen on her face, and the mantle of her glorious hair hid the horrid sight. One hand was pressed to her eyes while the other tightly clutched the revolver.

"It was all too ghastly for words. Tom Pentreath told me the details as we drove together from the station. It was just a horrible night-mare. I could not at first believe it.

"That these two people of all the world should come to this, murder and suicide!

"The only possible explanation was that long-suffering nature had at length given way. De Brys had developed some sudden fit of homicidal mania and had attacked his wife—they sometimes do turn first on those they love best—and she had done it in self-defence. And I proceeded to expound this theory to Pentreath.

"'That won't do,' said Tom. 'De

Brys had absolutely nothing in his hand. There was not the slightest sign of a struggle. She couldn't have been afraid of him unarmed. She was so much stronger physically—and she had the pistol.'

"'Perhaps she took the pistol from him,' said I, as the thought suddenly flashed into my brain.

"'It won't do, Jim, I tell you,' retorted Pentreath, obstinately—'there was no struggle at all; he was potted like a rabbit.'

"'Well then, she must have broken down,' I said—'all the worry and strain and all that.'

"'Looks like it more,' said Tom, thoughtfully; and yet . . . why was he in her room? When I heard of course I rode off as soon as I could saddle a horse, but I could find nothing that would give the slightest clue. Perhaps he'd taken too much whiskey.'

"'Whiskey!' I said. 'Bosh, my dear fellow, you don't know the people. De Brys could hardly be induced to touch a drop of it even to help a faint.'

"'Well, at any rate, there was an empty bottle by his bed side, and the medicine glass smelt of it.'

"'O that's easily enough explained. I gave her a powder to give him in water with half a spoonful of whiskey in it, if he felt queer again.'

"'A fainting man does not leave his bed and go into another room for choice, Jim. It won't do.'

"'Won't do!' I retorted desperately. 'Even if you are right and he had taken too much stimulant, that's no reason . . .'

"'No, it isn't old man! But shoot him she evidently did, there's no getting away from that.'

"We drove on together in silence. I felt absolutely crushed by the terrible calamity that had overtaken my two friends. For now they were no more I realised how deep was my interest in them, how much I should miss . . . how great a regret it was that I should see Ida De Brys no more.

"I was only then fully conscious for the first time that I loved . . . I was almost frightened at my own feelings, I loved her, yet I had no jealousy of her

husband. I'd have cured him for her so willingly. I felt the best influence in my life had gone for ever from it.

"And yet—she had killed the man I was absolutely sure she loved more deeply than her own life!

"It was too horrible for words! Some sudden folly—some monstrous accident of nature, that made one doubt one's own sanity!

"Fools that men were to believe in a Providence, when all was but the rattling of dice by the hand of chance!

"When we got home Pentreath came in to give me a few notes of cases he had seen for me, and on leaving said, 'I have opened all the letters except this.'

"He held out an ordinary looking envelope with my address, and 'to await arrival' written in the corner.

"I snatched it from him so excitedly that he started back in surprise.

"'Why it's from her!' I cried, bursting the envelope open with unsteady fingers.

"'Hadn't the ghost of an idea,' muttered Tom. 'Never saw her handwriting before. It came on Tuesday morning.'

"But I hardly heard what he said. My whole attention was centred on the following brief sentences scribbled on a half-sheet of paper. I see them now before me.

"'Thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your goodness to us. My sister, Mrs. Weight, is coming home by the *'ochin*. She is due at Marseilles on the 14th. She was coming to stay with us you know. Be good to her too, my dearest, kindest Doctor.

"'IDA DE BRYs.'

"I sank heavily into a chair with my hand pressed to my eyes.

"'When did you say this came, Tom?'

"'The day before yesterday. I found it here in the morning.'

"'Good God, man! This is still more horrible! Why!—it was all premeditated! Yet she speaks of my goodness to 'us'—to them—as though . . .'

"Horrible, horrible! Do we kill for love? Did they agree to kill each other? Had he not the nerve to do it himself?—asked her to put him out of his misery?"

"But then he was better when I left him! And anyway he used to smile so at death!"

"Perhaps he was a hypocrite after all?—it was all the pretence of a proud man?"

"These, and many other thoughts flashed through my brain, Dick. I felt utterly prostrate, not only with the shock of the thing, but with the utter hopelessness of solving the mystery."

"I would have gladly given all I possessed to have found a reason in all this madness."

"What good anyhow was all this terrible experience to them dead, or to me living? Who was benefited by it all? We were all the sport of malignant fate. The mills of matter finally ground us all impartially and remorselessly to powder!"

"I felt for the moment very much inclined to follow the De Brys's example and cheat the blind process of things. Perhaps they were right. The world-process was a failure, and the only choice a thinking being had was to bring it to an end as speedily as possible, as far as he himself was concerned at least!"

"I need not trouble you, Dick, with the details of the inquest. If I who had known them so intimately was utterly at a loss, it was not to be expected that twelve simple, not to say stupid, Newlyn fisher folk would get to the bottom of it."

"They listened to the witnesses and to my bald recital of the history of the case and the bare medical facts, and on the direction of the Coroner brought in a verdict of murder and suicide whilst of unsound mind."

"It was all over long before my letter to Mrs. Weight, containing a brief statement of the sad tragedy, reached her on her landing at Marseilles."

"She wired that she was coming on straight here. I met her at the station, and Tom and his wife put her up."

"Ida De Brys' sister was a woman of distinguished appearance, and of most

charming courtesy. She was, however, very silent and reserved. Her grief was, so to speak, 'dry-eyed,' and I doubted whether she fully realised the ghastly tragedy of the thing. I now know that I did her a grave injustice in this, and that the control she exercised over herself was little short of heroic."

"It appeared that on his marriage De Brys had willed everything to his wife, and in the event of the death of both of them to her sister. Mrs. Weight had accordingly to remain till this document could be forwarded from Bombay."

"She thus stayed about two months with the Pentreaths, and we had some long talks together on the subject. She, however, seemed unable to throw any light on the mysterious tragedy that had befallen her relatives; yet somehow or other while she was here I seemed to feel less intensely puzzled."

"When all the necessary legal formalities were complete, Mrs. Weight said goodbye, and left for India."

"She would have pressed a large cheque upon my acceptance, but this I steadily refused. I told her that I was only too happy to have served my friends while they lived; now they were dead, the only possible solace to my grief, the only possible reward for my care of them, would be to know why I had failed—why they had failed."

"Tears were in her eyes as she said goodbye, and we parted mournfully enough. This was the last I ever saw of her."

"I settled down to my practice in a mechanical fashion, but my inside nerve, I found, was almost gone."

"I was always asking myself the question: *Cui bono*, when . . . ? And then all the swirl of the mysterious event would begin over and over again in my brain."

"I was, so to say, fascinated with the tragic end that had overtaken my unfortunate patients. I kept brooding over it, till at last my whole world-problem seemed to centre round it."

"It got on my nerves. I began to develop an unhealthy sympathy with Ida De Brys—imagining all sorts of excuses. Somehow or other I felt she was

to be greatly pitied. What she had done she had done for the best, because . . . But it was always just at that 'because' where the whole thing began to run into itself again, and I could find no outlet.

"Some two months had thus passed since Mrs. Weight had left us. I was feeling thoroughly demoralized and shattered. Tom Pentreath strenuously urged a complete rest and change of air; he would look after the work.

"I was at last persuaded to run up to town for a fortnight, which I intended to spend in a round of theatres and any other amusement I could find to take me out of myself, and keep my thoughts from grinding away in the same old grooves.

"I had not, however, been in town forty-eight hours when I received, among some other letters forwarded by Tom, a long blue envelope, registered and marked 'private' in one corner. It contained *this*, from Mrs. Weight, from Lahore.

"You'd better read it yourself, Dick. I've now told you my part of the story, though poorly, I fear, for my memory is dim, and I am no teller of tales."

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The old doctor sighed, and held out the faded blue pages to me. I took them in silence and began to read.

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"Lahore, Jan. 3, 1869.

"Dear Doctor Thompson,—I have hesitated for some days, but have at last made up my mind that the best way in which I can repay your great kindness to my dear ones and to myself is to tell you the truth as I know it.

"I therefore send you herewith a copy of Ida's letter which I received on my return from the hands of a common friend.

"I fear I cannot put you in possession of all the facts even now, as you will see for yourself, but I hope my information may enable you in some small measure to realise the ghastly horror of the fate which drove my unhappy sister to do this thing.

"Ida shall speak for herself, but you must first be told of whom she speaks.

"Charles had a younger brother,

Ralph. But no one would have taken them for brothers; Ralph was not only dark, he was darker than most natives, quite swarthy; whereas, as you know, Charles was a very fair man.

"I can tell you very little in detail about this man, for Charles was always most reticent; but Ida and I gleaned enough of the bare facts to know that Ralph from his childhood—they were both born out here, though brought up at home—had hated his brother with a fierce and bitter hatred that nothing could appease. Charles had behaved in a most exemplary manner. Again and again had he paid his brother's debts; again and again had he stood between him and disgrace—even worse. Charles had once been very wealthy; his father was a merchant and extensive planter out here, and at his death left all his money to his elder son, for he had years before ceased to have anything to do with Ralph.

"Charles must have behaved to Ralph more than nobly, and have forgiven until seventy times seven and beyond, for, not even when what I am going to tell you had occurred, did Ida or I ever hear him say an unkind thing of this incarnate fiend—his brother!

"Though I had known Charles intimately for several years—for we were both deeply interested in certain common studies and endeavours—I had never seen his brother, never heard of him even; nor had Charles seen Ida, till we all four met at Simla about two years ago.

"Ida had just come out to spend the winter with me, and Charles had accepted my invitation to stop with us a few days on his way north.

"Ralph—I learned afterwards—had followed his brother begging, praying and threatening for a large sum of money. I could never learn the precise details, but it was a case of forgery, and his villainous native accomplices had turned on Ralph and were blackmailing him.

"Of course, I knew nothing of all this at the time, and when he came to see Charles I naturally insisted that he should have his things sent up from the hotel to us.

"He must have been a consummate actor, for I had not the faintest suspicion of any breach between them for weeks; and Charles said nothing.

"Oh, had I only known then! From that moment the battle of good and evil for possession of Ida began. We stayed at Simla for four months; and they stayed on too—took a bungalow near ours.

"I cannot tell you the details of the struggle; it was long and infinitely subtle to watch, as I gradually learned for myself by observation and feeling—even though I really did not know. How much more subtle, then, must it have been in the grim full conscious reality between the men themselves!

"With Charles, the infinite subtlety of the struggle of the inner life—the struggle between what he believed to be his duty of sacrifice of all things dear to him for the highest of all aims, and his overpowering and undying love for what was best in womanhood for him; with Ralph, the infinitely subtle use of the most brilliant deception to make what was most foul appear most fair.

"Charles had as yet spoken no word of love to Ida. But I knew; I could read it in their eyes when I spoke to each of the other. I knew these two were made for one another.

"One day I rallied him on his timidity. For long he looked earnestly at me; so that gradually I began to follow his thoughts. 'Do you not know why I hesitate, my sister?' was all he said.

"Then in a flash I understood; I did not see, but I felt that he was at some great crisis of fate where sacrifice—and sacrifice almost unendurable—was demanded of him.

"One day, shortly after this, on returning from a ride, I found Ida in her room in terrible distress—exhausted, hysterical. She had quite lost control of herself. She clung to me like a frightened child, as I knelt beside her, and between her sobs told me the cause of her distress.

"Ralph De Brys had been about an hour ago. He had proposed to her, at first with the humblest manner and most

delicately worded professions of his undying attachment.

"She, however, gently repulsed him, and told him it could not be. He then pressed her most earnestly to take time and not then definitely to refuse him.

"He pleaded so eloquently, so persuasively and adroitly, that he drew from her a hesitating and scarcely audible admission that she loved Charles.

"This sweet confession forced from her trembling lips suddenly transformed him from a pleading lover into a tense dark statue of hate, cold with suppressed fury.

"He stood silent for half a minute, a naked will of evil. Then remorselessly and weirdly he calmly cursed his brother. Ida sank on to the sofa, half stupefied with horror.

"Then turning to her, the rage of baffled passion in his eyes, he swore he would possess her even against her will, and that soon.

"Her senses seemed to be leaving her. She felt as though she was being driven out of her body by one overmastering feeling of loathing and personal horror.

"In utter despair, not knowing what she did, she heard herself, as though far off, shriek out 'Charles! Charles!!' and fainted. When she recovered consciousness Ralph was gone.

"Ida spent a sleepless night, unable to shake off the fear that clutched at her heart.

"Early next morning Charles called and insisted on seeing her. I dressed my darling hastily, brought her to the drawing room and left her in his arms.

"Ralph had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, and I have only just learned from the friend who gave me Ida's letter that he died at Calcutta in the native quarter some four months ago. He had always been a hard drinker and practically drank himself to death.

"Charles and Ida were married, and from that moment Charles began gradually to fall into weak health. They spent a year travelling about on the Continent and in England, before they

went to Penzance on a Cornish tour. Charles was tired of travelling, and liked the place so much that he proposed they should winter at Newlyn.

"I myself had long known that Charles was fighting heroically an inner battle against strong forces of evil; that he had unreservedly volunteered his life and earthly happiness in a great spiritual struggle. But in a long private conversation we had together the day he took Ida to his arms, he sternly forbade me to breathe a word of this to my sister. These things were not yet for her to know consciously, he said.

"It was then that I first realized that the bringing into physical consciousness of his love for Ida—a love that had its roots in the depths of his being, would perhaps add severely to the strain, and bring into play many new forces.

"My confidence in Charles, however, was unlimited, and I had then no fear of the outcome.

"It was only as I gleaned from Ida's letters that things were going from bad to worse, and how, finally, he was subject to those mysterious fainting fits, and was now the wreck of his former vigorous self, that I determined to lay aside work that I knew to be most urgent, for a duty which had become imperative, and so I took my passage on the *Cochin* from Bombay to come to them.

"The rest you know, my dear Doctor, all but my darling's last words to me. She wanted you to know, but feared to tell herself, and thought I should not dare. But I dare tell, and Ida shall not lose if daring can aid.

"And now, dear Dr. Thompson, good-bye and God bless you for all your kindness to my loved ones. It is no good writing to me at Lahore, for I shall leave no address behind me. It is better thus; indeed I am going beyond the reach of the post for many a long day, I hope.

"Yours most gratefully,
"MURIEL E. WEIGHT."

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When I came to the end of this strange letter, I sat up in my chair feeling somewhat dazed. I looked across at old Uncle Jim, but he was lying back

in his great arm chair with his eyes closed and to all appearance asleep.

So lighting a fresh cigarette, and sinking back again, I turned to the remaining sheets of blue paper—the copy of Ida De Brys' letter to her sister.

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"Newlyn, Sept. 1, 1868.

"My own dearest Muriel,—It is too much! I can bear no more!! I shall go mad!!!

"Oh, why did I meet my darling this time again, if it was to end thus? I feel that I have been the drag upon him, when all I longed for was to help.

"But, oh, God, are such things possible! Is there no mercy? Must there be literally no hope but in the Formless and Eternal?

"Is love, love most pure and holy, impotent against this devil?

"I now know, Muriel dearest, how Charles has been done to death. They used his love for me against him—his love for me, his fear for me, that I should be harmed because I loved him.

"The utter fiendishness of their cunning is indescribable, and yet they simply intensify already existing forces!

"It was Ralph—that monster Ralph—that they have been using all the time—his blind hate for Charles, his foul passion for me—they have used it as a two-edged sword with which to smite down my true knight, my darling husband.

"Yes, Sissy, they've killed him, the fiends! Charles is dead. But—too horrible, too awful to think of—his body is alive. And worse, a thousand times more ghastly than this, that foul beast is in it!

"Oh, Muriel, Muriel, what am I to do?

"It was after the last fainting fit—a very long one—two days ago; it was different from the others. I feared it was a paralytic stroke, but he rallied marvellously, and Dr. Thompson was quite jubilant that he'd turned the corner—that the crisis of his mysterious illness was over.

"At first I had no suspicion—it was the drinking that alarmed me. O God! that awful moment! I had raised him,

my own weak, gentle darling as I thought, my arm round his dear shoulders, to give him a powder Dr. Thompson had just sent up, mixed in a spoonful of whiskey and water.

"Suddenly he angrily dashed the glass from my hand, and shouted out—'Damn you, woman! give me the . . . bottle!'"

"In a flash I understood. I saw Ralph looking through my darling's eyes; I felt him; I knew he was there.

"I saw his anger change to a look—Muriel, I cannot write it; you will know. But whiskey was his first craving.

"Catching sight of the bottle on the table by the bedside, he savagely pulled out the cork; with his teeth, holding the bottle in his shaking hands, and then drank and drank, till the bottle fell from his grasp and I caught it.

"He fell back and gradually sank into a state of coma. That was yesterday at about eleven in the morning—centuries ago!

"Oh, I have not told you that Dr. Thomson was suddenly called away yesterday to town to see a dying relative. I am utterly alone, and dare not speak. I dare not tell anyone. Who would believe me? I dare not tell even the Doctor if he were here.

"I have let no one into the room, saying that Mr. De Brys is sleeping very soundly. I have all my meals in my room, next to his.

"I thought, of course, at first that this horror would be a passing thing, some special weakness of my darling's, that he had only momentarily been overcome and taken possession of.

"But, oh, Sissy, even so it was horrible! Whenever I went to the bed to look at him, strive as I would to conquer it, in spite of my heart's yearning to breaking for my love, I was driven back by a feeling of utter loathing for the body of my husband that had now been defiled!

"He slept all day and woke; about nine. As he stirred, I rose from the chair—my heart thumping till I thought it would burst—and so we eyed each other. But no—it was not that—for he would not look at me straight.

"He spoke just like Charles—yet not like him—gently, but giving me the

strange inner feeling of someone playing a cunning part.

"He said he was feeling better and would like something to eat.

"He said many things like Charles—but there was no feeling of Charles about him.

"I moved about as in a dream—fascinated by some terrible nightmare—in horrible doubt. Perhaps it was I who was run down too much—light-headed? I was feeling most awfully shattered, broken to pieces; yet I dared not sleep.

"He ate heartily; Charles had never eaten like this!

"I could not sleep—I dare not. I spent the night in torment, clinging desperately to the forlorn hope that the obsession was gradually fading off, and that when he woke Charles would be there—my love be in my arms again.

"But it never could be quite the same again, I felt. Something had come between us—there could no longer be the same absolute sanctity—our union had been profaned!

"When he woke this morning, Charles seemed nearer, and the other farther away, and I was beginning to regain some confidence.

"He had his breakfast and was almost my darling again.

"But gradually, from speaking like Charles, so gently and lovingly, he became more and more strange. From loving, his words became . . . oh, loathsome, loathsome!

"And then he swore, and raved, and cursed, and taunted and threatened. When he was strong—oh, my God!"

"He sprang out of bed, and I rushed into my own room and locked the door.

"I heard him fall; then a movement as though he were crawling on his hands and knees for some time; then the creaking of the bed; and then—silence!

"I dared not open the door; but I stooped down and looked through the keyhole.

"He had found the rest of the whiskey, which I had foolishly left on the mantle-piece, crawled back to bed, and was draining it to the dregs.

"As before, he fell back in a sort of coma,

"Then it was for the first time that the way out flashed into my head.

"Yes, Muriel, I have now made up my mind.

"Here all is hopeless, helpless. There is no way out down here. I can tell no one, consult no one. No one can help me.

"I might go and leave Charles' body to this fiend to brutalize it, and Charles' money to him to squander on vice—to him, his brother's murderer, and worse.

"I might meet you at Marseilles, and we could go straight back to India together.

"But I will not do this, Muriel—I will not play the coward. I have some right to do as well as to suffer. A wife's place is by her husband's side—a wife's duty is to defend her husband if she can—protect his body from pollution!

"I now feel strong, my mind is clear. I have no longer any real fear inside.

"You and others who know more about these things, may perhaps disapprove. But I can only go on my own knowledge, my own feeling of right.

"I feel I am really harming no one, and that in this way I may perhaps be able to help Charles.

"When I am out of this body I may be able to act with my eyes open. Here I am not only blind, but bound hand and foot.

"We mortals, Muriel, have only the choice between two evils—I choose the lesser, as I see it.

"If one may shoot a tiger, surely one may shoot a fiend! And would not Charles freely give me everything he possesses? Will he not then give me his now useless and polluted body?

"But, God help me! I can't do it now!

"I know where Charles keeps it; it's in his dressing case next door.

"But I can't, no, I can't, Muriel, do this in cold blood!

"It must be only when I am forced to do it—in self-defence.

"But I know I shall be compelled; it is only a question now of a few hours at most. When he wakes . . .

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"I am writing this to you, dearest,

scarcely knowing what I write, or whether you will be able to read it.

"You will know long before you ever get this—know of yourself why—but you must not know physically.

"You will then be able to say truthfully that you had heard nothing from me to explain what I shall do.

"They'll all say I am mad.

"Let them! I don't care—except for dear, kind Doctor Thompson.

"If only you dare tell him. But then, that is impossible—for you won't know physically; you won't know I have written even; and you won't be quite sure you know rightly inside until you see N—— when you get back, for I am sending this to him to await your return.

"Oh, darling Muriel, if only you were here to help me! But, no, if you were here, you would only think it your duty to stop me or get me away.

"The choice is mine, not yours, nor any one's else. I will not be a coward, for that is what it would be for me.

"I now ask only for justice, for there is no mercy.

"Goodbye, goodbye.

"Your heart broken and most wretched

"IDA."

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As I read this awful letter, the fascination of the poor lady's terror, her too terrible hallucination, almost entirely overpowered me.

It was all I could do to keep a sure grip on all the facts of life which proved the purely hallucinatory nature of the beliefs of this otherwise gifted and high-minded trio.

I sprang up in need of strong physical action to shake off the terrible feeling of depression that Ida De Bry's letter had made upon me.

As I did so, the old doctor opened his eyes, and looked at me questioningly. He held out his hand for the faded blue sheets.

"Well?" he queried, gently.

"It is too horrible to be true!" I cried, with decision.

And now, twelve months afterwards, I am as absolutely convinced as I was

then that this is the only sane view of the matter.

Uncle Jim said nothing, but turned slowly, and, putting the blue sheets into their envelope, locked them up once more in his desk. He never mentioned the subject to me again.

A month ago my dear old uncle went to his long rest, leaving me everything.

On looking over his papers I immediately recognized the blue envelope when I came across it, but was surprised to find a piece of white note paper pinned

to it, with the following words in the old doctor's straggling writing :—

"Dick, I should like you to publish this. It is a human document, if ever there was one. Fact is fact, hallucination is hallucination. We grow wise by experience alone. Only change their names; you'd better change all of them."

This I have done and publish the story, not only because it is my duty to respect his wishes, but because I so thoroughly agree that fact is fact and hallucination hallucination; in this case it was hallucination for it was really too horrible to be true.



FRAGRANCE

A PERFUME lingers where she goes,
 Recalling sweets the wilding rose
 Breathes out upon the summer lanes;
 A gentle savour, too, it hath
 Of some old garden's scented path,
 When bowers are steeped in gracious rains;
 And yet no bloom
 Has such perfume,
 No nectary such wealth contains.

No fragrance from the spicy East
 Excels it; never hand of priest
 Kindles a frankincense so rare;
 The balmy spikenard, odorous myrrh,
 Abashed, forbear to come near her,
 So waste their sweets on other air;
 For there are hid
 More sweets amid
 One single ringlet of her hair!

Ah, lady mine! no English field,
 Dappled with meadowsweet, can yield
 A fragrance half so dear to me;
 The aromatic opulence
 Of holiest rites but cloy the sense
 That breathes the perfume shed by thee,
 Which, since its birth
 Is not of earth,
 Thy soul's own fragrance needs must be!

MAURICE CHILLINGWORTH.

HOW IT IS ATTAINED IN THE SUNSET

BY ALTON BRENT

Now this is true philosophy, that sense
Is sometimes held in such a high suspense,
As if a man's feet, taken from the ground—
The world beneath him spinning round and round—
He should, at length permitted to alight,
Find all familiar scenes removed from sight,
And where the runnel by his thatch should be,
Hear the loud roar of a discordant sea.

Of such suspension hear a little space
That which bechanced me in an hour of grace,
When the time-limits fixing life and thought,
Like landmarks storm effaced, to nothing brought,
Permit that in the circle of a dream,
There slips unnoticed by a century's scheme,
Or twixt the lark's last note and swift descent,
That years of rapture to the soul are lent.

It fell upon an eve of warmth grown dense
With spikenard odours and with frankincense
Which the deep-breathing earth gave forth from her—
Item—an ecstasy of nard and myrrh—
That a fair haunt among the woods I trod
Turned on a sudden to a church of God,
And down the path, as down an aisle, I passed,
Through umbrage issuing to light at last,
An hundred feet above the plain a crest
Attained, confronted by the burning west.

Scarlet and gold, how vividly, had met,
And deeps beyond all deeps of violet
Opened behind; above was snowy fleece
Of stainless vapour; glory one with peace
Was blazoned there. The heart of solar fire
Outdrew me by ineffable desire,
And it flashed on me with o'ermastering might,
That I was native to a world of light,
And that the peace of God surpassing speech
Through the light only could my spirit reach.

Deep, deep, I gazed, till deeps within me yearned:
Deep, till that light to other splendours turned;
Deep, till those splendours to a point drew in,
And the eye's sense alone I lived within—
Lived, from the flesh set free, the soul upcaught
Far past the heaven of stars, the heaven of thought.
And the soul died, but something greater still
Leaped, flame-like, into me, her place to fill;

I was keen spirit, from the soul made free,
Which is, which hath been, and through all will be;
And then once more I was an eye which sees
Into unutterable mysteries:
While, undiffused, yet limitless, thereon
The searching point of naked splendour shone,
A dreadful rapture rending through and through—
As I was known therein, I also knew.

Yes, in the light, I knew, with all made one
By the same law which poises star and sun;
For moving systems marks a single track;
Which sends forth pilgrim souls and draws them back;
From out of one the multiple evolves
And then the many in the one dissolves,
That when the end which is no end befall
Nothing be lost, but God be all in all.

Out of all time, in that great day's decline,
All love, all knowledge for a space were mine,—
But holy words are wanting to declare;
And at the end thereof returning where—
Five hundred feet above the plain—a crest
I found confronted by the burning west:
Lo, scarlet—gold—how vividly had met
And deeps beyond all deeps of violet,
While sinking in the lowlands at my feet
The lark her brown wings hid in meadow sweet.



The natural laws are subject, after all, only to small infractions; to live on any plane is to fulfil the law.



Nearly all first-hand experiences are incommunicable. The most that can be done is to stimulate in another person that gift, faculty, or instrument, through the action of which such experience becomes possible.



Humanity comes out from the centre of things, but its true rest is at the centre, and the centre ultimately draws it back.



ST. AUGUSTINE

Though on those heights the soul redeemed by Thee
In madness revelled, Thou hast conquered now:
She looks abroad, commanding life and time,
And calm in conscious strength her crown awaits.

LIEUTENANT JIM



ESTELLE GIBSON was going home. She was quite sure of it, and had taken her passage in fact, or at least instructed her brother-in-law to do so, which she imagined came to the same thing, though her sister could have told her differently. Six months in a Ceylon bungalow had taught Estelle many things which she would find useful, she thought, when she began school teaching again; but they had not taught her to like the idea of living there permanently, as Mrs. Conway, her sister, had told her she might. Mrs. Conway had good reasons for her belief. There were several bungalows in the neighbourhood, the owners of which were eager to instal Estelle as the mistress of their establishment, but she had not reciprocated in a single case, whereat her sister was properly annoyed.

"Why can't you take one of these men?" she enquired, half angrily, as she sat listlessly on one of Estelle's boxes, and watched her pack. "I'm sure a house of your own out here would be better than a half share of a school at home."

Estelle paused in the operation of laying folds of tissue paper between the breadths of her best underskirt.

"If I could only look at it in that way," she replied, reflectively. "But, as you know, I wasn't chosen for a teacher on account of my arithmetic."

"Arithmetic! What on earth has arithmetic to do with it?" asked Mrs. Conway, fanning herself.

"A great deal. A house here includes a man, and it's just that particular unit in the calculation I object to. If I could clear him out of the way by the rule of subtraction, I might think of working the sum."

"Then do you intend to remain an old maid, may I ask? You know very well that ridiculous school is only a genteel form of starvation," said Mrs. Conway, severely. "And George can't do anything for you, if you fail, as you will most likely do."

"George has not been asked to do anything yet," remarked Estelle, briskly.

"No, but we both want to do our duty by you, and it's very horrid of you not to settle on some one after all the pic-nics and dinners I've had solely on your account," continued her sister, in an aggrieved tone. "What's wrong with James MacIntosh, for instance, a man that's simply made of money, and just devoted to you?"

"Too old, Jessie. He's over forty; and besides he says 'for to,' and I'm not going 'for to' marry him," replied Estelle, her pale, pretty face lit up with a gleam of merriment.

"Every man has something one has to put up with," her sister said, sententiously. "Look at George, how he bangs all the doors when he's out of temper, and yet I don't say anything. But if you won't marry MacIntosh, there's Harold Farrington or Cecil Trimway, either of whom you could have by nodding your head; or even Jack Thomas—I wouldn't say a word against *him* if your heart were set on him."

"It's not, my dear."

"No, it's set on going your own way, and taking no advice," retorted Mrs. Conway, resorting to her handkerchief. "I'd marry the tongs, if I were you, before I'd vex my only sister so, when there's just the two of us and not another being belonging to us in the world."

Estelle did not make any response to these reproaches, and Mrs. Conway continued, "I believe there is some one at

home you have never told me of." She withdrew her face from the depths of her pocket handkerchief as this idea occurred to her, and eyed her sister, but beyond a faint rise of colour in Estelle's cheeks, she did not flinch.

"Would I have come here to try my luck, as you call it, in that case?" she asked, a trifle bitterly. "If you have quite finished, Jessie, would you mind rising off that trunk? I want to lock both my big boxes, and then I shall be free to drive over with you to the Hardwicks after tiffin, to say goodbye."

"You'll go by yourself, then," declared the older sister, jumping up. "I won't have anything to do with it, Estelle. I am going to lie down till it is cool enough to take the children out and then the carriage will be driving in the other direction."

"Very well," answered Estelle, calmly, "I suppose I can use your chair?"

"As you please," Mrs. Conway said shortly, and left her.

It was certainly vexatious for Jessie. Estelle was a most reasonable person, so long as she got her own way, and she felt there was a certain excuse for her sister's ill humour. Mrs. Conway had promised herself the pleasure of settling Estelle in just such another comfortable mountain home as her own, and the conduct of that young woman was, in consequence, a severe disappointment to her. Estelle owed as much to herself, as she fastened her boxes, and concluded her preparations. Then taking a book she went out to the verandah and sat down to rest.

The noon-day glare was still over everything. The rays of the sun shone down like shafts of brass on the baked garden at the foot of the porch, and cast a deeper flush on the bright scarlet shoe flowers in the hedge which divided the garden from the rest of the estate. It was too hot to read, and the girl's eyes gazed dreamily out to where the dark glossy green of the tea bushes covered the slopes from foot to summit. Here and there a brown-skinned coolie stepped among the green, or a brilliant patch of red showed where a group of Tamil women and children were plucking the precious leaves. But Estelle noted none

of these things. She was thinking of Mrs. Conway's last remarks. That lady had come nearer the truth than she guessed. Estelle once had a lover, or at least she would soon have had one, if she had not quarrelled with him. And such a childish quarrel too! Estelle blushed to her finger tips, now there was no Jessie to see, when she thought of it. A clever little girl when her older sister married, she had carried off prize after prize at school, and ended by winning a College Scholarship which sent her to Cambridge. There she met Gilbert Haydon, a gifted young scientist, whose attainments already marked him out as a coming man. But, unfortunately, Estelle had been seized with a passion for Vegetarianism just about that time. She forswore meat and looked askance at roast chicken. She even went so far as to draw up a cookery book, entitled, "Bloodless Dinners for Sane Appetites," which, however, she could not find any one to publish, and just at the very most ardent and heroic moment of her enthusiasm, she chanced to hear Haydon deliver a lecture on the results of some experiments made on frogs.

With the air of a man who deserves well of his friends, the young man hurried after Miss Gibson as she reached the door of the lecture-room.

"Well, Miss Gibson," he began; "What did you think of it?"

Estelle turned her blazing eyes on him. "Did *you* kill that frog?" she asked, panting.

"Certainly. Am not I Haydon, the bacteriologist?" he answered, gleefully, with that utter absence of comprehension which belongs to the male sex in general when it comes into collision with the mind feminine.

"And I," answered Estelle, drawing herself up to her full height, "am Estelle Gibson, the upholder of the Rights of Dumb Animals against the Savage Cruelties of Barbarous Man." There was no doubt about it. Every other word was in capitals, and while the amazed scientist still stared at her in blank dismay, she lifted her skirts, uttered a frigid "good evening," and marched off.

Next day she received a note with a

long explanation as to the scientific necessity for the sacrifice of the frog, and the utter painlessness of its demise. The note only increased her indignation, and in fine, an acquaintance, which, up to this point had been the most interesting either the lady or gentleman had ever enjoyed, came to an end. That was two years ago, but it somehow explained satisfactorily to Estelle herself, her lack of appreciation of the attentions of her present admirers.

"Ah, well," she concluded suddenly, sitting up in the long-sleeved chair. "Perhaps I was an idiot, but so was he. One has to stand up for one's principles, and it was his place to give way," from which it may be seen that Estelle had not altogether mastered the science of "Man" in particular, however much she knew about him in general.

After tiffin was over, at which meal Mrs. Conway did not put in an appearance, according to her vow, Estelle ordered the chair, as there was no sign of the carriage. In truth she enjoyed the chair method of travelling, and as the procession wound round the hill side, she amused herself with thoughts of what the sentiments of her small scholars would be if they could see the late Head of the Tunbridge School for the Daughters of Gentlemen, come along in such state, enthroned on the shoulders of four stalwart coolies, while a fifth followed behind as a relief force to lend a hand when required. Bumps were frequent, the bearers being of varying heights, and the road through the estate being frequently across the beds of mountain streams, where stepping-stones were slippery, or through ruts which were streams in all but the name, so that occasionally Estelle was swung high in mid-air, only the next moment to come down with a jolt at some sudden descent of the short man of the party into an unnoticed hole. So long as she did not actually come to the ground she did not mind these adventures, in the ever recurring views of mountain top and magnificent gorge that opened before her delighted eyes, as she progressed over the five miles that divided the Conway's bungalow from that of their nearest neighbour. But when the

cavalcade came within sight of Kuniwelle, she was not sorry to see before her, among the rubber trees which were the latest experiment of its enterprising owner, a broad sun hat and a gay pink costume which she recognised. For the hat and the costume belonged to Mrs. Hardwicke, the one woman in the district who had no children, and could talk in consequence of other things of more interest to a spinster. She and Estelle had come out together six months ago, when the attack of typhoid which had incapacitated the girl for work, and made her glad to have a long rest, caused her to accept her sister's invitation to spend a winter in Ceylon. Mrs. Hardwicke had been having a run home and was very pleased with the idea of chaperoning Estelle back, though that view of the matter was one which existed in her own imagination solely, Estelle, being half a head taller, and a great deal more capable of taking care of both than the lively little lady was of looking after herself.

She greeted Estelle with effusion. "Well," she exclaimed, "Providence is kind for once. I just came out like Sister Ann to see if anybody was coming, and the first person I see is the very person I want."

"And why did you want me?" asked Estelle, as they climbed leisurely to the house, perched high on a knoll, like a crow's nest on the top of a chestnut tree.

"Because, my darling, Jim has been brought back, and I want you to see him. My dear, he has come back a perfect beauty, so sweet, you really can't think."

"Well," answered Estelle, "I'm fond of animals, but I feel doubtful about Jim. However, I've heard so much about him, that I am glad I am to see him before I go."

"Once you have seen him, you won't want to go," cried the enthusiastic Mrs. Hardwicke. "That's why I like you so much; your tastes are so like my own. I can't think now I've got him home again, how I existed a year without him. He's grown so handsome. Charlie says he believes he's dangerous, but *that's* nonsense. Monkeys and cockatoos are all very well, but

G

Lieutenant Jim is the pride of my collection."

"How did you get him back?" enquired Estelle.

"Half-a-dozen box coolies had to go to the Junction yesterday to meet Charlie's cousin. You know I told you we had a cousin coming out to Government this mail, and Charlie sent a cart with them to fetch the darling."

"Which? the cousin or Jim?"

"Gracious! Jim, of course. I don't call our cousin, a darling. He's a frightfully learned man who doesn't even know the use of a back glass," replied Mrs. Hardwicke. "I left one in his room by mistake, last night, and he brought it out in his hand this morning, and asked what it was for."

"You should add him to the menagerie," laughed Estelle; for Mrs. Hardwicke, having no babies to expend her affections on, had set up a sort of small animal's home in her bungalow as a substitute for the nurseries of her neighbours.

"He's not worth it," her friend retorted, drawing aside the sweet-scented rattan mat which screened her sitting-room from the sun, as she motioned her visitor to enter. The room felt delightfully cool, and except for a faint odour which Estelle could not at first account for, was pleasant, after the heat they had left.

Presently, as her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she became aware that the large black object on a rug in a corner, was not, as she had at first thought, a cloak, but a huge and handsome cat.

Involuntarily she stopped, "Why, Elinor," she exclaimed in dismay, "You surely don't keep him loose."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Hardwicke, laughing. "He's as gentle as a lamb. Jim wouldn't hurt a fly. Would you, Jim?" she went on, walking over to the creature, and stroking its dark fur. "I brought him up from a kitten, Estelle, as I told you. Charlie shot his mother in the jungle between here and the river, but the servants neglected him, so while I was home I was obliged to send him to the naturalist in Kandy. He's in splendid condition now. Come and feel his lovely fur."

Estelle approached cautiously, but the beautiful animal showed no hostility, and purred under his mistress's hand as affectionately as an ordinary domestic cat might have done. He was a splendid specimen of the cat-tribe with handsomely marked skin, and a well shaped head, and Estelle, who was a great animal lover, admired him as much as Mrs. Hardwicke desired, though she could not help a certain nervous dread of him. Jim, however, took not the slightest notice of her, and when Mrs. Hardwicke at length tired of petting him he lay down on the rug once more, stretched himself out, and to all appearance resumed his nap.

By-and-bye, Mrs. Harwicke be-thought herself of refreshment for her guest, and rang the bell for the boy. "There," she exclaimed impatiently, "That boy is asleep again. He's always sleeping. Do excuse me one moment, Estelle, for Charlie and his cousin have been out all day examining some new variety of tea blight, and if they come in and tea is not ready—well, you will know then what being married means, when you hear Charlie," concluded the little woman with an expressive wave of her hand, as she hurried away.

Estelle *did* know, for she had heard Charlie more than once. Mrs. Hardwicke's *forte* was not housekeeping, and the skirmishes at their villa were the delight of the district gossips. Her visitor felt the situation was critical, yet she wished Mrs. Hardwicke had paused in her flight long enough to take Jim with her. She glanced at the cat. He had half-opened his eyes, and was regarding her lazily, but there was nothing in his look to make her apprehensive. She gave a sigh of relief, and putting up one hand to her black picture hat, was about to remove the pins, thinking she would be cooler with it off. But the instant she changed her position the jungle cat gave one swift spring across the room, and caught her by the throat.

She had no time to cry out. This was death, and she knew it. "Oh, God, make it short, make it short," she prayed, as the savage beast tore at the silver necklace

which, tightly clasped round her throat, protected her neck for a moment. Escape was impossible, her eyes grew dim, a sea seemed closing over her, as she struggled to beat the animal back. Confusion, darkness and pain, were all she was conscious of, and then a sudden, sharp noise, louder than all the rest—after which, silence.

"Well," a voice was saying, as she slowly woke to consciousness again, "That was a near shave, Haydon, but she's coming to, thank Heaven."

"Thank Heaven, indeed," answered someone else whose voice seemed strangely familiar and pleasant, whose eyes too were looking anxiously into her own, and whose dexterous fingers had already bound up the scratches on her neck. "Miss Gibson, it is all right. You are only slightly wounded, and see, the brute is dead!" She followed with her eyes, the direction of his hand, and saw that the huge jungle cat did indeed lie stretched out stiff and motionless on the floor, just where he had sprung on her. She shuddered, but her glance came back with wonder to the face bending over her. "Did you—did you kill him?" she whispered. A sparkle of fun lit up Gilbert Haydon's eyes, though he was strangely pale.

"Do you know you have asked me the same question before?" he answered lightly. "I am fated apparently always to appear before you as the destroyer of life, but I hope you are not angry *this* time?"

As Hardwicke, now that the danger was over, was engaged in giving his wife an extra special specimen of the language he reserved for domestic use, neither of them noticed how rapidly Estelle recovered her colour during this little speech.

"I give up vegetarianism from this moment," she replied blushing. "You shot him, then?"

"I believe so," Haydon answered modestly. "We were coming up, and we both heard a strange noise in the

room. I'm a lighter runner than Charlie, so I got here first."

"You stop talking rot, old man," cried Hardwicke, catching this remark. "It would have been all up with you, Miss Gibson, if my cousin hadn't been a crack shot. I didn't dare fire, lest I brought you down instead of that confounded beast. I told Elinor she was an idiot not to keep it in a cage."

"A naturalist is sometimes useful," murmured Haydon to Estelle, under cover of the fresh outcries and protestations of Mrs. Hardwicke at her husband's speech. "Though I have not come out here, you know, in that capacity."

It was quite a procession that conveyed Estelle back next day to her brother-in-law's. She lay in state in the Hardwicke bandy (carriage), while Mrs. Hardwicke came behind in the chair, and Haydon rode as general escort of the entire party.

"And you came to Ceylon to work under Government," remarked Mrs. Conway, after the thrilling adventure with the jungle panther had been discussed from every point of view, and Estelle embraced and exclaimed over to her sister's satisfaction. "How very interesting, Mr. Haydon."

"I came for various reasons. I desired to study vegetarianism, among other things," replied the young scientist gravely.

"Oh, among the Buddhists, of course."

"Yes—perhaps," he returned with a slight glance at Estelle, "I understood it was a specially fascinating cult in this island."

"Estelle can tell you. She goes in for fads," replied Mrs. Conway, looking closely at her sister. "Now one of her old friends has come, perhaps she will be induced to stay a little longer with us."

That night the tissue paper came out of the silk gown, and the MS. of the cookery-book slowly rolled itself up in the flame of the cocoa-nut oil lamp in Estelle's bed-room.



THE BRIDAL JOURNEY.

HE called her with a mighty cry:
 "Come forth! I need thee eye to eye;
 Lo, all of mortal life I set
 Aside for thee!" She, hearing, came—
 A virgin soul of purest flame—
 And their eyes met.

From out her house of flesh came she;
 He stood, a spirit grandly free
 From veils and bonds of clay.
 They left their bodies side by side—
 The blessed bridegroom and the bride—
 And soared away.

The starry pathways drew them far
 To zones beyond the furthest star;
 And light outshining suns for them,
 Was granted as a diadem;
 And where no mortal steps have trod,
 They followed the high quest of God.

OLAF PRINCE.



Vice is its own victim, which it immolates continually, until the term of its expiation is attained.



Morality is not the end of life, but rather its beginning.



Science is a substituted providence, and even in this respect it is insufficient for our daily needs, while in the order of real things it has no field of ministry.



GREATER DISILLUSION

BEHOLD, we stand from all deceit apart!
 Nothing misleads us, nothing can betray;
 We have reckoned up all vanities and seek
 True life alone, asking for God through all,
 Having outgrown his sacraments and types
 And yet deferring to their ministry,
 As to the service of green leaves at noon
 And all the votive offerings Nature brings—
 Frankincense, myrrh and gold.

STARR WEST.

A CRYPTIC LITERATURE

By John Cremer



ALL great books from the Bible to "Don Quixote" are, as the scriptural phrase goes, "written within and without;" that is to say, they carry a meaning within them which does not always appear on their surface; and it frequently happens that books which are obviously designed as allegorical, for example "The Pilgrim's Progress," are in reality much less suggestive than those whose interior significance is less consciously designed by their writers. Few people will, however, be aware that there are large literatures still extant, the growth of a number of centuries, which depend wholly for their assumed importance on an inner meaning which differs from their outward sense, the latter in many cases being practically unintelligible by itself. One of these literatures is that which was concerned in the past with the transmutation of metals. The metamorphosis of radium has drawn attention once again to this old dream of alchemy, and it has been very properly pointed out by men of science, in reply to some enquirers, that the phenomenon in question does not give colour to those theories of transmutation which for many past generations enlisted the interest and commanded the convictions of notable persons all over Europe. Setting aside the question of the possibility, whether, that is to say, transmutation has been accomplished by any accident in the past or whether it will be discovered in the future, there is no more

singular literature than that of alchemy and it may well offer, even at the present day, some material for speculation to persons who, without any predisposition towards the so-called secret sciences, and believing most likely that no such sciences exist, are yet not wholly disassociated from an interest in old world curiosities of book-writing.

The secret sciences were presumably perpetuated by reception, as their name implies, in other words, by transmission from one person and generation to another. They suppose therefore custodians, without which such transmission would be impossible. On the face of alchemical literature the notion of this custody is plainly written; possibly it is the only thing which is plain or demonstrable concerning it. It forms part of a very large body of evidence that certain knowledge—whether actual or fanciful does not here signify—was handed down from a somewhat remote past through the period of the Middle Ages. Such knowledge was sometimes concerned with matters of experiment connecting in some way or another with the domain of physics, as, for example, in the case of alchemy; at other times it transmitted old ideas of philosophy; and in yet other cases religious beliefs of antiquity have, under one or other guise, and in any case with many corruptions, been apparently handed down. So far as the West is concerned, the literature of alchemy is in the main a Latin literature, and it rose up in Europe about the 10th century of the present era.

It could scarcely be regarded as new, for it had, setting China aside its Greek and Arabian antecedents, which take the technical subject back some hundreds of years; indeed, into proximity with the beginning of Christianity. But it assumed certain new characteristics when it put on a Latin garb, and we get into closer touch with its methods and have a better knowledge of those concerned in its production. From the tenth century to the end of the seventeenth, and even later, this literature was carried on without any interruption, using the same symbolic style, preferring the same claims, and being then, as it remains still, without any real meaning for the general world. No critical writers have ever taken hold of the gross fact of this literature and succeeded in explaining it on any principle of mere crass imposition, or forgery of the ordinary kind. They have seized upon it at certain periods, and have tried to show that the ignorance and credulity then prevailing created a demand for such books, and that the libraries supplied it then as they would do now if such a commodity were marketable. At the beginning of the seventeenth century there was some truth in this impeachment, and we may accept it sincerely as accounting for many so-called works of alchemy produced then and later. But it does not account for obscure Aramaic treatises which have never seen print, which have been put upon no market, and yet use the same symbolism and seem to repeat the same things. It does not account for the obscure alchemical poems containing the diaries of obscure and sometimes unknown workers which did not enter into daylight till they were brought forth by Ashmole the antiquary. It does not account for four centuries of production, and more even than this, between the period of the Latin Geber and that of Caxton, when there was no printing and no ready method of circulating manuscripts so that profit could be insured to their authors.

The same quality of criticism might point to the wider fact that alchemists, for obvious reasons, were often popular with princes, were honoured guests at

their courts, and this also admittedly explains much fraudulent pretension, yet such persons, well known exceptions set apart, were not the alchemists who created the literature of metallic transmutation. Few literatures have been more independent of patronage. Most of the works in question were either anonymous or passed under names which were obviously not those of their real authors. Where some courtly connection existed it produced the opposite effect to that which such criticism suggests. There is Arnold de Villa Nova, once a respected royal physician, who lost position, home, safety and ultimately life itself because of his devotion to a forbidden art. There is Raymond Lully, the so-called Jewish neophyte, not the *doctor illuminatus* of the *Ars Magna*, but that obscure and indeed concealed master about whom we know only on his own testimony what he suffered at the hands of royal avarice. Passing to later dates, there is here the gentleman from Scotland who was racked and imprisoned, suffering all martyrdom except its crown, because of the knowledge which he refused. Again there is the English adept whose name has never transpired, who describes himself as a wanderer upon the face of the earth, set apart by his secret from all common familiarity with men, and ever occupied in eluding his enemies. Later still there is the so-called Greek Archimandrite who, as if possessed by some missionary fever, travelled from place to place, exhibiting a mysterious gift of which we know only, that he gained nothing by it.

Let us take the palpable fact of this strange literature of the centuries, and assume that the men who wrote these books were members of some secret fraternity, speaking a common language by which at any time and in any place they could communicate with one another: assuming this, the mere existence of the literature becomes comparatively intelligible. We can understand it, that is to say, in a vague and general manner—whether the transmutation of metals was actually the object in view, or whether this ostensible design covered a different purpose, as has

been occasionally suggested. We may not know why the writers had recourse to such devices, whether from motives of propaganda—that there might be ever a witness in the outside world to attract from generation to generation those who might be fitted for the purpose—or for some less accountable reason. We may not know, even upon the last supposition, why the “Ordinal” of Thomas Norton should have remained, as it did, entombed for centuries, yet we do grasp a certain clue by which we can see why there was this continuity of purpose going on age in and age out, ever saying the same thing, yet ever saying it differently, and at the same time revealing nothing that was intelligible to the unversed mind.

When we add to the palpable fact what is known only to those who have penetrated beneath the surface in search of some meaning running through the immense cryptic literature, namely, that, however absurd in its purpose, it proceeds on methodical lines which connect it, symbolism interweaved with symbolism, with other similar literatures, dealing with other alleged sciences, we find ourselves confronted by what is at least a strange literary problem. If we admit, therefore, that it is quite possible, and is, in fact, more easy to account for a long sustained cryptic literature by means of a secret initiation, we must admit what follows therefrom, namely, the existence of secret orders in the Western world, whereby the knowledge, real or illusive, was from time to time imparted. If we read the literature of alchemy we shall find that most of its professors affirm that the art is impossible without an instructor.

The literature of alchemy does not stand alone in its testimony to the existence of a perpetuated knowledge, but it is the most consistent, evident and striking witness. There is much the same conclusion to be drawn from the proper study of old books, and especially of old manuscripts on magic. During the narrow period of its existence this must be also admitted of kabalism, and even astrology is not altogether silent. As to the strength and significance of the testimony there has been great mis-

conception among the critics of all schools indifferently, and, of course, nothing follows from the fact of initiation except the existence of initiation. It is not an apology for the secret sciences to admit that they were studied in secret and so perpetuated to modern times; it simply relieves an existing department of human interest and inquiry from the charge of complete fatuity. In an ordinary subject it would not be needful to insist on such a point, but no person can approach these questions without being misconstrued.

But if we elect to set apart the voice of the literature, we shall find history itself begin to speak, though, as with the books of the adepts, it is at best somewhat vaguely. Age after age, in the old ages of intolerance, before judge and inquisitor all over Europe, went on the great merciless, intolerable, persecution of wizard and sorcerer, and age after age the one patent fact which it did elicit for all that have eyes to see, was, that whether within the body in corporate assembly or without the body, if we prefer to speak in language which approximates to that of the believer, in the collective hallucinations of dream and vision, or what not, assemblies were secretly held in the past by adepts and their pupils, equipped with the most elaborate devices of mask and pantomime. It can serve no purpose to challenge this in the name of criticism. It is wholly natural and even inevitable, that persecuted people should unite in secret; they have done it in all ages of the world. And if we say that these assemblies connected with others of an earlier date and kind, we shall not go beyond the bounds which have been defined, at least tentatively, and with no little show of research and reason, by independent investigators.

About the period of the Renaissance there seems to have been marked activity on the part of these secret fraternities, and again about the period of the French Revolution. There is no need here to discuss in the second case the extent to which the adept became a political conspirator. The history of most esoteric association, for whatever purpose instituted, has from time to time

exhibited this tendency, the political connection becoming stronger and closer as we recede in time till we reach the antique civilisations in which the governing classes had the whole custody of science and power, when the so-called adept was also priest and king.

Let us add that if there be any foundation for the indirect rumours which reach one from time to time, it

would seem to follow that secret association of this kind has continued to the present day, even in England. The fact, if it be a fact, does not, of course, justify the existence of the secret sciences, nor perhaps the recrudescence of interest in such subjects which is a characteristic of to-day, but it certainly lends an additional interest to their historical aspects.



TO A CHILD

WHEN to the hidden altar of Love's rite
Your childish steps in after years shall come,
And, having paid the long-deferréd sum,
You linger there, with all His silver light

About you,—then look back and think of me,
Of all my torture, and my nightly tears,
And how you slew me in those reckless years,
With cruel nearness, and blind subtlety.

Child, for sheer pity you shall hardly dare
To speak my name out to the sun-lit day,
So sad shall then be seen my unloved clay,
So sharp the crown you wove for me to wear.

And never shall you leave my grave unstrewn
Of Eastern flowers, a blood-red rain to weep,
Nor e'er unwatched by silver fires that leap,
Pale, pure, and sad, towards the passionless moon.

PAUL ENGLAND.



It is less idolatrous to worship an image than to speak of the vastness of the Deity.



All our standards notwithstanding, including those of state education, the man who deceives himself is more contemptible in our eyes than the man who deceives others.

OF BREAD AND WINE

BY SAUL S. KELLOW

FROM the first dawn of things thou hast me fed
With many substances of wine and bread,
Beyond those daily charities which bless
All men with manna in the wilderness;
Yea, in that time when I was lifted up
Refreshment from an everlasting cup
To take with spiritual lips, thou didst
My soul sustain, its angel-peers amidst.
Then at thy board I sat, all sane and whole,
Clothed in the proper garment of my soul;
And in the liturgies and rites which make
A rapture in thy presence, I did take
A part allotted, and their call fulfil
With a most clear remembrance of thy will.

But after, for some purpose undeclared,
From thy great temple's service I was spared,
From thy high palace-gates and halls sent down
And precincts fair of thine eternal town—
I know not why, who had not tired of thee
And scarce could falter in thy ministry,
Under thine eyes' light, with such graces lent,
Sufficing, efficacious. But I went,
And since that time, which is all time outside,
Far as my paths might from Thy throne divide,
Deep as the depths might be which I plunged in—
Conduits and cesspools of the house of sin—
In the strange tavern and the stranger bed,
I do remember still Thy wine and bread.

And, having passed into this low estate,
So that I cannot look up to thy gate,
And have, withal, too dim and sad an eye
To see the splendour of thy chancelry,
Where, unto those who serve and those who err,
Justice or love thou dost administer,
I have been long content thy hands to bless
For any manna in the wilderness;
But, though all gifts within thy hands are good,
My soul now turns and loathes this lighter food.

Such froth upon the surface cannot feed
The man whose want demands strong meat and mead.
Wherefore as one who has been called from base
And scullion errands to a page's place,
My need has raised me from the broken meat
And brings me, crying, at thy board to eat;

And, since all bridal garments here I lack,
 I call on thee to give my vestments back,
 Wherein I served in such uplifted state
 Ere I was put forth from Thy palace gate;
 Still through all straits I kept my claim on them
 And the bright shining of my diadem.

Perchance I fell from thee through mine own fault
 Still am I native to Thy temple vault;
 Perhaps, for thine own purpose, thou hast seen
 Fit to abase me from my primal mien;
 But be my guilt in thine eyes less or more
 Matters not now: I pray—Restore, restore!

And having given, as thou needs must give,
 To one who naked can no longer live,
 The proper garments of the soul, I know
 That to thy banquet hall I then may go,
 Saying: High Master! I have fasted long;
 Give me man's meat and wine of vintage strong;
 Whereat, with fitting benison and grace,
 They shall set down true bread before my place,
 And to my lips thy pages shall lift up,
 For deep, free drinking, an eternal cup.

Therefore, by all who hear these high words said,
 In the King's sense be they interpreted.



It is said that we owe everything to nature, but it is not so generally realised that in this respect many of us do what we can to pay off old scores.



The secret of success is to mistake the small things for great, resolutely.



The respectable and well-behaved man has usually something in his atmosphere which recalls a bad style of prose in literature.



Stolidity is like a London fog; enthusiasm is like a buoyant cloud, and sometimes it is tinged with insanity as a cloud is gilded by fire.

THE OFFICIOUSNESS OF LADDIE

By W. H. Koebel



EAR in the back-blocks, on the verandah of a modest homestead, were seated two men. The morning sunshine blazed fiercely downwards, and in it they were bathing—literally bathing—for, beyond a pipe apiece, they were frankly unadorned. On the ground near by, above a blazing log fire, swung a large cauldron filled with water. Dimly visible in the boiling, bubbling liquid, lurked doubtful shapes that might have been garments, or, for the matter of that, a good many other things, so indefinite was their form. In silence, with gloomy, contemplative eyes, the two men gazed upon the cauldron. The darker-complexioned of the pair, rising at length with a weary sigh, strode towards the iron vessel, and commenced vigorously to stir its contents with a stick. The other, upon the verandah, eyed him, the look of impatience deepening upon his face.

"That's enough, surely, Francis," he urged, at length. "Remember, the sooner we get them out, the sooner we shall get them on again."

The other, unmoved, continued his stirring.

"Either do a thing properly, or don't do it at all," he pronounced, dogmatically. "Supposing that, after having gone to this extreme, the whole thing were to prove a failure, just for want of a little patience?"

"Well, how about Laddie, then?" expostulated the first speaker. "If you're so bent on thoroughness, he ought to go in too."

A shaggy-coated dog who had been ceaselessly fanning himself with either hind paw in turn paused for a moment on hearing his name, then resumed his occupation with redoubled zest.

"Laddie is quite capable of taking care of himself," said the one called Francis. "He has four legs."

"Yes, but he can't scratch himself with more than two of them," said the man on the verandah, argumentatively. "He's been trying, and he can't do anything at all with his front paws—I've been watching him."

Then again was silence, broken only by the gurgle of the moving stick in the water.

Bernard Railton and Francis Langworthy were paying a flying visit to a small, isolated station they possessed in addition to their headquarters at Rapuwa. It was seldom that they cast eyes upon the place, insignificant enough as it was to be conveniently managed by a single Scotch shepherd. On this occasion they had found the small homestead untenanted—by humanity, at any rate. Bernard Railton, upon the verandah, gazed mournfully down upon his body. The flesh was covered with angry, red dots, that lay as thickly as the speckles on a trout.

"I wonder what has become of old Macrae," he said, at length.

"He is probably away with the sheep," replied the other. "That is, if he's alive."

"He must have a wonderful hide, if he is," agreed Railton. "I had no idea that this sort of thing was possible to this extent outside a natural history-

book. They're bad enough in most places up-country, but here——!"

He broke off to kick with his bare foot at the dog who had approached to dangerously close quarters.

"You think we had better not spend the night here, then?"

Langworthy, as he spoke, withdrew the stick, gazing musingly at a couple of sodden flannel shirts that clung about it.

"Think?" cried Railton vehemently. "I don't think at all. I would not stay the night here if every individual little fiend were to turn to a sheep for the staying."

"If the sheep possessed the same tendencies as the others," said Langworthy, phlegmatically, "you would be wise."

The flannel shirts sank back with a flop into the water once more. Railton threw an uneasy glance about him that embraced the surrounding country.

"I wish to goodness you would hang all those things out to dry!" he urged. "The water has been boiling for an age. Besides, when you consider that every single rag of clothing we possess here is in that beastly pot, possible contingencies are unpleasant to contemplate. Suppose we had an urgent message to return to the run?"

"Or to the moon!" exclaimed Langworthy derisively.

"Or to the moon, if you like," retorted his companion. "It would be equally hard to get to either place as we are. Even the Maoris in their most primitive stage wore flax mats, so we have not even precedent to go upon."

"Plenty of flax bushes here now," grunted Langworthy, pointing to where the plants raised their clumps of long leaves.

"Flax, flax everywhere, and not a mat to wear!" misquoted Railton. "No, they're no good to us in their present state; they're as crude as we are. Pull out something from the pot, there's a good fellow. Anything so long as it represents clothes."

Langworthy, relenting, fished out from the water two pairs of riding breeches that lay limp and shapeless, across the stick. Railton with a sigh of

relief had stretched forth his hand to take one of the dripping garments, casting his eye about him the while in search of a convenient branch on which to hang them, when, as he looked, he gave a sudden start. The wet cloth had fallen to the ground; he stood, stiffened, gazing intently.

"Francis!" he grasped. "Francis! Look!"

He pointed with a tense arm towards where the track wound, cut in the side of the hill. Langworthy, following with his eyes the direction indicated, grew rigid of face.

"Good Heavens!" he groaned, as the garment he held slipped, in turn, neglected to the dust.

Advancing upon the track were three riders. The gaze of the two men was strained agonizedly upon the figures. They were but a short half-mile distant, clearly defined in the brilliant sunshine. Then, as they looked, the horror in their eyes deepened. There could be no doubt about it—of the trio, two were the wearers of skirts.

"There—I told you so!" wailed Railton, in passionate reproach.

"You did nothing of the kind," snapped Langworthy viciously. "You made some silly remarks, but you never mentioned ladies."

"Why *should* I have mentioned ladies any more than anything else?" expostulated Railton excitedly. "I suppose you'll say it's my fault they're here, next."

"Look here!" said Langworthy, in hopeless tones. "There's no use in having a row. Something must be done, and that at once."

"How about going inside?" suggested the other, pointing towards the door of the building.

"Not a bit of use," replied Langworthy, deep lines upon his brow. "There's not a key to the blessed door, and you can look right through the wretched shanty with half an eye."

"Well, can't we get a blanket—a table-cloth—anything," jerked out Railton rapidly, dancing with feverish impatience from one foot to the other.

The gloom grew yet deeper upon Langworthy's face.

"Nothing — nothing at all," he moaned. "All—everything is in there." He pointed to the all-containing pot.

Railton was hopping to and fro with greater rapidity than ever.

"What a fool you are, Langworthy! what an unutterable, idiotic fool!" he declaimed.

The other, outraged in dignity, drew himself up to his full height. His lips had already opened to speak, when Railton darted to the side of the bonfire furthest from the track.

"Don't stand there like a stuck statue!" he urged savagely. "You're too classical by half. Come behind here! Quick!"

Langworthy's dignity vanished. The next moment he was crouching cramped by Railton's side.

"This is getting beyond a joke," he muttered. The day was warm as ever, but the teeth of both had begun to chatter.

"Yes, and we don't know how much further it's going yet," replied the other in the same tones. Both peered with straining eyes through the rising smoke. Then, at the same moment they broke into a cry.

"Leila, with her father and Miss Burroughs!" exclaimed Railton.

"Mabel—and Forwood—and Miss Forwood!" ground out Langworthy between set teeth.

The mode of naming the advancing party by either told its tale plainly enough. The unfortunate couple gazed at each other in even greater anguish of mind than before. Then Langworthy's foot, incautiously advanced, came into direct contact with a fragment of the burning wood.

"After this—I shall sin," he said, as he sat down to nurse the injured member. "I don't mind now—not a bit. No punishment of the hereafter could be worse than this, either bodily or mentally."

Railton took not the slightest notice of his companion's sufferings. His eyes had been eagerly scanning the nearest surroundings. Of a sudden they brightened.

"The flax-bushes! Of course! Why, we can hide in them easily."

Without awaiting a reply from the other, he made towards the nearest clump at a crouching run. Langworthy followed, limping. For a moment or two they darted wildly to and fro, hopping agonizedly as their feet struck the sharper stones, each in search of a bush most suitable for the purpose. Then, within the twinkling of an eye, they had disappeared simultaneously. There was a spasmodic waving of the long leaves in a couple of the clumps, but nothing more. Laddie, who had followed the scurrying figures with tail on high and with mouth already opened for a series of rollicking barks, sat down suddenly, disappointment and dismayed wonder large in his eyes. Then slowly, cautiously, from the centre of two bushes some twenty yards distant from each other, rose two heads. From the manner in which they appeared, they might have been gigantic blossoms—abnormal growths of the ambitious plants themselves. Once again they sank down. All that was visible was the immediate landscape—and Laddie. Now the predominant trait in Laddie was that of sociability; the existing situation, therefore, was irksome to his nature. After the briefest pause for meditation, he walked resolutely to the nearest inhabited bush, sniffing at the leaves with growing interest and volume of sound. Again from out the long, green leaves, appeared the abnormal blossom.

"Laddie!" it hissed, in the fiercest of stage whispers. "Get out of this, you wretched cur! *Will* you get out—or I'll—"

But Laddie waited to hear no more. With increasing diffidence he approached the other clump. Here his experience was almost identical with his previous one. A similar blossom burst forth, breaking into language almost identical, but rather more savage, for the thud of approaching hoof beats already sounded in the air. Dejected and lonely, the dog seated himself midway between the two inhospitable flax bushes. With ears and tail hanging loose and spiritless he was thinking canine thoughts, ruminating bitterly on the uncertain nature of mankind, when the rapid approach of

three riders came as a welcome break to his meditations. Passing the flax bushes, they made directly towards the verandah of the small homestead. Laddie, cheered by the sight, followed officiously in their wake. The three were well known to him. Two were ladies, young and of manifest charm, the third was an elderly man.

As the party reined in their horses the latter gave vent to a sonorous "Coo-ee." They waited for a response, but in vain. The mocking echo alone gave back to them the rising inflection of the final "ee." Again and again the man called—with no better result.

"It *was* to-day that they were to be at this outlandish spot, was it not?" asked one of the girls, a note of uneasiness in her voice.

"Yes, to-day. And I am certain that this is the place, too," replied the man as he dismounted from his horse. He disappeared within the modest erection, but returned almost immediately.

"No one there," he said, laconically; then "coo-ee" once more with even greater energy than before. A shade of dejection had come upon the faces of both girls.

"What a pity we did not let them know that we were coming!" exclaimed the one who had not yet spoken.

It might have been the rustle of the air through the long leaves, but certain it is that a low, sighing sound rose from the direction of the flax bushes.

"But *somebody* must be here," pronounced the man, with conviction. "Look at that fire. Some of the logs can only just have been thrown upon it. The thing is utterly mysterious."

"I am afraid it looks very much as though our expedition will prove a fiasco," said the girl who had first spoken, in disappointed tones.

For a time they waited, downcast and in silence. All the while Laddie had been regarding the visitors intently. His faithful little heart was disturbed within him, for it was evident that here was something amiss—some vague wrong that, if it were to be righted, must be taken in hand at once. His path of duty lay clear before him; he determined to act. Approaching the

man, he emitted two or three sharp barks.

"Why, it's Railton's dog!" exclaimed the man, gazing down upon him. "Then they *must* be here."

Laddie, pleased at the successful inception of his plan, barked joyously again. Then, turning his back upon the party, he commenced to walk towards the flax bushes, gazing round at the others from time to time. But, such is the intellectual density of mankind, the man stirred not. Laddie, returning once more, repeated his actions with greater emphasis than before. It was left for woman's sharper wit to interpret them correctly.

"Don't you see, Father?" cried one of the girls, "He wants you to follow him. What can be the meaning of it I wonder?"

"I hope there has not been an accident," exclaimed the other girl. "Dogs do these sort of things at such times, do they not?"

Then, the doubt in their hearts written clearly upon their faces, they followed in the dog's footsteps. Laddie was delighted. His tail, moved by joy, wagged until his body itself swayed in sympathy with the appendage. With unfaltering footsteps he led the way. Nearer and nearer the little procession approached to the flax-bushes. In the centre of two of the largest clumps the leaves commenced to quiver. Then, as the party drew quite close, the quiver grew to a convulsive shaking that drew a rustle from the long leaves. The moment for Laddie's carefully planned dénouement had arrived. With a glad-some bark he dashed into the nearest clump. Those who followed halted in wonder. The next moment there was a sound of a blow from within the verdure, a squeal of pain, and Laddie reappeared in haste, crestfallen and manifestly suffering. Three times he circled about the dumbfounded trio, squeaking shrilly—from mental rather than bodily pain, probably. The girls, one on either side, drew nearer to the man, lively alarm mingling with the surprise upon their countenances.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the elderly man. "This is all most

amazing." He made a stride towards the mysterious bush, when he was clutched on either side by eager feminine hands.

"Papa—how could you think of such a thing?"

"You must not go, Mr. Forwood! You must not, indeed!"

The voices of both were tense with supplication.

"Goodness only knows *what* may be inside there!"

"How *can* you be so selfish, papa? Supposing something should happen to you. It would be too dreadful. Imagine us—all alone!"

Of a sudden, the plant gave forth a more ominous rustle than before. The clutch of the ladies grew tighter as they heard the sound.

"There! I told you so! Papa, *will* you come away?"

"Why not ride away—quietly—just as if nothing had happened?" implored the other girl.

The man wriggled impatiently.

"Really, this is too absurd. Why should we do anything so silly? What *can* be in there? And if there is nothing in there, why should I not see what it is?"

His own argumentative powers appeared to have become somewhat befogged under the stress of the moment. Meanwhile, Laddie, his interest in the scene renewed, had ceased his gyrations, forgotten his woes. His was a buoyant nature with a recuperative power that would have made his fortune or landed him in gaol had he been human. With ears sharply cocked, he watched the progress of the argument, then, as if new light had suddenly dawned upon him, he turned, trotting rapidly to where the pot hung over the fire.

The man, still a captive in the grasp of the girls, had grown querulous.

"Leila—Miss Burroughs!" he exclaimed, with as much dignity as his position would allow him to muster. "Please control yourselves. You must allow me—you must *really* allow me to be the best judge as to whether that harmless flax bush contains anything or not. I say it does not, and I am entirely determined to see——"

His dogmatic utterances were suddenly broken into by a couple of treble screams.

"Oh! Did you see it? *Did* you? Horrible!" wailed his daughter.

"A head! A hideous head! I saw it plainly. Oh, *why* do we stay here?" moaned Miss Burroughs, in the extremity of her distress.

The man's patience had come to an end. After a short struggle, he freed himself from the detaining hands.

"I am going to see for myself. This is too childish," he said firmly. He advanced towards the bush. The situation had grown critical. Behind him were the two girls, with anguished faces and hands still outstretched; before him the bush whose leaves rustled crescendo. Six paces had he taken; another half dozen would bring him to the centre of the mystery, when there was a quick, light patter of feet, and Laddie, supporting in his mouth a garment, the greater part of which trailed in the dust, dashed up at top speed. Having deposited his burden upon the ground at Mr. Forward's feet, he seated himself by its side, gazing with sparkling eyes from it to the man's face. Though sodden and covered with a thick layer of grey dust, there could be no doubt that the thing upon the earth represented riding breeches. In the midst of a dead silence the three visitors gazed downwards. Then Laddie, true to his dramatic instinct, careered off once more ere the thrill of the moment had cooled, reappearing with a second pair of breeches as pathetic in their condition as the first. As the three scrutinised them, emotions, other than they had before experienced, commenced to show plainly upon their faces. It was a proud moment for Laddie. If he could not speak, he had at least demonstrated that a tongue is sometimes unnecessary. Even the breeches beside him had grown eloquent, thanks to his manipulation of them. Once again, with tail on high, he led the way to the flax bushes whence he had met with his rebuff. It was at this moment that the crowning disappointment came to him. For they did not follow. Aghast with dismay, he turned, to see the man, an ill-sup-

pressed grin upon his face, in the act of mounting his horse. The faces of the two girls were of a deeper pink than before, yet there was a sparkle of something not unlike laughter in their eyes. Then all three had turned their horses, they had started off at a smart canter, and the distance between them and Laddie grew even greater. Laddie watched the forms with moody indignation until they had disappeared from sight. Then he yawned in hopeless disgust. But, ere his yawn had ended, the two heads bobbed up once more from out of the midst of the flax bushes. And the expression on the rising faces was such that Laddie thought it wise to make hastily from the spot.

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A few hours later Railton and Langworthy were seated once more upon the verandah, clothed, but whether they were yet in their right minds, Laddie was doubtful. Two horses stood hitched to a post near by, saddled in readiness for a journey, while nearer yet lay Laddie himself, feigning peaceful sleep. Yet scarcely a moment passed but that one or the other of his eyelids did not flicker sufficiently to allow a transient glimpse of a very bright eye that always held for its objective the pair upon the verandah. Earlier in the day he had had the misfortune to be chased by two nude, angry men, who had flung both threats and any object they could lay their hands on after his retreating figure. This had been the reward of his thoughtfulness, he reflected, bitterly. The storm had blown over now, he thought. But he was not sure, and, his being a

prudent nature, he dozed with a sentinel eye on guard. As a matter of fact, the two upon the verandah were too engrossed in the finish of what had been a heated argument to pay any attention whatever to him.

"You say that the head the girls saw—the horrible, hideous head—was not yours," Railton was saying with scornful emphasis: "Now, as I happen to *know* that it was not mine, the only possible explanation of the matter is, that there was a *third* man somewhere in the flax bushes."

"And the idiot bobbed up his head," agreed Langworthy vindictively.

"Precisely," said Railton.

There was a long pause. Both men rose, walked to where their horses stood, and mounting, made their way along the track.

"It's no use mincing matters," broke out Railton at length. "How will this affect our—our prospects?"

Langworthy preserved his reflective attitude. It was evident that this subject had been uppermost in his own mind.

"If they are the girls I take them to be," he pronounced slowly. "They will realise from this that the domestic instinct is strong within us, and that we are eminently fitted for the state of matrimony. Perhaps—who knows?—the sight of those wet riding breeches as they trailed in the dust, may cause them to take pity on our lonely condition."

"If that should turn out to be the case," said Railton, "We have wronged Laddie."

"We shall see when the time comes," replied Langworthy.

And when the time came they found that Laddie had been wronged, indeed.



A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

II.

ALL day long a fierce and heavy heat had brooded over the city, and as Darnell neared home he saw the mist lying on all the damp lowlands, wreathed in coils about Bedford Park to the south, and mounting to the west, so that the tower of Acton Church loomed out of a grey lake. The grass in the squares and on the lawns which he overlooked as the 'bus lumbered wearily along, was burnt to the colour of dust. Shepherd's Bush Green was a wretched desert, trampled brown, bordered with monotonous poplars, whose leaves hung motionless in air that was still, hot smoke. The foot passengers struggled wearily along the pavements, and the reek of the summer's end mingled with the breath of the brickfields made Darnell gasp, as if he were inhaling the poison of some foul sick-room.

He made but a slight inroad into the cold mutton that adorned the tea-table, and confessed that he felt rather "done up" by the weather and the day's work.

"I have had a trying day, too," said Mary. "Alice has been very queer and troublesome all day, and I have had to speak to her quite seriously. You know I think her Sunday evenings out have a rather unsettling influence on the girl. But what is one to do?"

"Has she got a young man?"

"Of course: a grocer's assistant from the Goldhawk Road—Wilkin's, you know. I tried them when we settled here, but they were not very satisfactory."

"What do they do with themselves

all the evening? They have from five to ten, haven't they?"

"Yes; five, or sometimes half-past, when the water won't boil. Well, I believe they go for walks usually. Once or twice he has taken her to the City Temple, and the Sunday before last they walked up and down Oxford Street, and then sat in the Park. But it seems that last Sunday they went to tea with his mother at Putney. I should like to tell the old woman what I really think of her."

"Why? What happened? Was she nasty to the girl?"

"No; that's just it. Before this, she has been very unpleasant on several occasions. When the young man first took Alice to see her—that was in March—the girl came away crying; she told me so herself. Indeed, she said she never wanted to see old Mrs. Murry again; and I told Alice that, if she had not exaggerated things, I could hardly blame her for feeling like that."

"Why? What did she cry for?"

"Well, it seems that the old lady—she lives in quite a small cottage in some Putney back street—was so stately that she would hardly speak. She had borrowed a little girl from some neighbour's family, and had managed to dress her up to imitate a servant, and Alice said nothing could be sillier than to see that mite opening the door, with her black dress and her white cap and apron, and she hardly able to turn the handle, as Alice said. George (that's the young man's name) had told Alice that it was a little bit of a house; but he said the kitchen was comfortable, though very plain and old-fashioned. But, instead of going straight to the back, and sitting by a big fire on the old settle that they had brought up from the country, that

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child asked for their names (did you ever hear such nonsense?) and shewed them into a little pokey parlour, where old Mrs. Murry was sitting 'like a duchess,' by a fire-place full of coloured paper, and the room as cold as ice. And she was so grand that she would hardly speak to Alice."

"That must have been very unpleasant."

"Oh, the poor girl had a dreadful time. She began with: 'Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Dill. I know so very few persons in service.' Alice imitates her mincing way of talking, but I can't do it. And then she went on to talk about her family, how they had farmed their own land for five hundred years—such stuff! George had told Alice all about it: they had had an old cottage with a good strip of garden and two fields somewhere in Essex, and that old woman talked almost as if they had been country gentry, and boasted about the Rector, Doctor Somebody, coming to see them so often, and of Squire Somebody Else always looking them up, as if they didn't visit them out of kindness. Alice told me it was as much as she could do to keep from laughing in Mrs. Murry's face, her young man having told her all about the place, and how small it was, and how the Squire had been so kind about buying it when old Murry died and George was a little boy, and his mother not able to keep things going. However, that silly old woman 'laid it on thick,' as you say, and the young man got more and more uncomfortable, especially when she went on to speak about marrying in one's own class, and how unhappy she had known young men to be who had married beneath them, giving some very pointed looks at Alice as she talked. And then such an amusing thing happened: Alice had noticed George looking about him in a puzzled sort of way, as if he couldn't make out something or other, and at last he burst out and asked his mother if she had been buying up the neighbours' ornaments, as he remembered the two green cut-glass vases on the mantelpiece at Mrs. Ellis's, and the wax flowers at Miss Turvey's. He was going on, but his mother scowled at him, and upset

some books, which he had to pick up, but Alice quite understood she had been borrowing things from her neighbours, just as she had borrowed the little girl, so as to look grander. And then they had tea—water bewitched, Alice calls it—and very thin bread and butter, and rubbishy foreign pastry from the Swiss shop in the High Street—all sour froth and rancid fat, Alice declares. And then Mrs. Murry began boasting again about her family, and snubbing Alice and talking at her, till the girl came away quite furious, and very unhappy, too. I don't wonder at it, do you?"

"It doesn't sound very enjoyable, certainly," said Darnell, looking dreamily at his wife. He had not been attending very carefully to the subject-matter of her story, but he loved to hear a voice that was incantation in his ears, tones that summoned before him the vision of a magic world.

"And has the young man's mother always been like this?" he said, after a long pause, desiring that the music should continue.

"Always, till quite lately, till last Sunday in fact. Of course Alice spoke to George Murry at once, and said, like a sensible girl, that she didn't think it ever answered for a married couple to live with the man's mother, 'especially,' she went on, 'as I can see your mother hasn't taken much of a fancy to me.' He told her, in the usual style, it was only his mother's way, that she didn't really mean anything, and so on, but Alice kept away for a long time, and rather hinted, I think, that it might come to having to choose between her and his mother. And so affairs went on all through the spring and summer, and then, just before the August Bank Holiday, George spoke to Alice again about it, and told her how sorry the thought of any unpleasantness made him, and how he wanted his mother and her to get on with each other, and how she was only a bit old-fashioned and queer in her ways, and had spoken very nicely to him about her when there was nobody by. So the long and the short of it was that Alice said she might come with them on the Monday, when they had settled to go to Hampton Court—the

girl was always talking about Hampton Court, and wanting to see it. You remember what a beautiful day it was, don't you?"

"Let me see," said Dalton, dreamily. "Oh yes, of course—I sat out under the mulberry tree all day, and we had our meals there: it was quite a pic-nic. The caterpillars were a nuisance, but I enjoyed the day very much." His ears were charmed, ravished with the grave, supernal melody, as of antique song, rather of the first made world in which all speech was descant, and all words were sacraments of might, speaking not to the mind but to the soul. He lay back in his chair, and said:

"Well, what happened to them?"

"My dear, would you believe it; but that wretched old woman behaved worse than ever. They met as had been arranged, at Kew Bridge, and got places, with a good deal of difficulty, in one of those char-a-banc things, and Alice thought she was going to enjoy herself tremendously. Nothing of the kind. They had hardly said 'good morning,' when old Mrs. Murry began to talk about Kew Gardens, and how beautiful it must be there, and how much more convenient it was than Hampton, and no expense at all; just the trouble of walking over the bridge. Then she went on to say, as they were waiting for the char-a-banc, that she had always heard there was nothing to see at Hampton, except a lot of nasty, grimy old pictures, and some of them not fit for any decent woman, let alone girl, to look at, and she wondered why the Queen allowed such things to be shown, putting all kinds of notions into girls' heads that were light enough already; and as she said that she looked at Alice so nastily—horrid old thing—that, as she told me afterwards, Alice would have slapped her face if she hadn't been an elderly woman, and George's mother. Then she talked about Kew again, saying how wonderful the hot-houses were, with palms and all sorts of wonderful things, and a lily as big as a parlour table, and the view over the river. George was very good, Alice told me. He was quite taken aback, at first, as the old woman had promised

faithfully to be as nice as ever she could be; but then he said, gently but firmly, 'Well, mother, we must go to Kew some other day, as Alice has set her heart on Hampton for to-day, and I want to see it myself!' All Mrs. Murry did was to snort, and look at the girl like vinegar, and just then the *char-a-banc* came up, and they had to scramble for their seats. Mrs. Murry grumbled to herself in an indistinct sort of voice all the way to Hampton Court. Alice couldn't very well make out what she said, but now and then she seemed to hear bits of sentences, like: *Pity to grow old; if sons grow bold; and Honour thy father and mother; and lie on the shelf said the housewife to the old shoe; and the wicked son to his mother; and I gave you milk and you give me the go-bye.* Alice thought they must be proverbs (except the Commandment, of course), as George was always saying how old-fashioned his mother is, but she says there were so many of them and all pointed at her and George that she thinks now Mrs. Murry must have made them up as they drove along. She says it would be just like her to do it, being old-fashioned, and ill-natured too, and fuller of talk than a butcher on Saturday night. Well, they got to Hampton at last, and Alice thought the place would please her, perhaps, and they might have some enjoyment. But she did nothing but grumble, and out loud too, so that people looked at them, and a woman said, so that they could hear, 'Ah, well, they'll be old themselves some day,' which made Alice very angry, for as she said they weren't doing anything. When they showed her the chestnut avenue in Bushey Park, she said it was so long and straight that it made her quite dull to look at it, and she thought the deer (you know how pretty they are, really), looked thin and miserable, as if they would be all the better for a good feed of hog-wash, with plenty of meal in it. She said she knew they weren't happy by the look in their eyes, which seemed to tell her that their keepers beat them. It was the same with everything; she said she remembered market-gardens in Hammersmith and Gunnersbury that had a better show of flowers, and when they took

her to the place where the water is, under the trees, she burst out with its being rather hard to tramp her off her legs to show her a common canal, with not so much as a barge on it, to liven it up a bit. She went on like that the whole day, and Alice told me she was only too thankful to get home and get rid of her. Wasn't it wretched for the girl?"

"It must have been, indeed. But what happened last Sunday?"

"That's the most extraordinary thing of all. I noticed that Alice was rather queer in her manner this morning; she was a longer time washing up the breakfast things, and she answered me quite sharply when I called to her to ask when she would be ready to help me with the wash; and when I went into the kitchen to see about something, I noticed that she was going about her work in a sulky sort of way. So I asked her what was the matter, and then it all came out. I could scarcely believe my own ears when she mumbled out something about Mrs. Murry thinking she could do very much better for herself; but I asked her one question after another till I had it all out of her. It just shows one how foolish and empty-headed these girls are. I told her she was no better than a weather-cock. If you will believe me, that horrid old woman was quite another person when Alice went to see her the other night. Why, I can't think, but so she was. She told the girl how pretty she was; what a neat figure she had; how well she walked, and how she'd known many a girl not half so clever or well-looking earning her twenty-five or thirty pounds a year, and with good families. She seems to have gone into all sorts of details, and made elaborate calculations as to what she would be able to save, 'with decent folks, who don't screw and pinch, and lock up everything in the house,' and then she went off into a lot of hypocritical nonsense about how fond she was of Alice, and how she could go to her grave in peace, knowing how happy her dear George would be with such a good wife, and about her savings from good wages helping to set up a little home, ending up with 'and,

if you take an old woman's advice, deary, it won't be long before you hear the marriage bells.'"

"I see," said Darnell; "and the upshot of it all is, I suppose, that the girl is thoroughly dissatisfied?"

"Yes, she is so young and silly. I talked to her, and reminded her of how nasty old Mrs. Murry had been, and told her that she might change her place and change for the worse. I think I have persuaded her to think it over quietly, at all events. Do you know what it is, Edward? I have an idea. I believe that wicked old woman is trying to get Alice to leave us, that she may tell her son how changeable she is; and I suppose she would make up some of her stupid old proverbs: 'A changeable wife, a troublesome life,' or some nonsense of the kind. Horrid old thing!"

"Well, well," said Darnell, "I hope she won't go, for your sake. It would be such a bother for you, hunting for a fresh servant."

He refilled his pipe and smoked placidly, refreshed somewhat after the emptiness and the burden of the day. The French window was wide open, and now at last there came a breath of quickening air, distilled by the night from such trees as still wore green in that arid valley. The song to which Darnell had listened in rapture, and now the breeze, which even in that dry, grim suburb, still bore the word of the woodland, had summoned the dream to his eyes, and he meditated over matters that his lips could not express.

"She must, indeed, be a villainous old woman," he said, at length.

"Old Mrs. Murry? Of course she is; the mischievous old thing! Trying to take the girl from a comfortable place where she is happy."

"Yes; and not to like Hampton Court! That shows how bad she must be, more than anything."

"It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"I shall never forget the first time I saw it. It was soon after I went into the City; the first year. I had my holidays in July, and I was getting such a small salary that I couldn't think of going away to the seaside, or anything

like that. I remember one of the other men wanted me to come with him on a walking tour in Kent. I should have liked that, but the money wouldn't run to it. And do you know what I did? I lived in Great College Street, then, and the first day I was off, I stayed in bed till past dinner time, and lounged about in an armchair with a pipe all the afternoon. I had got a new kind of tobacco—one and four for the two-ounce packet—much dearer than I could afford to smoke, and I was enjoying it immensely. It was awfully hot, and when I shut the window and drew down the red blind it got hotter; at five o'clock the room was like an oven. But I was so pleased at not having to go into the City, that I didn't mind anything, and now and again I read bits from a queer old book that had belonged to my poor dad. I couldn't make out what a lot of it meant, but it fitted in somehow, and I read and smoked till tea-time. Then I went out for a walk, thinking I should be better for a little fresh air before I went to bed; and I went wandering away, not much noticing where I was going, turning here and there as the fancy took me. I must have gone miles and miles, and a good many of them round and round, as they say they do in Australia if they lose their way in the Bush; and I am sure I couldn't have gone exactly the same way all over again for any money. Anyhow, I was still in the streets when the twilight came on, and the lamplighters were trotting round from one lamp to another. It was a wonderful night: I wish you had been there, my dear."

"I was quite a little girl then."

"Yes, I suppose you were. Well, it was a wonderful night. I remember, I was walking in a little street of little grey houses all alike, with stucco copings and stucco door-posts; there were brass plates on a lot of the doors, and one had 'Maker of Shell Boxes' on it, and I was quite pleased, as I had often wondered where those boxes and things that you buy at the seaside came from. A few children were playing about in the road with some rubbish or other, and men were singing in a small public-house at the corner, and I happened to look up, and I noticed what a wonderful colour the

sky had turned. I have seen it since, but I don't think it has ever been quite what it was that night, a dark blue, glowing like a violet, just as they say the sky looks in foreign countries. I don't know why, but the sky or something made me feel quite queer; everything seemed changed in a way I couldn't understand. I remember, I told an old gentleman I knew then—a friend of my poor father's, he's been dead for five years, if not more—about how I felt, and he looked at me and said something about fairyland; I don't know what he meant, and I dare say I didn't explain myself properly. But, do you know, for a moment or two, I felt as if that little back street was beautiful, and the noise of the children and the men in the public house seemed to fit in with the sky and become part of it. You know that old saying about 'treading on air' when one is glad! Well, I really felt like that as I walked, not exactly like air, you know, but as if the pavement was velvet or some very soft carpet. And then—I suppose it was all my fancy—the air seemed to smell sweet, like the incense in Catholic churches, and my breath came queer and catchy, as it does when one gets very excited about anything. I felt altogether stranger than I've ever felt before or since."

Darnell stopped suddenly, and looked up at his wife. She was watching him with parted lips, with eager, wondering eyes.

"I hope I'm not tiring you, dear, with all this story about nothing. You have had a worrying day with that stupid girl; hadn't you better go to bed?"

"Oh, no, please Edward. I'm not a bit tired now. I love to hear you talk like that. Please go on."

"Well, after I had walked a bit further, that queer sort of feeling seemed to fade away. I said a bit further, and I really thought I had been walking about five minutes, but I had looked at my watch just before I got into that little street, and when I looked at it again it was eleven o'clock. I must have done about eight miles. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and I

thought my watch must have gone mad; but I found out afterwards it was perfectly right. I couldn't make it out, and I can't now; I assure you the time passed as if I walked up one side of Edna Road and down the other. But there I was, right in the open country, with a cool wind blowing on me from a wood, and the air full of soft rustling sounds, and notes of birds from the bushes, and the singing noise of a little brook that ran under the road. I was standing on the bridge when I took out my watch and struck a wax light to see the time; and it came upon me suddenly what a strange evening it had been. It was all so different, you see, to what I had been doing all my life, particularly for the year before, and it almost seemed as if I couldn't be the man who had been going into the city every day in the morning and coming back from it every evening after writing a lot of uninteresting letters. It was like being pitched all of a sudden from one world into another. Well, I found my way back somehow or other, and as I went along I made up my mind how I'd spend my holiday. I said to myself: 'I'll have a walking tour as well as Ferrars, only mine is to be a tour of London and its environs,' and I had got it all settled when I let myself into the house about four o'clock in the morning, and the sun was shining, and the street almost as still as the wood at midnight!"

"I think that was a capital idea of yours. Did you have your tour? Did you buy a map of London?"

"I had the tour all right. I didn't buy a map; that would have spoilt it, somehow; to see everything plotted out, and named, and measured. What I wanted was to feel that I was going where nobody had been before. That's nonsense, isn't it; as if there could be any such places in London, or England either, for the matter of that."

"I know what you mean; you wanted to feel as if you were going on a sort of voyage of discovery. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly, that's what I was trying to tell you. Besides, I didn't want to buy a map. I made a map."

"How do you mean? Did you make a map out of your head?"

"I'll tell you about it afterwards. But do you really want to hear about my grand tour?"

"Of course I do; it must have been delightful. I call it a most original idea."

"Well, I was quite full of it, and what you said just now about a voyage of discovery reminds me of how I felt then. When I was a boy I was awfully fond of reading of great travellers—I suppose all boys are—and of sailors who were driven out of their course and found themselves in latitudes where no ship had ever sailed before, and of people who discovered wonderful cities in strange countries; and all the second day of my holidays, I was feeling just as I used to when I read these books. I didn't get up till pretty late. I was tired to death after all those miles I had walked; but when I had finished my breakfast and filled my pipe, I had a grand time of it. It was such nonsense, you know; as if there could be anything strange or wonderful in London."

"Why shouldn't there be?"

"Well, I don't know; but I have thought afterwards what a silly lad I must have been. Anyhow, I had a great day of it, planning what I would do, half making-believe—just like a kid—that I didn't know where I might find myself, or what might happen to me. And I was enormously pleased to think it was all my secret, that nobody else knew anything about it, and that, whatever I might see, I would keep to myself. I had always felt like that about the books. Of course, I loved reading them, but it seemed to me that, if I had been a discoverer, I would have kept my discoveries a secret. If I had been Columbus, and, if it could possibly have been managed, I would have found America all by myself, and never have said a word about it to anybody. Fancy! how beautiful it would be to be walking about in one's own town, and talking to people, and all the while to have the thought that one knew of a great world beyond the seas, that nobody else dreamed of. I should have loved that!"

"And that is exactly what I felt about the tour I was going to make. I made up my mind that nobody should know;

and so, from that day to this, nobody has heard a word of it."

"But you are going to tell me?"

"You are different. But I don't think even you will hear everything; not because I won't, but because I can't tell many of the things I saw."

"'Things you saw?' Then you really did see wonderful, strange things in London?"

"Well, I did and I didn't. Everything, or pretty nearly everything, that I saw is standing still, and hundreds of thousands of people have looked at the same sights—there were many places that the fellows in the office knew quite well, I found out afterwards. And then I read a book called 'London and Its Surroundings.' But (I don't know how it is) neither the men at the office or the writers of the book seem to have seen the things that I did. That's why I stopped reading the book; it seemed to take the life, the real heart, out of everything, making it as dry and stupid as the stuffed birds in a museum."

"I thought about what I was going to do all that day, and went to bed early, so as to be fresh. I knew wonderfully little about London, really; though, except for an odd week now and then, I had spent all my life in town. Of course I knew the main streets—the Strand, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and so on—and I knew the way to the school I used to go to when I was a boy, and the way into the City. But I had just kept to a few tracks, as they say the sheep do in the mountains; and that made it all the easier for me to imagine that I was going to discover a new world."

Darnell paused in the stream of his talk. He looked keenly at his wife to see if he were wearying her, but her eyes gazed at him with unabated interest—one would have almost said that they were the eyes of one who longed and half expected to be initiated into the mysteries, who knew not what great wonder was to be revealed. She sat with her back to the open window, framed in the sweet dusk of the night, as if a painter had made a curtain of heavy velvet behind her; and the work that she had been doing had fallen to the floor. She supported her head with her two hands

placed on each side of her brow, and her eyes were as the wells in the wood of which Darnell dreamed in the night-time and in the day.

"And all the strange tales I had ever heard were in my head that morning," he went on, as if continuing the thoughts that had filled his mind, while his lips were silent. "I had gone to bed early, as I told you, to get a thorough rest, and I had set my alarm clock to wake me at three, so that I might set out at an hour that was quite strange for the beginning of a journey. There was a hush in the world when I awoke, before the clock had rung to arouse me, and then a bird began to sing and twitter in the elm tree that grew in the next garden, and I looked out of the window and everything was still, and the morning air breathed in pure and sweet, as I had never known it before. My room was at the back of the house, and most of the gardens had trees in them, and beyond these trees I could see the backs of the houses of the next street rising like the wall of an old city; and as I looked the sun rose, and the great light came in at my window, and the day began."

"And I found that when I was once out of the streets just about me that I knew, some of the queer feeling that had come to me two days before came back again. It was not nearly so strong, the streets no longer smelt of incense, but still there was enough of it to show me what a strange world I passed by. There were things that one may see again and again in many London streets; a vine or a fig-tree on a wall, a lark singing in a cage, a curious shrub blossoming in a garden, an odd shape of a roof, or a balcony with an uncommon looking trellis work in iron. There's scarcely a street, perhaps, where you won't see one or other of such things as these; but that morning they rose to my eyes in a new light, as if I had on the magic spectacles in the fairy tale, and just like the man in the fairy tale, I went on and on in the new light. I remember going through wild land on a high place; there were pools of water shining in the sun, and great, white houses in the middle of dark, rocking pines, and then on the turn of

the height, I came to a little lane that went aside from the main road, a lane that led to a wood, and in the lane was a little, old shadowed house, with a bell turret in the roof, and a porch of trellis work all dim and faded into the colour of the sea; and in the garden there were growing tall, white lilies, just as we saw them that day we went to look at the old pictures; they were shining like silver, and they filled the air with their sweet scent. It was from near that house I saw the valley and high places far away in the sun. So, as I say, I went 'on and on,' by woods and fields, till I came to a little town on the top of a hill, a town full of old houses bowing to the ground beneath their years, and the morning was so still that the blue smoke rose up straight into the sky from all the roof-tops, so still that I heard far down in the valley the song of a boy who was singing an old song through the streets as he went to school, and as I passed through the awakening town, beneath the old, grave houses, the church bells began to ring.

"It was soon after I had left this town behind me that I found the Strange Road. I saw it branching off from the dusty high-road, and it looked so green that I turned aside into it, and soon I felt as if I had really come into a new country. I don't know whether it was one of the roads the old Romans made that my father used to tell me about; but it was covered with deep soft turf, and the great tall hedges on each side looked as if they had not been touched for a hundred years; they had grown so broad and high and wild that they met overhead, and I could only get glimpses here and there of the country through which I was passing, as one passes in a dream. The Strange Road led me on and on, up and down hill; sometimes the rose-bushes had grown so thick that I could scarcely make my way between them, and sometimes the road broadened out into a green, and in one valley a brook, spanned by an old wooden bridge, ran across it. I was tired, and I found a soft and shady place beneath an ash tree where I must have slept for many hours, for when I woke up it was late in the afternoon.

So I went on again, and at last the green road came out into the highway, and I looked up and saw another town on a high place with a great church in the middle of it, and when I went up to it there was a great organ sounding from within, and the choir was singing."

There was a rapture in Darnell's voice as he spoke, that made his story well-nigh swell into a song, and he drew a long breath as the words ended, filled with the thought of that far off summer day, when some enchantment had informed all common things, transmuting them into a great sacrament, causing earthly works to glow with the fire and the glory of the everlasting light.

And some splendour of that light shone on the face of Mary as she sat still against the sweet gloom of the night, her dark hair making her face more radiant. She was silent for a little while and then she spoke:

"Oh, my dear, why have you waited so long to tell me these wonderful things? I think it is beautiful. Please go on."

"I have always been afraid it was all nonsense," said Darnell. "And I don't know how to explain what I feel. I didn't think I could say so much as I have to-night."

"And did you find it the same day after day?"

"All through the tour? Yes, I think every journey was a success. Of course, I didn't go so far afield every day; I was too tired. Often I rested all day long, and went out in the evening, after the lamps were lit, and then only for a mile or two. I would roam about old, dim squares, and hear the wind from the hills whispering in the trees; and when I knew I was within call of some great glittering street, I was sunk in the silence of ways where I was almost the only passenger, and the lamps were so few and faint that they seemed to give out shadows instead of light. And I would walk slowly, to and fro, perhaps for an hour at a time, in such dark streets, and all the time I felt what I told you about its being my secret—that the shadow, and the dim lights, and the cool of the evening, and trees that were like dark low clouds were all mine,

and mine alone, that I was living in a world that nobody else knew of, into which no one could enter.

"I remember one night I had gone further. It was somewhere in the far west, where there are orchards and gardens, and great broad lawns that slope down to trees by the river. A great red moon rose that night through mists of sunset, and thin, filmy clouds, and I wandered by a road that passed through the orchards, till I came to a little hill, with the moon showing above it glowing like a great rose. Then I saw figures pass between me and the moon, one by one, in a long line, each bent double, with great packs upon their shoulders. One of them was singing, and then in the middle of the song I heard a horrible shrill laugh, in the thin cracked voice of a very old woman, and they disappeared into the shadow of the trees. I suppose they were people going to work, or coming from work in the gardens; but how like it was to a nightmare!

"I can't tell you about Hampton; I should never finish talking. I was there one evening, not long before they closed the gates, and there were very few people about. But the grey-red, silent, echoing courts, and the flowers falling into dream-land as the night came on, and the dark yews and shadowy-looking statues, and the far, still stretches of water beneath the avenues; and all melting into a blue mist, all being hidden from one's eyes, slowly, surely, as if veils were dropped, one by one, on a great ceremony! Oh! my dear, what could it mean? Far away, across the river, I heard a soft bell ring three times, and three times, and again three times, and I turned away and my eyes were full of tears.

"I didn't know what it was when I came to it; I only found out afterwards that it must have been Hampton Court. One of the men in the office told me he had taken an A.B.C. girl there, and they had great fun. They got into the maze and couldn't get out again, and then they went on the river, and were nearly drowned. He told me there were some spicy pictures in the galleries; his girl shrieked with laughter, so he said."

Mary quite disregarded this interlude.

"But you told me you had made a map. What was it like?"

"I'll show it you some day, if you want to see it. I marked down all the places I had gone to, and made signs—things like queer letters—to remind me of what I had seen. Nobody but myself could understand it. I wanted to draw pictures, but I never learnt how to draw, so when I tried nothing was like what I wanted it to be. I tried to draw a picture of that town on the hill that I came to on the evening of the first day; I wanted to make a steep hill with houses on top, and in the middle, but high above them, the great church, all spires and pinnacles, and above it, in the air, a cup with rays coming from it. But it wasn't a success. I made a very strange sign for Hampton Court, and gave it a name that I made up out of my head."

The Darnells avoided one another's eyes as they sat at breakfast the next morning. The air had lightened in the night, for rain had fallen at dawn; and there was a bright blue sky, with vast white clouds rolling across it from the south-west, and a fresh and joyous wind blew in at the open window; the mists had vanished. And with the mists there seemed to have vanished also the sense of strange things that had possessed Mary and her husband the night before, and as they looked out into the clear light they could scarcely believe that the one had spoken and the other had listened a few hours before to histories very far removed from the usual current of their thoughts and of their lives. They glanced shyly at one another, and spoke of common things, of the question whether Alice would be corrupted by the insidious Mrs. Murry, or whether Mrs. Darnell would be able to persuade the girl that the old woman must be actuated by the worst motives.

"And I think, if I were you," said Darnell, as he went out, "I should step over to the stores and complain of their meat. That last piece of beef was very far from being up to the mark—full of sinew."

HAUNTINGS

FROM life's first dawn till now, when life's new stress
 Drives all things swifter into consciousness,
 Earth has been full of those strange secret things
 Which we touch sometimess in our quickenings;
 When in the veils which commonly divide
 From that we vaguely term the further side,
 Rent or thin place makes possible to see
 That which encompasses so pressingly.
 There is no man, however steeped in sense,
 But can recall some such experience,
 When dusk or dark or daylight dimly gave
 Suggestions which are deeper than the grave,
 And soul in body for a moment felt
 Contact with souls that in no flesh have dwelt.
 And then we know there is a houseless host
 Of incomplete humanities, of ghost
 And spectral people, who, from dregs and lees
 And depths of stagnant and unconscious seas
 Exhaled, their evolution's course begin,
 But, though remote, are still our kith and kin,
 And in the process of the ages may
 Reach, as we reached, our larger share of day.
 You cannot draw your window blinds at night
 And not shut thousands from your chamber's light;
 You cannot fling your windows wide at morn
 But thousands enter, on the sunbeams borne:
 Sad is their lot, midst all their crowds alone,
 To none responding and by all unknown;
 And yet the pity in the human heart
 For all life's travail, of which theirs is part,
 By solidarity of all things here,
 Helps these poor souls, so far and yet so near;
 Just as our kindness to the dear, dumb beasts
 First hallows us, making us Nature's priests,
 Then helps their prisoned yearning to assuage,
 And lastly leads them in their pilgrimage.
 Ah! pity, tenderness, and love—these three
 And the Great God above—and these are He!

E. PHILIP GLEN.



Most proverbs have their antitheses, and most doctrines, like Janus, have two faces—one for the ordinary believer, and one for those who know; or, at least, console themselves by thinking so.

THE AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON

By E. C. Buley

"Australian artists in London" is a frequent cable heading; Australian artists in Australia—of these we hear less. For in Australia there is nothing for them,—not even the seven shillings a day of the "unemployed."

"*The New Nation.*"



THE hero of the middle class novel of the nineteenth century would not infrequently — somewhere about the end of the fifth chapter—realise the scanty remnants of his patrimony, arm himself to the teeth, say good-bye to the girl he loved, and sail away to Australia in search of fortune. In the penultimate chapter of the book he would return, bronzed and bearded, and glowing with satisfaction in the possession of a handsome competence due to his own exertions as a gold-digger or a sheep-farmer. And all would be well. In Australia there is an opinion that this kind of fiction is easier written than read, a verdict due, no doubt, to the many opportunities afforded for observing such heroes actually engaged in working out their destiny. Having regard to this circumstance, and to the fact that some hypercritical Australians have even scoffed at the presentation of familiar phases of Australian life, as pictured in New Grub Street, it is not a little surprising that "Our Colonial Library" has overlooked the possibilities of a new kind of hero, constructed with an eye to Australian requirements.

It is a harmless amusement of my own to imagine myself writing a novel intended for the Australian market. I choose for my hero a youth of artistic temperament, born and reared in the uncongenial surroundings of an Australian capital city; or better still, of a dull and dusty bush township. Then, by a stroke of the pen, I transfer him to London, where his canvases of hitherto unrecognised merit, or his inspired

dramas and poems, speedily win for him fame and fortune. At other times I incline to a heroine, whose face expresses character rather than beauty, and who has a magnificent voice. Notes of pure gold fall from her lips upon the ears of unresponsive Australian audiences, until at last she meets a wise musician, with a hunched back and liquid eyes, who recommends her to go to London and study. She acts upon his advice and studies hard, eventually making a first appearance which takes musical London by storm. Audiences shower flowers and diamonds upon her, dukes and earls compete for her presence at their "At Homes," and she sings by command before Royalty itself. In the last chapter, behold her re-visiting her native land, where public receptions are arranged in her honour, and special trains set aside for her exclusive use, while her old associates struggle madly for back seats at her crowded concerts!

Such a novel would be easy to write, and should command a ready sale, since it represents the dream of every aspiring youth who ever contributed an apt sketch to the "*Bulletin*," and of every Australian girl who ever shouted a waltz-tune ballad into the ears of her appreciative friends. Good Australians are said to go to London when they die, but Australians of the artistic variety are not content to wait until they have put off the flesh. Painters, singers, writers, actors—and, I believe, stock-brokers—who have achieved success in the Antipodes, seem to gravitate naturally to a sphere which affords them a wider field for the exercise of their talents. On the other hand, those who fail to find appreciation in the land of their birth display even a greater readiness to leave it, believing, with the writer of the sentence at the head of this

article, that genius is apt to remain unrecognised and unrewarded in a community so frankly commercial as that of Australia.

The reasons that impel them to this migration are sound enough. Even those who would be content with the limited career at present afforded to followers of the artistic professions in Australia must admit that to remain contentedly at home is to take the longest road to success. This fact has been emphasised by the recent Australian tours of such singers as Madame Melba and Miss Ada Crossley, who, before leaving Australia, only shared with others the appreciation accorded to a number of public favourites. On returning with the *cachet* of London approval they were regarded in quite another light, and were received with such enthusiasm and honours as are seldom bestowed upon singers. These triumphal re-entries of old favourites, as well as the frequent visits of bands of British artists, leave little choice to the home-staying musicians. To keep abreast with the times, they too must strive for a "London success."

Australian painters make precisely the same complaint. The wealthy Australian commissions a British artist to paint his portrait, or, at best, some Australian who has studied in Paris and afterwards settled down in London. Australia annually spends thousands of pounds upon pictures for her public galleries, but an absurdly minute dribble goes in purchase of locally painted canvases. The Australian painter must be content with the small crumbs and scanty appreciation that fall to his lot, or he must make the best of his way to London.

The Australian-published book is still a comparative rarity, so that London offers even stronger inducements to the author and the illustrator. The absence of a representative Australian monthly magazine has been made the subject of frequent comment, but all attempts in that direction seem doomed to failure, in spite of the fact that Australia imports periodicals to the value of £150,000 each year. The Australian dailies and weeklies may purchase for

a trifling sum the Australian serial rights of a work by some well-known novelist, and publish it concurrently with its appearance in one of the British or American monthlies. In the circumstances the publications that encourage the local writer are rare. The *Bulletin* is the best known instance, and has conclusively proved that Australia is anything but lacking in writers and illustrators of originality and ability. But even the *Bulletin* has limitations of space which conduce to the writing of a story in a paragraph, and a novel in a two-thousand word story. Consequently, the Australian author writes with his eyes turned towards London, and must eventually choose between the alternatives of approaching London editors and publishers through an agent, and making a personal attempt to place his work before the reading public. In the end, with his fine hope and energy, and his marvellous misconceptions of what is in store for him, he usually comes to London.

Readers of "The Wrecker" will remember how the engaging Jim Pinkerton retired from the ticket-scalping business with much credit and profit, and looking around him asked, "What does America need most?" The answer readily occurred to him; America's most urgent need was "Culture." He therefore set out for Paris, determined to acquire as much of that commodity as his funds would run to, fully intending that America should be the gainer in the end. But the chances of the cramped genius of young Australia returning homewards may be estimated precisely in the inverse ratio of the chances of success in London. For Australia, the movement has consequently its serious aspect, since London claims and holds the brightest and most energetic of these pilgrims, who, when they have once spread their wings in the more congenial mental atmosphere that London affords, leave Australian art and society the poorer for their defection.

The musical prodigy descends upon London less modestly than any other of the kind, and has, perhaps, to endure greater disappointments. Many of these aspirants are young ladies, for whose

musical education funds have been provided by the arrangement of a series of concerts, at which they themselves have performed. Praise has been bestowed upon them without any great discrimination, and they too often arrive in London without the faintest idea of the task before them. In a few months, or years at the best, they must acquire the knowledge and art which has been the object of the life training of hundreds among their competitors. Their very ignorance of this fact is a handicap at the outset, and it is a remarkable proof of the energy, courage and natural endowments of some of these Australian ladies to find them occupying such high positions in the world of music. Many of the others probably return to Australia greatly benefited by their studies and their wider experience. And here I would gladly abandon this aspect of the subject under consideration.

It is necessary, however, in view of the many who are still striving in Australia for the chance of a London success, to prosecute the topic a little further, in the hope that disappointment and humiliation may be saved to some. The many competitions organised by the Australian Native Association, at which prizes and praise are awarded to the possessors of good singing voices, serve to encourage Australian girls to dream of musical careers. Further encouragement is supplied by the frequent publication in the daily papers of London cablegrams to the effect that "Madame Bombala, the Australian contralto, made a successful London *debut* at the Gluckstein Hall yesterday. The debutante, who was thrice encored, is receiving very favourable press notices." In Australia that cable spells success: in London it may only mean that a hundred or two of Madame Bombala's friends and acquaintances, having bought tickets for her concert, have been graciously pleased to applaud very heartily. The dozens of Australian girls whose ambition is fired by thoughts of Madame Melba and Covent Garden Opera House, never hear of the after struggles of Madame Bombala, and her gratitude for small engagements at pro-

vincial concert halls. If the hope of a London success were less encouraged, and more stress laid upon the value of European training, there would not be so much to urge against the continual discovery of fresh musical prodigies in Australia, so many of whom are at present doomed to the most cruel disappointment.

Music and acting are, however, cosmopolitan arts, and their Australian exponents in London are fairly certain to be judged upon their own merits. The Australian writer must also become cosmopolitan, if he wishes to live by his pen. The demand for Australian articles correct in fact or detail, or Australian stories true in local colour, is very limited. While he lasted, De Rougemont was the most successful of Australian writers in London. "There is no Australian literature," said the editor of a London review to an Australian writer who offered him an article upon that topic. This is a hard saying, but it is substantially true in London. The unknown Australian verse writer or story writer may find it difficult to get his work into print in Australia; in London it is nearly impossible. The writer with an Australian reputation will at first find it easier to obtain publication in London than in Australia, but for the present he must look to Australia for appreciation of his work. *Academy and Literature*, in its review of Colonial literature in 1903, completely ignored the one book of distinctive Australian excellence published in London during that year. I refer, of course, to "True Eyes and the Whirlwind."

That London is languishing for distinctive Australian literature, is not the only misconception of the newly-arrived writer. In time he learns that he must live, like others, by the opportune paragraph and the seasonable article. He is longer in shaking off the idea that it is an advantage in London to be an Australian. On this point I am allowed to refer to the unpublished proceedings of the Mecca Club, to which institution (with its motto "We are unable to take the inhabitants of these Islands seriously") I am indebted for much valuable information. The club found it necessary to appoint a committee of inquiry into

the curious and pathetic belief, cherished by most newly-arrived Australians, that the title "Australian" carries with it a passport in London, whether to the hearts of editors or concert managers, or to the sympathies of the general public. As a result of protracted investigations, it was decided that ground for this belief must at one time have existed, since the title had been frequently assumed by persons who had no just claim to it; among others, a female trapezist is indicated. The only evidence pointing to a survival of this former Australian prestige was supplied by a gentleman who testified that, while staying in the country, he was asked to take part in a cricket match, on the ground that every Australian must necessarily possess some skill in that pastime.

When the newly arrived Australian presents his letter of introduction to the London editor, he usually hears some courteous reference to the well-known ability of Australians, and perhaps some phrase about the "loyalty of the Colonies." He is also told that should anything occur, "I will write and let you know." At the time it does not occur to him that these are what Walt Whitman calls "bat-eyed formulas," and that the editor is really reflecting that a newly arrived Australian can have but little knowledge of the requirements and exigencies of journalistic London. And yet this consideration is the editor's first duty. In time, the Australian becomes tired of being called a "Colonial," weary of hearing the stereotyped "I will write and let you know," and more than doubtful of the value of letters of introduction. Mr. Henry Lawson, as a result of his own London experience, advised Australians to take no letters of introduction at all. It is true that in London they have not the same immediate value they possess in any of the Colonies, but the Australian who does not try to make too much use of his introductions at first, finds them of the greatest value as he begins to make his way. It is then, perhaps, that his newly made friends are able to be of assistance to him, and it is then that they show themselves pleased at the opportunity.

By the time the Australian has learned that, if he succeeds, it will be rather in spite of his being an Australian than because of it, he will probably have settled the little matter of his impressions of London. That he should write them is unavoidable, but, for his own sake, it is undesirable that he should publish them. His readiness to record his opinions about London after an experience of six weeks is only excelled by his scorn of the British globe trotter who, after a visit to each of the Australian capitals and a number of excursions inland, makes a book of Australia. When "London through Australian eyes," has been refused by half-a-dozen London editors in turn, it not infrequently finds its way across the world to some paper where its writer is known, and "has a pull." There it is made welcome, and in time turns up again in London in cold print, with headlines that are sure to catch the eye of some vigilant London sub-editor. The result is a paragraph on the following lines:—"From the pages of the *Thigmagee Herald* (Australia), it appears that London at present shelters Mr. George Gumsucker, locally known as 'the Bard of Bananaland.' Mr. Gumsucker describes London as 'dirty,' and declares that Australia has nothing to learn from the motherland. He further complains that there is no salt in the butter." The Australian is not long in realising that his outspoken criticisms evoke nothing save pity in English minds, but he is longer in understanding that he is vaguely remembered in a number of newspaper offices as an ass who called London dirty. He might have attracted some attention by cursing the North Pole, or speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, but not to like London is merely to be a fool, and an uninteresting fool at that.

There comes a time in the Australian's London career when he experiences, perhaps for the first time in his life, a feeling of utter dismay. Good work, that he could readily have sold in Australia, comes back to him with monotonous regularity. He visits newspaper offices—more like banks than the newspaper offices he knows—and learns to

loathe the business *clichés* that are fired at him so persistently. He studies his suburb, and is appalled at the dingy regularity of its long streets of terrace houses, and the sordid poverty that seems to fill his eye at every turn. The grey, weeping skies are imminent above his very head; slush or fog beget in him thoughts of suicide. He reflects that clear air and bright sunshine are things desirable above all others. Then it is time for the Australian to pack up, or to "buck up."

Because Australian pluck is not merely the pluck of ignorance, he usually chooses the latter alternative. It is well for him at this juncture if he sets himself at some work—however distasteful—that is obviously marketable. Let him salve his conscience by reflecting that if he begins by doing what is wanted, he may end by doing what he wants personally to do. Let him turn to anything that will bring him into closer touch with his surroundings and (I suppose it is rank treason to write it!) help him to forget that there is such a place as Australia.

"I remembered you as some kind of a foreigner," once said a London editor to whom I ventured to recall myself. In a moment he had apologised for the word, but remembering that I had been aggressively Australian in his presence, I do not charge it against him. Indeed, there is no necessity for the Australian to be a foreigner in London, unless he should deliberately choose. The great

city, with all the charm and romance that is so carelessly hidden beneath its grime, is part of his inalienable birth-right. He may even vote, if he is clever enough to discover which of the political parties is least abhorrent to a mind that regards Parliamentary representation as a means, and not an end. There will certainly come a day when, striding through Hyde Park and filled with a sense of joyous revelry in the shy morning sunlight, he will reflect that here at last is the London of his dreams. Surveying the panorama of Piccadilly from his 'bus-top on that morning in May, he will admit that the old enchantress has claimed yet another worshipper.

"The sun's on the pavement,
The current comes and goes;
And the grey streets of London,
They blossom like the rose."

The conclusion of the matter is simple enough. Successful Australians in London are no longer Australians; they become Anglo-Australians first, and then good Londoners. The Australian who cherishes any ambition of adding to the literature and art of Australia, will either remain there or will return after a very brief experience of London life. But the Australian who adopts writing or painting as a calling, to be prosecuted with an eye to the work most readily to hand, will probably find his way to London, and stay there. It must be so, for many years to come.



The Materialist believes what he sees; the Spiritualist sees what he believes. In either case, the truth is pretty certain to be overlooked.



To detest a woman thoroughly, it is necessary to have loved her.

THE POETS' PARADOX

THEY gathered them out of the blinding mist,
They rescued them out of the snows ;
Turquoise, and pearl, and amethyst,
Violet, lily and rose.

Out of the sunshine they fashioned them all,
While summer was flowering yet ;
Sorrow and weariness, trestle and pall,
Darkness, and fear, and regret.

F.



The secret of life is incommunicableness, and it is for this reason that the great things always remain to be achieved.



Piety sometimes approaches the contemptible, but devotion is of the truly great.



On the whole it is better to be ruled by law than by mercy, just as most people would prefer to suffer than be patronised.



DE PROFUNDIS.

Though oft I have fallen by the way, mother mine,
Yet I have not turned my face aside from thee ;
And father, loving father, in the world that is thine
Thy great white light of glory I have looked to see.
Take me then, for I am weary, I beseech thee,
And I do not dread the gulfs or wastes between,
Lift me upward, being merciful, to reach thee,
If I cannot cross the seas that intervene.



If the great ends were really beyond us, we should not be able to conceive them, however dimly, and we conceive them in proportion as we pursue them.



There is a sense in which it is literally true that a man who has once entered upon the path of real progress cannot turn back. He may drop out of action for a time, and he may turn aside in the way, but the desire is always with him, and in the end will carry him along.

CUPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

BY MALCOLM WAYBROOKE

FIRST there was chaos, out of brooding bred—
Silent, inseparate, dispirited—
And yet with shapeless semblances impressed—
Like one who drinks alone beside the dead,
Breast over breast!

Who dipping deeply in a vintage rare,
Sees it is his own body lying there,
And, in confusion, hurrying without,
Calls boon companions in his watch to share,
From ways about.

So chaos moved, distracted in the night,
Conceiving horror of its depth and height,
Saw self in self reflect with deadly fear;
Till that which cried above : Let there be Light!
Made light appear.

Then all great forces strove that light to reach—
As travellers at an inn the cups of each—
And Tohu held with Bohu orgie high,
From which creation, full of silver speech,
Sprang bye and bye.

Then did the morning stars together sing,
As feasting princes who their glasses ring,
And the great Bacchic chorus swelled above;
Joy's shout was lifted upon rapture's wing,
As wine lifts love.

And still creation holds that joy divine,
As the uplifted cup holds blood-red wine,
And still the Cosmos, like a Mœnad dance,
From age to age, with eyes that brighter shine,
Spins into trance.

We are but copies of the cosmic plan,
From earth's quintessence shaped to make us man,
And that which Nature sketches in first place
We strive to follow through our little span,
Trace and retrace.

Like chaos once, we dwelt, old friend, alone,
And drank with cold hearts foreign to our own,
Or, in our solitude, perchance with none;
But to true life were dead as any stone
Or corpse 'neath sun.

C

But now through purple hours of Bacchic night
 We pass our cups, and in the depth and height
 Do each in each reflect with love, not fear;
 And when the heart within us cries for light
 Great lights appear.

We, like the morning stars, together sing,
 What time in unison our glasses ring,
 With cosmic minds matured in vintage fine,
 Exalting ever upon rapture's wing
 Æonian wine.

And as creation, on some purpose bent,
 Moves grandly forward, filled with high content,
 We also, moving down the road of years,
 Note from each tavern where the night is spent
 How dawn appears.

O world, created in a vintage song,
 We know thy goal is good, though ways be long!
 Strange cups pass too among the stars at night—
 The ecstasy is great, the wine is strong,
 The dawn is bright!



It is sad, indeed, to think that all will so soon be over, when so much remains to be done. And we were, many of us, so near doing it.



Life is a romance of the spirit, but existence is a dream of the soul.



Birth into natural life is an entrance upon holy ground.



There is a great gulf upon either side of life, and we spend our days in avoiding it, but perhaps, after all, it is the immeasurable gulf of mercy.



No one has ever been born into this world who has not desired to escape from it, and this is sufficient proof that we do not belong to it in reality.

THE OPERA GLASS

By C. Morel



HE tranquil sea lay pale and silver-grey. A light morning mist floated above the water. The sky was already turning blue, and the victorious sun transformed the milky colour of the mist to soft, shimmering opal. Long white streaks of foam melted against the shore. The air was soft and still. One heard the murmuring beat of the waves against the quay.

The promenade was still almost devoid of people. An old, hunchbacked woman set up her stall; near her moved another woman, with black, curling fringe and bronze-yellow skin, of the kind whom the caprice of fate often wafts from southern shores to northern seaport towns. She looked indifferently at the market-woman, as the latter unpacked her oranges and carob out of her baskets. A coal-cart rattled by, followed by a troop of workmen. Girls, slightly shivering and gaping, proceeded to their businesses, tripping along the path. Then there came a lady, leading a child by the hand.

The port widened away to the left. Here masts and funnels rose ghostlike out of the mist. The lady, who wandered up and down the quay with her little daughter, noticed how the outlines became more and more distinct, how one could now distinguish the red and white stripes round the short black funnels of the steamers, and the bundles of tow upon the mainyards of the sailing ships.

A great schooner detached itself from the mass of other vessels and moved out, making its way slowly and carefully in the narrow water-roads of the port, towards the open sea. And now a gleaming apparition, as of shining

silver, it moved proudly and silently into space.

"Look! look!—is Uncle Fritz out there?" exclaimed the child, pointing gleefully with her little finger at the tall masts on which the inflated sails gleamed like snow in the azure clearness.

"Be quiet," whispered the young woman, blushing and glancing round to see if anyone had overheard the little one's exclamation. She took the opera glass out of its case which hung by a strap round her shoulders, and with trembling fingers held it to her eyes, anxiously watching the retreating vessel. As yet she could recognise nothing. She arranged the screws to suit her sight.

Some of the crew moved about the deck of the schooner, others leaned against the rails, gazing backwards towards the shore.

The child jumped impatiently around her mother: "I can't see anyone," she cried. "Nobody—what a pity! It is already such a long way off, the naughty ship!"

"I see him," whispered the young woman. "I have found him! He is standing at the helm, as he told us. Near him a sailor is turning the wheel. He is holding a telescope in his hand—he is looking for us, Katie!"

She hastily drew out her white batiste handkerchief and waved it in the air. He was looking through his glass—of course, he could see her as she stood there at the extreme edge of the quay, slender and smart in her grey mantle and little hat—a figure at once maidenly and womanly, her little girl waving goodbye with her tiny hands.

Again she held the glass to her eyes,

the dear precious glass, which made it possible for her to see him once again, clearly and distinctly—his powerful form, at the same time so elegant, that she had thought when saying goodbye that he looked more fit for an embassy than for the post of first mate on a sailing vessel.

His bonny brown face with the rogueish eyes—Oh! if he would only lower the glass for a moment—she might then see them! But their faithful glance was reflected in her soul.

He was so fond of her child, had known how to amuse her in such a charming manner, had been so kind to her. That had given her confidence from the first. He was not like all the others, who had striven to woo the young widow with flattery and adulation. He had been a friend to her, and like a father to the little one. Every afternoon, about tea-time, he had appeared in her quiet little drawing-room, to chat with her and Katie. And how charmingly he had complained to her that she was teaching him to be homesick in the future.

Ah, to dare to love, to hope once again! It is very sweet when one is still so young. To begin again once more—to love! How his last look had flown from the mouth of the child to her own, how his last kiss upon her hand had burnt!

Tears dimmed the glasses. She could see nothing more.

"And when I return in a year's time!"—

The woman with the wild fringe of hair, and the bronze-yellow skin, who had been standing by the stall-keeper, now slowly approached the young woman. She also had been gazing with her black eyes out to sea; and now she stared at the opera glass with a longing glance.

"Madame," she said, in a voice that compelled itself to modesty, "Madame, if you would kindly allow me." Loud sobbing burst from her throat. "If I might look through the glass only once."

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the young mother, turning to the other in astonishment, and with some shyness, observing at the same time the bright

scanty shawl across the swelling bosom, and the rag of black lace over her black curls. How her lips trembled and sucked in the tears, and then suddenly parted in a delighted voluptuous smile!

She had found him. He it was who had sat, evening after evening, in the little public-house, where sailors smoked, played, and got their poor meals; he who was surely a gentleman, as anyone could see; whom she admired because he never got drunk, never rioted or quarrelled and had to be turned out like the other guests; he who helped her to do her accounts and arrange her housekeeping with all a man's cleverness, and yet with the candour of a child; whom she worshipped as a mother and sweet-heart in one, with the doglike devotion of a slave; he, for whom she had sacrificed her poor savings, in order to keep beside her the greedy young mouth by feeding it with thick eel soup and good wine; he who, in spite of his fine coat, could love so hotly, so madly.

Ah! he had told her to come here for the last farewell greeting, and what if she had been compelled to stand blind and obedient and gaze merely at the distant vessel? With a passionate gesture she pressed the opera-glass to her bosom and kissed it. Smiling sadly, the lady at her side said: "Let us offer the glass to the girl over there: someone dear to her is surely also sailing away!"

She had just arrived, breathless from running, red of face, dragging the heavy market basket, and her blue eyes wandered desperately over the water, towards the bark that was sailing farther and farther away. She held her hand above her brows, then pressed her two little red fists to her face and wept.

"Did you also want to see your sweet-heart once again?" called out the young lady to her. "Wait, I will arrange the glass for you!" But in reality she wanted to look through it herself first. The servant, with the white cap upon her smooth fair hair, curtsied shyly, and was dumb. Then she cried aloud in childish joy.

There he was, leaning against the helm, as if close before her, just as he had waited for her morning after morn-

ing at the corner of the street; he whose merry brightness had turned her head; he who had never treated her roughly like the others but gently and tenderly as a brother, until bereft of will she had surrendered to him the young blossom of her beauty. In a year's time, when he came back again, she was to be his little wife! Credulous, she smiled at the distance, at the hopes which floated out yonder—further and ever further!

The opera-glass wandered to and fro among the women; and the man at the helm of the schooner looked back at the shore, and at the three figures standing

so peacefully beside each other. How obediently they had followed his wish—and he smiled. His honest brown eyes were dimmed with emotion. He brushed a tear away with his finger. He had been very fond of all three of them, each in her own way. And then he turned away and went about his work.

A distant white blur, a tender dream-picture, and the ship disappeared on the horizon. The women exchanged greetings, and when they met again did not recognise each other.

The opera-glass had betrayed nothing.



We are proverbially a nation of shopkeepers, and the spirit of Stiggins is our predominate variety of the spirit of this world, in which the graces have not anything.



THE POWER AND THE GLORY

WELL for those whose duty assumes the guise of beauty,
 And well for those whose mission puts on the veils of grace;
 For whom the wings they rise on are those Love also flies on,
 Whom strongly God leads onward by light of fairest face:
 To whom nine choirs of angels at dawn derive evangels
 And words of peace at vesper time through channels such as THOU;
 With glory on the lowly from holy place and holy
 Of altar white, at noon or night—one radiant vestal brow.

S. R.



We are all spirits in prison, waiting for the Deliverer to descend and preach to us.



In the order of perfect love the sense of time is absence, and presence is the sense of eternity.

OF FAITH AND VISION

THE light of life, the light which dwells in life,
 With perfect, free and undivided love,
 We twain have loved forever ; have abode
 In any conscious gloom of heart or mind
 Unwillingly ; have ever into day,
 With strife and clamour of aspiration sprung ;
 And when we found true sunlight we were blest.
 We have not scorned the simpler gifts of faith,
 Yet sought in knowledge and the soul's clear sight
 That lucid world all scattered beams of thought
 Receiving and refracting ; but when those
 Were granted not we held in faith and hope ;
 And any ray diffused along the dark,
 Though less than nothing to the world at large,
 Our hearts collected, cherished, dwelt therein,
 And blest the giver ; counting all things well ;
 As grateful for his silence as his speech ;
 Keeping his silence with the same brave heart
 Which, bidden, would have trumpeted his word ;
 For ever waiting on that word by him
 Withheld for ever. To the end of all
 Approaching now, we fail but do not faint :
 He has not sealed our mission or granted us
 The consolation of his messengers ;
 We have not heard his voice ; we have not worked
 His miracles, nor stood before his world
 And testified that we indeed were sent ;
 But we have loved the light, and here and now,
 Without the antechamber of the tomb
 And underneath the quiet wings of death,
 Faith helps us still amidst true calm of soul
 To say : the quest is broken for a while
 But ended not, and, whether life or death,
 We still desire the vision and the truth.
 Bid therefore, Lord, thy servants pass in peace
 Beholding thy salvation with their eyes !

HENRY WETHERFOLD.



Fidelity to a good cause is better than the cynicism which sees no good in any ; but, at the same time, we may confess in our hearts that few causes are worth dying for, and fewer still the devotion of an entire life.



He is a poor Sage who is not laughed out of countenance by the fools.

THE FELIXOMETER

By Fred. J. Cox

I.



THE long years of patient investigation which Professor Clement Hawksworth had devoted to those forces which are vulgarly considered recondite, had led him on from triumph to triumph, finally establishing for him among the unlettered classes a queer reputation for wizardry and incredible inventiveness; compelling, at the same time, his scientific contemporaries to regard his name as a synonym for unrivalled interpretation of the laws and mysteries contained in that enchanted borderland between the physical and psychical sciences.

His labours in the realm of radio-activity, whereby he not only codified results achieved by fellow-workers in the same field, but made certain valuable independent discoveries of his own, thus transforming mystery into commonplace, and laying bare the nature and properties of radio-active substances, need surely not be specified at this time of day. To those having but a casual acquaintance with recent scientific advance, Professor Hawksworth's great treatise on radium represents the very flower of his life-work; but this view is founded upon a complete ignorance of his later researches in a far more fertile field, where the possibilities are so immense that they seem to touch infinity—a field which has hitherto been given over to haphazard conjecture and blind empiricism—the field of the human soul itself!

It was the discovery by a French *savant* of the *N*-rays—those subtle eman-

ations from the soul foreshadowed by the Theosophist in his *aura*—which first stimulated Hawksworth's activity in this field of the newer psychics. As was his manner, he worked ardently and without intermission at this fascinating study, buoyed up with the confident belief that, with diligence, he would be able in time to wrest from Nature's keeping secrets more amazing than any yet made manifest. He spoke so freely and in such sanguine terms of the dreams which enthralled him, that many of his old scientific friends shook wise heads, imagining that he was slowly drifting from safe scientific moorings into the backwater of fanatical conjecture.

But in spite of his large enthusiasms, there was ever a superb assurance underlying Hawksworth's manner, a reliance upon himself, an unwavering belief in his methods, which convinced me that he would sooner or later add a new chapter to the natural history of the human soul. And in this I was not deceived.

His laboratory was on the top floor of a large building off Chancery Lane, and upon entering it one bleak January morning I found the Professor busily engaged at his bench. The fire in the grate had apparently just burned itself out, and this was not the only indication that he had been working there all through the bitter night; his pallid face and certain marks under his eyes told the same tale. He looked a strange figure as he stood there, against the fog-laden half-light which was struggling in through the windows, clad in a threadbare overcoat, an old silk muffler twisted round his neck.

He turned sharply at the sound of my footsteps. "Bramber!" he cried, "Glad to see you. 'Twould have been otherwise, though, had you arrived a few minutes earlier. Gad! I should have sent you packing fast enough."

I fancied that I was about to hear the story of another abortive experiment—for Hawsworth had known many such of late—and I was preparing myself for the rôle of friendly sympathiser, when suddenly I caught his glance full face, and saw that his eyes, for all the heaviness under the lids, were strangely bright.

My heart beat high. "Has the great idea fructified?" I asked, excitedly.

Hawsworth laughed out of sheer delirious glee.

"It has, Bramber, my boy, it has. At last the Felixometer is an accomplished fact. But I seem to have been in the clouds too long. By Jove! how cold it is! We must kindle a fire, Bramber, and brew ourselves some tea. Then we can talk."

He did not, however, defer his talk until then, but chatted with enthusiasm, while the pair of us busied ourselves at the grate.

"Where I went wrong before, Bramber," he said, "was with the sensitized medium. Plenty of substances which I tried would collect the rays, but the difficulty I found was to get them out again. I wanted, you see, to convey them to the indicator, but even the strongest psychical magnet was powerless to extract them, until ——"

"Yes?" I interjected eagerly.

"Well, until I found the proper medium to gather up all the rays from a human soul, and hand them, as it were, into the charge of the magnet at precisely the moment desired."

"And the medium is ——"

"Not so fast, Bramber," Hawsworth exclaimed. "It's a very delicately compounded substance, and I doubt, even if I explained it as lucidly as I was able to, you would understand how the various ingredients coalesce. For, I regret to say it, Bramber, you are no chemist."

"It's unfair to harp upon my shortcomings, Professor," I rejoined with a laugh, "seeing that a lack of interest

in your achievements is certainly not one of them."

"I accept the reproof," he went on, with that charming smile of his, "and I'll say, by way of compensation to your wounded feelings, that you have quite enough chemistry to equip you for your calling. Scientific detail need never trouble the journalist; his task is simply to crystallise—embellish, perhaps, is a word you would like better—scientific results for the information of *profanum vulgus*."

"Oh, leave me out of the reckoning, Hawsworth," I cried, with assumed impatience. "My sole desire is to understand the instrument of your invention. Pray see if I am proving an apt pupil. I presume the sensitized material is placed somewhere adjacent to the apparatus, and that the subject stands before it, and the *n*-rays which his body emits——"

"His soul, Bramber," the Professor interrupted.

"Well, his soul—these pass into the sensitive medium, and are thence extracted by a magnet and conveyed along certain secret stages to a dial whereon their number or their strength is recorded."

"You have marvellous insight," he observed. "That is very much what happens. But I notice that you speak of one dial only. Your ignorance is excusable, because when I first broached the idea to you there was but one indicator in my conception. That was just where I was wrong, fundamentally wrong. The difficulty that I had with the sensitized material was as naught to the grave error of imagining that one indicator would suffice. I was striving to invent a machine for angels rather than mortals. Don't you see, Bramber, perfect happiness is something we cannot measure, because it does not exist. This life's web, the poet says, is a tangled skein, good and ill together. And I, a searcher into the great mysteries, quite failed to grasp so elementary a fact—the fact, Bramber, that you can't gauge happiness without measuring also its accompanying misery. Hence the reason for the two dials."

"I see," I returned; "you have made

the instrument an Infelixometer as well as the other thing."

"The law of Nature compelled me to do so," Hawksworth assured me. "No happiness can be registered while the separated misery is allowed to remain in the machine, and clog its action. Consequently, in a bright moment of inspiration, the idea came to me, not only to separate the two elements, but to record them on distinct dials. By this time, Bramber, you have surely heard enough of the theory of the apparatus. Come now and test its working."

I felt a strange thrill as I approached the Felixometer. For the moment it seemed like an unwarranted intrusion into realms forbidden; the limitations set by the sects closed in upon me, Hawksworth appeared in the light of a mediæval necromancer, and I felt like one placed under a weird and uncanny spell.

When I stood in front of the instrument, it was with a sensation of strange dread, and the preliminary thrill which I had felt became something palpable and electric.

"Is there any danger?" I asked. "Won't you try the first experiment, Hawksworth?"

"I have tried, my dear fellow," he responded, "and if I do so again I shall simply break the instrument to pieces. You see, Bramber, the exhilaration which I feel over the success of my labours is such that it would shatter the most perfect Felixometer, even though every part was constructed of wrought iron."

There was no help for it, then. In spite of my perturbation, I must go through with the ordeal.

"Nothing seriously wrong with you this morning, I hope, Bramber?" he said, kindly.

"Only that I had the MSS. of that wretched novel of mine back by the first post," I answered.

"Well, we'll see how a trivial incident such as that affects your general felicity," he rejoined.

I braced my nerves for the experiment. I hardly knew what was happening when I perceived that the pointers on the two dials were violently

turning. When they ceased, I saw that eighty volts of happiness had been recorded against twenty of misery.

"The balance is well on the right side," exclaimed the Professor. "I I always knew you were an incurable optimist, and now here is a scientific testimony to the fact."

"It's wonderful," I exclaimed, my gaze fixed on the pair of pointers, which, when I moved away from the centre of the machine, instantly fell back to zero.

"What is more, it's accurate, Bramber," said Hawksworth, rubbing his hands with delight. "You perceive now what an exceptionally lucky fellow you are to be so happy, and how inconsiderable is the effect of a temporary literary reverse upon an author's general felicity."

I parted with the Professor and his remarkable machine with extreme reluctance. I would gladly have remained to witness further experiments—on other people. As I shook hands with him at the door of the laboratory, I ventured to ask whether he wished his secret to be kept.

"For the moment, yes," he replied. "You must subdue the temptation to describe what you have seen until I grant permission. I can trust your discretion, Bramber, and, in return, I promise faithfully that you shall be the first to announce my discovery to the world. Only don't send the article to the *Hustler*. Its spasmodic English and flamboyant headlines would destroy the fascination of the Felixometer even. By the way, bring Marples with you when you call to-morrow."

As I stepped into the foggy street, and walked along the dank, greasy pavement, I fell to pondering over the miracle how anyone, obsessed by the grim environment of a January morning in London, was able to achieve so high a record as eighty volts of happiness! Surely I was a veritable Mark Tapley without having previously been aware of it!

II.

I took Marples round to the laboratory with me on the following day. In the old days Marples had been a faithful

member of our little set ; as full of zest as the rest of us for the things that matter, having the same delight in the flash of a phrase and the paradox of a thought ; careless and Bohemian on the surface, but at the heart of him sound and sincere. But Marples had experienced the great lapse. The fine ideals which had nourished his youth had shrivelled and atrophied as the years went by, becoming extinguished ultimately by so slight a cause as a legacy bequeathed to him by a maiden aunt. He left us, hugging his sordid boon, and we saw the gates of the City open at his approach. Henceforward he became a mere "something" in that astounding conglomeration of the warring units of humanity.

The Professor greeted him with the *abandon* of our older days. "My excellent Marples !" he cried. "How pleasant to see you again after—let me see, how many years is it? Five it must be, at the least. And how moves the great world of London finance?"

"I have managed to get a little control over a small corner of it," the other said, somewhat stiffly. It almost seemed that he was suspicious of us—*us*, his old comrades—and it was then that I realised how great a gap lay between Marples and the old ideals.

"I congratulate you, Marples," said Hawksworth, with evident sincerity. "I congratulate you upon your success, for success, according to the world's computation, is but an alternative name for happiness. It is a dogma which I have always regarded as unproven ; but, be that as it may, I am now in a position to test it. Bramber has told you of the little toy I have here, I expect?"

"He was trying to get some wild idea into my head as we walked down," he answered, "but I didn't feel so astounded as he imagined I would. You were always an inveterate dreamer, Hawksworth."

"Ah, but sometimes dreams come true. Step just here, if you will, Marples."

As the City man faced the Felixometer, I anticipated that there would be a tremendous register recorded on the positive indicator, for the imperturbable self-satisfaction that governed his features, his dignified demeanour, the trim smart-

ness of his attire, and the general atmosphere of opulence which he exhaled, formed a *tout ensemble* which unmistakably indicated prosperity and well-being. But the strange thing was that the instrument scarcely acted at all. The pointers on the opposing dials made a languid upward movement, and when the Professor read out the result, it was as follows:—"Happiness, 30 volts ; misery, 30 volts."

"Yours is a well-balanced record, at any rate, Marples," observed Hawksworth, drily.

"And what's better than a good balance," asked Marples, "especially when it's at the bank?" He laughed immoderately at his wretched facetiousness, and proceeded to make a close inspection of the Felixometer. "No trick here, I s'pose, Hawksworth?"

"One of Nature's, that's all," was the Professor's quiet response.

"There ought to be money in the thing," said Marples, promptly.

"There *will* be," said Hawksworth, "Our friend Bramber will doubtless make a few guineas over the article he intends to write on the instrument."

Marples sniffed contemptuously. "I mean something bigger than that. What about a company to work the thing?"

"Scarcely applicable, I imagine," returned the Professor, quietly. "You see, Marples, the Felixometer is too dangerous a toy to introduce into the suburban parlour."

"I can't see why," was Marples' answer. "And if you do happen to change your mind, and want to get the bag o' tricks on the market, remember, Hawksworth, I'm your man."

"I'll remember," the Professor assured him, and with that Marples left us, with a hurried adieu.

"Poor old Marples!" said Hawksworth, when the door had closed. "Those old sentiments *did* matter, after all, Bramber, old chap."

Before I could reply, a knock sounded at the door. "This must be Cary," the Professor exclaimed, "I asked him to come because I have an incurable love for contrasts. After Marples, Cary!" He laughed heartily.

The man who now entered was, as Hawthorne had just indicated, in vivid contrast to the man who had recently left. An extremely nervous temperament quivered from every corner of an extremely fragile frame. Set in a pale face, and from under bushy eyebrows, a pair of sparkling, brown eyes sent forth luminous rays, kindly and humoursome. His features were thin and pale, and were crowned by a high forehead denoting a dreamy intellectuality.

"Has the Muse been kind of late, Cary?" asked Hawthorne, dispensing with formal greeting.

"Tolerably," replied our visitor, in a quiet, musical voice. "Only she keeps me bound so rigidly to the wheel of the magazines. Lyrics, lyrics, lyrics! and with no particle of soul in them. That is all your modern editors will tolerate."

"And meanwhile," suggested Hawthorne—

"Meanwhile, my epic, 'The Up-rising of Aurora,' remains uncompleted."

"Well, well," said the Professor, cheerily, "it will be finished some day, no doubt. In the interim, I am sure, Cary, you are quite happy, turning out your jingling metres."

"Happy?" Cary laughed bitterly.

"Well, come and test it for yourself," said Hawthorne.

The poet stood before the Felixometer, which immediately began to exhibit a remarkable activity. Even the sensitized material seemed to my excited vision to grow tumultuous, in its eagerness to receive the charge from that ardent, intense soul. The pointers commenced to oscillate violently, and I soon heard the calm voice of the Professor reading out the record: "Happiness, 95 volts; misery, 95 volts."

"A strange reading," said Hawthorne. "By-the-bye, Bramber, it confirms the truth of the old hazardous guess that the poet suffers and enjoys more deeply than others. And after this, I suppose"—a pleasant smile played around his lips—"we must regard Cary as a poet."

Cary laughed, as became a man who

could register 95 volts of happiness all at once. "It's scarcely fair, Hawthorne," he said, "to make your friends the *corpus vile* of all your experiments. Why don't you test yourself?"

"I've done so," replied Hawthorne, "and nearly shattered the machine."

"Yes," I interposed; "but that was at a moment when you were exhilarated by the influence of a great success. Try again."

Hawthorne faced the Felixometer, which responded readily enough. The reading was: "Happiness, 80 volts; misery, 20 volts."

"The same reading as mine," I exclaimed.

"Exactly," said the Professor, "proving, Bramber, that you and I are normal, natural beings. Let us shake hands upon that, at any rate."

"After this, Hawthorne," I said, "you will have to suppress that vein of cynicism which has become a habit with you. It sits badly upon a man who can boast 80 volts of felicity, and goes far to prove my old contention that your true cynic has no tangible existence. It's a pose, Hawthorne, and nothing else."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Professor, smiling out of eyes cloaked with that admirable cynicism which conceals a genuine kindness.

For the next few days Cary and myself were busy beating up subjects for experiment with the Felixometer. All sorts and conditions of people came to that laboratory on the top floor of the huge building off Chancery Lane—ladies of title, factory girls, South African millionaires, street labourers, artists, artisans, scientists, charlatans—but space forbids a completion of the catalogue.

It only remains for me to say that we were at length able to draw a series of valuable conclusions from the readings of the instrument, but the chief of them all was this—that no one is a competent judge of his own happiness or misery.

Still, in spite of all the stir which the Felixometer was creating in our select circle, it was a long time before I could induce Adela to come and witness its operations. When I at length intro-

duced her to my friend the Professor, he smiled very knowingly, and with a touch of his old-fashioned courtesy to the sex, bade her take up her position before the apparatus.

Her reading was normal and, therefore, uninteresting.

"But the experiment doesn't end here," said Hawksworth, suddenly. "Step forth, Bramber; you, Miss Bradenham, stand by his side. His happiness, I may tell you, at the present moment stands at 92.5 volts. Now, please, walk slowly to the other end of the room."

Adela obeyed, and, as she did so, I observed the pointer on the positive indicator gradually recede, while the figure on the opposing gauge correspondingly increased.

"This is the strangest phenomenon of all," said Clement Hawksworth. "When you are near our friend, Miss Bradenham, his felicity increases, but as you withdraw, the record shrinks, shrinks amazingly. Strange, very strange!"

But I knew that it was *not* strange.

And Adela was beginning to know also.

"Would the same thing happen," she asked timidly, while her cheeks flushed, "supposing our positions were reversed? That is to say, if I faced the Felixometer, and Frank—I mean Mr. Bramber—gradually withdrew to the other end of the room?"

"Ah," Hawksworth replied, with a dry snile, "I have, of course, no means of knowing. You are the best judge of that—that is, the best judge—after the Felixometer."

Adela tested her happiness again. The reading this time was vastly higher than that previously registered; but—wonderful to relate—as I slowly with-

drew from her side, the pointer dropped at least ten points.

It was a great moment. I could barely conceal my joy. Adela was in charming confusion, while dear old Hawksworth smiled benevolently upon us both.

"This," he exclaimed, "is indeed a discovery."

"What does it mean?" asked Adela, feeling all the while the utter superfluity of the inquiry.

"I think, Miss Bradenham," said the Professor, with a meaning smile, "Bramber can give you a much better explanation than I can."

That was true. I could explain fast enough. I could tell her how the Felixometer had revealed a secret which my accursed timidity had long prevented me from disclosing.

But when Adela and I were alone together, I saw that such an explanation would simply be an inartistic redundancy. Because when we looked into each other's eyes, we understood everything.

"I must go again to-morrow and see that wonderful Felixometer," Adela exclaimed, as we strolled home together.

"I would gladly come with you, dear," I said, "only I—I am—well, rather afraid."

"Afraid of what?" she asked.

"Oh—of falsifying one of the Professor's cherished theories—the theory that no human soul ever realises a perfect happiness."

"That would be unkind to the Professor," she said. "And, on second thoughts, I don't think I'll go either."

"But why?" We had reached the gate of her father's house.

"Why"—she answered, breaking away from me, her face all blushes, "for the same reason, of course!"



The personal note in literature is a mistake, when it is not a vulgarity. The man who thus discovers his inner self traffics in his own sacredness, and is so far lost to himself. In reticence, reluctance and refusal lie the chief secrets of strength, and the man who can contain himself will contain also the universe.

TEA FOR TWO

By Francis Annesley



HE tea-shop looked warmly inviting after the foggy street—the many-coloured oriental lamps dimly revealed the divan-furnished corners. They chose a retreat at the furthest end, lattice-screened, and a veritable Fatima in gay Turkish costume awaited orders.

"Russian tea for two and cigarettes," he said. He glanced keenly at her fat comeliness, then turned to his companion with an air of triumphant possession.

"So I have captured you at last, my lady! To think that after all those years of exile I should have to plead like a whining beggar for one short hour of your company."

"I was afraid."

"Of me?"

"No, of myself. I remembered the old times when you had only to call and I came—but now——"

"Married to a brute—why did you sell yourself?"

"You had vanished, with my heart—you took that." A tender light shone in the violet eyes. "No answer came to my letters—there was nothing but my body left—a mere shell—and I was so poor."

He touched the rich sables on her gown. "Do these suffice?"

"They did—till you came back."

He leaned against the cushions regarding her.

"Dear little sunny curls, rose-leaf face, sweet mouth made to be kissed—eyes——look up, *ma mie*—surely there are not tears in them? You are mine and I have come to claim you."

She looked up startled.

"You must be mad—I cannot give you what is not mine to give."

"I've half a mind to kill the brute," he growled, gnawing savagely at his moustache.

"You were always fierce. Do you remember the kitten?"

"Ah! I was a tiny chap then. I killed it because it belonged to your brother and he would not let me have it for my own. I didn't kill *him*."

"It was murder all the same. Now give me some tea before it is cold, and don't talk horrors."

He seized her hand roughly, grasping it till her jewelled rings bruised her fingers; she raised her eyes in piteous entreaty, meeting his dark ones full of passion, masterful, scorching her soul.

Honour, duty, pleaded feebly, "Let me go."

"Not this side of eternity," he whispered, "let what may come after."

He lighted her cigarette and they smoked silently.

Out in the street sounded the unending roar of traffic, blended with the near tinkle of spoons and the clatter, talk and laughter inseparable from a popular tea-room.

"Tell me of your life in India. Why did you let us all think you had vanished?"

"I was up-country most of the time, in native dress, studying the people, their works and ways, but especially native therapeutics."

"What's that?"

"Oh! all their notions of healing and drugs and herb medicines. It is enormously interesting when you come to try experiments."

"And on whom did you practise?"

"On myself, mainly. I'm pretty well inured to most forms of opium."

"What are its charms? I've often wondered."

"Absolute physical blessedness, and a world of light and air and colour in which one's mind may roam."

"How delightful! Can any one use it safely?"

"Some forms are quite safe, but there are preparations that kill."

"At once?"

"No—only, after a time, the dreams and visions land one where there is no waking."

She shivered. "I am afraid—I don't want to die yet."

"Not even with me?" he queried.

"No of course not. Why with you?"

He laughed. "Do you remember Browning's line?"

"It was the only way to keep her mine."

"Do you mean that he killed her to keep her? How horribly selfish! Why do you frighten me so? I shall go home."

She gathered up her sable cloak.

"The hour is not up yet—I will have my bond—you are going to drink another glass of tea and smoke another cigarette—one of my special brand."

He drew a tiny case out of an inner pocket.

"Is this medicated?" she asked.

"Try it—it is quite safe—just a whiff of haschisch."

Then the fresh tea arrived.

"Oh! by the way," he said, "I've an old curiosity to show you—a carved image of an Indian idol—the god Hanuman."

She took it. "How ugly! What is the stone?"

"Take it nearer to the light and look at it."

She moved from the little table and stood under the hanging lamp at the entrance to the alcove—a dainty figure,

slim, graceful, the light striking the copper-coloured waves of hair. He was not looking at her, but watching two tiny pellets dissolve in the glasses into which he had dropped them.

"Take it away—it is horrible—those Indian things always fill me with terrified fascination."

"Come and drink your tea, and I'll light your cigarette."

Her eyes grew brighter as she smoked, and she laughed more gaily than before.

"This is different tea—I like it better than the last—the cigarette has made me thirsty."

She finished her glass.

He talked on, in a soothing voice, of strange lands and people, and presently noticed a drowsy look come over her.

She rose stupidly. "Take me home—I feel so funny and sleepy. This place must be very hot."

He wrapped her furs around her, paid the waitress, and told her to call a hansom.

He gave the cabman an address in a far suburban road.

"Where did you tell him? It didn't sound like home."

Then the fair head drooped. She nestled up to him. After endless turnings they were clear of the main streets. The fog lifted a little, the gaslight from street lamps fell on a white still face. He gathered her closer in a passionate embrace. The tinkle of the harness bell ceased at last, the cabman drew up at the corner of a deserted road, planted with small starveling trees at intervals, its chilly villas half-lit and forbidding.

There was silence for a space—the cabman wondered why his fare did not move—and then opened his trap-door.

"My Gawd!" he ejaculated, and beckoned to the policeman who was standing under a gas-lamp across the road.



Every thinking man knows in his heart of hearts that the things which surround him are unreal, however great is their insistence. They are the work of an artifex and that which he has produced is an artifice.

FOREST-ELEGIES

(With acknowledgments to Felix Lorenz.)

BY FERDINAND E. KAPPEY.

MORNING

WHEN the waking pines begin to whisper,
 And the mountains loosen in the dawning,
 Sloping in green darkness to the valleys;
 When the broadening sky begins to glimmer,
 And the flying arrows of the Sun-God
 Chase the night, and splinter all her caverns—
 I will up, and bind my shoes and outward,
 I will take me to a land enchanted.

Soft the breezes are, and sweet the odours,
 Touched with gold the fleecy clouds that wander;
 All the leaves are dewy, and below me
 Fluttering veils of silk, and strands of silver
 Lace the dew-drenched grass and flash to colour.
 Now I hear the sound of leaping water,
 Now the deeper thunder of the torrent,—
 Lo! the mountains welcome and enfold me!

Here is born the deathless joy of freedom,
 Here the Kingdom of the Day is founded;
 Mount the throne, my soul, and do the bidding,—
 Win the precious love of these that love thee;
 Falter not at all, for thou art chosen.
 See, the Light is on thee and around thee;
 See, the distant signs that lured and beckoned;
 'Tis the Light that thou hast overtaken!

NOON.

Deck yourself, my own, in all your whitest;
 All your hair unfasten to the breezes;
 Let no troubled thought nor look of langour
 Dim your eyes,—but render all your spirit
 Freely, gladly, to the joy of living;
 Out with me, and forward to the open,
 Where the ripening fields are full and golden,
 And the larks above them soar ecstatic.

Sing the song that once you sang so sweetly,
 (How it thrilled me with its old-world sadness,)
 Of the King's two poor and outcast children
 Loving, unbeloved and strangely happy.

Sing it so that following your footsteps
 I may hear it borne upon me lightly,—
 You a voice, a vision, singing, singing,—
 I your slave, your captive as I follow.

Then at last, when we are in the corn-fields,
 Pause a little while and wait my coming ;
 Pause and give your lovely soul to silence ;
 Lift your hands to me, that I may take them.
 Look with steadfast eyes in mine, and softly
 Smile as I shall smile, in mute thanksgiving,—
 Grateful for the Summer's dear fulfilment,
 Unperplexed and joyous in our secret.

EVENING.

Now the rounded moon that slowly silvers,
 Mounts again above the shifting shadows ;
 Lonely now and almost dream-forsaken
 Downward to the Forest-haunts I wander,—
 Lo ! the day is dying, and the beauty
 Wears away to gloom and sinks to sadness ;
 And the ways grow strangely unfamiliar,
 And the home I long for—ah, how distant !

Where the Waldhaus nestles, lights are leaping
 One by one from leaf-embowered casements—
 Scarce it seems the place to hint of greeting,
 Scarce the tenement of joyous laughter.
 Nay, for me a castle lies enchanted,
 And the mists caress it and encircle,—
 And a sudden memory, long forgotten,
 Builds again a vision of my boyhood.

Then upon the languid breath of evening,
 Stealing through the pines whose tufted columns
 Stretch like pillared aisles in solemn grandeur,
 Comes a bell intoning from the tower.
 So the day is gone, and so the twilight
 Deepens into darkness. But the waters
 Still are hastening to the sombre valleys,
 And my heart still flows to you beyond them.



Poetry is the expression of our longing, but there is much good verse which deals with things that are attained, and there is room for a little of it.

BY-WAYS OF HALF A CENTURY

By A. E. Waite



THE unfrequented paths of intellectual activity are as rich in curiosities as are its highways in great landmarks; but few have time to follow them. Few only can turn aside from the lessons of the direct road for the suggestions of indirection which are met with far from the beaten track. Outside the common ground of history and philosophy there are many paths of fantasy in thought and action which are worth hearing of, even by those who have neither opportunity nor inclination to pursue them on their own account. And of such by-ways none are more curious, none certainly more fantastic, than those which belong to the first half of that nineteenth century out of which we can scarcely be said to have emerged, except in the matter of date, so strong has been the spell thereof, and so far-reaching is its atmosphere. The quickening and fermenting which all over Europe led up to the supreme event of the French Revolution, produced, among other phenomena, many curious awakenings of mental activity. We have seen on previous occasions that there were seers and prophets everywhere; men claiming strange powers and men possessing strange missions rose up on every side; in feeling and in perception, as in thought, the world was at fever heat. Even the impostors were splendid, and so fervid was every heart that many of these were at least partially sincere, however flagrant their deceptions. Before Cagliostro, Althotas, his mysterious instructor; before Althotas, Saint Germain; before Saint Germain, Lascaris, the alchemist of Mitylene, with a score of

others; a long line of wonderful pretenders, so extensively believed in for their season that in a certain sense they may have come to believe in themselves. As the public warrant of their assumptions there was the standing marvel of the mysterious baton of Mesmer; there was the persuasive personality of Emanuel Swedenborg; there were the oracular utterances of the illuminated man about town, Saint-Martin, the so-called "Unknown Philosopher," in the highest circles of the world and yet not of it; there were the enigmatic romances of Cazotte; while overshadowing and including all these were the great unsearchable claims of continental Freemasonry. Never did astrologers and makers of almanacs read such presages in the starry heavens; never was the alchemist so near witnessing the precipitation of the gold in his crucible; never did strange and almost nameless rites of magic and of necromancy so closely approach in their results the similitude of a pathological fact; never did the saintly visionaries so nearly attain in their contemplation the knowledge of things everywhere regarded as inscrutable. Unknown secret associations, practising these and other mysteries, seemed to be generated spontaneously; no one had heard of them previously; no one could guess their origin; yet expectant hearts palpitated, because all felt that they were on the threshold of some great mystery. At Paris, at Lyons, at Bordeaux—for France at least—it might already have assumed a shape. But the fever reached the paroxysm of its crisis, and then the stars had no longer a voice; all the visions were stultified and ceased;

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Cagliostro was in the hands of that unanswerable Inquisition which never gave up its dead; the divine messenger from Sweden had less secretly passed away. Presently the overwhelming fact of the great dictator shadowed all others, and on every side the nations seemed preparing for the coming Armageddon. No one thought of secret orders and personal inspirations when Napoleon assumed to himself the crown of empire, and cast down his gauntlet as a challenge to the civilised world. It was the day of the Grand Army.

In the year 1801, this subsidence of activity in the byways with which we are concerned found a few personalities remaining over from the previous century, portents which the flight of time was gradually drawing down into the past. Among them, at once pathetic and fascinating, was Louis Claude de Saint-Martin. Belonging to the privileged and therefore proscribed classes, he had lost all or nearly all of which the general upheaval could deprive him—dear friends, the competence which was his birthright, and, worse than these, the possibility of a tolerant audience. At the threshold of the nineteenth century we observe him, notwithstanding, still hopeful, still pursuing the career of the enlightened philosophical enthusiast, and still the most public-spirited of his intellectual fraternity, discussing now the way to the blessed life, because he was a mystic in his enthusiasm; now the lessons of the Revolution; and yet again the mission of Consul Bonaparte, with a correspondent in Switzerland whom he had never met. Sixty years and more were destined to elapse before his letters—one of the most remarkable memorials of that perturbed period—were to see the light and they are now to be accounted among its landmarks. There were books, however, of Saint Martin, which, in spite of the apathy of the time, continued to make their way unobtrusively and almost negatively. On the threshold of the new age he dared to tell his countrymen of the new man and his nature; of the ministry of that real humanity which underlies our external being; and, more persistently still, of the depths and

heights which, some two centuries earlier, had been scaled and sounded by a poor German shoemaker, named Jacob Boehme. There is no need to state that at the present day these books are generally unread, or they would have no title to be included among the obscure ways of thought belonging to the first half of the nineteenth century. But they remain with all the strangeness of their accent, which must have sounded stranger still at their period, seeing that amidst the clamours of crashing kingdoms they told the inner secrets of the Christian religion as deeply, as earnestly, though in all things else unlike, as any of the saintly voices heard century after century from the antique sanctuaries of the Latin Church.

With Saint-Martin there was associated—though it is only recently that the fact has transpired—one wholly unknown to fame and his antithesis by vocation, that is, J. B. Willermoz, a merchant of Lyons, who in the midst of his business preoccupations found time to interest himself in the strange schemes of Masonic initiation propagated by a mysterious Spaniard, who styled himself Martines de Pasqually. About this individual we now know more than was known when the first biographers of Saint-Martin speculated, wondered or propagated misconceptions concerning him. He is said to have been one of the last disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg, but he does not seem to have followed the system of his master, and when he produced his variation of Masonry it was not the so-called Swedenborgian Rite which once found followers in France, and may still be heard of to-day, but one possibly of his own devising, for which he claimed not only that it was the sole genuine Masonry, but that it had been received, if not bodily, at least as regards its inspiration, from the old brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. Two things stand out clearly in the life of Pasqually as we know it—his sincerity and his fervid religious devotion. As to these we possess witnesses between whom there is no trace of concerted action. For the rest, it must be

said frankly that his Masonic rite does not seem to have possessed any merit by which it deserves to be distinguished from similar inventions of that fantastic period, arrogating to themselves the exclusive title of primeval Masonry; while the one treatise that he is known to have written, though it exhibits some slender connections with philosophical systems of the past, is in reality so confused as to be very nearly unintelligible. Swedenborgian or Rosicrucian, true Illuminé or enthusiast, whichever he may have been, or all in turn, Pasqually appeals to us more especially as an adept in those curious theurgic or magical practices which at the time found votaries both in France and Germany—that is to say, he had recourse to formulæ of evocation, with which he and those about him contrived either to produce something or to deceive themselves with the idea that they did. And this brings us back to Willermoz, who, while Saint-Martin was writing great books intended to demonstrate that all external ways and all search after wonderful phenomena were full of delusion, and did not advance the soul, was sedulously occupied, and, as it would seem also, successfully, in those very pursuits, and in preserving from utter destruction the remnant of the secret Masonry which, now under the auspices of Pasqually, and again under those of Saint-Martin in his earlier days, once flourished at Lyons. Between the epoch of the French Revolution and that of Éliphas Lévi, who died in 1875, and has been termed by those who regard him seriously the modern magician, the name of Jean Baptiste Willermoz is alone connected with these operations in France, so far as history is concerned. They have, however, to be distinguished in his case, as in that of Pasqually, from the ordinary ends and intentions of that questionable art. The Masonic Rite of Pasqually and of his pupils did not seek to communicate with spirits like modern mediums, for that which was supposed to be obtained as a result of its procedure was the physical appearance of a being termed the Repairer, by whom, from the evidence that is available, there can be no doubt that

Christ was understood. The difference may be well enough an indication only of more profound delusion, but it serves to set apart this school of Christian wonder-working from all others of its kind, even if their rite itself offers little to distinguish it from the grimoires, the so-called keys of Solomon and other depraved medleys of Jewish Kabbalism which formed part of the cheap books and literature of colportage in French country places at the period. The fact is additionally interesting because, so far as we can discern, the doctrinal substratum of Pasqually seems to have been drawn far away from the German Kabbalism which flourished in the days of Rosenroth, and was designed for the conversion of all Jewry to Christianity; but it had been subjected to so much alteration, that it is difficult to speak precisely, or even to exclude as an alternative a Swedenborgian origin, which has been maintained by later French critics.

In 1805 Saint-Martin completed by death the process of his return to that unity which he had so long desired, and he was survived by Willermoz for something like ten years, or more than twice the time that he had been preceded by the Comte de Saint-Germain, the sole personage of a period prolific in adepts to whom there is some authority for ascribing a higher initiation than could have been dispensed by those to whom Saint-Martin was indebted for his early teaching. Madame de Stael represents Saint-Germain as a remarkable figure in Court circles prior to the Revolution, and as dying in obscurity and poverty overwhelmed by the terrors of a future life. We are now in possession of evidence which gives us a more correct picture, and by which also we can disassociate him from Cagliostro, for whose connections with older secret societies, in spite of many statements to the contrary, there is no evidence worthy of the name. We can at least say that Saint-Germain was not an adventurer in the invidious sense of the term, and we meet him under circumstances which make his connection with old fraternities of the past at least tolerable as an inference. That is to say, assuming the existence of such fraternities at the

end of the 18th century, there is good reason to suppose that he was one of their representatives, more especially in the case of the mysterious Knights of Light. At the same time he has left nothing behind him by which we can judge him at first hand, and he produced, so far as can be seen, no great or lasting influence.

Willermoz died in or about the year 1815, almost coincidently with Mesmer, and this brings us to Anton Mesmer, who, from obscure hints in old books and other seeming accidents, is thought to have stumbled on one of the secrets of the old initiating brotherhoods, and he most assuredly gave forth an important pathological fact to the modern world, however much he may have misinterpreted it. His great secret was a part of the greater mystery of the will, the secret of intentness. Royal Commissions and Royal Academies went to work collecting and sifting evidence to prove or disprove the existence of a vital fluid transmitted in mesmerism from operator to subject. They found, as might be expected, that there was no fluid, and the action of mind upon mind did not apparently concern them. The brilliant empiric who owed nothing to knowledge or initiation, unless Kenneth Mackenzie is correct, which is doubtful, in saying that he belonged to the Knights of Light, retired with broken prospects. We find him at the close of his life in a little German village, practising his cures modestly without emolument, and dying so unknown that his grave was discovered, so to speak, some fifty years later by an English tourist, the Rev. Kegan Paul, who may well have forgotten before he himself died that he it was who alone wrote verses to the memory of the discoverer of animal magnetism.

There is one other name in connection with France at this period which must engage our attention for a moment. It is that of the Chevalier Dutoit Mambrini, occasionally but erroneously identified by some biographers with the Comte De Divonne, who was the friend of Saint-Martin and on whom Saint-Martin exercised for a time a great influence, gratefully acknowledged. We

have only meagre information concerning Mambrini, and Saint-Martin, who, despite the fact that he termed himself the Unknown Philosopher, knew nearly everyone and was well-known by all, seems to have been unfamiliar with his personality. He is mentioned twice only in the course of Saint-Martin's correspondence with the Baron De Leibistorf and it must be said regretfully that it is rather a hostile reference. Mambrini was a Christian Mystic so much after the manner of Saint-Martin, that he has been almost universally regarded as one of his disciples, which is not true either personally or philosophically, nor does he appear to have belonged to the sect of Pasqually or to any of the Masonic fraternities. All that we know of him is, that about the time that Saint-Martin was himself issuing his most important and mature works, there appeared, sometimes on a much more elaborate scale, these rival handbooks of a kindred philosophic Christianity. They have their merits, and perhaps at the present day, or here, at least, in England, they are not much more unknown than the works of the Unknown Philosopher. They have none of the genius of Saint-Martin, and they abound in crudities which are very similar to his own. The reference in the correspondence of Saint-Martin was supported by a remark of Baron De Leibistorf, who might, however, have been prepared to admire Mambrini had he received the cue from his correspondent. But he did not receive it, for the riper thinker had read Mambrini without conviction, though he confessed himself somewhat startled. It was not altogether gracious, but we may be sure that it was not ill intended, and above all not suggested by any spirit of rivalry. Saint-Martin was fastidious in his philosophy, and in his later life it is said that he took none but Boehme into his heart of hearts.

With Saint-Martin, Willermoz and Mambrini we have exhausted this school of French thought at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and when these had departed at their several seasons, the animal magnetists alone remained.

Germany did not share to any marked extent in the particular enthusiasms of her neighbour on the eve of the Revolution. She had passed through two earlier awakenings, firstly at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the report of the Rosicrucian fraternity was noised abroad in the world, and secondly when the Baron Knorr von Rosenroth published his great work on Kabbalism, and placed the claim of this Jewish theosophy within the reach of his countrymen and all Latin reading Europe. From that period Germany had never wanted adepts of the secret science, but at the time of the French Revolution the country in question, more than France, was under the propaganda of an advanced sceptical philosophy with a defined centre of diffusion, at the head of which was the bookseller Nicolai. Its most important consequence, so far as our subject is concerned, was the foundation of the political order known as the Illuminati, at the head of which was Weishaupt; but it is important rather, because ignorance still ascribes to the mystery of this political scheme the complexion of a transcendental mystery; and because, when the organisation was broken up forcibly in Germany, the adepts of the infidel and revolutionary fraternity took refuge in France and merged themselves in the political and secret doings of that country. Germany, nevertheless, as already indicated, possessed traces of Illuminati of another order, and among these also its impostors. The adventurer, Schroeffer, filled Leipsic with evocations and the rumour of evocations, and was driven to suicide in order to avoid being unmasked. He has found his apologists, however, at a later day, but the imposture was indubitable.

The learned and saintly Lavater is a figure of an altogether different aspect, and his group is one of the most interesting to the student at his period in Germany. All its names belong to those side issues with which we are concerned here, down even to the elder Stilling, with his suggestions of missionary enthusiasm, and of a Lutheran theology illuminated by a beautiful life. But that Lavater, in spite of all this, was not

specially recommended to the inward-seeking mind of Saint-Martin is not perhaps surprising. The discoverer of physiognomy, as appears by his "Secret Journal," had only one thing besides the devotional spirit in common with the author of the "New Man," and that was an experience in those physical manifestations to which reference has already been made. Where Lavater failed in perfection from the standpoint of the Frenchman, was that he had not explicitly passed out of this elementary stage and its delusions; and there is a note of jubilation in the correspondence which has been cited so frequently when it went abroad that the daughter of Lavater had resolved on the spiritual life. What followed from this determination is not known to history, and the group which surrounded the physiognomist belongs really to the eighteenth century, for in so far as it passed that period it passed also its importance.

But this brief reference will serve to introduce another and more important personage, who, like Lavater, figures in the correspondence of Saint-Martin, and, unlike either the German physiognomist or the French theosopher, is not the subject merely of passing mention or of frigid criticism, but of respectful reference and frequent eulogy. The Baron, who waited mostly on the superior opinion of his correspondent, introduced the Councillor von Eckartshausen with a tentative panegyric, and seemed to invite a favourable reception for one who had impressed him almost as much as the French philosopher, and with whom he also corresponded, no doubt after the same manner, but we do not know whether in this case the communications have been preserved. Outside the pages of his letters there is nothing to show that Saint-Martin took any pains to understand his German brother, even when he wrote on a subject so dear to his own heart as the mysterious properties of numbers. It is, however, a debatable question whether Eckartshausen is not a greater name in their common subjects than is that of the Unknown Philosopher. He had not, perhaps, so much real genius, if we follow the dictum of Emerson, for he had a lesser

quantity of "unavailableness." There are, notwithstanding, indications in his writings, and in one especially, that he belonged to a higher order of initiation. "The Cloud on the Sanctuary" is indeed an epoch-making work in mysticism of Christian quality, and it is astonishing that its real significance and importance should have been overlooked by many whose intellectual occupations and interests would have enabled them at least to judge what books are, from their standpoint, vital. The little work is itself a series of letters addressed we know not to whom, it may have even been to Baron de Liebistorf; and it claims indeed to come from the centre of all Christian knowledge, indicating undeclared connections on the part of the writer, which we scarcely dare to formulate in precise terms. The statements which it makes are possible only for one who has enjoyed intercourse before which the object sought in the secret masonic rites of Pasqually seems to shrink in dimension. "The Cloud on the Sanctuary" claims, in other words, to be the voice of the Inner Church of Christ affirming the fact of its existence, and in such terms that the ordinary guarantees of evidence appear to be no longer necessary. Never had the Higher Christian Theology put forth its claims more clearly, more profoundly, or with more allurements of suggestion. We must unhesitatingly accept this book as marking, in its way, a new era at the dawn of the nineteenth century. It may not be without a purpose, in conformity with the astrology of books, that it was translated for the first time into English on the eve of the twentieth century, in which it will perhaps find its fitting audience and its wider mission. The other writings of Eckartshausen are like the other seership of Germany at the same period—matters which must not be named in the same connection; but they are important in their way, notwithstanding, and it is little short of deplorable that nothing has so far been done to make this remarkable writer known in proportion as he deserves to those who should be concerned with him in England.

Without exception, unless it be that

of Eckartshausen, as to which there is no evidence, all the personages who have been here cited were representatives of the Masonic Fraternities; that is to say, they belonged to one or other of those innumerable rites which at the end of the eighteenth century sought to propagate their particular object under the mask of Masonry. It was a natural attempt, rather than a device of subtlety, because it was the consequence of a genuine conviction that the secrecy of Masonry had once at least covered a transcendental secret. It was the design of every such attempt to restore the lost treasures to the rifled Temple. Naturally also, as we have seen, every new rite, representing some one or other of the occult sciences, was regarded as the only genuine Masonry, because each one was actually seeking to restore what was regarded as the true purpose by the inventor of such rite. It is customary at the present day to speak derisively of the innumerable grades and systems which thus sprang into being, full grown and vested like Minerva. Masonic authorities tell us that they are not real Masonry, which, like some other assurances of the fraternity, seems to need no authority to affirm. But they are serviceable for the history of the movement, because they undoubtedly helped to spread it. At the beginning of the nineteenth century most of these rites had already perished, and so far as regards the external signs of corporate associations, the interests which they represented had seemingly fallen asleep.

It could scarcely be said at the period that they had even awakened in Italy, though we have the authority of Saint-Martin's correspondent, Kirchberger, Baron de Liebistorf, that in 1796, "inward works" were translated into Italian and Spanish even at Rome. The governing centre of the great State Church was too near, the proscription was too rigorous, the penalties were too heavy. All the mysteries were therefore confined within the circle of the Church, and stood or fell by their accommodation to its official dogmas. But even within the domain in which the mystic alone received a charter and enjoyed immunity from danger, there had been

seldom any special diffusion of light, and at the period in question it may almost be said that there was none. Church and State were alike distracted, and at such moments the life of contemplation is scarcely possible even in a Trappist monastery. But if there were no mysticism in Italy there was beneath the ferment of the surface of life an old deposit of superstition, as full of corruption as the tideless lagoons of Venice. And the exhalations of that sediment were still given up in the shape of grimoires like that of Honorius, of black magic and black masses, nameless corruptions for which Petronius could have found no language and Trimalcyon no appetite. Superstitions belong to folk-lore rather than to the side issues of thought, and such corruptions have no history, or none at least that can be written. Occultism in Italy may be summed up in the one fact that, after a poor attempt to propagate the so-called Egyptian Masonry in Rome, Cagliostro was seized by the Inquisition and died in imprisonment at St. Angelo. The nineteenth century was still within the shadow of the future. Obscure book-sellers went on producing and reproducing the grimoires; loathsome priests provided the sacred elements for profanation; occult science, like other sciences, stagnated under the shadow of the Vatican. It is only at the present day, and then only in a minor degree, that Italy has begun to enter into the history of these byways.

Under much the same domination there was some difference in Spain at the same period, but this country has at least always possessed a mystical theology because it has had always a fervent devotional spirit. On the one hand, St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross, both canonized, and one named the Mystical Doctor; on the other hand, Molinos persecuted, imprisoned and despoiled; afterwards, as the link between them, Maria d'Agreda, scarcely different from Molinos, but with the voice of the popular feeling on her side, and beatified in consequence. Between the influences of all, Spain could not want her mystics and occasionally produced an adept like Martines de Pasqually, but in their

particular missions they belonged really to other countries, since they found no field in their own. Spain, therefore, does not enter specially into the subject matter of this memoir, and, speaking generally, it was the land of bondage rather than of the adept, notwithstanding that it was the birthplace of Kabalism, the home of Moses of Cordova and Isaac de Loria. It will serve no purpose to catalogue the countries of Europe which did not contribute anything to these interests at the inception of the era with which we are dealing; to say of Portugal what has been said of Spain; to exhibit how slight was the influence of Jacob Boehme on Holland, or of Swedenborg on Sweden. The places which do not understand them now did not understand them then. It is curious to observe, that one country from which we should expect nothing, seemingly offers something to our purpose, though it can be told in a few words. The occult movement does appear to have passed from France into Russia. The only fact of importance is that the emissary was Saint-Martin, and this fact, which was unknown to all his earlier biographers, has only transpired recently. The inquisitive mind of the Empress Catherine seems to have created the opportunity, and the advantage said to have been taken of it was the propagation of the Semi-Masonic rite which once bore the name of Saint-Martin. The result is unknown, and, indeed, the entire circumstance remains to some extent in uncertainty, and it may even be added, under suspicion.

If we turn now to England, we shall find that matters here show some contrasts and some similarities in respect of France at the same epoch. Among the contrasts is the fact that there had been no such activity as was found across the channel in 1789. Cagliostro was welcomed, it is said, by the Masons in London, and given the place of honour to which his status in the craft entitled him; his biography also was published by a contemporary, but his claims did not move the English mind. On the other hand, Saint-Martin found good friends in England, and retained loving memories thereof. The inference is

that, while there was not much love of the marvellous, or inclination to be deluded by a splendid adventurer with a budget of prodigies, or much field for novelties in Masonry, there was at the period a certain school of deeper Christian thought in England, and this was assuredly the case, nor is its interest slight, or its claim to be passed over lightly. It was the school of William Law, of Jane Lead, and of Pordage. It was also the school of Jacob Boehme, within which the vast English translation of his works was undertaken. It offered conspicuous differences from the French school of Christian thought, even when modified by Saint-Martin in the Boehme interest. It lacks the colour and the richness; it savours of the nonconformist "broken meat and garlic." Divorced as he was in his heart from all official ecclesiasticism, and closed by his principles to the devotional impression of the senses, Saint-Martin has always something, nevertheless, of the odour of the sanctuary, and he suggests the Graal even when he denies the Sacrament. But the English school had directness, strength and clearness—in a word, all that which the French philosopher never succeeded in obtaining, strive as he might, and there is evidence that he did strive; it was wanting also in Mambrini, was deficient even in Eckartshausen. It must, unfortunately, be added that this directness was purchased, as it is almost always purchased, and that to state it is really another way of saying that the school in question remained more in the letter, and was therefore less profound. There is palpable proof in both cases. No one has read Saint-Martin and dreamed that he was other than a mystic; thousands and tens of thousands have read and drawn something of spiritual life from Law's "Serious Call" without ever suspecting that the author had a tinge of mysticism or had a hand in the production of the English works of Boehme. In the most popular of all his works there is nothing to suggest Law's acquaintance with the *Mysterium Magnum*, or another "morning redness," than that of the eastern horizon. Some other members of the school, and Jane Lead as an instance,

were more openly and unmistakably mystical, but their books are more of the visionary order and do not offer very much of solid substance to the inward needs of the mind.

Another analogy between France and England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is found in the secret associations which existed there. They existed, of course, on a very minor scale. There was no period at which they could be said to have flourished, with all deference to the estimation in which some people to-day hold the Rosicrucian revelations of John Heydon. But if they ever flourished they were now languishing. We must remember, of course, that it was England who gave to the world the secret initiation of Masonry, but the mysticism which is inherent therein was confined to a few symbols, and no one then had and few now possess any real notion as to how it obtained them. Outside the symbols, and apart from any forced construction of the legends which no one accepts seriously, the highest aspect of English Masonry was the diffusion of simple ethics, having much the same governing motives as those of any society for mutual improvement and edification in any village of the kingdom. It was not till the art had passed over the English Channel that it assumed another aspect, and this has never been acknowledged by the Craft, except in the minds of a few.

The societies which did exist, and were, as we have said, stagnant, were not native growths, and to both of them a very curious history attaches. One was the Brotherhood of the Rosicrucians and the other the Templar chivalry. If we take the case of the former, it is very difficult to determine the date on which this German association entered England. We know that Robert Fludd created an interest concerning it by an apology which appeared very soon after the first accounts were made public concerning the fraternity. We know also that Fludd's enthusiasm was originally awakened by a visit paid him in England by the alchemist, Michael Maier. We have no means of determining whether this person was himself at the time a mem-

ber of the brotherhood ; on the whole, however, the balance is against such a possibility, and it seems certain in any case that he imparted no knowledge, from the historical standpoint, supposing that he possessed any, to the Kentish Philosopher. Some years after the death of Fludd we find John Heydon affirming that the fraternity was then dwelling in Wales, but the whole account is obviously mythical. About the same date we have the one mystic of England who would have been selected on *a priori* grounds as the most likely to hold a high place in such an institution, going out of his way to state that he did not belong to it. It has been argued that, by the rules of the Order, this course would have been incumbent on him in any case, which is true enough if the laws published by Sigmund Richter in Germany, late in the 18th century, are to be taken seriously ; but even then the circumstances attending the denial of Thomas Vaughan were not sufficient to occasion its necessity in the absence of its truth. From the period of Thomas Vaughan to that of Elias Ashmole we hear nothing of the Order. The Oxford antiquary who has told us that in things hermetic he knew enough to hold his tongue but not enough to speak, appears to have been acquainted with an obscure wandering alchemist and Rosicrucian whose confidant he became, and it is reported that, about the same time, Sir William Moray, a personal friend of Vaughan, together with Desagulier and others were also members of the fraternity. As these persons are important in connection with early Masonry, it is supposed by some that the Craft assumed its symbolical aspect under their guidance, and was thus a kind of transformed Rosicrucianism. It is well known, however, that this view is not accepted by the majority of Masonic authorities, but the truth is that Masonry has next to no history at the period of its appearance, and if on the one hand there is good evidence wanting to the Ashmole theory, it is equally certain that most of the materials available in the interests of the alternative view also abound in difficulties. Perhaps the most serious

thing which can be advanced against the former is the undoubted fact that more than one Rosicrucian fraternity independent of Masonry is traceable long after the development of the Craft degrees, and a considerable distance into the nineteenth century. One of its witnesses is Godfrey Higgins, and he tells us expressly that he refused initiation because he required freedom for his researches. The Society in question, or one of a similar character, held its meetings, after the death of Higgins, at a Fleet Street tavern.

What connection, if any, it possessed with the German Order, supposing the latter to have been in corporate existence when the report of it first went forth, it is impossible to determine, but it went on languishing till about the year 1850, when the last of the brethren are said to have died. Persons still living, who were once in touch with these members, and are now presumably their inheritors, acknowledge that the historical continuity has been broken, as there are no records of the early meetings ; yet it is interesting to add that any knowledge which it possessed is not supposed to have perished, but to have passed into safe hands.

The Templar Encampments which are also mentioned by Godfrey Higgins, who for similar reasons abstained from joining these, were in much the same position. They were in existence before the year 1830, and there is not much doubt that they were a survival from the previous century, but, unlike the Rosicrucians, they have not fallen practically into abeyance, but have fully recovered their vitality, and are still in evidence with greatly increased prestige among the high degrees of Masonry. As such they scarcely belong to the byways of secret associations at the present day. It was to some extent different at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when their history is doubtful and legendary. We may speculate whether the Order of the Temple, as we now know it, was imported from France by political refugees of the Revolution, for we have no evidence concerning it prior to that period, or whether it was actually a survival of the old chivalry in Great Britain. Un-

fortunately we can only speculate, not, as it may at least be hoped, because the materials for a decision are wanting, but because learned research has not said its last word on these vexed questions.

The Rosicrucian fraternity had not yet wholly disintegrated, nor the Templar Encampments awakened from the mystery of sleep, when a book was published in the French language, in London, by one who signed himself "Clerk in Holy Orders," an exiled abbé, a derelict of the French Revolution, who had found an obscure asylum in England. Unknown, rather than forgotten, this work is perhaps one of the most bizarre which was ever issued from the press of a London printer, and its clumsy title is in keeping with much of its matter. "What we have been, what we are, what we shall become," written by the Abbé Fournié, appeared very early in the nineteenth century. The reviews of the period contain no mention of the fact. Probably it fell dead from the press, which is scarcely surprising, because it is quite certain that no one would have understood it who was on the staff of the literary journals of the time. This work contains the doctrine of Martines De Pasqually, as it would appear after passing through the alembic of the mind of a catholic priest. If it were nothing more than this it would be exceedingly interesting for purposes of comparison with the same doctrine as it was developed by Saint-Martin, who had few clerical sympathies and was nurtured on a Lutheran method of self-knowledge; but it is much more than this—it contains an account of the author's familiar relations with Pasqually, including a narrative of communications held with that personage years after he had passed away in the flesh. However we may regard its story, or the doctrine which it develops, this almost unheard of treatise is the most remarkable contribution to transcendentalism made in England during the early part of the nineteenth century. The author died, as he had lived, in obscurity, and we have no record as to the date. He belongs, of course, to the school of Christian mysticism. His transparent sincerity is one of his most

conspicuous merits, and, though it is easy to regard him as hallucinated, there is very little in his pages to give colour to this supposition, except to those for whom experiences such as he relates spell only delusion or imposture. It must be added that he does not present the philosophical or doctrinal side of the school of Pasqually in a manner which would dispose us to regard it as, even from its own standpoint, a truly philosophical system. It may be said, indeed, that he misrepresented it, and it is certain, at least, that he tinged it, but there are many aspects in which he seems nearer to Pasqually than Saint-Martin, who originated more than he derived. There are striking points of likeness, outside the general drift of teaching, between the work which we have been discussing and Pasqually's unpublished treatise concerning the "Reintegration of Beings," so far as we are able to estimate the latter by the extracts of Franck and others in their biographies of Saint-Martin. Among the lost treasures, or, at least, the curiosities, of the nineteenth century, it would be fair to include the second part of Fournié's treatise, which was promised but never appeared. The first part itself was held over by the writer for five-and-twenty years, and this, in the absence of corroborative testimony as to the events recorded, is assuredly the best guarantee of a presumptive kind that it was not a work either of haste or violence, and must not, however it may be regarded otherwise, be ranked among the errors of enthusiasm.

With this account of the experience of a Frenchman in London, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we may contrast a more lamentable history, not inferior in its sincerity, yet not undeservedly characterised as a fanatical delusion; it is that of Joanna Southcote. It is needless to say that all common estimations of this extraordinary victim of hallucination, miss all the important points. The historians of her tragedy—which is that of the soul entirely, for she was not in any conspicuous manner a subject of external visitations—have not endeavoured to convict her of imposture,

nor have they erred in the general estimates of her hallucination. The most important of the points which have escaped them is that in her insanity as in her shrewdness, and the shrewdness is well attested, she was one of the martyrs of transcendentalism. It is quite impossible for any unbiassed student to deny her possession of extraordinary gifts, among which that of prophetic utterance may be named first, since it is of the obvious order. It was because she had those gifts that it was possible for her to be destroyed as she was. Another important matter, and that not so obvious, is that she seems to have passed through many of the inward experiences of older mysticism, as interpreted by the unchallenged authorities of the Latin Church. When she proclaimed herself to be the bride of the Spirit, it is almost beyond question that she did so on the ground of that experience, and that the latter was similar to much which we hear concerning many early ascetics and saints of the far past. In most of these instances they had the authority of the Church to guide them, and were thus saved from aberration by a direction which, whatever its imperfections, is shrewder than the shrewdest of the mystics. There is reason to believe that her life was altogether exemplary, nor will those who have studied it sympathetically deny her the seal of sanctity. It must be confessed, for the rest, that the Christianity of her period in England which she regarded, by an instinct rare for her period, as only partial and introductory, most assuredly stood in need of completion, and the only regrettable circumstance is, that she was not competent to supply its deficiencies. The success of her mission, the environment of her later life—when the unlettered peasant, daughter of a small farmer in Devonshire, saw herself surrounded by fourteen thousand

followers—may indeed have intoxicated her, but no intoxication, and even no ordinary measure of vanity, can render less pitiful and less dreadful the catastrophe of her closing years, when the seeress, believing that she had conceived miraculously, though approaching the age of Sarah, and that she was to bring forth a new avatar, was finally awakened from her vision by the death agonies of cancer. The pyre of Joan of Arc could scarcely have exceeded that awakening or approached that disillusion. With her sad history closes the first period of the movement with which we have been dealing, during the course of the nineteenth century. We see that all its great names, and these are few, and they are not of the greatest, were remainders brought over from the preceding epoch. When these had passed away there were no others to replace them, and all things fell gradually into abeyance. It was a melancholy period for philosophical and intellectual thought. The desolation of the time found voice in the "Obermann" of de Senancour, which reads like the world's dirge over its dead aspirations. The air was resonant with the uproar of thrones falling and the thunder of conflicting empires. The hiatus is filled only by mesmeric phenomena. It has been said that mesmerism is the key of all these secrets, and while there may be a certain sense in which such a statement has an aspect of truth, it should be added that those who were in possession of the key could not discover the lock, or, at least, that the door which had been so far opened was not the right door. At the same time the key of Mesmer was destined before many years had passed away to open one door in the outer world with such consequence, that the sleep of the secret sciences came to an end abruptly, while its awakening was unlike anything in previous centuries.



BY THE SEA

THE eyes that once made bright my way,
 The sunny eyes of golden grey,
 The lips that bless'd me day by day,
 Come back in dreams to me:
 Those happy, vanished days of yore,
 And thou with them, come back once more,
 And in the fields, and by the shore,
 With hand in hand
 We walk or stand
 At Hearts-Ease by the sea.

Light waves on dripping rocks are spraying,
 High tides in quiet coves are swaying,
 Our happy feet are straying, straying,
 Following fancy free;
 The morning sun gleams over us,
 The noontide heat streams over us,
 The magic moon dreams over us,
 And love dreams day
 And night away
 At Hearts-Ease by the sea.

But now I live in Careful Town,
 Where red with mist the sun goes down,
 Yet Heaven assumes her starry crown
 As when I roamed with thee.
 My soul hath shaped a purpose high,
 Whose lustre lights up earth and sky,
 And cheers the wanderer's yearning eye
 In doubt, in night,
 With guiding light
 O'er life's tempestuous sea.

O guiding light! O lambent star!
 O mystic hope! which shines afar,
 And points where smoother waters are,
 That welcome gleam increase;
 Which grows in likeness day by day
 To eyes that once made bright my way,
 The sunny eyes of golden grey;
 For Faith and Love
 Unite above,
 As Justice joins with Peace!

W. HAY DRAYSON.



In the abstract order two and two are four, but in the distorting atmosphere of our material interests the mere mathematical statement becomes often antecedently improbable; it depends whether black is white, and that depends upon circumstances.

THE DEVIL'S PASSAGE

By W. H. Koebel

SHE was pretty as a picture, and her nature as sweet as her face. When Leonard Humphreys bore her out from "home" to his station at Takori, his batchelor neighbours envied his lot, and with reason, while the wives of their more fortunate or unfortunate brethren, as the case might be, even in their most uncharitable moments, could bring themselves to find no fault with her. Humphreys, himself, adored his pretty wife; to her there was but one man in the world, and, as that fortunate individual was Leonard Humphreys himself, it might well be imagined that the state of affairs at Takori was little short of celestial. Their share of happiness, indeed, was probably beyond that vouchsafed to most, yet one of the axioms of earthly existence is the impossibility of its enjoyment in the perfect state of bliss and peace. Still, the kink in the smooth thread of their lives was so diminutive — so insignificant. The love of horses was to Leonard part of his life; he was the most daring rider, the mightiest huntsman and the most brilliant performer "over the sticks" in the district. Laura Humphreys, on the other hand, when in the saddle was unable to repress a tremor of unconquerable fear. Horses represented to her necessary but nerve shaking evils of locomotion, and, although she had fought strenuously to overcome her dread, she had been quite unable to get the better of it. And this state of mind was one which Leonard found it hard to comprehend or to sympathise with. It had been his ambition that, in the runs of the draghounds, his wife should

career gaily by his side, taking jump for jump with him, to the heightening of the glory of both. The experiment had been tried once, and once only, for when, on their arrival upon the scene, his bride had marked the course—the ugly-looking timber logs, the topmost reared to such a wicked height, standing out in the long lines of wire fencing, the little courage she had mustered for her husband's sake with such anguish to herself, forsook her entirely. With the colour coming and going on her charming, troubled face, she had faltered out her fear—her cowardice she called it—brokenly to Leonard. They had ridden home together in a silence that was more cruel to her than the bitterest taunts, and her eyes had been full of a pain that broke out into scalding tears as they reached their homestead. And then once more all had been well, for he had taken her to him, vowing that, whether she would hunt or not, she was the sweetest and dearest girl in the world, and he thanked the fates that she was his very own. But, for all that, the cloud, fleeting as it was, had left its shadow behind. There were times when he remained long silent, gazing at the sparks raining upwards from the massive log fire, and she, watching anxiously his face, with sinking heart, would upbraid herself for the cause of his gloom. And then her eyes would grow very soft and pathetic as she would lavish upon him a double quantity of caresses in the endeavour to atone for her shortcomings. That a sense of disappointment occasionally came over him was true, but the matter was not, as she, in her jealous fear for his love, imagined.

He would have shared all things with her—the exhilaration of the swift gallop, of the upward soaring over the posts, as well as the sacred intimacy of their home life. But, if this was not to be, it was but a trifle in the face of his never-ending delight in his wife. Neither had he given up the hope of training her to a better understanding of the things she dreaded, and was slowly, cautiously endeavouring by trivial tests to win for her the nerve she lacked. For in his own heart he had firmly decided that, whether in a day or in a year, she *should* perform those feats that would set the crowning seal upon his bliss.

So matters went on until one morning a shepherd came galloping full pelt to the Takori station, the bearer of an urgent invitation to a homestead some miles from their own. The winter's moisture was over all as they started upon their journey, and the pools of recent rains lay thickly upon the soddened ground. In the valleys the mist clouds lay white and fleecy, mysteriously wreathing themselves around the bases of the hills. Yet in the air was a fillip of buoyancy, of exhilaration that entered deep into the hearts of both. Cheerily they plodded along. Laura, mounted on an old, tried station hack, endowed with the sure-footedness of a goat, and, by some marvel of nature, with easy paces, felt supremely happy that morning. The moist atmosphere had caused a loosened curl to cling lovingly to her cheek, a chestnut lock against the heightened rose of her complexion. Leonard was gazing at her, his admiration beaming from his eye. Her colour deepened as she met his glance.

"You silly boy," she cried, laughingly, with a frank look of added pleasure, "Isn't all that done with yet? Those looks are a waste of time, surely—for only your wife."

In silence he urged his horse closer to her own, and, passing an arm about her waist, kissed her upon the cheek. Her soft eyes sparkled with a light that he alone, of all men, knew. Then, in an enjoyable silence, they rode forward in a more rational manner. The track had led them upwards, ever upwards to the very realms of cloudland itself. And,

as it rose, ever narrower it grew, until the more sociable mode of progression had to give way to Indian file, with Laura in the lead. The scenery was still new to her, the road entirely strange, and it was with something of awe that she gazed upon the peaks that reared their massive crests around her. Suddenly startled from her reverie, she pointed in amazement before her, flinging a look of dismayed inquiry at her husband. For just ahead of them the summit of the ridge on which they rode contracted with startling suddenness, the thin perpendicular tongue of land rising upwards sheer from the depths of the gorges to right and left. For twenty yards or so—a strip known as the Devil's Passage—the ridge reduced itself to the extent of the attenuated track, a fine thread of a couple of feet in breadth, poised in mid air, hung giddily on high. But, so sure-footed are the cat-like cobs of the hills, that few gave the passage, despite its ominous name, a second thought; for, in the hill country, where is foothold for a man is hoofhold for his horse, and the one is equally sure with the other, the riders will tell you. Leonard met his wife's dismayed glance with an easy smile.

"No more mountaineering when we've passed this, Laura," he said reassuringly, "We drop down—down to the level of that creek below." He pointed laughingly to where a thin silver streak gleamed distinctly at the bottom of the gorge to the right. Her eyes lit upon the spot which he indicated she gave an involuntary shiver, then reined in her horse.

"Leonard!" Her face was blanched, "It's too awful. I can't cross it Len, I can't."

Her glance was resting fearfully upon the track before her. Leonard's mouth hardened. Here were more fancies—more foolish ideas. Well, they must be conquered, for her sake as well as his own.

"Can't! why not, Laura?" He spoke curtly, with raised eyebrows, hardening his heart to the pleading in her eyes. "There is nothing to be frightened of in the Devil's Passage, I

can assure you. All you have to do is to sit upon your horse and the thing is done. *Everybody* comes this way, so don't be foolish. Give Tommy his head and get on like a sensible girl."

Obediently she urged her horse forward once more, but, as she drew nearer, the abyss seemed to frown still more sombrely on either side, the thin strip of earth seemed to hang more dizzily in the air. A hawk was floating in lazy circles below; she grew giddy as she watched the bird.

"It's no use, Leonard," she cried, halting once more where the earth took its final inward curve. Her eyes were pitiful to watch. "I'm afraid of it—horribly afraid. I'm—I'm too great a coward, dear." Then she winced, as she saw for a moment a glance of real annoyance in her husband's eye. She backed her horse, laying her hand caressingly on his arm.

"Len, I'm so sorry; but I can't help it. Won't you do this to please me? If you knew what I felt, dear, you would understand. Len, is there another way?"

He was gazing gloomily before him.

"There is another way—ten miles longer. It really seems ridiculous, still I suppose we had better"—

He broke off, biting his lip; then, savagely driving the spur into his horse's flank, he prepared to turn him to the way whence they had come. For a moment Laura gazed at his moody countenance, a new light upon her face. This *could* not be. Was this miserable thing, this fear of hers, to come between them always? Her lips that were wont to curve so prettily, straightened to a line, the softness in her eyes deepening as they sought his.

"Len," she said—her voice was a little above a whisper—"don't be angry, Len; I won't be foolish. I'm—not going round." His face lit up with a pleasure so great that she smiled tremulously as she beheld it.

"Good girl, Laura!" he cried, overjoyed. "That's splendid—splendid of you. Why, you'll be a heroine yet, dear. And, when you reach the other side, you will laugh to find how easy it was. I shall see my wife as brave as she's pretty yet."

In another moment her horse was pacing the Devil's Passage. Watching her graceful form with a pleased smile, Leonard followed. For the first few steps all went well, but he noticed how her figure stiffened in the saddle. She flung one terrified glance back to him, and with alarm he saw the look in her eyes. Now she was pulling at Tommy's mouth, unconsciously perhaps, but sufficiently to cause the animal to swerve in hesitation. Now her figure was swaying and she was clutching the reins as though to retain her balance. The cob halted in mid-passage, doubtfully craning his neck round. One foot slithered down the edge of the track, then recovered itself.

"Don't pull his mouth, Laura! For the Lord's sake let go his head! Laura, don't you hear, dear? Laura!"

His voice rose to a shriek. There was another slide of hoofs and he, who had never felt fear for himself, now felt the terror he had scorned surge over him in a cold, distracting wave.

"Laura! Come back! Come back! Come back, I say!"

He knew not what he was shrieking so frenziedly. His power of reason had fled as he watched the figure of the girl, drooping, shaking as a leaf.

The cob strove to turn—could not—hung for a moment in perilous balance, then swung partially round again, and remained in nervous hesitation. Once more Laura's face turned to him, white as the fleecy clouds below, the pretty mouth drawn rigidly downwards, her eyes, anguished and filled with an intensity of mute pleading, turned fully upon his own. For a space—it might have been a second—it might have been a minute, he met their gaze with his own, fascinated in horror. Then he found himself thinking; something moved within his brain; his fingers were fumbling tremblingly, shakily, with the coils of his stock-whip on his saddle. The cob in front took a step backwards—he knew this, although his eyes never left hers. One more step and—before the thought was complete he had flung his own horse forward. The whip fell upon the back of the cob. The animal's hoofs struck down to spring

forward—there was a rattling stumble, a vision of a downward, backward slide and then—he was alone—dazed, numbed, a ringing in his brain, a vacant, incredulous stare in his eyes—but alone, quite alone.

Falling forward in his saddle he let the horse take him where it would, then, dropping dully to the earth, he stared at the clouds of vapour below, at the crags and peaks about him, with eyes that saw, yet understood not, for the dawn-

ing of his utter loneliness was upon him with a power great enough mercifully to deaden his senses to a full understanding of it all. But wherever he gazed with that vacant stare, whether upon cloud, rock, or sky, from each shone forth the picture of those eyes as he had last seen them, and when, with his trembling hands he covered his own, through the darkness, doubly distinct, still came the clear vision of the woman who had loved him and whom he had lost.



Existence has been termed a jest, and it is certainly a conundrum. Perhaps, like the riddle of the Sphinx, its answer is almost obvious. Meanwhile, many of us prefer to perish rather than accept the simple construction of common sense.



Only those who are born in the sanctuary can afford to jest in the sanctuary.



IRÊM

FROM place to place, with all its gardens girt,
 Slow moves the mystic city of mirage,
 Crescent and cupola and minaret,
 And all who look thereon for evermore
 Carry strange longings in their haunted eyes.
 Oh mosques and palaces for chosen souls!
 Oh floral emblems! oh prophetic trees!
 Oh visionary voices—the long days
 And nights enchanting—of thy streams, thy birds!
 Oh purple dreamland, infinite ecstasy!

CRAVEN OCKLEY.



Nature is meretricious and highly coloured; she is also indiscriminate and violent, extreme in likes and dislikes, full of intuitions and inconsequence; in all these ways, she is like a true woman, and having regard to what we know of her history, she is assuredly a woman with a past.

A PLANTER'S LIFE IN CEYLON

By V. B. Paterson



PLANTER'S life to-day in Ceylon is very different from what it was in the time of old King Coffee. Then he was practically cut off from the society of his kind, and lived a solitary existence in his bungalow. The married man was in the minority, and the news of the arrival of a bride on her way to take superintendence of a neighbour's household was often enough to make the lonely bachelors ride down from the estates to the Government road, on the chance of a peep at her bonnie English face as she passed. Alone among his coolies, except for an occasional visit from another planter to take breakfast with him and discuss the prospects of crop, or the descent upon him of some passing European who wanted a night's lodging, the coffee planter had nothing to divert his thoughts from his work, and week in and week out he laboured in his fields, intent upon winning the fortune which he had left native land and friends to seek. Now and again he joined in an elephant hunt, or went out snipe shooting with the other men in the district. Sometimes he owned a flute or a rickety harmonium, if he were musically inclined, and made night hideous in company with the frogs in the marshes, and the beating of the tom-toms in the "lines." Sometimes, too, he drank a good deal, or amused himself with the beauties among the Coolie women. These vices are known in every tropical country where the European is isolated among natives, and has placed himself beyond the observation of his own class. But the vicious man was the exception, not the rule, and when bitter calamity came to the island, and coffee was ruined, the Ceylon planter showed the stuff he was made

of, giving an object lesson of pluck and endurance against odds which have not often been equalled in any other colony. He weathered the storm, and to-day has made Ceylon more prosperous with its tea industry than it was even in the palmiest years of coffee.

But the planter of five-and-twenty years ago has been succeeded by another generation whose environment is altogether different. The tea-planter of to-day takes life more easily. Railways now traverse the island, so that in a day he can change the bracing air of the estate, high up among the hills, for the heat of Colombo. He runs down for a week, stays at an hotel, and hob-nobs with the crowd of passengers who daily come on shore from the big liners coaling in the harbour. He shows himself at Queen's House, and, if he is so inclined, goes to one or two dances in the evenings, while his mornings are taken up with watching the favourites training for the races. He has a "bit on" generally, and he occasionally belongs to a football team, for they play "Rugger" in Ceylon now. There is a club in his district, and at numerous bungalows, there are ladies always ready to welcome him to afternoon tea. There are also tennis tournaments and bicycle gymkanas, not to speak of polo. Instead of "all work and no play making Jack a dull boy," as used sometimes to be the case, the present danger is rather that Jack may become fonder of play than of work, and that his employers at home may chance to find the latter neglected. Instead of the estate he superintends being his own, worked, as it frequently was in the old days, by means of advances on the security of the crop, till success made him independent of borrowed money, he is usually the servant of a company, who

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own groups of estates, and are, above all things, anxious for dividends. This system, while it relieves the present day planter from the necessity of finding capital to develop the land, takes away the strong personal stake he formerly had in its prosperity, and has produced a different type, more given to sport and to amusement, than the old plan of one man proprietorship.

The organization of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, composed of planters and other Europeans who volunteered for the war in South Africa, proved, however, that the old spirit still exists. The sum of the whole matter may be said to be, that the earlier men were the pioneers, and it is not to be expected that their successors, who work under fewer disadvantages, will deny themselves the comforts and recreations impossible to Ceylon life a quarter of a century earlier.

The tea planter's working days are exceedingly busy. He rises before the sun, swallows his morning cup of tea, and goes out to muster. The hills and valleys alike are all hidden by snowy mists; the air is raw and cold, and the shivering coolies, as they come up to the rendezvous, draw their blankets tighter round their brown shoulders. The Kanganies, or native overseers of the gangs, button their soldiers' coats closer, for cast-off regimental coats from our Army Depots frequently find their way to the backs of well-to-do coolies, and are much prized on account of their brass buttons and general military appearance. The women and children crowd round the "doré" (master) and chatter to one another as he calls the roll, apportioning to each group its work for the day. Then all go off to their pruning, picking, or whatever it may be. The women and youngsters do the major part of the picking and carry deep baskets slung on their backs to which the leaf is conveyed as soon as it is separated from the twigs. The sun now begins to burst forth, and peaks and hill tops, appear above the white trailing wreaths of mist, like innumerable islands in a mysterious ocean. The glowing beams light up the dark, glossy leaves of the tea bushes, and shine on

waterfall and tree; the distant driving-roads glitter with a dazzling whiteness in their zig-zag course, backwards and forwards along the mountain sides, while the nearer estate paths burn with a ruddy hue. The tropical day has begun and all nature pants under the molten rays.

Most of all perhaps is the heat felt in the tea factory, where after the outside work the hours of the planter are spent. Here the gathered leaves are emptied from the baskets, weighed, pressed, withered, rolled and fired. The process of tea-making has been often described, and it is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the main advantage of Indian and Ceylon tea over that brought from China is the cleanliness of its manufacture. The Chinese tea maker employs hand labour, while in the making of British tea, machinery is used in all the processes. No reader acquainted with Oriental habits will require further proof of the superiority, in regard to cleanliness, of the tea grown in our own colonies.

The planter passes from one room to another, and superintends everything. He learns to be a bit of an engineer as he is something of various other professions; he can rectify defects to his plant, if not complicated, frequently invents improvements of his own in the different processes, and is ever on the outlook how to minimize labour. He keeps a sharp eye on the pickers, and checks carefully the loads as they come in. As he goes home to breakfast he scrutinizes the bushes in passing, lest any fungoid or insect pests have begun an attack in some unnoticed corner on his precious plants.

The planter's breakfast is akin to our home lunch, only he takes it earlier. Having eaten nothing but a round of toast or so with his six o'clock tea, he is ready by ten or half-past for a substantial meal. There is hot meat, of some sort, with vegetables, followed almost invariably by curry and rice, and washed down with copious cups of tea, after which he sits in his verandah and smokes the pipe of peace, while the house servants slip away to eat their own rice, his wife (if he has one) retires to her chamber for her siesta, and the silence of a tropical noon broods over everything.

Sometimes, however, there are interruptions. A coolie comes dejectedly up the steps at the end of the verandah, and salaams with voluble expressions of distress. He is sick, very sick indeed, and if master cannot give him some good medicine he fears that he must die.

Every planter who knows his business is something of a doctor. The welfare of the coolie labourers is strictly looked to by a paternal Government, which requires the planter employing these immigrants to treat them properly both in health and sickness. He is bound by law to keep the "lines," as the native quarters are termed on an estate, in fair sanitary condition, to inform himself of cases of illness, and when necessary to send the sick to the hospital of the district, every estate being scheduled for the purpose to a certain hospital considered nearest thereto. But he prescribes for ordinary ailments himself, and has always a stock of simple remedies at hand, which are supplied him from the district dispensary.

The coolie pours out the history of his symptoms. Perhaps he is only shirking, or he may really be out of sorts. His master probably decides that there is nothing very dreadful the matter, but gravely orders him what he knows will prove a satisfactory prescription, namely a big dose of castor oil. The coolie grins all over his face, for castor oil is his most treasured physic, and he produces an empty jam tin, into which his master pours a generous portion of the coveted draught. It is not the refined castor oil which was the horror of our childish days, but an atrociously-smelling nauseous compound, thick enough almost to cut with a knife. The coolie likes his medicine strong and in liberal doses, and he licks his lips after swallowing it down. He has, too, a partiality for Holloway's pills and for blisters. In fact he is a thorough believer in the potency of medicine, and would not think his "doré" had acted fairly by him if he had been sent away empty-handed.

Or perhaps it is a "tambey" who arrives, with his attendants carrying his packs upon their heads. The "tambey" is a great institution in Ceylon, where

shops, as the word is understood in England, are only to be found in Kandy or Colombo. He is a pedlar, and travels the island from end to end with his wares. Sometimes he is a moorman, and sells muslins and calicos, reels of cotton, combs, and odds and ends in what the drapers call the "furnishing line." At other times he hails from Bombay, and spreads out before his customers rugs from Persia, brass work from Benares, and jewellery and silk embroideries. Most of the worked cushions, carved ornaments or curios sent by the Indian or Ceylon residents to friends at home were bought from the "Bombay man." When he appears at an up-country bungalow, "missis," at least, generally welcomes him, though "master" may button up his pockets and assure him that "he very poor man, no money got." Ladies, who are a day's journey from cities, have perforce to forego the pleasures of shopping and the occasional chance of an hour's bargaining with the tambey is not an opportunity to be neglected. "Missis" therefore leaves her couch to see what is in the packs. The ayah comes from the nursery to assist, and ten to one the other servants appear on the scene as if by magic. For the native is a child in many ways, full of curiosity, and passionately fond of bright colours and pretty things.

Then the bargaining begins, a game that is quite well understood on both sides. The buyer offers half and the seller asks double the value of the articles he holds up, and just as long as time and patience allow, will the lady of the house continue to beat down the tambey's prices, and accuse him of being the most outrageous cheat alive. He, in his turn lauds his own modesty and generosity, and calls heaven to witness that never in all his experience has he come across so hard and miserly a customer. Finally, when both are out-wearied a compromise is arrived at, and the tambey departs with the air of a martyr to circumstances, while the lady surveys her purchases with satisfaction, well assured, however, that the trader did not conclude the bargain till her offers had

reached a price by which he was no loser.

Sometimes, on rare occasions, the native visitor is a conjuror with his basket of snakes. Then, indeed, the whole household gather in great delight, the little children clinging close to their mother's skirts or ayah's arms; the charmer squats on the ground and blows through his pipes; the snakes lift their lithe necks and twist round and round to the weird music. By-and-bye he stops playing and speaks to them, making them dance and writhe as he directs, dart out their long tongues, or coil themselves in sinuous folds round his arms and his neck. It is a "creepy" but exciting exhibition, which, however frequently seen, never fails to fascinate the spectators.

Or he plants his mango seed, and shows the delighted little ones how it grows in secret swiftness beneath the cloth he has thrown over it, till in time he pulls off the covering and displays the miniature tree with one ripe mango hanging on its topmost bough. He accepts with grateful salaams the rupee "Master" hands him, and departs on his way with his snakes safely fastened in his basket, "Missis" goes back to her book and her sofa, the children to their toys, and "Master" to his accounts, till the hour of rest is past, and he must return to the fields or the factory once more. All day he is working in the sun in the open, or perspiring in the heat and dust of the tea-house. There is not one crop annually on the tea bushes, as with grain for instance. Tea being produced from the leaf, is ready for plucking just as often as the twigs, having recovered from the last check, throw out new foliage, and this "flush" comes on every six or eight weeks, so that the gathering in is almost a continuous process. There is constant work plucking, manufacturing, and sending off the tea. Besides, on most estates there are other products which need attention. The planting of rubber has become most profitable, and Ceylon cocoa, from which cocoa is made, helps to swell the returns of many a planter's balance-sheet. The cultivation of the cocoanut palm, an entirely different

plant is also increasing. Altogether, the Ceylon planter has no lack of occupation or interests.

On Sundays, work is at a standstill on the estate, and the planter may, if he chooses, go to church. One cannot report that up country congregations are uncomfortably crowded. A Presbyterian has put it on record that at the Scotch service in his district on one occasion, he and the officiating clergyman began the opening Psalm as a duet, but the cleric not being musical, succumbed after the first four lines, leaving it to him to finish the performance as a solo. That was, however, an exceptional case, and the meeting of acquaintances at the church door is a pleasing reward of the ten mile drive taken by the serious minded. There is often the further happiness of fetching the home mail from the local post office, and reading one's letters on the return drive.

Now and again the planter has a week's shooting. Big game is rather scarce at this day, but elks, wild pigs, bears in some parts, and occasionally cheetahs, are to be met with.

Sometimes the planter awakes in the morning to find his cherished vegetable patch a ruin. A wild pig has broken through the hedge and grubbed up everything worth eating; or a jungle cat has crept into his fowl house and carried off all his chickens. Then does the planter become a deep and gloomy man, full of schemes and vengeful devices. He sits up all night and waits for his enemy, or he calls his friends together and sallies forth to track him to his lair. The wild boar is not a creature to treat with contempt. He has a disagreeable way of turning on his pursuers and charging with tusk and claws. Many a good day's sport has he given the Ceylon hunters.

The career of the tea-planter in Ceylon is one that is to be recommended to any young man who is not afraid of hard work. It does not require a large capital, and it is spent among scenery not to be surpassed for loveliness anywhere in the world, and in a climate which, if hot, is perfectly healthy.

GABRIEL

BY DOMINIC GRAY

Do you remember, wheresoe'er you be,
Who have made contact with eternity,
And by that contact have been taken far
Past the outreaching light of any star,
And, as I trust, set free from time and space—
Do you remember his unearthly face
Shining so oft amidst the temple's band?
If I spoke riddles, you would understand
Who are—I pray—unmixed intelligence;
But even then you grasped the deeper sense
And saw with me great miracles in him,
White-vested walking through the cloisters dim.
Then seeing that none except yourself above,
With me below, will penetrate our love,
However plainly stands the written word,
Let me conceal no more, whose heart is stirred
To tell outright what then I spoke alone
Either to you, apart in undertone,
Or but in parables to other men.
Far have we travelled both 'twixt now and then;
You, as I dream, are something more than earth,
Brought through cold deeps of death to your new birth,
While I have followed for so long the lights
Reserved in secret orders and strange rites
For few indeed, that, set from man apart—
In spite of all corruptions of the heart—
Pursuing a peculiar path of quest
Shunned am I or forgotten by the rest.

As in your ear then, plainly let me tell
When first it was we looked on Gabriel,
Serving at mass or vespers, day or night,
A white-robed, censer-bearing acolyte;
Only a face amidst an incense cloud—
Silent within the chants which swelled so loud.
Lovely he was, as human beauty goes—
The lily's lustre, the faint blush of rose,
Met in his face; his lips were chaste as fair
And a dim nimbus was his auburn hair,
While his deep eyes had caught, as in a net,
All the dark glories of the violet.
Youth though he was, in our two hands we could
Have ta'en his face to kiss as lovers should,
But on his earthly presence had come down
So high a sense of vision and of crown,
That out of any place where lovers lean
And whisper, he, with his uplifted mien,
So bright uprose that, like the place he trod,
We knew him sealed and set apart to God.

Like Dante standing in the market-ways,
 Who saw his blest Madonna many days,
 But did, continually spelled, defer
 Each opportunity of speech with her ;
 We with the boy adored the sacred host
 But challenged not that spiritual ghost—
 Until at length his apparition ceased.
 This day, perchance, a consecrated priest,
 He celebrates, all fairly albed and stoled,
 The holy mass at which he served of old.
 Well, you are dead, and God is strong to save,
 But certain secret matters to my grave
 I carry heavily concerning you
 Who were through all so good and more than true ;
 Still in your heart make them a safe retreat,
 If you can do so, at the judgment-seat.
 But through the sorrows of your later days,
 I know that boy's face kept your aching ways ;
 Through derelictions of my longer road
 So has it also with myself abode ;
 Still in the vigils of a wakeful night
 It serves like prayer because it shines so white,
 And brings in lighting me to slumber deep
 Some of their peace who fall in Christ asleep.

Old friend, whate'er our early verse may tell,
 Here is the mystery of Gabriel ;
 But the rare seeds sown thus in earth of ours
 Once gave us many miracles of flowers ;
 Fair fruits too promised—what of these to say?—
 Oh, you are dead, and he has gone away !



Most names are better forgotten—possibly even our own.



Vocation is the will in the beginning of its direction ; success is the will glorified.



True faith is not the gift of believing on bad evidence, or on no evidence at all ; it is the will to believe and desire all that is best in all that we do not know.



Life is a mystery, and it is a charitable act to place a good construction on the intention which underlies it.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

By Mrs. Chan Toon.



SCENE:—A room furnished handsomely with oak upholstered in scarlet, the walls hung with a few fine pictures, notably a tapestry representing "The Triumph of Love," after Boucher. There is a uniform case open on a chair and a sword case. Wynton, the old Butler, is arranging some newspapers on a table; the fire is lit. Enter Lord Brandreth, D.S.O., in evening dress. Wynton hands him letters on a salver.

Wynton (*Indicating letters*): These came just after your lordship went out, and this was delivered by hand.

Lord B. (*Taking letters, which he opens indifferently*): Want my cab round in half-an-hour. By the way, Wynton, will you tell cook that I have six people to dinner to-morrow. She's in a good temper, I hope.

Wynton (*Deprecatingly*): I had rather—ahem—your lordship mentioned the matter to cook herself, for, to tell the truth, she has been a little trying lately. The fact is, begging your lordship's pardon, cook's been disappointed in love.

Lord B. (*Looking up from reading letter*): Better than being disappointed in marriage.

Wynton: Yes, my lord, so I took the liberty to tell her. I've had a little experience myself (*coughs discreetly*).

Lord B. A little experience is a dangerous thing, Wynton.

Wynton: Yes, milord. Your lordship will be pleased to hear that young Jenkins is reformed since your lordship went away, and has quite given up betting. As I told him, betting is all very well for those as can afford it.

Lord B. (*Absently, reading letter*): Personally, I find it far more exciting when you can't afford it. (*Having read letter*)

—Ahem, Wynton, I am expecting a lady almost immediately, on particular business. Show her in here when she arrives, and if anyone else calls, I am out—you understand?

Wynton: Yes, milord.

(*Lord B. crosses to mantelpiece. Wynton hangs about re-arranging things.*)

Wynton: If you please, milord—I hope your lordship will pardon me, but I have had the misfortune to lose my mother—and I should feel very grateful if I could have leave to go down home for the funeral to-morrow.

Lord B. (*Re-reading letter*): How very inconvenient! Really, servants have no consideration about their deaths. Yes, I suppose you can go; but (*severely*), Wynton, you really must see that this does not occur again for at least six months.

Wynton (*Gravely*): I always endeavour to give satisfaction, milord.

(*Bell rings.*)

Lord B. Ah! that is probably the lady. Tell her that I will join her in a moment.

(*Exit Wynton.*)

Lord B. (*Reading note aloud*): "I am in trouble. I wish to see you. I will come to-night on my way to the opera.—Helen Derbyshire."

(*Lord B. folds letter and retires. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes ten as Wynton shows Lady Derbyshire in. She wears a long cloak of satin, lace and sable. She appears a little nervous.*)

Wynton: His lordship will be here in a moment. What name, Madame?

Lady D. None—Lord Brandreth expects me.

Wynton: Very good, Madame.

(*Exit Wynton.*)

(*Lady Derbyshire advances to the fire, looking eagerly round the while.*)

Lady D. (To herself): I wonder if he's changed. I wonder if he will disapprove of my coming here—But no; he couldn't change. His was a nature that admitted of no dethronements. (*Walks to the table.*) What a charming room—(*walks towards tapestry*)—what a beautiful picture—"The Triumph of Love." Its prophetic; love must always triumph—(*sighs*)—its only marriage that ever fails.

(*Door opens: Enter Lord B.*)

Lord B. Lady Derbyshire—Helen, I'm delighted. (*Takes her hands in his.*)

Lady D. You are not angry at my coming? But once I knew you were in England I felt that I must see you—

Lord B. (Drawing a chair forward for her): Angry!—at the most charming of my friends coming to welcome me home! Dear lady, you must have forgotten me strangely.

Lady D. (Nervously): No; I've an excellent memory; perhaps that is why I dared to come.—And how are you, Arthur. We've missed you sorely.

Lord B. If I had only known that, I should have stayed away longer—I like being missed.

Lady D. Your letters said nothing.

Lord B. That is what all letters should say—the most dangerous of all bottles is the ink bottle.

Lady D. Arthur, do you remember the last time we met—the day I sent you from me because I had not the courage to face the world?

Lord B. (Hastily): Yes, but it's all forgiven, and if not forgotten, don't let us talk of it; tell me of yourself and your life.

Lord B. I caught a passing glimpse of you at Madame de Breteuil's, last night; you seemed very gay and happy.

Lady D. (Absently): Oh! yes—it was a most successful dance, the women were so pleased with the men, and the men were all delighted with themselves.

Lord B. That is the usual attitude of the thoroughly modern male mind. By the way, society has not taken long to forget Madame de Breteuil's rather vivid past. . . . But tell me something of yourself and your life. It's all I care in the least to hear. In all the crowd last

night I saw none but you—desired to see none but you.

Lady D. I have been as a drifting boat on a shoreless sea—afraid to look at the war news—afraid of everything, myself most of all. . . . I am so thankful that you are intact. I—(*tries to smile*)—never had any taste for remnants.

Lord B. You were always above the weaknesses of your sex—(*looks at her*)—how well you are looking—time has passed you by.

Lady D. Indeed, no, I have been growing old for the want of someone to tell me I was looking young.

Lord B. Lady Derbyshire has her mirror and her friends.

Lady D. Friends are the thermometers by which we know the temperatures of fortune, not looks. Arthur—(*throwing off reserve and turning towards him*)—cannot you guess what has brought me here to-night. Arthur—once you loved me—once—

Lord B. Yes.

Lady D. And you asked—

Lord B. It was the inevitable result of my loving you.

Lady D. And I refused.

Lord B. Yes—you refused.

Lady D. (A pause—then she takes her courage in both hands): And I have come here to-night to take back that refusal—to say that I am a desperately unhappy woman—to beg you to take me away anywhere in the wide world—only let us try to find the philosopher's stone together—(*Lays her hand on his sleeve.*)

(*There is an eloquent pause, then he disengages himself and walks to the table.*)

Lady D. turns round. She looks bewildered.)

Lady D. (Faintly): Arthur—I—have I made a mistake?

Lord B. (With apparent effort): Mistakes are amongst the pleasantest things in life—this is not one—

Lady D. Arthur, what do you mean—why do you speak so strangely?

Lord B. (Advancing): Because—dearest of all women always—I hate refusing gifts, and the one that you offer me is so great that I must—

Lady D. (Turning eagerly): But, Arthur, once you—

Lord B. Once it was I who tempted

—I who painted with youth's exaggerated brush the joys of a life together—but I am older and wiser now; I realise that at your age and in your great position you cannot set the world at defiance! Believe me, I should be less your lover than I am did I listen—

Lady D. It is I who have to count the cost. I have done so, and I don't grudge it. It is nothing—nothing beside the misery of my present life—what does anything matter beside a great love and a great happiness?

Lord B. Honour—duty—

Lady D. Honour is only dread of the world's scorn—duty is only what others expect of us. I am not speaking rashly. If the world threw stones at me it would amuse me—I cannot imagine anybody being unhappy about it—nor I am sure can you.

Lord B. But I can. I have grown hopelessly common-place. I should be always fretting about what people thought, I —

Lady D. You are not sincere—you are pretending—or you have grown cold and cruel.

Lord B. No, it's only that I have developed that unfortunate deformity—a conscience.

Lady D. Then you are a moral coward.

Lord B. All men are for the women they love, Rousseau tells us that men's affections lack permanence, so it is best not to pay too high a price for so defective an article.

Lady D. (*Looks at him—a growing doubt dawning in her eyes*): Arthur—it is not possible that you no longer care, that you—if I thought that—(*she recoils*)—No, no, forgive me, I wronged you, it

is only some mistaken notion of the conventionalities—you care, I know—you —

Lord B. (*Paces to and fro*): Why do women always want the truth. Truth is their tragedy. Helen—(*pauses in his walk*)—a man loves a woman for what he imagines her to be—a woman loves a man for what she knows he can never be—Helen—we are all proverbially fickle, I am no exception—I—I oh, dear! forgive me—but I love another; she does not care, I doubt if she knows, but she has closed my heart to others for ever—it must seem brutal to you, but it is best. Heaven help me, once you were all, now you are nothing—(*Turns away*).

(*The clock strikes eleven. There is silence, during which Lady D. recovers her self-possession, rearranges her cloak, tries to stay the trembling of her lips.*)

Lady D. As you say, truth is a tragedy. Nevertheless, Arthur, I thank you. Some old friends, like most old follies, are best forgotten. The art of forgetfulness is the art of love. There is no more to be said. I must go; will you kindly ring?

Lord B. Friends—Helen! (*Holds out his hand*).

Lady D. No—enemies. Good-night. Good-bye.

(*Lord B. rings. Wynton appears. Exit Lady D., who, before the portiere falls, looks back, her face expressing deep emotion.*)

(*Lord B. drops into a chair, his head sinks on his hands, the lights die down, none remaining save one that throws up in high relief the Tapestry of—*

“THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.”



Modern progressiveness contains the entire shopkeeping spirit in a small compass.



The outward sense of all symbolism is in itself nothing, and the first of its concealed senses is often trivial or conventional. The well in which real truth lies is deep and colder than the baths of Apollo.

OF SLEEPING AND WAKING

A SPACE of sleep vouchsafe the Lords of love,
 To wake at length they grant who reign above,
 And many substitutes for sleep their schemes
 Dispense, till pity in their hearts shall move
 To free us from our dreams.

They that have rocked us into sleep so well
 Alone can free us from the long, drear spell,
 For surely comes the wakening at last;
 When each to each of all his dreams shall tell
 As of old dangers past.

And in the place of exile, far away,
 We shall look back in our relief and say—
 Hard was the bed whereon we toiled in sleep;
 But now the vigils of true life repay
 With rest divinely deep.

ARDEN PEVEREL.



It is sorrowful, and all that, when our friends forget us, yet there is a certain consolation derived legitimately enough from the opportunity of taking pity on ourselves. But who shall condole with us when an ill-starred fate ordains that some of our friends remember us in spite of everything?



Life is described by the poet as "a fitful fever," death is possibly its crisis; when he has survived this the patient may be pronounced out of danger.



The sense of the infinite is ingrained and not acquired, for which reason it cannot be imparted to those who do not possess it originally.



BUT WE MAY

A little space of daylight and of night,
 A little span of pain and dim delight—
 And then the whole is over and is gone;
 The place forgets us where of old we trod—
 Sad is it surely, but suppose—good God!—
 We still went on!

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

By Dr. Maurice Davies



It is all very well to quote the ancient classical adage which tells us :

They change the clime, but
not the mind, who voyage o'er
the sea.

When I left dear, distracting London, and took up my abode in the sequestered city now represented by "Dr. Jim" in the Cape Parliament, I was assured by the potentate under whom I was to serve that I should find a good deal more life in South Africa than in the Great Metropolis. "It is of a more concentrated kind, no doubt," added my informant, who ought to have known, for he had been many years in the colony, "but there is certainly more of it." This was true, so far as the concentration went, at all events; and it has frequently occurred to me that a few jottings of the more noteworthy features which strike the emigrant newly-landed on colonial shores from the very innermost core and centre of London life might not be altogether devoid of practical use in these globe-trotting days.

Long ago, how long it is not necessary to state, after a residence of some years in Paris, I remember writing my reminiscences under the head of "Parisian Problems" in a magazine edited by one of the Brothers Brough, and largely contributed to by Edmund Yates, Sala, Godfrey Turner, and others who have gone over to the majority. I even devoted a separate paper to the perennial servant-girl question, under the title of "Our Bung"—meaning, it may be well to explain, "Our Bonne"—and it struck

me that one or two of the salient features in Colonial, as distinguished from home life, as they crossed the consciousness of a pretty mature immigrant, might prove not altogether uninteresting, especially to such as may be intending to emigrate from England, and immigrate to the new home beyond sea.

The sea ! The mere mention of that element — the "dissociable sea," as Horace called it—leads me to say a few prefatory words on the voyage out. That month—for it took me from May 24th, our then Queen's birthday, until June 21st, our Midsummer Day, but Midwinter Day in the new hemisphere of my election—forms a pleasant resting-place for memory in its retrospective transit. I found those southern seas anything but dissociable; and the weather favoured us on that voyage to a degree which was quite unique in the recollection of Captain Robinson, who commanded the good ship *Warwick Castle*, in which I sailed.

I had a horror of the ocean, not so much from any fear of its actual dangers as from the possibility of *mal de mer*; and, on the morning of my exodus, I rose very early and tried the experiment which may be described as a biblical version of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. Opening my Sunday School Bible at random, I put my finger down on the page, and it actually lighted on the text, "He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm." There it stands, scored and marked with the date, in that old dismantled Bible; and certainly

no prophecy was ever more literally fulfilled. With the exception of a slight sea on entering the Bay of Biscay, we had no trouble for all those thousands of miles. The dreaded bay itself was smooth as a millpond. There was a gentleman on board, voyaging for his health, who belonged to the Plymouth Brethren. He told us that some sixty of his *confrères* had pledged themselves to pray for fair weather on his behalf, and he unhesitatingly attributed our pleasant trip to their intercession. Whether the *Sortes Biblica* or the Plymouth Brethren had anything to do with it or not, there the fine weather and the smooth seas were, and right glad was I to welcome them.

But the calm outside was even exceeded by the calm on board. It was a veritable Millennium in mid-ocean, though it only lasted a month. Ecclesiastical differences are "concentrated," like other forms of life, in South Africa, and a dignitary of the opposite school to that which I represented, came on board at Dartmouth, I, myself, having sailed from the docks. The captain was in despair as to what he should do with us two parsons, for he was a stickler for elaborate church services on board his ship, and groaned under his *embarras de richesses*. I begged him to be at ease, as I should be ready to "sit under" the dignitary in question; but that dignitary, like the genial, sensible man he was, set all difficulties at rest by suggesting that we should sink all differences and share the services on the voyage, which we did. Not only so, but a number of missionaries, belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, were on board with their wives, and they wanted to have a service all to themselves in the saloon, but the captain, who was a staunch Churchman, would not hear of this, and relegated them to the second-class, whereupon they, too, cast in their lot with us, and formed a capital choir. Not only so, but a young actor and actress, both Roman Catholics, who were going out to join an operatic corps, merged their differences too, and the young man, who had been in the choir at the Savoy, before becoming a Roman Catholic, played the harmonium, and acted as organist, so that our services

on Whitsun Day and Trinity Sunday, which fell within our voyage, were hearty in the extreme.

And then the high jinks we had during that delectable period, when we had passed Madeira and could use our sea-legs without being disturbed by the Atlantic rollers! Concerts, balls and private theatricals occupied almost every evening. The captain played the flute, and I myself aspired to the violin. One lady among the passengers, bearing a distinguished colonial name, was a skilful accompanist; and we used to drive out of the saloon the unhappy travellers who were posting up their diaries, or writing letters home for postage at the Cape, as we scraped away at Corelli, or rehearsed the music for some impending performance.

But this lotus-life came to an end. My cabin was on deck next to the captain's; and one morning he awakened me prematurely to show me the African coast. There were the mountains of Hottentot Holland standing purple against the blood-red sunrise. That same day our merry party broke up, never to meet again.

The very first instance of "concentrated" colonial life which met my eye as we sailed into harbour beneath the shadow of Table Mountain, was a happy combination of Cockaigne with the Cape of Good Hope, in the shape of a hansom cab driven by a turbaned Malay.

Then the "dignitary" and myself who had become fast friends on the voyage, shook hands and parted "fair foes." I have never seen him since; but that was not by any means the last I heard of him. When my family followed me out some months afterwards, he showed them great attention and kindness; so much so that I could not help thinking what thorough friendship might have been ours, had it not happened that one of us belonged to the Church of South Africa and the other to the Church of England in South Africa! Around such insignificant centres, such distinctions without difference, does this proverbial *odium theologicum* revolve.

But the Southern Cross—auspicious emblem!—was going to change all that. Did a suspicion occur to my mind, when first I came face to face with that long looked-for constellation? I had certainly pictured something a good deal bigger. Perhaps we always do prefigure things and people and events greater than they are. Certainly, this was the case with the Southern Cross in my experience. And that was not the worst, either; one arm of the Cross was decidedly out of drawing. However, there it was, resplendent in the firmament, all the features of which grew more and more strange to me with every plunge the *Warwick Castle* made in the South Atlantic. No; it could not mean that things were going crooked; though the gallant captain and the benignant potentate both assured me I was going out to the wrong side, and that stellar emblem seemed lifting its arm as if to enforce their lessons.

In due course of time I landed at Port Elizabeth, with a violin-case in one hand and a viola-case in the other, and so passed to the railway-station, where I found a lawyer's clerk awaiting me with an inhibition from the Bishop of the South African Church. Was that the import of the distorted Southern Cross? Nonsense! Had I not the Privy Council, emblem of Royal Supremacy, and the Master of the Rolls on my side, both of whom had declared that the Church of South Africa had cut herself off from the Church of England as by law established? Was I not by law established, too? That South African Bishop had no more power to inhibit me than the Pope of Rome or the President of the Wesleyan Conference; so I simply smiled at the clerk, and went on my way rejoicing, fiddle in hand.

When I took up my quarters at the Deanery, I must confess that edifice scarcely realised my ideal, which had been formed on those stately edifices in the old cathedral cities at home. This one was not by any means "concentrated," for, being only of one storey, it covered a lot of ground. But it looked too new, whilst its long avenues of bananas, and its encircling orange and loquat trees were anything but eccle-

siastical in my Anglican eyes. The cathedral was a fine one, its tower overtopping any other in the colony, and boasting to be the finest south of the Line. The grammar school, which was to be the scene of my week-day duties, differed little from those of the old country; but its occupants, my scholars, were considerably more "mixed," resembling, in this respect, a board school, blended with an "Academy for Young Gentlemen." These scholars however, were fine, sturdy fellows for the most part, and by the time our first Christmas breaking-up came, and I staged an abbreviated comedy of Shakespeare as our school play, we soon proved that the colonial boys could do quite as well as the London ones. I never had a better Orlando for my *As You Like It*, than the big Dutch lad, whose portrait still hangs over my mantelpiece in commemoration of those by-past days. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the Boer War; but I have not been able to learn his subsequent fate. Among some thousands of boys who have passed through my pedagogic hands, young Dan—I suppose I must not add his family name—stands very high in my regards.

Though I held Bishop Colenso's licence, I did not share his theological opinions; but I was thoroughly at one with him on the native question. I believed, and still believe, in the gentle Kaffir—I use the epithet gentle advisedly, for reasons which will appear anon. The rougher element in the school did not share my sentiments in this respect, they were prone to maltreat or insult the black man in the streets. Whenever a case of this kind was reported to me, I made it a standing rule to cane the offender before the whole school, and in presence of the black man, if I could secure his attendance. The boy did not mind the caning so much as the presence of the "nigger" to witness his degradation.

I suffered some inconvenience through my avowed proclivity for the gentle native. On one occasion I saw a young Kaffir belabouring an old black woman, who might have been his grandmother. I went to the aid of beauty in distress,

and moved on my black brother, who had imbibed a good deal more "Cape Smoke" than agreed with him. From that time forth I never met that swarthy old dame in the street but she threw her arms around my neck and invoked blessings on my head for having rescued her. I rather wished that I had been less Quixotic.

But it was in connection with the important servant-girl question that the gentleness of the Kaffir was specially impressed upon me. I ought, perhaps, to say the gentleness of the black population generally, for our domestics came from different nations. When my family joined me at the Cape, the resident matrons were not slow to impress upon my wife that she would find the domestic servant question a difficulty. She never did. In fact, in the whole course of our protracted experience, we never had better servants. The principal reason was that we treated them as human beings, not as inferior animals. Christine, the cook, who was left behind for me at the Deanery, where we all took up our quarters, was a little Hottentot, and as able an exponent of the culinary art as you could wish to meet. These dusky Venuses all rejoiced in the most high-flown names, such as Constance, Ida, Victoria and so on. One big Fingoe girl, bearing the appellation of our then beloved Queen, had a keen sense of humour, and if I happened to make a funny remark at dinner, she would lean against the wall and shake her fat sides with laughter—not a suppressed giggle, but a good hearty "Ya! ya!" Ida, one of our latest housemaids, has left quite a pleasant impression lingering on my memory. I never had a more quiet, respectable servant. These girls used to repair to their native locations on the outskirts of the town at night, and return early in the morning. It was only the nurses who came into residence.

It was a strange sensation at first to see them pattering about with bare feet as they waited at dinner, but one soon got accustomed to that; and they seemed much more at home than in shoes. Indeed, the only occasion when I saw them shod was when they married and

arrayed themselves gorgeously in bridal attire; but they never seemed comfortable in those capacious white satin shoes and inappropriate furbelows.

And so of the men. The Kaffir boy—they are all "boys"—will not exert himself unnecessarily like his yellow brother, or like ourselves, for the matter of that. I used to appreciate my black brother's cheery "Morgen!" when I met him, and if I wanted a job done I found that a "ticky"—which is the vernacular for a threepenny-piece, would go further with a Kaffir than it would with an English "boy."

A picture illustrating this cheap activity lingers pleasantly in my mind's eye. After I had been some months in the Colony, I made out a brief school holiday by walking, with two companions, to Port Alfred, at the mouth of the Kowie river, a distance of forty miles. It was considered a prodigious feat by those on whom the colonial climate had exercised its somewhat enervating effects, and, at one point in our journey, there was an angle in the road which we thought we could cut off by taking a sheep-path through the bush. We tried it, and went hopelessly astray, but came opportunely at night-fall on a tiny Kaffir kraal, which could hardly be dignified with the name of a village, consisting as it did of only some half-dozen huts. I went up to the first of these in the hope of securing a guide, and there I saw, leaning against the side of the hut, in the clear South African moonlight, a splendid specimen of a young Kaffir mother with her child slung on her back in the approved native fashion. I managed to convey to her what I wanted, and she roused her lord and master who was sleeping within. For a couple of tickies—for the small sum of sixpence, that is—he took us safely out of the mimosa bush and landed us on the road. I seem to be able to see that Kaffir kraal still, and the youthful mamma toying with her child in the soft African moonlight.

The Kaffir language is a musical one, as soft as Italian, to which it has often been likened. Perhaps it sounds even more so by comparison with the native Dutch, which is harsh and guttural.

The great difficulty is the "click" which is introduced into the middle of words. I could never accomplish this; but that it is not an insurmountable difficulty was proved by one of the officials in the library of the Capetown University, who could talk colloquial Kaffir and click like a native.

The Kaffir boy is only seen to advantage in his native location or in the bush, where he wears the picturesque attire of his people. In the cities, where he is obliged to assume the garb of civilisation, he looks a nondescript creature enough, with strong indications of Petticoat Lane in his wardrobe. He leans largely to old military uniforms, which are exported to meet his requirements, and arrayed in one of these he does not appear altogether picturesque.

The Kaffir girls are particularly sensitive on the subject of their short hair as compared with the "attractive kinks" of their mistresses. My daughters, who used to win the hearts of the servants by chatting with them, once asked a girl why they wore the "dooks," or quasi-turbans, which they do. She replied, shamefacedly: "We shouldn't if we had hair like yours, miss." It was, they found, the one object of the native belle's ambition, to have long, soft locks like "young missus," in place of the crisp curls with which nature has adorned her.

Perhaps, among the thousand and one differences between life in Cockaigne and beneath the Southern Cross, none is more striking at first than that connected with laundry operations. As you take your walks abroad on the outskirts of the town, you come upon a babbling brooklet, where scores of Kaffir women are babbling more volubly still. Look at the articles which they are pounding remorselessly in that purling brook, and you will light upon your weekly wash. To what after processes it was subjected I know not; nor am I specially critical as to getting up linen garments; but, so far as I am concerned, it seemed to come home all right from this primeval kind of purgation.

Of course, the secret, or one item of the secret, about the difference between our respective laundry work lies in the value of water. Rain is not so plentiful

as in this "juicy" clime of ours, as Sam Slick calls it. We were largely dependent on the roof-water, which we stored in barrels and underground tanks as well as in the public reservoirs. Those who remember me during our Southern Cross days, still joke me on the eagerness with which I used to place every available vessel to catch the precious drops as they fell from the roof when it did rain, so as to replenish my cold tub for the morning, since we were not allowed to take our supplies from the public service when there was any danger of drought, and it seemed to me there always was more or less peril of that inconvenience. At one period, when the rainfall had been particularly scanty, an old Hottentot woman fell into the reservoir and was drowned. But we dared not drain the reservoir, and as the old lady did not float, we had to drink a solution of her until such time as she could be fished up from the bottom. Perhaps that was as striking an instance as one could have of the "concentrated" life lived in those comparatively recent days beneath the Southern Cross.

The advancing tide of progress is gradually removing the broad distinctions between colonial and home-life, so that, perhaps, even now these will begin to read like the *arcana* of the subject. But we have moved on, too, and many of the broad distinctions remain.

They were in some respects a reckless, happy-go-lucky set of folk, those South African colonists. In one particularly, they seemed to the present chronicler to waste the good things which nature had bestowed upon them. My own earliest recollections are connected with the orchards in the west of England; and when first I settled in South Africa I was struck with the splendid crops of apples which I saw weighing down the branches of the trees. "You make cider, of course?" I said, to the proprietor of the place. He was a man of superior, even scientific, attainments; but he stared at me in blank astonishment, as he replied in the negative. Such an idea had never occurred to him. What did he do with that magnificent crop, I asked. Nothing.

They just fell to the ground and rotted. What would a small Somersetshire farmer have given to have seen his orchard in such a condition! And what a brew he would have had that season!

The racial distinctions between Dutch and English did not exist in my days. These were reserved for the white and black races or for the rival bodies of the Church *in*, and the Church *of*, South Africa. I am happily unable to picture a condition of things where they do exist.

After paying my visit to his Ex-Majesty, King Cetewayo, I went on to inspect the vineyards at the Paarl, where I was entertained by one of the Cloete family, who, after luncheon, took me across to see the library he had got together for the use of his English employés. Almost the first books I sighted in those well-filled shelves were my own; and I often wonder whether the same millennial condition of things prevails still. I do not pose as a connoisseur in wines, but it seemed to me that those Cape vineyards excelled mostly in hock. The Capesherry deserved the bad reputation it had acquired; and the Pontac, though it became popular in England some years ago for a short time, is never likely to inaugurate a revival of the old port-drinking days. I tried to acquire an appreciation of Boer brandy, but never succeeded in my attempt.

A sort of preliminary protest was entered at the outset against the sea being considered "dissociable," but that was in a modified sense and with reference to a pleasurable voyage. According to the meaning which the old Venetian bard meant to convey in the epithet, there is no doubt that those seas and oceans do prevent the people who live on opposite sides of them from knowing so much about one another as might be to their mutual advantage. The Africander speaks of England as "home," though he has never set eyes on it. He would scarcely feel at home if he were suddenly dropped down in the great metropolis. And I, myself, what did I know about my new home so long as I sojourned among the purlieus of Fleet Street? It would, doubtless, be to the advantage of both com-

munities if they could see more of each other. The colonial is apt to form as exaggerated an idea of London life as the Londoner is inclined to dwarf the dimensions of colonial existence.

When first I proposed to put "As You Like It," or "The Comedy of Errors," on my school stage, the managers thought me mad. I told them I had done it successfully at home. "Yes, with London boys," they replied. Well, I did it with Colonial boys; and I never had a better adolescent Orlando than Dan above-mentioned, or, I may add, better pairs of Dromios and Antipholi. My exodus, that is, had removed the dissociability induced by the intervention of old Father Ocean. The colonies are wisely jealous about welcoming those undesirable aliens from "Home," the young fellows who come out, as the song says, "because they have nothing else to do." Bringing out a little—often very little—spare cash, and with vague ideas of going "up country," they become a mere incubus in the land of their adoption. Scores of young fellows came out with me in the *Warwick Castle* under these conditions; and when I came down to Algoa Bay, five months later, to meet my family, I lighted upon one of these, by no means the least promising among them. He was loafing on the jetty, and I asked him what he was doing. He told me he had spent all his money, had just applied for a waiter's place at the principal hotel in Port Elizabeth, where his services were declined through his lack of experience, and he was then hanging about until his friends sent him funds to come home again.

No wonder the colonies are unwilling to have cargoes of young fellows like this discharged in their ports. Very often those who do go out are the very ones who should have stopped at home, and therefore some good, however infinitesimal, may have been accomplished in the way of removing "dissociability," by shedding on the salient features of colonial life, even the "farthing candle" afforded by these rough jottings of existence beneath the Southern Cross.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE
RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

IV.

THE AFFAIR OF THE ROAD-MAKERS.



KNOWING that I, Richard Blennerhasset, was intimately concerned with the life and affairs of his late Imperial Majesty from the earliest days of his manhood up to the moment of his death, many people have questioned me again and again as to the character and personality of my master.

Wild and inconsequent things have been written concerning him, in which truly it is not difficult to trace the gall and venom of partizanship. He has been described as a charlatan, as a man in whose character weakness and selfishness were evenly distributed. Well, it is easy to give hard names, especially to the dead. Even to me who knew and know the strength and weakness of Louis Napoleon, some of these critical fellows have not hesitated to say that my opinions were as valueless as they were prejudiced. But no man has spoken to me twice in that vein, for I have an unhappy trick of anger which leads me to commit acts more or less illbred.

That the world may know Louis Napoleon for what he was, I will here set down those principal characteristics which were at the same time the cause

of his good fortune and the means of his destruction.

The foundation of his character was an almost unique ingenuousness. Until after the event of Ham, he was as boyish as any school-lad—his imagination ran riot with adventures. In faith, he lived his life ten times over before the Imperial Crown was placed on his head in the gallery of Apollo in the Palace of St. Cloud.

Many and remarkable as his adventures were in actuality, they were as nothing compared with the experiences which he underwent through the instrumentality of his vivid—his too vivid—imagination. He was serious withal, but his seriousness was the seriousness of a boy who would play at soldiers with the dignity of an Emperor at one moment, and for the next few seconds be plunged in an outburst of irresponsible vivacity.

He believed everything said to him under the guise of friendship. You could pull him round to any opinion if you spoke as one wrapped up in his interests. He could not hold his tongue, he could not use others; he could not be insensible, and patience was unknown to him. His imagination carried him through to the bitter end. The strength of his imagination created the Second Empire—his ingenuousness destroyed it. For, as he found that men who fawned on him men who were ever ready with their

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"disinterested" advice, were but tricksters, this strange characteristic of his developed into distrust. He became a cynic—his faith in man was shattered, and the gloom of a wrecked belief gathered round him, and finally closed down over his mind on the battlefield of Sedan.

If there are those who refuse to believe that this is a true picture of Louis Napoleon—if they refuse to admit that ingenuousness was his fatal characteristic—let them turn to what is known in history as "The attempt on Strasbourg."

To me, that business has always seemed the most light-hearted, irresponsible adventure in which I have ever taken part.

To begin with, we went into it like schoolboys, and we came out of it like schoolboys—in disgrace. Wherever we could make a muddle, we made it; wherever we could mistake the sentiments of a man, we mistook them. We confounded Orleanist with Bonapartist, and I do not doubt for a moment that, had the Duchesse de Berri and her young son, the Comte de Chambord, been in the neighbourhood, we should have confessed to them the whole of our scheme, mistaking them, in our mad enthusiasm, for our most ardent supporters.

In these shadow days I am given to speculating sometimes on the nature of the road down which Fortune might have led us, had not the pigheadedness of Colonel Tallandier and the interference of those cursed charcoal-burners of the Vosges caused the miscarriage of all our plans.

I doubt if there are any persons alive now who know the real reason of our failure. It is a good story, though, I confess, it is rather against myself.

After our ill-success in London, we had all travelled together *viâ* France to Switzerland, and there, at Arenenberg, we had lived in unadventurous calm. Queen Hortense read and talked. Louis occupied himself with the Swiss Militia, and in writing brochures on military and political subjects, long-winded things they seemed to me, though I would never have confessed it. For myself, I

grew sick of the life—playing at soldiers was never my forte. I was restless, after the manner of the youth of our family, and even my devotion to Louis could not keep me at his side during all these years. So I went to see my father, and for a matter of twelve months paid a visit to my kinsmen in America and Ireland. But to the Chateau at Arenenberg I always returned eventually.

Though Louis pretended a great calm and tried to delude himself with the belief that his position as Captain in the Swiss Militia was all he could desire, it soon became evident as the time went on that the demon of restless ambition had him still in its grasp.

He kept in touch with the leaders of the Bonaparte party in France, and many an old grey moustached Colonel, or white-haired General called in at our house, and the talk was of the clash of arms and the volcanic invasion of the little Corporal through Europe.

To hear them speak it would seem that the only man who was hated in France was Louis Philippe, and the only man who was loved was my master, the great Emperor's nephew.

On such an impressionable character as Louis, talk of this kind was bound to have its effect. He left his pamphlet writing and even neglected his military exercises. He took to dreaming in the garden, and for hours together he would tell me of his great ambition for raising once more the standard of the Eagle in France, and sweeping from the border to Paris at the head of 100,000 men.

I caught his enthusiasm. In the nights many a comical dream had I in which fat, podgy Louis Philippe was made to play the most undignified parts.

The time indeed seemed ripe for such an expedition as we had in mind. Even Joseph Bonaparte, that most incapable of all the great Napoleons, had left his estates in America, and come over to Europe, believing, as he put it cautiously, that something might be done; but that something, as far as he was concerned, seemed to begin and end in good advice, and I made bold to tell Louis that I had no little sympathy with the Spaniards, who had refused to accept

him as King, at the hands of the great Emperor.

Queen Hortense, too, did not give her son any undue encouragement. Her little adventure in London had enabled her to gauge more correctly than ourselves, for we had no intimate experience as yet, the trend of public opinion in France.

Though both his mother and his uncle did their best, probably unconsciously, to damp his ardour, Louis' faith in the project which towards the middle of the year 1836 began to take a very practical form, was not shaken.

That project everybody knows. Briefly, we were to enter Strasbourg, unfurl the Eagle before the eyes of the various regiments, and amidst the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" we were to march at the head of the Strasbourg troops through Colmar and Nancy, and thus to Paris, gathering in the soldiers like a snowball as we went.

It was deliciously simple, and in our youthful enthusiasm we left Arenenberg for Baden Baden full of confidence, and certain that before another year went out Napoleon the Third would have ascended the Imperial throne of France.

At Baden Baden we at once became the centre of a most ingenuous conspiracy, and life, for me at any rate, became coloured with purple.

We could have hit on no better situation for putting our plan into motion. Baden Baden was just on the confines of the Grand Duchy, and it was a simple enough matter to cross the line at night, by the bridge of boats of Kehl into Strasbourg. There we could meet our adherents, Colonel Parquin, and Colonel Vaudrey who was in command at the Austerlitz Barracks of the third and fourth artillery. But it was judged dangerous for the Prince to visit Strasbourg too often. The old bourgeois King in Paris had his eyes ever open, and in the Prefect of Strasbourg he possessed an ardent ally, who by some means or other kept him well informed of all our doings. We, therefore, as often as possible, arranged that the Prince's supporters should join us at the Kursaal at Baden Baden, I having pointed out to the Prince that there was no such

privacy as the privacy offered by public places.

Here, with our glasses in front of us, we would sit talking for hours, adding up the chances of success and subtracting the possibilities of failure from the sum, leaving always a large result in favour of the chances.

Colonel Vaudrey was confident that his regiment would rise. General Voirol, who was in command at Strasbourg, he insisted, would eventually give his support to us. The old Imperial soldier, if rendered somewhat cautious by age, would finally, if the venture was successful, place his sword at the disposal of the Imperial nephew.

The one man we doubted was Colonel Tallandier, who commanded the forty-sixth regiment of foot; but he could be won over, everybody was confident of that. So we talked on about our plans, little heeding whether anyone was listening or not, while all around us the crowd circled lazily, intent on their business of pleasure.

Now it so chanced that the table at which we were accustomed to sit was situated near one of those open air stages on which performers dance or sing for the amusement of the public.

Sometimes I would let my eyes wander to this stage, dreamily watching the performers, while my thoughts were elsewhere. But although my attention was transitory, it dawned upon my mind, as night after night we sat and talked, that one of the singers, a girl about twenty, had no eyes except for Louis. It was always at him that she sang. So noticeable did this become, that I rallied the Prince on what I called his conquest.

Ever susceptible, even at such a time, to the smile of a woman, Louis looked up swiftly at the stage, and caught the eye of the singer. She suddenly paused—faltered for a moment—and then hiding her confusion as best she could, continued her song. We all encored enthusiastically, hardly knowing why, and she returned at our entreaties, bowing gravely in the direction of Louis.

The band struck up a tune, familiar enough to us, a tune which always fired

my blood. It was *Partant pour la Syrie*, which Queen Hortense had herself composed. As the first words of the song floated from her lips on the air, clear and triumphant, we all sprang to our feet with the exception of Louis, who sat still, a smile upon his lips, looking at the singer, and as the last notes died away among the trees, he plucked me by the sleeve—"Go, Dick, and thank her," he said.

Happy to undertake such a mission, I rose.

I found her in the ante-room behind the stage. She was adjusting her cloak round her shoulders, and was just about to leave the Kursaal, her duties done for the night.

She started as she saw me approach, and looked up with an enquiry in her eyes.

"Madame," I said, taking off my hat, and bowing, "I have not the pleasure of your name, but His Highness, Prince Louis Bonaparte, commands me to thank you for that song."

"Monsieur," she replied, in a quaintly delicate voice, "my name is Madame Gordon, and I am deeply honoured by His Highness' thanks."

"You knew him, then?" I said, for I was anxious to learn whether or not it was on purpose she had sung his mother's song.

"Knew him!" she exclaimed, sudden enthusiasm coming into her voice, "I should not be my father's daughter if I did not recognise the nephew of the Emperor."

Here was a strange partisan, thought I.

"Your father, Madame?" I queried, wishing to get to the bottom of the matter.

"My father," she replied, drawing herself up and her eyes flashing, "was the sergeant in the Fourth Artillery, who opened the gates to the Emperor at Grenoble, on his return from Elba."

"The Prince will be glad to hear of this," I said. "For all children of the Empire he has a kindly place in his heart."

"Yes, yes!" she said, working her hands nervously, and flushing slightly. For a second she paused, half-stam-

mering, and then a crimson flush surged into her face, and she added hurriedly, "I wish him all good fortune in his adventure."

I started. How had she come by this, I wondered? Careless as we were, we did make some efforts to keep our plans to ourselves.

"Madame," I said, trying to speak sternly, "you say strange things."

She came up close to me and put her hand on my arm.

"Is it so strange, Monsieur, when I have heard all your talk for the last two weeks? But you can trust me, I would do anything for the Cause—I would die for the Empire."

Now whether it was because I was suspicious, or because I was impressed by the girl, I cannot tell at this distance of time, though I think I may take it that the latter cause had more effect with me;—at any rate, I determined to find out more precisely the extent of her information.

"Thank you, Madame Gordon," I said, "but tell me what you know, for there are many spies about in these days, and I would warn you in the interests of the Cause not to speak to others of certain things you may have heard."

She laughed, lightly.

"Ah, Mr. Blennerhasset," she said—how she had my name so pat I never discovered—"I have this advantage over you, that I hear both sides."

"I am afraid I don't quite understand," I replied, quite mystified.

"Shall I tell you what I know?" She spoke in a low voice. "I know that you propose to unfurl the flag of the Empire in Strasbourg, to call upon the troops to proclaim their allegiance to the nephew of the great Emperor, and I know further that there is one man whom you will never gain over to your side."

"Who is that?"

"Colonel Tallandier, who commands the forty-sixth regiment of foot."

"Ah, we shall be able to deal with that man when the time comes," I said, shrugging my shoulders, as if the matter was of no importance.

"Take care, Mr. Blennerhasset," she replied, gravely, "that you do not risk

the Prince by over confidence. Colonel Tallandier is a brave man, with the temper of Satan himself, and cunning as a serpent. The Prefect, acting under orders from Philippe, has you all shadowed, and Colonel Tallandier takes no little interest in the shadowing. He is a man who will stick at nothing, and you must be careful how you deal with him."

"But, Madame Gordon," I said, interested more than I cared to show, "how comes it that you know of this?"

A little flush crept into her cheeks. "Colonel Tallandier believes himself in love with me."

"Ah, madame, he cannot then be a man of such bad taste as you suggest."

"He has sufficiently bad taste," she said, stamping her foot petulantly, "not to realise when he is not wanted."

An idea came into my mind. What I thought was this—if we could not win over Tallandier, this girl would be useful. The man was in love with her, if she spoke the truth, and love has more fascinations for our sex even than the cause of kings and emperors.

"You have influence with the colonel?" I said, following the trend of my thoughts aloud.

"I have told you the facts of the case, monsieur."

"And for yourself," I said, somewhat hesitatingly I confess; "you do not encourage the affection of the good colonel?"

For some moments she tried to control her face, and then, burying her head in her hands, burst into uncontrollable laughter, while I stood there, not knowing what to do. With a little swallow, she stopped her laughing and looked me squarely in the face. "Mr. Blennerhasset, you do not know Colonel Tallandier."

"Well, madame," said I, "I only asked you the question, because, if, as you say, you are a devoted servant of the Cause, you may be useful."

The effect of my words on her was curious. All the laughter went from her eyes, and the twitching of her lips ceased; she seemed to be overburdened with a masterful enthusiasm. "Monsieur, I desire nothing better in this

world than to be of use to the cause of the Bonapartes."

After that we talked of many things, and so intelligent and, incidentally, so charming did I find her, that we did not bid good-night to each other until close upon an hour had passed. But before parting I made arrangements to meet her on the following night, hoping by then that the plan I had in my head, as to the manner in which she was to help us, would have matured.

When I told our Committee this story, Colonel Parquin laughed, Colonel Vaudrey looked grave and talked about the danger of a woman's smile, while Louis alone out of the three of them was enthusiastic. Fortunately, or unfortunately, what he thought, the others were prepared to think after a brief argument. He declared that Madame Gordon would be of great use. If Colonel Tallandier was likely to prove a hindrance to the cause he must be removed, and what better method of removing him was there than by luring him away to the side of the woman he loved? By this means we should avoid any possibility of danger, and obviate the necessity of having to make an enemy of the gallant Colonel by locking him up.

We agreed, therefore, that Madame Gordon should be sent to Nancy, and that from there she should write to her disconsolate lover, urging him to come and see her on some excuse or other. While the Colonel was away the forty-sixth regiment would be under the command of a man whose loyalty was more than balanced by his own interests.

I was authorised by Louis to pay Madame Gordon what sums would be necessary for her expenses to Nancy, and on the following night, we two made all our arrangements at the Kursaal under the shadow of the trees. She quite understood the plan, and it was easy to see that her enthusiasm was as full of fire as it could very well be.

The year was declining to the yellow days of late October when we finally decided that the time was about ripe to make our bold attempt.

Louis paid a hasty visit to Arenenberg to see the Queen, who must have guessed that something was in the wind, and

came back from the side of that admirable and charming woman of the world a trifle quieter and more sober than usual. On his hand, too, I noticed that he wore a ring that had graced one of the fingers of Queen Hortense. It was the marriage ring of Josephine and Napoleon, and it was the last gift of Queen Hortense to her son on his departure—a talisman to guard him against dangers and to bring him good fortune.

In Strasbourg itself we held a species of preliminary meeting. A number of officers openly came to the house which we had entered under cover of night. There were twenty-five gentlemen present in all, representing every branch of the service on duty in Strasbourg, and never shall I forget the wild "Hurrahs" that filled the room as Louis entered and the officers saluted him with drawn swords. It put a new spirit into the venture, and inspired us with that confidence which is the parent of success.

Everything seemed to be shaping towards the desired end without a hitch. The news we had from all parts of the country proved without a doubt that the dissatisfaction with the monarchy of July was spreading generally.

True, we forgot that in a State, two-thirds of the population may be opposed to the constituted government, but without organisation their opposition is useless. Louis Philippe had the machine of government at his disposal; he had also practically all the resources of his kingdom to draw from, and we forgot that too.

Our plan with regard to Colonel Tallandier had succeeded admirably. Madame Gordon had lured him to Nancy, and we heard through our agent that General Voirol had granted him a fortnight's leave of absence. He had left on the 19th October, and as it was our intention to make a push for the Imperial Crown on the 30th October, we felt sure that one of our enemies was at any rate out of the way.

The days crept on slowly while we waited in feverish anxiety at Baden Baden, and then an event happened which, while it gave rise to some

anxiety amongst the older heads of our party, brought me no little satisfaction, for it gave me something to do. That was nothing more or less than a letter from Madame Gordon to myself. It was brief, and to the point.

"Monsieur," she wrote, "come at once. The Colonel is suspicious, and is wanting to return. I must have assistance to keep him away."

That was all, but it determined us at once. Louis bade me make post haste for Nancy, as the only member of the party who was free to go up and down the length and breadth of the land.

In those days it was a somewhat wearisome journey between Strasbourg and Nancy, and it was not until late at night on the 26th October that I passed under the old gate, with its curiously carved mythological figures, which stands in the main road leading through the town. It would not have been seemly for me to call upon our charming agent at such an hour, and I therefore retired to bed in a neighbouring hotel.

The next morning I proceeded early to Madame Gordon's lodgings, and giving my name to the trim servant girl at the door was immediately admitted. As I entered Madame's sitting-room, she rose with a somewhat pale and worried countenance to meet me.

"Thank Heaven, you have come," she said, taking my hand, "or I should not have known what to do. Things are not going well."

"Your letter told me as much," said I, "you must keep Tallandier here at all costs—by force, if necessary. Tell me what has happened?"

"The gist of the whole matter is this; we have tried to keep him here too long. He is not a man to be hanging about a woman's petticoats, and I fear," (and here she blushed prettily enough) "he is too obstinate to be caught in the net of love for long. In short, Mr. Blennerhasset, I must confess to the greatest failure that a woman can confess to—I have failed to keep the man who loves me at my side. He came at once when I asked him; he has been here now seven days, and every day he has proposed, more absurdly each time,

until really I believe he grows as weary of the performance as I do. He thinks because I sent for him that I return his affection. He therefore believes that I am playing the coquette, and that by showing me that he does not intend to be made the slave of any woman, and leaving me here, he will compel me to accept his offer. He told me as much the other night, and in fear of what I saw was coming I wrote you that letter."

Here was a nice business for me to be mixed up in! I would as soon act as arbitrator between two friends as meddle in the love affairs of a man and a woman, and yet in this instance force of circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary that I should interfere.

I am afraid that though Madame Gordon's desire to see a Napoleon come into his own again was as honest as it could very well be, she, like most of us, had little knowledge of affairs. We were all amateurs, and looking back now, I can afford to laugh at the ridiculous propositions for securing Tallandier's detention in Nancy that we put forward to one another, while sitting that morning in the little sitting-room.

We had come to no decision, which is not to be wondered at under the circumstances, when an interruption took place which rendered any further discussion of the matter absolutely unnecessary. For while we were sitting there and the hands of the clock were crawling round to mid-day, there came a knock at the door which was opened a-jar, and a man's voice startling both of us, cried out, "Madame, may I enter?"

It was Colonel Tallandier himself. The servants, I suppose, knowing that he was a friend of Madame Gordon's had unsuspectingly let him into the house without first announcing his name, and he, taking advantage of the privilege which Madame Gordon had accorded to him for diplomatic reasons, made bold to put his head inside her room without the usual formalities on which Society insists.

I can see Madame's face now as she sat there very pale, but with just the ghost of a smile upon her pretty lips. For myself, I saw all the comedy of it, and so much did it tickle me that I was

in a fair way to burst out into open laughter.

It was no use pretending to hide; it was no use offering any ordinary excuses; the thing must be faced, and so Madame Gordon got up and said, in her sweetest voice, "Come in, Colonel, and allow me to introduce you to a cousin of mine, Mr. Blennerhasset."

The little rat of a man with the fierce moustaches, and the strong, grey, determined eyes, came in, an angry frown on his brow, and suspicion apparent in every movement of his body, and every twitch of his cheeks.

He looked at me, and then spoke in a quick tone to Madame Gordon.

"This is not your cousin, Madame! Why is he here?"

Although madame was a devoted servant of the Cause, she was, nevertheless, a woman—a pretty woman at that—and somewhat unversed in the art of the most elementary diplomacy. The colonel's words which, as a matter of fact, were but a plunge taken in the dark, irritated her not a little.

"What right——" she began; and then she checked herself, and added—"Monsieur the Colonel is not even polite this morning."

Tallandier's brow grew darker still.

"Polite!" he echoed, in his grave military voice. "You have lied to me. This is not your cousin."

Then, turning rapidly on his heel, he stared at me—a long, cold stare, which I replied to in kind; and, as he stared, I noticed that something of a puzzled look of enquiry came into his eyes, as if he was trying to locate my face in his mind. Slowly the puzzled look changed to one of recognition.

"I know who you are," he said; "you are the companion of that blackguard, Louis Verhuel, who is playing his silly treasons at Baden. I have seen you there. What are you doing here?"

I had admired, grudgingly I confess, this little man as he came in and faced the woman who had fooled him, but the reference to that base scandal which gave Admiral Verhuel as the father of my Louis, instead of the brother of Napoleon the Great, incensed me beyond words.

In a frenzy of fury, I strode up to the little man, and stood looking down at him with my arms folded. "You monkey-scum! you sewer-rat!" I said, not picking my words, "how dare you say such vile things of a woman?"

In spite of the advantage I had over him in height, he did not budge a step, but looked me squarely in the face.

"Ah, I begin to see," he said, and a sneer wrinkled the corner of his nostrils, "this is a plot, for which Madame"—and he bowed bitterly to Madame Gordon, who was sitting white-faced and trembling at my side—"I have to thank you. I know your plots, and if I do not take account of your words now, it is because I have other things to do. But there will be an opportunity for that later. You think to seize Strasbourg, to take my regiment from its allegiance to its King, but you will find that you have overstepped the mark this time. Madame," and he bowed his bitter bow again, "I wish you a very good-day."

And then without taking any notice of me, he turned on his heel, and marched swiftly to the door, his sword jangling at his side. Before he had gone many steps I had made up my mind that he must not be allowed to leave Nancy. We must keep him at all costs, and before he could reach the handle of the door, I was across the room, and had laid my hand on his shoulder.

"I regret, Colonel," I said, as I gripped his left arm, "that circumstances will compel us to put up with your company a few days longer."

His answer put me to confusion. For before I knew what had happened, he had turned round, and I felt the muzzle of a pistol against my cheek.

I confess that I recoiled. There is something decidedly unpleasant in the too close proximity of a fire-arm. I defy any man to say that I am a coward, but there are times when one's natural predilection for the life of the quick gets the better of one's nerves.

"You blusterer," said the Colonel, his face wrinkling into a look of contempt, "you will stay here, and before the day is out you will be in jail, and we will

find a companion for you in the person of your puppet Prince."

With that, he put his pistol back in his belt, and before I could recover from my amazement, the door had closed behind him.

Madame Gordon brought me back to my senses by putting her hand on my arm.

"Monsieur," she said, "you must fly at once—you must get to Strasbourg before him—you must warn them."

"Yes," I said, pulling myself together, "I must go at once. I will get a fresh horse in the town, and trust to luck to reach Strasbourg in safety."

"You must be careful," said Madame Gordon, "You cannot go by the road you came; he will go straight to the General in command here—has gone, in fact—and before another half-hour has passed you will be a prisoner. The main roads to Strasbourg will be watched; you must go some other way. You must go round by way of the village of Gerardmer, skirting St. Dié, and take your chance over the Vosges to Munster, and so on by Colmar to Strasbourg. They will watch the other route, and a warning must reach the Prince before the 30th."

Hastily bidding Madame good-bye, I hurried as quickly as possible to my hotel. Luckily, I had plenty of money with me, and by dint of its use I secured a good horse from the dealer over the way, and then, mounting it, I rode at a gallop towards the south-east.

I had barely three days in which to get to Strasbourg, and the way was longer and more uncertain than by the direct route. Never stopping, except to ask a question, or to change my horse and snatch a glass of wine and a little meat and bread, I galloped on. The road was new to me, but fortunately there was little difficulty in receiving directions to the village of Gerardmer—for it was just then becoming famous as a place of resort for invalids—the Cure d'Air, I think they called the special feature of the place.

Several times I should have been stopped by soldiers, but I took no count of their orders to stand, riding on towards the pine-clad hills of the Vosges.

Late on the evening of the 28th I reached Gerardmer, and worn out for want of sleep and weary with my long ride, I made bold to ask admittance at the house of a peasant on the outskirts of the village. At first he refused me, but the sight of my gold gave him heart, and having seen to the comfort of my horse, I threw myself on some straw in a corner of the one room that the cottage boasted, and was soon fast asleep.

At about four, on the morning of the 29th, I arose, feeling somewhat refreshed, and without waking my temporary host, who was snoring loudly in another corner of the room, I picked my way out, and saddling my horse, made my way towards the mountains.

So far, I was well up to time, but now the real difficulties of my journey began. For as I rode up the valley towards Longemer Lake, the pine trees grew thicker and thicker, and when I had passed Longemer, scrambling on as best I could, the ragged path grew less and less until it subsided into what was nothing better than a mere cattle track. The sun had only risen a few hours, and the gloom of the neighbouring valley of Retournemer, shadowed by the encircling pine-clad heights, made it appear to me that it was still night. There is nothing more heart-breaking for a man in a hurry than to be forced by circumstances to go slowly. In another mood, and at any other time, I should have gloried in that mad scramble up the Schlucht, for truly it was lovely enough.

But there was I, with a good 45 miles before me, delayed at the very outset of my journey, by the practical impassability of the way. I could find no one to direct me, and I had to trust to that instinct of locality which I have always chosen to call by the name of luck.

Below me, a white mist lay over the little lake, and all around, looking on in solemn silence, rose the pines. I could distinguish no living being, no human habitation; not a sound fell upon my ear except once, when from the far off distance I heard the crash of a pine tree falling down the steep slope, and sending out the echo of its downfall to the wild mountains on every side.

For an hour or more my poor beast did its best for its master, but a hole in the ground brought it to a full-stop with a hopelessly lame leg. I rapped out a volume of oaths, and leaving the poor animal where it was, I pressed upwards on foot until at last I found myself at Colle de la Schlucht on the summit of the ridge. Below me spread the plains of Alsace. I could see several little villages in the distance, but that sight hardly brought me comfort. I had to get to Strasbourg, and I had to find a horse, and what puzzled me, looking down into that valley, was how I was to get to any of those villages, for I could discover no path or track, only a steep, precipitous cliff which seemed to jut out into the valley. I stood staring round me, wondering what I should do, and half determined to make a descent by means of a detour in the direction of Hohnack, when suddenly a strange figure emerged from the forest. I judged by the appearance of the man that he was some charcoal-burner or forester of some sort, and though his aspect was not a little forbidding, I hailed him with joy, for he would be able to tell me the way, and doubtless, I thought, help me to what was almost as important, a horse.

Now, from what happened afterwards, it was clear that the stranger and I did not understand one another. He spoke a strange mixture of French and German, one of the most terrible dialects which it has ever been my fate to hear. At first, when I went up to him, and begged him to tell me the way in French, he shook his head, and his countenance became more forbidding than ever. Then, being out of patience, I tried him in German.

"Have you no roads here?" said I.

At that he eyed me with an uncommon sour look, and mumbled something in his horrible patois. At last by dint of waving my arms, and repeating my questions in most of the European languages with which I was acquainted, he seemed to grasp, so I thought, something of what I wished to know; for he pointed down the forest in the direction of the valley, and following the line of his hand, I came across a little track covered

with pine bristles. As I struck the pathway, I turned back to wave my hand as a token of thanks to the man, but he had vanished as suddenly as he had come. Though for a moment his disappearance surprised me not a little, I was too much concerned with making my way as quickly as possible to some place where I could obtain a horse to trouble about it. Down a zig-zag path, I walked, or rather ran, for it was very steep, winding among the pine trees amid a tangle of fern and bracken, until at last I reached the side of a mountain torrent that came smoking and seething along a great furrow half hidden in a scramble of green. The path skirted this furrow or abyss going straight down into the valley, and many a time had I to check my steps for fear my momentum should carry me to destruction.

Near the foot of the mountain, the pines became interspersed with other foliage, which grew thicker and thicker, and often had I to break away branches which completely hid the path. At one point where my descent was stopped entirely I was forcing back the intertwined branches of two pines, when I felt suddenly a man's hand on my shoulder, and, before I could speak a word, I was sprawling on my back, surrounded by a group of threatening men with ill-favoured countenances and many-coloured blouses. Among them I recognised the man from whom I had asked directions, and, from what I could gather from his speech—for he seemed to be the leader of the party—he regarded me with peculiar dislike. Nobody spoke to me for a few moments, but all listened to what the old charcoal-burner was saying; and then at last one of the younger men whose countenance was a trifle less forbidding than those of his companions, addressed me in fairly intelligible French.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Blennerhasset," said I, being too bewildered at my strange predicament even to be annoyed.

The young man turned to the others, and I heard him murdering the grand old Irish name with his terrible patois.

There were several angry ejaculations,

especially from my friend the old charcoal-burner.

The young man turned to me again. "They say that you are a liar," he said bluntly, "and that your name is Hartmann."

"Hartmann," said I, "who the devil is Hartmann? My name is Richard Blennerhasset I tell you."

Again the young man turned to the others, and once more there was a deal of ejaculation, but this time I saw a look of doubt come over the faces of many of them, excepting always the old charcoal-burner.

After a long controversy about something that I could not understand, the young man once more turned to me.

"What are you here for?" he said.

"God knows," said I, "and I would not be here a minute longer if I could help it."

"But, what did you come here for then?"

A happy inspiration struck me.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am on my way over the frontier, you understand," and I winked as knowingly as I could in my position at the young man, hoping that the strange comradeship that links criminals to one another might stand me in good stead.

Something like a grin spread over his face.

"That is all very well," he said, "but our comrade here," and he pointed to the old charcoal-burner, "says that you are one of those cursed Hartmanns, who are trying to build a road across the Colle de la Schlucht, in order to rob honest men of their livelihood."

"Tell your comrade," said I, "that I am as honest a man as ever fled from the arm of the law, and I have never heard the name of Hartmann in my life."

The young man translated my words for the benefit of his companions, and it was easy to see that they had no little effect.

"If you will swear," he said, after some further talk, "that you are not one of these cursed road-makers, and have no relations with those villains of Hartmanns, we will let you go."

Readily I swore by everything in

Heaven and earth that I had nothing to do with the Hartmanns, and that road-making was as much out of my line as house-building.

After that they let me rise to my feet, and allowed me to proceed on my way. Further, being disposed to be friendly to a fellow fugitive, they gave me full directions as to how I should reach Strasbourg, and told me in addition, that at the neighbouring village of Grossmau I should be able to get a horse.

All this, though it takes but a short time to write, occupied fully half-an-hour, and as it turned out afterward, this very delay of half-an-hour put back the cause of Louis Napoleon some twelve years.

I learned later, that these brigands of the Vosges were engaged in smuggling, and that the proposal of a certain firm in Munster, the Hartmann Bros., to build a road joining Munster and Gerardmer had naturally raised their ire, with the result that my simple remark about the lack of roads had lead the old charcoal burner to suppose that I was concerned in the movement.

Grossmau, I did not reach until late in the evening, and before I had secured a horse, but some nine hours were left me to cover the fifty odd miles to Strasbourg. All night I galloped along the silent roads until I saw the dawn rise and the mist come up from the distant Rhine. On I rode, my horse growing more weary, so that it seemed that I should never reach Strasbourg.

As I galloped through a sleeping village, I remember I caught sight of a clock. It was 6.30 in the morning, and I almost gave up hope. Still, it was a game worth trying for, and try I did—it was not my fault if I failed.

At last Strasbourg came into view, and in another quarter of an hour I was in the streets.

I could see that the city was alive with excitement. From the distance a confused sea-like roar reached my ears. As I neared the Place d'Armes I could distinguish the cries, and the sound sent a thrill of excitement through my weary body, for the shouts were "Vive l'Empereur."

Soon I came among a stream of

people, all hurrying to the Austerlitz Barracks, and guessing their destination, I bore in among them and made my way as rapidly as possible in that direction.

A body of artillerymen were outside the Barracks, and when they would have stopped me, I demanded in a loud voice to see the Emperor, and at the mention of his name they presented arms, and I passed in.

There a curious sight met my eyes.

Several companies of the forty-sixth had been formed in the courtyard. I could see a group of officers, among them Prince Louis. Between me and that group was a body of the fourth artillery who were shouting their lungs hoarse with cries for the Emperor, while the forty-sixth were forming, taking up the cries of their comrades of the artillery.

I tried pushing as best I could to get to the side of Prince Louis to tell him that Tallandier must be arrested, and at once, but the more I pushed, the more the men stood their ground. Every moment I knew was of importance. One cry of distrust and all our schemes might fail, but those cursed artillerymen kept me back as long as they could, and finally in desperation I made a detour round the side and managed to creep in between the ranks towards where Louis was standing haranguing the troops.

But just as I approached him, a little figure came out of a doorway—a little figure with a drawn sword, and trembling with anger. It was Colonel Tallandier. His face was purple with rage, and I thought as I saw him coming towards us with drawn sword that he was about to run Louis through; but instead, he cried, "Soldiers, you are being deceived, this is an impostor." He was followed by several of his staff officers who also took up his cry, and then Tallandier pointing to Louis, said to one of them, "Arrest that man."

After that I do not know what happened, except that there was a fight in which everybody seemed to join for no reason that anyone could discover. The artillerymen rushed to the rescue of Louis, while the forty-sixth tried to repulse them. Louis, I saw, defended

himself with the courage of a lion. I for lack of something better, seized a musket from one of the foot-soldiers and used it as a club, while the people on the battlements looking down at the conflict, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur*," and threw stones indiscriminately at all of us.

I can afford to laugh at it now, but then it was serious enough; for at any moment Louis might have been killed, had it not been for the artillerymen who stuck closely by his side.

I need not describe how it ended. Everybody knows it ended as it began

—in laughter. Louis, believing that he had failed, suddenly put a stop to the uproar by calmly giving up his sword.

It was a tame finish to what had promised to be a very exciting affair.

We had failed; but I often wonder whether we should have failed if it had not been for those cursed smugglers on the Vosges mountains, and those Merchant Brothers of Munster, who were so bent on linking their native town with Gerardmer by a road.

The dice of fortune are indeed thrown strangely.



Analogies are many and, *mutatis mutandis*, true comparisons obtain upon all the planes. The correspondence which here manifests as the umbilical cord, on the highest plane is the line of attachment between God and the soul. In both cases this line of attachment becomes that of separation or of detachment—on the material plane when the birth of the child is completed, on the highest spiritual when at the beginning of its evolution the soul comes forth from the Divine. At death the body goes back into the womb of the earth and the soul into the Great Mystery.



Morality is like elementary education—all that is needed by the bourgeois.



Whether it is possible or not to make the best of both worlds, most of us fail signally in making the present one even tolerable, more especially to others.



MANY MEANINGS.

Renewed for ever are the lives of books
By every eye that in their pages looks;
And many are the meanings that they bear,
Which, like the clear depths of the water-brooks,
Reflect for each who reads his image there.

AMONG THE CHERRIES

By Mervin Allardyce

" LICK! Alick!"

This musical cry, which proceeded from the lips of a girl of eighteen years or thereabouts, was certainly loud enough to reach the topmost boughs of the cherry tree, but the picker above made no response.

"Alick! Throw me down a nice bunch, please!"

So melodious an appeal seemed irresistible. Still, there was no answer. Alick lay concealed amid the clustering leafage of the great tree. Although Hettie could not see him, his presence was sufficiently indicated by the rustling of the upper branches, and the occasional snapping of a twig.

Presently a bunch of cherries fell to the ground almost at the girl's feet.

"Oh, thank you, Alick," she said; "what a splendid bunch!" She pressed one of the cherries to a pair of lips, ripe and red as the fruit itself.

"How long are you likely to be, Alick?" she asked. "I want to speak to you."

"The basket isn't full yet," he replied, slipping down to a lower limb and thus making himself visible. "Is it anything particular, Miss Martin?"

The note of reserve in his voice was unmistakable.

"Oh, no! nothing of any consequence," said Hettie, with airy indifference. "Go on with the picking. Don't worry about me."

Alick moved restlessly from bough to bough. "I think I'll come down now," he said, a minute or so later.

"Don't hurry on my account," Hettie remarked with noticeable irony. "Of

course, the cherries are of more importance than I am."

"I don't know so much," exclaimed Alick, as he leapt to the ground. "There was a time when I didn't use to think so. But things alter."

"So I've heard before."

There was something ironical in her tones, it seemed.

"No doubt," said Alick, bridling. "I haven't the knack of saying new or clever things—I know that well enough."

His face flushed slightly as he spoke—it might have been either through wounded pride or sheer embarrassment.

"There!" he cried hastily, "I knew the basket wasn't full. I must go round with the lug, I s'pose!"

As yet he had hardly dared to look at her, and the fact that the measure wanted topping up afforded him a welcome opportunity of temporary escape from her roguish glances. He made the circuit of the tree with the hooked stick which he had called the "lug," drawing down the lower branches with it and stripping them of their fruit. Hettie affected considerable interest in the operation.

"P'r'aps you would like a few more," said Alick, in awkward, hesitating tones.

"If you can spare them, Mr. Farrell," she responded, with an assumed diffidence.

"Spare them!" he said, magnificently. "With a crop like this! Of course, I can."

He half-filled her apron with the ruddy fruit.

"How sweet they are," she said. "And that reminds me that I was passing under your hedge the other evening with Mr. Vincent, and he con-

fessed that he had never seen such a large tree or such beautiful cherries."

"I ought to think myself a lucky chap to own a tree that's praised by your clever friends, Miss Martin," Alick said, attempting a heavy sarcasm. "And this cherry-tree isn't all in Oakfield that Mr. Vincent admires, maybe?"

"Oh, no!" Hettie replied, with enthusiasm. "He admires nearly everything. And he has such a nice way of expressing his admiration, Mr. Farrell. It would do you good to hear him talk!"

"Would it?" retorted Alick, tugging savagely at one of the branches, as though to show that he thought quite otherwise.

"I am sure it would," she went on, with cruel persistence. "Mr. Vincent is such a well-read man and so eloquent at explaining things. And his poetry is simply lovely. He writes for the magazines, you know. For the very best magazines!"

"The puzzle to me is," said Alick, at last daring to look her in the eyes, "that you can leave such fine company to talk to such thick-headed folk as we be!"

"There's no help for it," said Hettie, with a mock sigh, "Mr. Vincent's gone away."

Alick's face brightened. "Gone, has he? Whatever will you do now, Miss Martin?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Farrell," she said, bridling. "You seem in a very strange mood this morning."

"Why, all Oakfield knows that this fine scholar from London is in love with you," he ventured, with fatal precipitancy.

"And you, Alick Farrell, my oldest friend, are pleased to repeat the idle gossip?" Her indignation seemed so terribly real that Alick dropped his gaze, abashed.

"I think—I think I will go home," she said.

"No, no; don't go," he entreated,

dropping the "lug," and upsetting the cherry basket in his excitement; "I want to speak to you, Hettie. Don't go, I say! Have some more cherries! Do have some more cherries;"

She waved the proffered gift aside.

"Because I enjoy the society of an educated man I must needs be in love with him," she cried, scornfully. "It's preposterous!"

"I meant no harm, Hettie," said Alick, now completely disarmed, and rendered the helpless captive of her eyes. "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. I say things without thinking. It's my want of education, I s'pose. And, of course, my company isn't for such as you!"

"I never said so, Alick," Hettie observed, the roguish gleam returning to her eyes.

He was quick to discern and read aright the mercurial change in her manner.

"Then you are still —"

"I am what I always was, Alick."

He was so beside himself with joy that he ventured to seize her hand. Her cheeks flushed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do if it 'ud please you, Hettie; I'll try and be a scholar myself!"

She smiled at the strange idea. "Scholarship isn't everything," she said, with averted eyes. "And now—and now, well, I think I'll have some more cherries."

"You can have all on the tree on one condition," he said, with large munificence.

That condition, which need not be specified, so well known is it among the community of lovers, was complied with, she coy, and he betraying a rustic hesitancy.

After that there was a great silence under the tree—so great indeed that a blackbird, falling into the delusion that no one was below, whistled merrily and prepared for a royal feast in the upper branches.



ILLUMINATION

BY WINTHROP FLEETWYND

I.

THE simple words which follow shall direct
Right well and pleasantly all hearts elect,
And little children of the world to come;
But unto others be in meaning dumb—
Vague voices which delight on stormy seas
In unintelligible images:
May all who read these maxims still find rest—
Late, if not soon—in mansions of the blest!

II.

Something has gone before us in the past,
And something more must follow at the last.

III.

Man enters life expectant and departs
With expectation in his heart of hearts.

IV.

He dwelt in darkness ere his birth occurred
And oft in darkness still his strife is heard,
Toiling a higher birthright to attain;
His throes are those of being born again.

V.

The universe man enters at his birth,
Communicates to him the lights of earth,
And sustenance is his from brimming wells
Of all its sacraments and parables;
Through all its veils the presages are brought
Of higher orders—passing human thought—
Which interpenetrate at times our own—
In Grace and Nature nothing stands alone.

VI.

When souls come down into this world they take
The letter of the books, their thirst to slake;
The spirit in the Temple's place conferred
Is in the inmost Temple only heard;
And that which darkness doth from light divide
Renders it always night, the soul outside.

VII.

As every witness in the heart avers,
 No dispensation of the light occurs,
 Save in that shrine which earth's eye never sees,
 The place withdrawn of the Great Mysteries
 Subject and object there Plotinus found
 United truly on a common ground.
 What place is that? Ye neophytes—it lurks
 Deep in the heart of these external works!

VIII.

High rites in all their stages can dispense
 Only the sanctuary's secret sense,
 And can at most in empty hearts arouse
 The hunger for the beauty of the house.

IX.

Now, last, remember that which none deny—
 Clean life leads no man into sanctity,
 And hence no mere morality can gain
 That vision which the pure in heart attain.

X.

But what is raised, magnetically draws
 All things to reach it: this is law of laws,

XI.

A golden thread these scattered thoughts unites—
 He who can grasp shall see the greater lights.



When the Roman procurator asked: "What is truth?"—and did not wait for a reply, he was lamentably wrong; but if any one were so foolish as to ask the same question at this day he would waste his time by taking much note of the testimonies.



The humour goes out of life as the days continue, and it is replaced by the caustic vein.



Though it is difficult to avoid being natural, in the last resource it is necessary.

THE ENCHANTING PRINCESS

By Sidney Allnutt



OLD Carden, when he was young Carden, did not amount to much more than a used postage stamp as far as material considerations went. But he lived in Chicago, and he had an idea. Just then they were canning everything in Chicago. There are two or three good jokes about that, but there is no use in dragging them up here—besides, they are very widely known as well as deservedly popular. At all events old Carden's idea was to can something, so he took pork and beans, and by a simple and inexpensive magic induced them to live in harmony in one tin. And a buyer was not wanting. He multiplied that tin by thousands and millions, and still buyers were ready; as clamorous as Oliver Twist for more, and as willing as Barkis to pay for it. Carden's Harmonized Pork and Beans became a household necessity. So old Carden made a great deal of money, and became a millionaire; and after having lived as long as his health would permit, gave up the ghost.

Of course all that is another story, and has nothing whatever to do with this one, except that it explains how old Carden's son, John Jefferson Carden, came by the most ornate education and an indefinite number of millions of dollars.

It was a blow to old Carden when, on leaving college, his son would be content with nothing but a course of art-study at Paris, but he raised no objection and said very little about it, having no fixed ideas, or, indeed, any particular mental volition save when harmonised pork and beans were to the fore. Ac-

cordingly young Carden went to Paris, and lived in a luxuriously Bohemian way, to the satisfaction of a large number of very varied acquaintances. He studied painting with some degree of attention, and became after a term of years quite as skilful with his brushes as a millionaire has any right to be. That his pictures never failed to sell is an undeniable fact, for his father bought them all, and presented them to various public institutions; where they may yet be seen, signed very neatly in the left hand bottom corner, J. J. C., with a wormy little twirl underneath.

When his father died, young Carden, with the best intentions in the world to feel all the emotions right and proper on such an occasion, could not find his grief very intense. He and his father had been but little more or less than strangers. Even if the Atlantic had not divided them for a considerable number of years their temperaments would have marked as deep a gulf between them. For young Carden undoubtedly was afflicted with that terrible artistic temperament which is responsible for so much happiness and misery; though he contrived to bear the affliction easily, and even to find it a blessing, being under no necessity to make his own living—and old Carden was no more an artist, by any interpretation of the term, than he was a fool. How such a father came to get such a son is beyond explanation. Nature loves these little jokes, and never asks more of her creatures than an appreciation of them. Perhaps the dream that lived in Mary Carden's grey eyes had something to do with it. However, she died when young Carden was only a novice in the school of life, and

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her husband never thought it worth while to find out what it was that looked out of those still grey eyes, if, to be sure, he ever noticed that it was there.

Young Carden did not go to America when he heard of the death of his only customer. He ran over to London, and met some legal folk there, being very much bored with the business details necessary to be arranged. He discovered that he was master of more millions than he anticipated, and was quite unmoved. He did not remember a time when all the money he wanted was not forthcoming, so a mere extra million or two meant nothing to him. He also arranged that the output of Carden's Harmonised Pork and Beans should continue, and the proceeds be added to his banking account. All business matters being at length arranged, he shook hands with his lawyers, and departed from their gloomy offices, vowing inwardly that he would never enter them again if it might be helped. He then repaired to a neighbouring hostelry and negotiated two long whiskey-and-sodas and the same number of caporal cigarettes, to his great content, and the entire removal of legal office dust from his throat. Being then recovered from the boredom that was near to overwhelm him, he began to consider what to do next.

The net results of his cogitations appeared that same evening, when, accompanied by a few bags, he drove up to Liverpool Street Station in time for the 8.30 Continental mail. Some friends of his were at Basel, and he had come to a decision to join them for awhile.

The hands of the great clock only indicated 15 minutes past the hour when Carden, having seen his baggage safely bestowed and a corner seat in a first class smoker reserved, turned to "Nobby" Brooke, who was journeying with him as far as the Hook, and suggested a farewell drink. Nobby was nothing loth, being always as ready to drink with a friend as to borrow from him or lend to him. He and Carden were chums of some years standing, despite the wide differences in their financial position, for Nobby's total possessions were not worth more than a

few pounds. It was his habit to draw upon Carden when necessity arose, without any thought that such a proceeding was not in the nature of things—nor did Carden regard it in any other light. They were good enough friends for such a trifle to be of no moment, which says much for both of them.

They were come to the end of the platform when Nobby suddenly stopped short.

"Look at her, Carden."

Carden looked. A great pile of luggage on a truck was followed by two women. There was no need for Nobby to explain which of them he referred to.

She was above the common height, and straight as a reed. The long, grey folds of her travelling cloak could not altogether disguise the gracious lines of the figure which they enclosed. She passed them by with head erect, and they were round-eyed at the vision of her face—being young, and by the grace of God as quick to worship beauty as most to worship gold.

When she passed the spell was broken, and Nobby chanted a hymn of praise, as was his wont when some new wonder smote upon his soul.

"Did you notice the straight eyebrows of her, Carden, and her mouth? Lord, what a mouth!"

"Oh, shut up, Nobby!"

"Simply, can't, my boy. Never was such a mouth in all the world before. And then the idiots rave about rosebud lips! And her cheek-bone placed in the very one spot where it ought to be! A woman like that might grow thin with impunity. Then imagine that hair set loose. And——"

"Nobby you grow incoherent—and there is only just time for a drink."

Nobby looked reproachfully at his friend.

"My dear chap, the gods send you a sight like that, and still you dwell on drink? I thought better of you; but never mind—what's yours?"

So they were refreshed and went back to the train, which presently left the hollow echoes and staring electric light of the great station behind, and plunged amid much roaring of steam and shril-

ling of whistles, into the quiet grey dusk beyond.

In one compartment, a tall woman gazed thoughtfully into the gathering shadows, an unopened book neglected on her knees; in another, through a thick cloud of aromatic smoke, there was a ceaseless fire of question and counter-question and reply, as Carden and Nobby vied with each other in the discovery of new adjectives to deck the beautiful thing that had appeared to them.

So the train went on through the country as the blue shadows deepened in the hollows and gradually climbed the hillsides, till even the sky at last resigned its lingering memories of the day and the stars shivered one after another into being as night claimed its own. And, among other things, it carried with it the elements of an old but ever new romance; in fulness of time dumping them in most unromantic fashion upon the very prosaic quay at Harwich.

Carden saw her go on board the *Hook* of Holland boat with a keen satisfaction that he did not trouble to analyse. He watched her as she enquired of the steward the whereabouts of the berths evidently reserved for herself and her companion, and contrived to overhear the numbers of them. Afterwards it was easy to ascertain for whom numbers one and two were taken.

The steward gave the required information with much dignity.

"Nos. 1 and 2?—Her Serene Highness Princess Bazilide of Dardania, and companion."

Carden gasped. Then he sought Nobby, and found him in the dining saloon giving close attention to cold beef and pickled walnuts. At that moment, curiously enough, cold beef and pickled walnuts seemed almost indecent to Carden. Nevertheless he sat down and poured out his news.

"She is a princess, Nobby—a serene highness."

"I know," said Nobby.

"How?"

"From her luggage, which is booked through to Titisee, and addressed to the Kurhaus, St. Blasien."

Carden somehow felt that Nobby's curiosity was impertinent.

"Where's that?" he asked.

"Don't know quite. Black Forest somewhere, I think."

There was a pause. Nobby went on with his supper, and Carden reflected.

"I shall go to the Kurhaus, St. Blasien," he said, after a while.

Nobby laid down his knife and fork, and stared at him.

"Don't be a fool," he remarked.

"Don't intend to be. Daresay it's a decent place enough."

"But she's a serene highness."

"What's that got to do with it? Never was very keen on Basel."

But Nobby was not to be lured from his point.

"Rot," he said, with intention. "Just look at the position. Simply because you see a Greek goddess in a grey cloak, you are suddenly reduced to a state of abject idiocy. You know you were very keen on joining Darley at Basel, and you know that he has been waiting expressly for you the last couple of weeks. Moreover you told me his sister was the most delightful girl you ever met, and I'll swear you squeezed her hand when you left Paris. Now you want to go wandering after a will-o'-the-wisp. Carden, try not to be a bigger ass than God has made you."

But Carden had made up his mind.

"I mean to see a bit more of her, that's all."

"You want to be a dog and bay for the moon. Imagine it, you idiot; a Princess of Dardania, a relative of half the royalties in Europe, with a family tree growing out of primordial chaos, and armorial bearings of uncountable quarterings, and you"—

"Well, what of me?"

"Pork and beans, my dear fellow, harmonised pork and beans."

"Anyway, I've money enough."

"So has the princely house of Dardania, but their ancestor gained his wealth in the licensed robbery of war, while yours amassed his in the unlicensed robbery of trade. So you see the gulf there is between you."

"Hang it, Nobby, you speak as if I wanted to marry the girl."

"Well, what do you want to go to St. Blasien for? To watch the bloom on grapes beyond your reach, eh? No satisfaction in that, I'll swear. Better stick to your old programme."

"Do you think I am such a fool that I can't admire a woman without falling in love with her, Nobby? Especially when its ten to one I shall never have a chance to speak to her."

Nobby nodded with solemnity.

"That's just the kind of fool I think you are going to be this time," he replied.

"Anyhow, I'll risk it," said Carden, with a laugh. "Come on deck and have a smoke."

Next morning Nobby went on his way at the Hook, and Carden found a seat in the Rhine Valley train, after assuring himself that the princess and her companion were on board.

It may be assumed that as yet hopeless love for one beyond his station had not seriously undermined his constitution, for he rolled himself up in a travelling rug, and continued his interrupted slumbers until the train had measured out all the flat country to the German frontier.

Escaping with no more than normal discourtesy from the hands of the custom officials, he strolled up to the restaurant car and took a place for breakfast, due in half-an-hour, according to the blue-coated attendant, and not immediately, as his internal economy suggested. On returning to his place along the narrow corridor he almost ran into the Princess. There was a quick murmur of mutual apology, and she was gone, leaving Carden in possession of the priceless knowledge that her eyes were blue, and that she smiled divinely. He found these facts of such engrossing interest that he almost forgot about breakfast—fortunately not quite.

He sat enjoying his crisp rolls and steaming coffee as his eyes dwelt on the level landscape flying past, when there was a rustle of skirts as the Princess came along the gangway and, miracle of miracles, took the seat opposite his own. And the table was only made for two, and not a big one at that. So

there was the Princess within a foot or two of him!

It almost took his breath away.

She had discarded her grey cloak, though a little inconsiderable trifle of a toque still sat coquettishly upon abundant billows of dark brown hair.

It seemed impossible to Carden that such a being should have anything to do with mere material bread and butter, but she proved the possessor of a very healthy appetite, and plainly showed that her white teeth were not less useful than ornamental. Under her level eyebrows her deep blue eyes were fixed on the monotonous countryside, but she seemed to have given herself up to reflection rather than observation. It was easy for Carden to steal long glances at her without fear of detection, and he took fullest advantage of his opportunity. He noticed how proudly the head was held upon the slender neck, and how the waving hair seemed impatient of its orderly confinement and broke out here and there in little defiant curls and tendrils that lay caressingly on her white brow and curving cheek. He wondered if there was a dimple when she smiled, and settled that there must be. In fact he was just deciding on the exact spot where it ought to crumple up the satin skin, when she suddenly met his eye, so that he diverted his attention with amazing celerity to a distant spire which stood up behind a long straight row of symmetrical trees and looked exactly like a monstrous onion growing wrong way up. And the spire was left miles behind with many others of its kind before he dared again to give his eyes permission to wander where they would.

She was still looking out of the window, with that grave regard of hers. Carden thought how heavenly it would be to make her smile.

If he could only speak to her! And why not?

He was not supposed to know who she was—and even if he were, what did that matter after all? They were fellow-travellers, and nothing was easier than for fellow-travellers to fall into conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world. He had

started a dozen such conversations before. They usually began with the offer of some totally unnecessary courtesy. An open window to be shut, or a closed one to be opened. Nothing could be simpler. Five minutes from the first word spoken a pair of strangers were nearly always speaking like old acquaintances.

Yes, Carden concluded to himself, obviously the thing to do was to open a conversation. Then to his astonishment he found that he couldn't do it for the life of him; it was as if his mind had been suddenly wiped clear of every semblance of an idea. In vain he tried to invent one of the usual trivialities to subserve his urgent purpose; necessity was barren this time at all events.

And precious time was passing. He grew desperate.

Only one possible solution of the problem occurred to his mind, and the rank absurdity of that was patent. Nevertheless he put it into execution.

The blue-coated attendant, who has already made a passing appearance in this veracious chronicle, was coming down the gangway, his hands full of cups of coffee poised immovably in defiance of every law of nature amid the rocking of the car, and his head stored with knowledge of all the intricacies of every language of Europe. With decision, though regretting the necessity of sacrificing so splendid a product of civilization, Carden thrust his foot out at a well-considered moment, and the unhappy man came down with a crash that sent his cups of coffee far and wide, and nearly shook the verbs and tenses from his well-stored skull.

There was a small commotion as the blue-coat was restored to a proper position and retired for more coffee and dignity.

The Princess was wiping her skirt with a coffee-stained serviette.

"Please allow me."

And Carden was on his knee in a twinkling, tenderly rubbing her skirt with his pocket-handkerchief.

"It is very good of you," said the Princess when he rose, being unable to make his pleasant task last longer.

"But you have been kneeling in a pool of coffee."

Carden realized the fact at the same moment, and vigorously rubbed away the stain. He rubbed somewhat viciously, for after all this trouble the Princess had not smiled.

"This is one of the disadvantages of breakfasting in an express train," he said baldly, as he sat down again.

"But what could have made him fall?" The Princess looked very straight into Carden's eyes and nearly turned his head.

"I wonder what it was."

"Haven't you any idea?" queried the quiet voice.

Carden looked at her. Then he blushed like a boy, and gave a little awkward laugh.

"I think perhaps I have."

"Ah!"

"In fact I tripped him up myself."

"I know; I saw you do it."

"And I thought nobody could have noticed."

The Princess seemed puzzled. She looked at Carden in silence for the space of half-a-dozen heart beats.

"What did you do it for?" she asked.

Carden twisted a piece of bread into a long pencil, and then squeezed it into a cone before he answered.

"Well," he said, "I never thought I should have to expose the workings of my poor diplomacy. It's worse than explaining a joke."

He paused, and reduced his pellet of bread to a sphere. She waited for him to continue.

"You see—I wanted—to speak to you," he explained, as his sphere became a cube.

"But I don't see," said the Princess, impatiently, raising her eyebrows so that little wrinkles of perplexity appeared on her broad forehead.

Carden elucidated the matter further, while expending a great deal of unnecessary strength in flattening his cube into a disc.

"I couldn't think of any other way of opening a conversation, so I decided to contrive a little accident."

He threw his disc away and looked the Princess in the face.

She tried to look severe, but it was of no use. In spite of her intentions her gravity all broke up like the still reflections in a pool when a puff of wind passes over it, and her smile ended in an irresistible burst of low laughter.

Carden grew red again.

"I don't wonder you laugh at me," he said with exaggerated gloom. "Not only is my little scheme a clumsy one, but I can't help telling you all about it afterwards."

The Princess regained some of her old calmness, though the dimple, which really did appear very nearly in the spot where Carden had concluded it ought to be, became visible every now and then.

"I was not laughing at you—and I think it was nice of you to tell me. But"—a little laugh escaped again—"do you always commence conversations in this dramatic manner?"

"My methods are generally less distinctive; but then I never had to face such a problem before. I never before met a Princess—except in a fairy story."

"But why should you call me a Princess?"

Carden nodded gently to her.

"You see I know all about you. You are the Princess Bazilide, of Dardania, and are travelling to the Kurhaus, St. Blasien, by way of Titisee. Will not your Serene Highness admit the correctness of my information?"

She smiled, and gave the daintiest deprecating shrug.

"Ah! I see you are well informed; but I shall admit nothing."

"But I am not far from the truth, am I?"

There was still a smile on her face as she rose from the table.

"Not very far," she admitted, and with a stately bow was gone.

Carden called the blue-coated victim of his diplomacy, and gave strict instructions that the table was to be reserved at luncheon for himself and his breakfast companion, enforcing his commands with such a tip that the attendant gasped, not guessing that it included compensation for his late disastrous fall.

In a cloud of caporal smoke, seeing all kinds of alluring visions in the wreathing mist, Carden awaited the hour of luncheon. He went out into the corridor once or twice hoping to find the Princess there watching the Rhine flowing muddily at the feet of its historic hills, but she was not to be seen. There was a tourist only, who checked off the ruined strongholds in his Baedeker as they one by one appeared, and fortified his inner man with sandwiches.

But the time arrived at last, and Carden strolled eagerly to the luncheon car.

The Princess was already in her seat when he entered. She turned to him with a smile.

"It seems they have put us at the same table again."

"Fate is kind, Princess."

"Sometimes, and to some people. To the man you tripped up for instance."

She looked at him with such a twinkle in her eyes that he laughed with the sheer delight of seeing it.

"Well, to you and me, Princess."

"Example?"

"You are Princess of Dardania and the world is at your feet—a big ball for you to play with."

"And you?"

"I sit opposite the Princess of Dardania in the restaurant-car of this exceedingly well-appointed train."

"That is quite pretty, Mr.—, there, I do not even know your name."

"Carden—John Carden."

"Then, Mr. Carden, you have explained what Fate has done for me very clearly. But supposing I do not want to play ball?"

"When the world is the ball, Princess, there are perhaps games to suit every taste."

"But suppose, Mr. Carden, that very improbable things happened, and that there should be a Princess who did not wish to play at all. Supposing she wanted to do something more serious with her life?"

"It's only another kind of play. Some play at work, some work at play."

"You are joking, Mr. Carden."

"Why not? I think perhaps Nature was when she made men and women."

There was a hurt look in the blue eyes opposite.

"But, Mr. Carden, will you have nothing to be serious?"

"Everything shall be serious if you wish it, Princess."

She looked at the bright Klingelberger in her glass very gravely.

"It is not if I wish it or not," she said, "but, whether it is or not. You are a man, Mr. Carden, and men can do things. Don't you do something serious?"

Carden laughed.

"Well, I paint—pictures, not houses, you know. But a few smears of paint on a few inches of canvas don't make a very serious thing, do they?"

The Princess clasped her hands in a pretty, eager gesture.

"You are an artist, then? Indeed, a few smears of paint can be a very serious thing. They can take their place among the wonders of the world, and they can unveil the beauties of the world without or the world within, that all may see for ever. Is it not true?"

Carden looked at her seriously enough, as he replied—

"My pictures are not of that sort. I thought they might be once. That was when I was dreaming."

"Or was it before you went to sleep, Mr. Carden?"

"Perhaps, Princess. If it was, don't wake me, for in this sleep I'm dreaming splendid dreams."

"Of what?"

"Of happiness."

"Is it not a little selfish to think so much of one's own happiness always?" she said, half nervously, adding, "I meant that more for myself, than you, Mr. Carden."

"But it isn't selfish, Princess, as you think of it. Can one be unselfish without being selfish first? Can one make others happy without being happy first? Of course not—one might as soon expect a block of ice to radiate warmth."

With a little shrug that Carden had come to know was characteristic, the Princess put off her air of gravity.

"Ah, you are full of dangerous

sophistries I fear, Mr. Carden! Imagine, you an artist, too, and not giving your full attention to the view outside."

"I am afraid that I have no respect for the Rhine, except at night."

She held up her hands in mock horror, but Carden went on.

"It is a vulgar river in spite of its antecedents. It is the most artificial looking bit of reality in the world, and always looks to me like an exaggerated Drury Lane back cloth."

"But the great hills and the old castles."

"No good, Princess. You cannot convert me. What of the chimney stacks and smoke belching trains? And every hill monstrosly stepped by myriad terraced vines. It won't do."

"And yet it always used to sound to me as if a vineyard must be so beautiful."

"Till you saw one. It is the fate of people who build castles in Spain to stand among the ruins one day."

"Then be careful of your splendid dreams."

Carden filled their two glasses with the liquid sunshine of the golden wine.

"A toast, Princess," he said, "Drink to my dreams—may they come true some day!"

The Princess smiled, though her colour deepened ever so little, as she touched the glass with her red lips.

"May they come true some day," she said.

It was an enchanted meal. As the train moved along by the Rhine banks, past stations bearing names each of them a history and a romance in itself, the Princess grew ever more friendly, and Carden more communicative. She drew out of him a good deal about his life in Paris, his work there and his ambitions, meeting him with such a ready sympathy that he could not but go on. The account of himself he gave her was true enough in all save one particular. She was evidently under the impression that he gained his living by his painting, and he would not deceive her.

He stayed at the Europaischerhof at Freiburg for a night, because the Princess stayed there; and journeyed

in the same train up the wild Hollenthal to Titisee. During the long drive through the endless forest, he was seldom out of sight of the carriage wherein she sat with her companion. He had told his Jehu not to get in front by any chance.

There was no reason why he should not follow her up so closely, for she knew from him their destination was the same, and if she came through by the quickest route, why not he?

He had a word with her at a pine-built gasthaus half way, where they changed the horses. It was already late afternoon, and a mellow, golden sun was sinking behind the spires of larch and fir that crowned a distant hill. It shone upon the still waters of a half-hidden forest lake, and made a glory of the weathered pine slat roof of the old inn. Perhaps a ray or two was caught in the twisted coils of the Princess's brown hair—Carden thought so. The only sound was the music of an unseen mountain stream.

"I think this is fairyland, Princess, where dreams come true," he said.

She gazed far away into the west, but she smiled, so that his heart caught fire. Her voice was very low.

"Who knows? I, too, can dream dreams here!"

They stood together in silence till the horses were in and their drivers had refreshed themselves by mighty draughts of beer.

Then they went on and on through the light that grew ever warmer and richer as the sun sank lower to his rest. The forest grew deeper and more mysterious around them as the shadows grew, and when at length St. Blasien's mighty dome came in sight a few twinkling lamps were already beginning a winning combat with the fading day.

It seemed strange to Carden to come upon the Kurhaus in this wilderness, and not half-an-hour after arrival to be dining in the great hall with its some two hundred and fifty hungry and talkative guests.

The Princess did not appear, she doubtless would prefer to dine in her own apartments, but he thought of her as he sipped his sunny wine, and

heard nothing of the babel of talk, in every language of Europe, and a few others as well, that was going on around him. The day had held all that a day might hold he thought—yet, already he was growing greedy for to-morrow.

But he slept like the seven sleepers.

He did not see her at breakfast-time next morning, and drank his coffee with a sense of being treated badly. He realised the absurdity of the sensation but could not get rid of it any the more for that. Afterwards he spent the morning hours revolving round the Kurhaus in aimless strolls about the town. But the Princess did not appear, and the consumption of caporal cigarettes was prodigious.

Luncheon was a failure. Carden found dish after dish unpleasing, and even the Markgräfer that is the glory of Baden seemed a soulless thing. He found occasion to abuse the waiter in imperfect German, and failing so to reach the unhappy man's understanding, cursed him in vigorous and picturesque French.

By the time the meal was over and he once more strolled out into the sunlight, he was telling himself that the world was a ridiculous place, and to live in it a proceeding unworthy of a man of sense.

And suddenly he came upon the Princess in the gardens.

As he came forward she gave him one of her rare smiles, and held out a welcoming hand. He bowed low over it to conceal the ungovernable gladness in his face.

He went on at her side as if by right.

"Oh, Princess," he said, "I thought the Ogre had shut you up in his brazen tower."

"The Ogre?"

"There always is an Ogre in a fairy tale. And this is a fairy tale, is it not?"

"One can only tell by the ending, Mr. Carden," said the Princess, softly. "But why did you think that they had shut me up?"

"Need you ask, Princess? Think of the ages since I saw you last."

"Only last night."

"And now it's afternoon. A whole morning wasted. Four hours, two hundred and forty minutes — each minute a little cup waiting to be filled with the wine of life. All sent back whence they came, empty."

She gave a little rippling laugh at his extravagance, and then grew grave again.

"It may be as well, Mr. Carden," she said, "that the cups were empty. The wine of life has a bitter flavour sometimes."

"Not for you, Princess?"

"Sometimes—just ever so faint, you know—a crumpled rose-leaf. Even princesses do not always live in fairyland."

And neither spoke for a moment or two. It was the Princess who began again.

"What do you think of St. Blasien, Mr. Carden?"

"I have not seen much of it yet."

"Well, let me show you one of the sights this afternoon. I was going to the Windbergfalle. Do you care to come?"

Carden was on the point of declaring his willingness to go with her to the uttermost confines of space, but prudence prevailed, and he accepted his invitation in more measured terms.

They went together down by the side of the foaming, brawling Alb, pausing here and there to drink in the beauty of the scene. Then they left the white road and entered the great woods. The straight boles of mighty firs stretched away in infinite divergent perspectives all around them, and soon the world seemed very far away. They walked in silence, for just then there seemed no need for words.

Presently they reached a deep cleft in the woods, where a boiling, rushing, leaping torrent made a rippling treble to the deeper undertone of the great fall above, and a turn of the path brought them in view of the Windbergfalle itself. In the dimness of the woods, for great trees grew thickly all around the water, and made a roof of waving foliage high up above it, the stream curved over a black lip of rock and fell without a break into a dark pool some thirty feet below. The air all round

vibrated with the deep diapason of the falling water, and was moist with impalpable floating spray.

The Princess crossed the water below, stepping from rock to rock across the noisy stream, and led the way down the valley until the roar had become only a murmur again. When they were come to a place where by chance the rocks had arranged themselves into a small semi-circular hollow facing the stream, she paused and turned to Carden.

"This is my own particular corner of fairyland," she said.

He found a seat for her where the rocks had formed a little natural throne, and sat himself upon a boulder at her feet. The great granitic stones all round were made beautiful by Nature's own upholstery of dark green moss and silver lichen. Nor had she even then been satisfied. She had spread a crisp, springy carpet of ruddy-brown pine-needles on the ground, and decked each nook and cranny with a wealth of waving ferns. As a final touch, she had set, with wanton artistry, a bunch or two of purple and scarlet fungus growths here and there to shine like jewels out of the brown and green. There was even a Lilliputian beach of golden sand down by the water where the stream had washed the giant boulders smooth.

From the place where they were sitting they could look into the pool and even see a trout pass like a shadow across its pebbly bottom. A red squirrel came in a rush down a mammoth fir trunk, with many an agile twist and turn. He climbed into a hazel thicket, where his bright-eyed mate soon joined him, and though the thickness of leaves sometimes hid the merry pair, the sound of cracking nut-shells always betrayed their whereabouts.

Carden broke the long silence that fell between them, sending the squirrels scampering away into the green world up above.

"It is wonderful, Princess."

"You should paint it."

She had, possibly, a faint idea he needed some spur to action. If so, her lead failed of its end.

"Paint it? Why should I vulgarise so precious a thing as this? And

where are the colours for the picture and the hand to put them on the canvas? Schumann or Chopin might have painted it in music."

The Princess was practical.

"But you must paint pictures. It is your work."

"I begin to have conscientious scruples about continuing it. Surely it is a presumption and an impertinence to try to reveal nature's secrets by the few cant phrases of a childish art."

"You are wrong somewhere, Mr. Carden," said she, "though I cannot put my finger on the error. But you have ambitions: what of them?"

"Oh! yes, I have ambitions. They rise almost to the height of a throne, Princess. Shall I tell you of them?"

She shook her head.

"It is too late to-day. Another time. We shall be late for dinner."

"And that is the one really unpardonable sin," he suggested.

She did not deign to answer him.

Next day they met again, and the next day, and the next again, until the days were grown to weeks. It was always in the afternoon, for she was never visible before the mid-day meal.

They explored the winding valley of the Alb, and the smaller hollows that were its tributaries; they penetrated far into the woods, and tracked the great flume for miles along the hill-sides.

Carden had ceased to think of the future—he was living too intensely in the present. It was all the more a shock to him when the Princess told him one afternoon that an early day was set for her departure.

They were in the little hollow below the Windbergfalle.

"We have had a pleasant stay, and shall be sorry to leave," she was saying, in a half-formal way, as if it was a lesson she had learnt.

"Yes, it has been pleasant, Princess, to dream in these German woods. So the awakening is on Thursday. Well, I suppose all dreams come to an end, do they not?"

"Not all dreams, I think," she said, more to herself than to him.

Carden threw pebble after pebble into

the pool, and watched the circles spreading to its margin.

It was long before he turned to the Princess again.

"It would amuse you, perhaps, to hear what my dream was," he said, with a new bitterness beneath the note of raillery.

She looked at him with a silent reproach.

He was all contrition in a moment.

"Forgive me, Princess—I did not really mean it like that. But I should like to tell you of my dream."

She turned her head away.

"If you wish," he heard her say.

"I dreamt that there was a Princess who took off her golden crown and laid aside her ermine mantle. She came out of the great palace where her sires had reigned since first a king was crowned, out of the shadow into the sun, to where a beggar waited. And she put her hands in his, and gave herself to him, and they went through the world together. For that was in fairyland, where nothing counts but love."

Her eyes were full of unshed tears when he was done.

He knelt at her feet, and took and kissed her hand, and she did not deny it to him.

"Don't shed a tear for me, Princess. I am not worth it. I only want to do something for you; to 'worship you by years of noble deeds'; for I could be noble sometimes for you, though I might never win you. For"—he did not know how his voice trembled, or how hard he gripped her hand in his—"for I love you, Princess, that is all; I love you—love you—love you!"

She turned to him with a quick alarm in her humid eyes, though there was a smile upon her lips.

"Don't—don't!" she gasped, in a strangled voice. "Oh, what have I done? How you will despise me."

And she hid her face in her hands.

"Nothing could make me do that in all the world," he said; "or make me love you less."

"You must not call me that." She kept her face still hidden. "It is not true. I—I am not a Princess at all."

For a moment Carden was dumb-

founded; then he caught her in his arms, with a glad cry.

"Then the dream *can* come true, Princess—ever *my* Princess."

"Do you still wish it?" her voice came from his shoulder.

She raised an April face to him, and he left his answer on her lips.

The sun was a good deal lower in the sky before their conversation became coherent again.

"But who are you?" he asked. "The name was in the steamboat register plain enough—H.S.H. Princess Bazilide of Dardania."

She flashed a smile at him.

"*And* companion," she observed. "I am the companion."

"Lord!"

"You made the confusion. You were so certain I was the Princess. At first I let you think so for a joke. And then—then it was not a joke, and I did not dare to tell you."

Carden kissed her by way of punishment.

"And that little old frump is the Princess, I suppose?"

She nodded.

He gave a roar of laughter.

"Lord, what a little comedy of errors!"

Then he sobered down again.

"Now it's my turn," he began, "I have a confession to make, Princess. Oh, no, you need not be alarmed," for a fear had come into her eyes, "I am not a Prince, and I hope you'll be able to forgive me."

He cleared his throat and tried to feel less of an idiot.

"Of course it's quite true, I am a painter, but I think I gave you rather a wrong idea of myself. Without exactly

saying it I let you have the idea that I was a poor, struggling beggar, who had to paint for a living. It was because I was so terribly anxious for you to take some interest in me, Princess, so you really must take a lenient view of the matter."

"Then you are not poor?"

He coughed again, struggling against an insane impulse of laughter.

"Not exactly. I'm worth a good deal of money—made in pork and beans, too—Carden's Harmonised Pork and Beans. I believe I am a millionaire; but that can be altered if you disapprove."

She looked at him in bewilderment.

"But you are so young?" He caught her meaning.

"Oh, I didn't make the money myself—that is to my credit, isn't it? I was always much too big a fool to make money. I never did a wise thing until I fell in love with you, and that was because I couldn't help it."

She put a protesting hand over his mouth.

"I will not have you speak so ill of yourself," she said, with tender severity. "It is but another way to accuse me of bad taste."

He laughed and kissed the soft palm that lay upon his lips.

"At any rate, we are both dreadful fibbers, Princess."

She looked distressed for a moment, but the humour in the situation triumphed, and the dimple appeared to break the smoothness of her cheek.

"I do not care, if you were only true when you said 'I love you.'"

She smiled into his eyes.

"God knows, Princess,——" he began, but she stopped him.

"I know, too," she said.



Humanity has come out from the centre of things, but its true rest is at the centre, and the centre ultimately draws it back.

THE RED WOMAN OF MARLBOROUGH

A DEVON BALLAD

MARLBOROUGH! Marlborough!
 (Every night and all!)
 The Red Woman of Marlborough!
 (And Christ receive thy saule!)

Down from Marlborough Hill she came,
 Her arms were full of her living shame.

The man that had brought her babe to life
 Was sleeping warm with a new-made wife.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Rise and see
 The bridal gift I have brought for 'ee!"

"Husband, husband, bide to bed!
 None walk so late but the homeless dead!"

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Rise and see!
 Thy picture 'tis, and the dapse of 'ee!"

"Husband! Husband! Never heed!
 I'll warrant thou'rt blameless, word and deed!"

She's wrenched the latch, and she's forced the door,
 And the moon shines in on the cobbled floor.

"Wedded wife, be 'ee snugly laid?
 Here's a babe was born when you was a maid!"

She dashed its brains on the cold hearth stone,
 She raised it up, and the breath was gone.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! take you this—
 Your flesh and blood for the bride to kiss!"

She's flung the corpse on the bridal bed,—
 With empty arms she's turned and fled.

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As she came by Thurlestone Way
 She heard the church tower groan and sway.

As she came through Aweton Wood
 The air was thick with floating blood.

When she came where the dead men swing,
 Foul-fed pixies danced in a ring.

She caught the rope where it dangled free,
 And she hanged herself to the gallows-tree.

Marlborough! Marlborough!
 (Every night and all!)
 The Red Woman of Marlborough!
 (And Christ receive thy saule!)

PAUL ENGLAND.

SNOW-SHOE RACES

By Erle Creagh



PERSONALLY I felt disposed to dispute a certain time-honoured dictum of Solomon's on the day that I arrived at the Arctic Region of Australia, and found myself—though so far south geographically—surrounded on all sides by ice and snow, and in a world as white and still as if it were at the North Pole! It would seem, after all, that there is something new under the sun.

Most people have never heard of this region—and I must admit that I was among the majority until I was invited to go there. The place exists, nevertheless—Kiandra, in the Snowy Mountains—and in addition to being within twenty-four hours of Sydney, the situation is beautiful; while it possesses so many other attractions, that I am surprised it has not been discovered and utilised as a Sanatorium.

It is comparatively easy of access, too. By leaving Sydney at 9 o'clock in the morning, and travelling all night, you reach Cooma early on the following forenoon, and as the road thence to the fringe of what might be called "the permanent snow" is excellent, the remainder of the journey—between forty and fifty miles—can be accomplished in a buggy.

I remained for the night with a friend who has a station near Cooma; and on reaching it a pleasant surprise awaited me. The house, which was built of stone and had the unusual addition of a second storey, looked so like an old rambling manor house in England, that I could scarcely believe it was anything else. So many familiar trees had been planted round it that now, thickly draped with snow, and with the red fire-light gleaming through the windows of the building, the whole scene seemed like a bit of transplanted England, or its

counterfeit presentment on a Christmas card! But one soon discovers that such homelike "bits" are by no means uncommon here. The typical Englishman has the faculty of leaving his impress wherever he tarries; whether he pitches his tent in the frozen North or burning South, the immediate spot in which he elects to dwell soon begins to assume a homelike aspect.

While my friend seemed much gratified by my genuine admiration of his surroundings, he assured me that pleasant and picturesque as they then were, the scene was still more attractive in Spring—the one absolutely perfect season of the Australian year. In the Cooma district the summer is too hot, and the winter too cold for enjoyment. But when Spring comes with its balm and bloom, the temperature is perfection and the atmosphere is of such crystalline clearness, that as the local phrase goes, "you breathe champagne." Moreover, spring is the only season in Australia when you see really green grass. In the winter it is partially black from being nipped at the edges by the keen, southern winds—and throughout the summer months it is usually as yellow or brown as a faded leaf. In the vernal season, however, it becomes vividly and unequivocally green, and the trees follow suit. Even the dark olive looks full of sap; the palm spreads out its pendulous, down-flowing top like a fountain of cool, fresh water; the young shoots on the white-limbed eucalyptus tremble into a silvery outline with the faintest pulse of the wind; the peach is all abloom; and the vines trail their basanite stalks along the ground and throw a green webbed mantle over hill and glade. All that is wanting is the familiar note of woodland music—which, alas, is nowhere to be heard!

Unfortunately this description of Spring is not of universal application. In most parts of Australia only a slight variation of aspect is perceptible in the scenery throughout the year. This is owing to the constant sunshine and the prevalence of trees and shrubs whose colouring is always sombre and monotonous. Unchanging as enduring, Autumn lays no reddening finger on their leaves; Winter passes them by on the other side; the soft airs of departing Spring scatter no showers of white bloom from their branches; and Summer comes merely to scorch and wither. But these remarks do not apply to the Arctic region. It lies nearly 5,000 feet above sea level; from May to November snow falls constantly, and during the greater part of that period the soaring peaks of the Australian Alps glitter with frost and ice as they rise up in dreamlike splendour against the purple sky.

The drive next day to Kiandra—which was to be accomplished in my friend's buggy—was a new experience to a dweller in the hot, arid plains. For it was a drive in high latitudes through a frozen world of silence and solitude. An overpowering sense of loneliness was produced by that apparently endless expanse of rolling ridges, over which the eye looked in vain for any sign of human presence, and the ear strained in fruitless effort to catch some sound of life. So long as the weather remained satisfactory the excursion was replete with interest; but half way to our destination a violent snowstorm drove us to seek shelter, and by the time it had abated the day was far spent, and taking a wrong turn in the gathering dusk, the unpleasant conviction presently forced itself upon our minds that we had lost our way and were derelicts. The situation became grave—and cold. However, a bushman is always resourceful, and my friend, having reviewed the position, said that our only alternative was to sleep in the open. Proceeding in search of a pinewood we resolved to spend the night there and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Accordingly, using the snow shoes which we had in the buggy as shovels,

we cleared a space about twelve feet across, heaping the snow as we removed it into a high bank round us. We then collected some firewood, and stripping off the brush of a few pine branches, we used it to carpet the cleared ground and also to line its sides. That being done we lighted a fire in the bare space that had been left for it in the centre; and having spread the rugs we had brought with us, our temporary resting place was complete. But we still had the horse to think of; and, while looking out for a sheltered spot for him, I was struck by the weird beauty of the wood, which—etherialised by the mystic moonlight, and shrouded in white—suggested the idea that the trees were under a spell. I must add that the dominant note of the whole scene was melancholy. Notwithstanding the sheen of the moonlight, the *nocturne* of the Arctic bush was profoundly solemn—even sad. And, when the silence was occasionally broken by the wailing cry of the curlew, it fell on the ear with such a despairing cadence that you could fancy the bird was telling you that hope was at an end for evermore!

But it wasn't! For there was the morrow to look forward to, with the wonderful Snow-shoe Races that I had come so far to see. So I rolled myself up in my rug, and fell asleep, hoping I should dream of them. But I did not. I dreamed instead of the little island under the North Star, and thought I was back in the old home once more. And yet, when I awoke in the middle of the night—that soundless period when Nature seems to turn in her sleep without waking—there was nothing at all homelike in the surrounding scene. On the contrary, when I looked up through the thin branches of the trees overhead, I saw the Southern Cross and Orion hanging upside down in the heavens above me; and, while the Bear was conspicuous by its absence, there were many unfamiliar stars (not like the old friends of childhood) which were shining with that wondrous radiance which makes the southern heavens not only so different from, but so much more beautiful than the

Northern. At that stillly hour, too, the cold was intense—and as if to make matters worse, the fire had gone out. Nevertheless, the next morning, in spite of exposure and other discomforts (including an improvised and insufficient supper) we both felt as well as if we had slept under shelter on a bed of down. And, aided by daylight, we regained the right track, and were fortunate enough to reach Kiandra in good time for the races.

On arriving at that quaint little township I did, indeed, feel as if I had come to a new world. There is something in the clear, elastic air of the Australian Alps which is peculiar to itself, and not to be felt elsewhere. I was reminded on all sides that I was in the snowy heart of the Australian Wonderland; and when the sun rose high in the heavens and the dazzling mountain peaks shone forth in all their glamour, the scene became one of indescribable beauty. The extraordinary luminousness and power of reflection possessed by the frozen snow disturbs the usual relativity of land and sky, which seems to have something almost magical in it. In short, every mood of the heavens is repeated on the earth beneath. And at sunrise and sunset in that cold, white world—no longer a monochrome—the most ethereal hues are evolved.

In the immediate vicinity of Kiandra the surface of the rocks glistens as though they were sprinkled with brilliants; all the shrubs are draped in snow; even the fern-fronds are covered with it; and while every available spot sparkles with crystalline fretwork, the branches of the fir and pine trees are hung with pendent icicles which, being transparent, glow with such vivid colours at certain periods of the day, that the effect produced could not be adequately conceived by anyone who had not seen it. Moreover, while each little pool is frozen and covered with pretty ice-flowers—roses, stephanotis, tulips, lily of the valley, and so on—in every cave and hollow place—that is to say, under impending rocks and boulders—the ice becomes stalactital; and while assuming the semblance of numberless familiar objects, it reproduces them so accurately

that it almost seems as if nature were compelled to obey some unconscious but immutable law of form which lies behind all her operations, whereby she is enabled not only to give shape to the shapeless but to evolve perfect resemblances of the things typified as well.

As for Kiandra itself, it is a small place with a past. Having begun life as a mining township, the supply of gold proved so incommensurate with the demand that ere long the industry had to be abandoned, and the place was practically deserted. That is to say, the population dwindled away by degrees and is now very small. Nevertheless, the few inhabitants which it has are so devoted to their lonely highland home that they would not change it for a residence in any other part of the world; and they find riding on snow shoes so fascinating and such capital exercise that they do not seem to want any other form of amusement or locomotion. But though life passes very pleasantly at Kiandra at all times—for in summer when the snow melts and flowers of every hue appear once more, the scene acquires a new charm—the grand function of the year is the Snow Shoe Races, which might be called "The National Sport" of the district. And a very pretty sight one of these races is—full of spectacular charm as well as novelty to the visitor, and as interesting and exciting to the inhabitants of the place, and those of outlying districts, as horse-racing is to the people of other lands. In short, while looking on, you feel irresistibly inclined to participate in the sport, notwithstanding the danger; and that it is really dangerous, owing to the pace and other concomitants, cannot be denied. The racing track is down the face of a hill near the town, with a drop of about 200 feet into the valley beneath, and it is estimated that when in full swing the racers go at a speed of twenty-five yards per second. As they rush past you at this lightning rate, they seem figuratively and literally to be flying over the ground—and the effect is so wonderful that it almost takes away your breath. Meantime, while there is always something stimulating and exciting about a race-course, the interest attaching to it is decupled

when the scene is backgrounded by the Snowy Mountains of Australia, and when "the favourite" happens to be a man and not a horse! The champion course proper is 22 chains in length—and the competitors, two or three in a heat, steer their way in the most wonderful manner. They gain speed, too, with every yard they travel; until having passed the post like a whirlwind, they adroitly pull up at a distance of a few yards, and then, turning round, begin again. The enthusiasm of the spectators meanwhile is positively infectious; they enjoy the whole thing

with a thoroughness and evident *abandon* which is refreshing to see. This is partly due to the clear, revivifying atmosphere they breathe, and partly to the fact that their chances are few and far between. In any case I can confidently assure those, who, like the Athenians of old, are always in search of some new thing, and who think neither time nor trouble is wasted in trying to obtain it, that they will find what they seek if they pay an autumn visit to the Arctic Region of Australia, and succeed in reaching Kiandra in time for the snow-shoe races.



MISFITS.

'Tis scarcely true that souls come naked down
To take abode up in this earthly town,
Or naked pass, of all they wear denied;
We enter slipshod and with clothes awry,
And we take with us much that by-and-bye
May prove no easy task to put aside.



Time moves backward, because it is blindfolded; it is eternity which sees and goes forward.



Star utters speech unto star, but their messages are those of man; he lends them his eloquence and when they speak it is with his voice.



Love has brought us into life, and it is love also that withdraws us into the wider lives which are beyond it.



A CONTRAST.

With native ease the serpent sloughs his skin,
But cannot change his old snake-heart within;
Man does not lay his outward form aside,
But can his old life from his new divide.

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

III.



It might have been different in the evening, and Darnell had matured a plan by which he hoped to gain much. He intended to ask his wife if she would mind having only one gas, and that a good deal lowered, on the pretext that his eyes were tired with work; he thought many things might happen if the room were dimly lit, and the window opened, so that they could sit and watch the night, and listen to the rustling murmur of the tree on the lawn. But his plans were made in vain, for when he got to the garden gate his wife, in tears, came forth to meet him.

"Oh, Edward," she began, "such a dreadful thing has happened! I never liked him much, but I didn't think he would ever do such awful things."

"What do you mean? Who are you talking about? What has happened? Is it Alice's young man?"

"No, no. But come in, dear. I can see that woman opposite watching us: she's always on the look out."

"Now, what is it?" said Darnell, as they sat down to tea. "Tell me, quick! you've quite frightened me."

"I don't know how to begin, or where to start. Aunt Marian has thought that there was something queer for weeks. And then she found—oh, well, the long and short of it is that Uncle Robert has been carrying on dreadfully with some horrid girl, and aunt has found out everything!"

"Lord! you don't say so! The old rascal! Why, he must be nearer seventy than sixty!"

"He's just sixty-five; and the money he has given her——"

The first shock of surprise over, Darnell turned resolutely to his mince.

"We'll have it all out after tea," he said; "I am not going to have my meals spoilt by that old fool of a Nixon. Fill up my cup, will you, dear?"

"Excellent mince this," he went on, calmly. "A little lemon juice and a bit of ham in it? I thought there was something extra. Alice all right to-day? That's good. I expect she's getting over all that nonsense."

He went on calmly chattering in a manner that astonished Mrs. Darnell, who felt that by the fall of Uncle Robert, the natural order had been inverted, and had scarcely touched food since the intelligence had arrived by the second post. She had started out to keep the appointment her aunt had made early in the morning, and had spent most of the day in a first-class waiting-room at Victoria Station, where she had heard all the story.

"Now," said Darnell, when the table had been cleared, "tell us all about it. How long has it been going on?"

"Aunt thinks now, from little things she remembers, that it must have been going on for a year at least. She says there has been a horrid kind of mystery about uncle's behaviour for a long time, and her nerves were quite shaken, as she thought he must be involved with Anarchists, or something dreadful of the sort."

"What on earth made her think that?"

"Well, you see, once or twice when she was out walking with her husband, she has been startled by whistles, which seemed to follow them everywhere. You know there are some nice country walks

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at Barnet, and one in particular, in the fields near Totteridge, that uncle and aunt rather made a point of going to on fine Sunday evenings. Of course, this was not the first thing she noticed, but, at the time, it made a great impression on her mind; she could hardly get a wink of sleep for weeks and weeks."

"Whistling?" said Darnell. "I don't quite understand. Why should she be frightened by whistling?"

"I'll tell you. The first time it happened was one Sunday in last May. Aunt had a fancy they were being followed a Sunday or two before, but she didn't see or hear anything, except a sort of crackling noise in the hedge. But this particular Sunday they had hardly got through the style into the fields, when she heard a peculiar kind of low whistle. She took no notice, thinking it was no concern of her's or her husband's, but as they went on she heard it again, and then again, and it followed them the whole walk, and it made her so uncomfortable, because she didn't know where it was coming from or who was doing it, or why. Then, just as they got out of the fields into the lane, uncle said he felt quite faint, and he thought he would try a little brandy at the *Turpin's Head*, a small public-house there is there. And she looked at him and saw his face was quite purple—more like apoplexy, as she says, than fainting fits which make people look a sort of greenish-white. But she said nothing, and thought perhaps uncle had a peculiar way of fainting of his own, as he always was a man to have his own way of doing everything. So she just waited in the road, and he went ahead and slipped into the public, and aunt says she thought she saw a little figure rise out of the dusk and slip in after him, but she couldn't be sure. And when uncle came out he looked red instead of purple, and said he felt much better; and so they went home quietly together, and nothing more was said. You see, uncle had said nothing about the whistling, and aunt had been so frightened that she didn't dare speak, for fear they might be both shot.

"She wasn't thinking anything more about it, when two Sundays afterwards the very same thing happened just as it

had before. This time aunt plucked up a spirit, and asked uncle what it could be. And what do you think he said? 'Birds, my dear, birds.' Of course aunt said to him that no bird that ever flew with wings made a noise like that: sly, and low, with pauses in between; and then he said that many rare sorts of birds lived in North Middlesex and Hertfordshire. 'Nonsense, Robert,' said aunt, 'how can you talk so, considering it has followed us all the way, for a mile or more.' And then uncle told her that some birds were so attached to man that they would follow one about for miles sometimes; he said he had just been reading about a bird like that in a book of travels. And do you know that when they got home he actually shewed her a piece in the *Hertfordshire Naturalist* which they took in to oblige a friend of theirs, all about rare birds found in the neighbourhood, all the most outlandish names, aunt says, that she had never heard or thought of, and uncle had the impudence to say that it must have been a Purple Sandpiper, which, the paper said, had 'a low shrill note, constantly repeated.' And then he took down a book of Siberian Travels from the bookcase and shewed her a page which told how a man was followed by a bird all day long through a forest. And that's what Aunt Marian says vexes her more than anything almost; to think that he should be so artful and ready with those books, twisting them to his own wicked ends. But, at the time, when she was out walking, she simply couldn't make out what he meant by talking about birds in that random, silly sort of way, so unlike him, and they went on, that horrible whistling following them, she looking straight ahead and walking fast, really feeling more huffy and put out than frightened. And when they got to the next style, she got over and turned round, and 'lo and behold,' as she says, there was no Uncle Robert to be seen! She felt herself go quite white with alarm, thinking of that whistle, and making sure he'd been spirited away or snatched in some way or another, and she had just screamed out 'Robert' like a mad woman, when he came quite slowly round the corner, as cool as a cucumber, holding some-

thing in his hand. He said there were some flowers he could never pass, and when aunt saw that he had got a dandelion torn up by the roots, she felt as if her head were going round."

Mary's story was suddenly interrupted. For ten minutes Darnell had been writhing in his chair, suffering tortures in his anxiety to avoid wounding his wife's feelings, but the episode of the dandelion was too much for him, and he burst into a long, wild shriek of laughter, aggravated by suppression into the semblance of a Red Indian's war-whoop. Alice, who was washing-up in the scullery, dropped some three shilling's worth of china, and the neighbours ran out into their gardens wondering if it were murder. Mary gazed reproachfully at her husband.

"How can you be so unfeeling, Edward?" she said, at length, when Darnell had passed into the feebleness of exhaustion. "If you had seen the tears rolling down poor Aunt Marian's cheeks as she told me, I don't think you would have laughed. I didn't think you were so hard-hearted."

"My dear Mary," said Darnell, faintly, through sobs and catching of the breath, "I am awfully sorry. I know it's very sad, really, and I'm not unfeeling; but it is such an odd tale, now, isn't it? The Sandpiper, you know, and then the dandelion!"

His face twitched and he ground his teeth together. Mary looked gravely at him for a moment, and then she put her hands to her face, and Darnell could see that she also shook with merriment.

"I am as bad as you," she said, at last. "I never thought of it in that way. I'm glad I didn't, or I should have laughed in Aunt Marian's face, and I wouldn't have done that for the world. Poor old thing; she cried as if her heart would break. I met her at Victoria, as she asked me, and we had some soup at a confectioner's. I could scarcely touch it; her tears kept dropping into the plate all the time; and then we went to the waiting room at the station, and she cried there terribly."

"Well," said Darnell, "what happened next? I won't laugh any more."

"No, we mustn't; it's much too hor-

rible for a joke. Well, of course aunt went home and wondered and wondered what could be the matter, and tried to think it out, but, as she says, she could make nothing of it. She began to be afraid that uncle's brain was giving way through overwork, as he had stopped in the City (as he said) up to all hours lately, and he had to go to Yorkshire (wicked old story teller!), about some very tiresome business connected with his leases. But then she reflected that however queer he might be getting, even his queerness couldn't make whistles in the air, though, as she said, he was always a wonderful man. So she had to give that up; and then she wondered if there were anything the matter with her, as she had read about people who heard noises when there was really nothing at all. But that wouldn't do either, because though it might account for the whistling, it wouldn't account for the dandelion or the Sandpiper, or for fainting fits that turned purple, or any of uncle's queerness. So aunt said she could think of nothing but to read the Bible every day from the beginning, and by the time she got into Chronicles she felt rather better, especially as nothing had happened for three or four Sundays. She noticed uncle seemed absent-minded, and not as nice to her as he might be, but she put that down to too much work, as he never came home before the last train, and had a hansom twice all the way, getting there between three and four in the morning. Still, she felt it was no good bothering her head over what couldn't be made out or explained anyway, and she was just settling down, when one Sunday evening it began all over again, and worse things happened. The whistling followed them just as it did before, and poor aunt set her teeth and said nothing to uncle, as she knew he would only tell her stories, and they were walking on, not saying a word, when something made her look back, and there was a horrible boy with red hair, peeping through the hedge just behind, and grinning. She said it was a dreadful face, with something unnatural about it, as if it had been a dwarf, and before she had time to have a good

look, it popped back like lightning, and aunt all but fainted away."

"A red-headed boy?" said Darnell. "I thought — What an extraordinary story this is. I've never heard of anything quite so queer. Who was the boy?"

"You will know in good time," said Mrs. Darnell. "It is very strange, isn't it?"

"Strange!" Darnell ruminated for a while.

"I know what I think, Mary," he said at length. "I don't believe a word of it. I believe your aunt is going mad, or has gone mad, and that she has delusions. The whole thing sounds to me like the invention of a lunatic."

"You are quite wrong. Every word is true, and if you will let me go on, you will understand how it all happened."

"Very good, go ahead."

"Let me see, where was I? Oh, I know, aunt saw the boy grinning in the hedge. Yes, well, she was dreadfully frightened for a minute or two; there was something so queer about the face, but then she plucked up a spirit and said to herself, 'after all, better a boy with red hair than a big man with a gun,' and she made up her mind to watch Uncle Robert closely, as she could see by his look he knew all about it; he seemed as if he were thinking hard and puzzling over something, as if he didn't know what to do next, and his mouth kept opening and shutting, like a fish's. So she kept her face straight, and didn't say a word, and when he said something to her about the fine sunset, she took no notice. 'Don't you hear what I say, Marian,' he said, speaking quite crossly, and bellowing as if it were to somebody in the next field. So aunt said she was very sorry, but her cold made her so deaf, she couldn't hear much. She noticed uncle looked quite pleased, and relieved too, and she knew he thought she hadn't heard the whistling. Suddenly, uncle pretended to see a beautiful spray of honeysuckle high up in the hedge and he said he must get it for aunt, only she must go on ahead, as it made him nervous to be watched. She said she would, but she

just stepped aside behind a bush where there was a sort of cover in the hedge, and found she could see him quite well, though she scratched her face terribly, with poking it into a rosebush. And in a minute or two out came the boy from behind the hedge, and she saw uncle and him talking, and she knew it was the same boy, as it wasn't dark enough to hide his flaming red head. And uncle put out his hand, as if to catch him, but he just darted into the bushes and vanished. Aunt never said a word at the time, but that night, when they got home she charged uncle with what she'd seen and asked him what it all meant. He was quite taken aback at first, and stammered and stuttered and said a spy wasn't his notion of a good wife, but at last he made her swear secrecy, and told her that he was a very high Freemason, and that the boy was an emissary of the order, who brought him messages of the greatest importance. But aunt didn't believe a word of it, as an uncle of her's was a mason, and he never behaved like that. It was then she began to be afraid that it was really Anarchists, or something of the kind, and every time the bell rang she thought that uncle had been found out, and the police had come for him."

"What nonsense! As if a man with house property would be an Anarchist."

"Well, she could see there must be some horrible secret, and she didn't know what else to think. And then she began to have the things through the post."

"Things through the post! What do you mean by that?"

"All sorts of things; bits of broken bottle-glass, packed carefully as if it were jewellery; parcels that unrolled and unrolled worse than Chinese boxes, and then had 'cat' in large letters when you came to the middle; old artificial teeth, a cake of red paint, and at last cockroaches."

"Cockroaches by post! Stuff and nonsense; your aunt's mad."

"Edward, she showed me the box; it was made to hold cigarettes, and there were three dead cockroaches inside. And when she found a box of exactly the

same kind, half-full of cigarettes, in uncle's great coat pocket, then her head began to turn again."

Darnell groaned, and stirred uneasily in his chair, feeling that the tale of Aunt Marian's domestic troubles was putting on the semblance of an evil dream.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"My dear, I haven't repeated half the things poor aunt told me this afternoon. There was the night she thought she saw a ghost in the shrubbery. She was anxious about some chickens that were just due to hatch out, so she went out after dark with some egg and bread-crumbs, in case they might be out. And just before her she saw a figure gliding by the rhododendrons. It looked like a short, slim man dressed as they used to be hundreds of years ago; she saw the sword by his side, and the feather in his cap. She thought she should have died, she said, and though it was gone in a minute, and she tried to make out it was all her fancy, she fainted when she got into the house. Uncle was at home that night, and when she came to and told him he ran out, and stayed out for half-an-hour or more, and then came in and said he could find nothing; and the next minute aunt heard that low whistle just outside the window, and uncle ran out again."

"My dear Mary, do let us come to the point. What on earth does it all lead to?"

"Haven't you guessed? Why, of course it was that girl all the time."

"Girl? I thought you said it was a boy with a red head?"

"Don't you see? She's an actress and she dressed up. She won't leave uncle alone. It wasn't enough that he was with her nearly every evening in the week, but she must be after him on Sundays, too. Aunt found a letter the horrid thing had written, and so it has all come out. Enid Vivian, she calls herself, though I don't suppose she has any right to one name or the other. And the question is, what is to be done?"

"Let us talk of that again. I'll have a pipe and then we'll go to bed."

They were almost asleep when Mary said suddenly:

"Doesn't it seem queer, Edward?"

Last night you were telling me such beautiful things, and to-night I have been talking about that disgraceful old man and his goings on."

"I don't know," answered Darnell, dreamily. "On the walls of that great church upon the hill I saw all kinds of strange grinning monsters, carved in stone."

The misdemeanours of Mr. Robert Nixon, brought in their train consequences strange beyond imagination. It was not that they continued to develop on the somewhat fantastic lines of these first adventures which Mrs. Darnell had related; indeed, when "Aunt Marian" came over to Shepherd's Bush, one Sunday afternoon, Darnell wondered how he had had the heart to laugh at the misfortunes of a broken-hearted woman.

He had never seen his wife's aunt before, and he was strangely surprised when Alice showed her into the garden where they were sitting on the warm and misty Sunday in September. To him, save during these latter days, she had always been associated with ideas of splendour and success: his wife had always mentioned the Nixons with a tinge of reverence, he had heard, many times, the epic of Mr. Nixon's struggles and of his slow but triumphant rise. Mary had told the story as she had received it from her parents, beginning with the flight to London from some small, dull and unprosperous town in the flattest of the midlands, long ago, when a young man from the country had greater chances of fortune. Robert Nixon's father had been a grocer in the High Street, and in after days the successful coal merchant and builder loved to tell of that dull provincial life, and while he glorified his own victories, he gave his hearers to understand that he came of a race which had also known how to achieve. That had been long ago, he would explain: in the days when that rare citizen who desired to go to London or to York was forced to rise in the dead of night, and make his way somehow or other by ten miles of quagmirish, wandering lanes to the Great North Road, there to meet the "Lightning" coach, a vehicle which stood to

all the countryside as the visible and tangible embodiment of tremendous speed—"and, indeed," as Nixon would add, "it was always up to time, which is more than can be said of the Dunham Branch Line nowadays!" It was in this ancient Dunham that the Nixons had waged successful trade for perhaps a hundred years, in a shop with bulging bay windows looking on the market-place. There was no competition, and the townsfolk, and well-to-do farmers, the clergy and the county families looked upon the house of Nixon as an institution, fixed as the town-hall (which stood on Roman pillars) and the parish church. But the change came: the railway crept nearer and nearer, the farmers and the country gentry became less well-to-do; the tanning, which was the local industry, suffered from a great business which had been established in a larger town, some twenty miles away, and the profits of the Nixons grew less and less. Hence the hegira of Robert, and he would dilate on the poorness of his beginnings, how he saved, by little and little, from his sorry wage of city clerk, and how he and a fellow clerk, "who had come into a hundred pounds," saw an opening in the coal trade—and filled it. It was at this stage of Robert's fortunes, still far from magnificent, that Miss Marian Reynolds had encountered him, she being on a visit to friends in Gunnersbury. Afterwards, victory followed victory; Nixons wharf became a landmark to bargemen; his power stretched abroad, his dusky fleets went outwards to the sea, and inward by all the far reaches of canals. Lime, cement, and bricks were added to his merchandise, and at last he hit upon the great stroke—that extensive taking up of land in the north of London. Nixon himself ascribed this *coup* to native sagacity, and the possession of capital; and there were also obscure rumours to the effect that someone or other had been "done" in the course of the transaction. However that might be, the Nixons grew wealthy to excess, and Mary had often told her husband of the state in which they dwelt, of their liveried servants, of the glories of their drawing-room, of their broad lawn, shadowed by a splendid and an-

cient cedar. And so Darnell had somehow been led into conceiving the lady of this demesne as a personage of no small pomp. He saw her, tall, of dignified port and presence, inclining, it might be, to some measure of obesity, such a measure as was not unbecoming in an elderly lady of position, who lived well and lived at ease. He even imagined a slight ruddiness of complexion, which went very well with hair that was beginning to turn grey, and when he heard the door-bell ring, as he sat under the mulberry on the Sunday afternoon, he bent forward to catch sight of this stately figure, clad, of course, in the richest, blackest silk, girt about with heavy chains of gold.

He started with amazement when he saw the strange presence that followed the servant into the garden. Mrs. Nixon was a little, thin old woman, who bent as she feebly trotted after Alice; her eyes were on the ground, and she did not lift them when the Darnells rose to greet her. She glanced to the right, uneasily, as she shook hands with Darnell, to the left, when Mary kissed her, and when she was placed on the garden seat, with a cushion at her back, she looked away at the backs of the houses in the next street. She was dressed in black, it was true, but even Darnell could see that her gown was old and shabby, that the fur trimming of her cape, and the fur boa which was twisted about her neck were dingy and disconsolate, and had all the melancholy air which fur wears, when it is seen in a second-hand clothes shop in a back street. And her gloves—they were black kid, wrinkled with much wear, faded to a bluish hue at the finger-tips, which showed signs of painful mending. Her hair, plastered over her forehead, looked dull and colourless, though some greasy matter had evidently been used with the view of producing a becoming gloss, and on it perched an antique bonnet, adorned with black pendants that rattled paralytically one against the other.

And there was nothing in Mrs. Nixon's face to correspond with the imaginary picture that Darnell had made of her. She was sallow, wrinkled,

pinched; her nose ran to a sharp point, and her red-rimmed eyes were a queer, watery grey, that seemed to shrink alike from the light and from encounter with the eyes of others. As she sat beside his wife on the green garden-seat, Darnell, who occupied a wicker-chair brought out from the drawing-room, could not help feeling that this shadowy and evasive figure, muttering replies to Mary's polite questions, was almost impossibly remote from his conceptions of the rich and powerful aunt, who could give away a hundred pounds as a mere birthday gift. She would say little at first; yes, she was feeling rather tired, it had been so hot all the way, and she had been afraid to put on lighter things as one never knew at this time of year what it might be like in the evenings; there were apt to be cold mists when the sun went down, and she didn't care to risk bronchitis.

"I thought I should never get here," she went on, raising her voice to an odd querulous pipe. "I'd no notion it was such an out-of-the-way place, it's so many years since I was in this neighbourhood."

She wiped her eyes, no doubt thinking of the early days at Turnham Green, when she married Nixon; and when the pocket handkerchief had done its office she replaced it in a shabby black bag which she clutched rather than carried. Darnell noticed, as he watched her, that the bag seemed full, almost to bursting, and he speculated idly as to the nature of its contents: correspondence, perhaps, he thought, further proofs of Uncle Robert's treacherous and wicked dealings. He grew quite uncomfortable, as he sat and saw her glancing all the while furtively away from his wife and himself, and presently he got up and strolled away to the other end of the garden, where he lit his pipe and strolled to and fro on the gravel walk, still astounded at the gulf between the real and the imagined woman.

Presently, he heard a hissing whisper, and he saw Mrs. Nixon's head inclining to his wife's. Mary rose and came towards him.

"Would you mind sitting in the drawing-room, Edward?" she murmured.

"Aunt says she can't bring herself to discuss such a delicate matter before you. I daresay it's quite natural."

"Very well, but I don't think I'll go into the drawing-room. I feel as if a walk would do me good."

"You mustn't be frightened if I am a little late," he said; "if I don't get back before your aunt goes, say good-bye to her for me."

He strolled into the main road, where the trams were humming to and fro. He was still confused and perplexed and he tried to account for a certain relief he felt in removing himself from the presence of Mrs. Nixon. He told himself that her grief at her husband's ruffianly conduct was worthy of all pitiful respect, but at the same time, to his shame, he had felt a certain physical aversion from her as she sat in his garden in her dingy black, dabbing her red-rimmed eyes with a damp pocket handkerchief. He had been to the Zoo when he was a lad, and he still remembered how he had shrunk with horror at the sight of certain reptiles slowly crawling over one another in their slimy pond. But he was enraged at the similarity between the two sensations, and he walked briskly on that level and monotonous road, looking about him at the unhandsome spectacle of suburban London keeping Sunday.

There was something in the tinge of antiquity which still exists in Acton that soothed his mind and drew it away from those unpleasant contemplations, and when at last he had penetrated rampart after rampart of brick, and heard no more the harsh shrieks and laughter of the people who were enjoying themselves, he found a way into a little sheltered field, and sat down in peace beneath a tree, whence he could look out on a pleasant valley. The sun sank down beneath the hills, the clouds changed into the likeness of blossoming rose-gardens; and he still sat there in the gathering darkness till a cool breeze blew upon him, and he rose with a sigh, and turned back to the brick ramparts and the glimmering streets, and the noisy idlers sauntering to and fro in the procession of their dismal festival. But he was murmuring to himself some

words that seemed a magic song, and it was with uplifted heart that he let himself into his house.

Mrs. Nixon had gone, an hour and a-half before his return, Mary told him. Darnell sighed with relief, and he and his wife strolled out into the garden, and sat down side by side.

They kept silence for a time, and at last Mary spoke, not without a nervous tremor in her voice.

"I must tell you, Edward," she began, "that aunt has made a proposal which you ought to hear. I think we should consider it."

"A proposal? But how about the whole affair? Is it still going on?"

"Oh, yes! She told me all about it. Uncle is quite unrepentant. It seems he has taken a flat somewhere in town for that woman, and furnished it in the most costly manner. He simply laughs at aunt's reproaches and says he means to have some fun at last. You saw how broken she was?"

"Yes; very sad. But won't he give her any money? Wasn't she very badly dressed for a woman in her position?"

"Aunt has no end of beautiful things, but I fancy she likes to hoard them; she has a horror of spoiling her dresses. It isn't for want of money, I assure you, as uncle settled a very large sum on her two years ago, when he was everything that could be desired in a husband. And that brings me to what I want to say. Aunt would like to live with us. She would pay very liberally. What do you say?"

"Would like to live with us?" exclaimed Darnell, and his pipe dropped from his hand on to the grass. He was stupefied by the thought of Aunt Marian as a boarder, and sat staring vacantly before him, wondering what new monster the night would next produce.

"I knew you wouldn't much like the idea," his wife went on. "But I do think, dearest, that we ought not to refuse without very serious consideration. I am afraid you did not take to poor aunt very much."

Darnell shook his head dumbly.

"I thought you didn't; she was so upset, poor thing, and you didn't see her at her best. She is really so good. But

listen to me, dear. Do you think we have the right to refuse her offer? I told you she has money of her own, and I am sure she would be dreadfully offended if we said we wouldn't have her. And what would become of me if anything happened to you? You know we have very little saved."

Darnell groaned.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it would spoil everything. We are so happy, Mary dear, by ourselves. Of course I am extremely sorry for your aunt. I think she is very much to be pitied. But when it comes to having her always here——"

"I know, dear. Don't think I am looking forward to the prospect; you know I don't want anybody but you. Still, we ought to think of the future, and besides we shall be able to live so very much better. I shall be able to give you all sorts of nice things that I know you ought to have after all that hard work in the city. Our income would be doubled."

"Do you mean she would pay us £150 a year?"

"Certainly. And she would pay for the spare room being furnished, and any extra she might want. She told me, specially, that if a friend or two came now and again to see her, she would gladly bear the cost of a fire in the drawing-room, and give something towards the gas bill, with a few shillings for the girl, for any additional trouble. We should certainly be more than twice as well off as we are now. You see, Edward, dear, it's not the sort of offer we are likely to have again. Besides, we must think of the future, as I said. Do you know aunt took a great fancy to you?"

He shuddered, and said nothing, and his wife went on with her argument.

"And, you see, it isn't as if we should see so very much of her. She will have her breakfast in bed, and she told me she would often go up to her room in the evening directly after dinner. I thought that very nice and considerate. She quite understands that we shouldn't like to have a third person always with us. Don't you think, Edward, that, considering everything, we ought to say we will have her?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he groaned. "As you say, it's a very good offer, financially, and I am afraid it would be very imprudent to refuse. But I don't like the notion, I confess."

"I am so glad you agree with me, dear. Depend upon it, it won't be half so bad as you think. And putting our own advantage on one side, we shall really be doing poor aunt a very great kindness. Poor old dear, she cried bitterly after you were gone; she said she had made up her mind not to stay any longer in Uncle Robert's house, and she didn't know where to go, or what would become of her, if we refused to take her in. She quite broke down."

"Well, well; we will try it for a year, anyhow. It may be as you say; we shan't find it quite so bad as it seems now. Shall we go in?"

He stooped for his pipe, which lay as it had fallen, on the grass. He could not find it, and lit a wax match, which showed him the pipe, and close beside it, under the seat, something that looked like a page torn from a book. He wondered what it could be, and picked it up.

The gas was lit in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Darnell who was arranging some notepaper, wished to write at once to Mrs. Nixon, cordially accepting her proposal, when she was startled by an exclamation from her husband.

"What is the matter?" she said, startled by the tone of his voice. "You haven't hurt yourself?"

"Look at this," he replied, handing her a small leaflet; "I found it under the garden seat, just now."

Mary glanced with bewilderment at her husband and read as follows:—

THE NEW AND CHOSEN SEED OF ABRAHAM.

PROPHECIES TO BE FULFILLED IN THE PRESENT YEAR.

1. The Sailing of a Fleet of One hundred and Forty and Four Vessels for Tarshish and the Isles.

2. Destruction of the Power of the Dog, including all the instruments of anti-Abrahamic legislation.

3. Return of the Fleet from Tarshish, bearing with it the gold of

Arabia, destined to be the Foundation of the New City of Abraham.

4. The Search for the Bride, and the Bestowing of the Seals on the Seventy and Seven.

5. The Countenance of FATHER to become luminous, but with a greater glory than the Face of Moses.

6. The Pope of Rome to be stoned with stones in the valley called Berek-Zittor.

7. FATHER to be acknowledged by Three Great Rulers. Two Great Rulers will deny FATHER, and will immediately perish in the Effluvia of FATHER's Indignation.

8. Binding of the Beast with the Little Horn, and all Judges cast down.

9. Finding of the Bride in the Land of Egypt, which has been revealed to FATHER as now existing in the western part of London.

10. Bestowal of the New Tongue on the Seventy and Seven, and on the One Hundred and Forty and Four. FATHER proceeds to the Bridal Chamber.

11. Destruction of London and rebuilding of the City called No, which is the New City of Abraham.

12. FATHER united to the Bride, and the present Earth removed to the Sun for the space of half an hour.

Mrs. Darnell's brow cleared as she read matter which seemed to her harmless if incoherent. From her husband's voice she had been led to fear something more tangibly unpleasant than a vague catena of prophecies.

"Well," she said, "what about it?"

"What about it? Don't you see that your aunt dropped it, and that she must be a raging lunatic?"

"Oh, Edward! don't say that. In the first place, how do you know that aunt dropped it at all? It might easily have blown over from any of the other gardens. And, if it were her's, I don't think you should call her a lunatic. I don't believe, myself, that there are any real prophets now; but there are many good people who think quite differently. I knew an old lady once who, I am sure, was very good, and she took in a paper every week that was full of prophecies and things very like this. Nobody called

her mad, and I have heard father say that she had one of the sharpest heads for business he had ever come across."

"Very good; have it as you like. But I believe we shall both be sorry."

They sat in silence for some time. Alice came in after her "evening out," and they sat on, till Mrs. Darnell said she was tired, and wanted to go to bed.

Her husband kissed her. "I don't think I will come up just yet," he said, "you go to sleep, dearest. I want to think things over. No, no; I am not going to change my mind: your aunt shall come, as I said. But there are one or two things I should like to get settled in my mind."

He meditated for a long while, pacing up and down the room. Light after light was extinguished in Edna Road, and the people of the suburb slept all around him, but still the gas was alight in Darnell's drawing-room, and he walked softly up and down the floor. He was thinking that about the life of Mary and himself which had been so quiet there seemed to be gathering on all sides grotesque and fantastic shapes, omens of confusion and disorder, threats of madness; a strange company from another world. It was as if into the quiet, sleeping streets of some little ancient town among the hills there had come from afar the sound of drum and pipe, snatches of wild song, and there had burst into the market-place the mad company of the players, strangely bedizened, dancing a furious measure to their hurrying music, drawing forth the citizens from their sheltered homes and peaceful lives, and alluring them to mingle in the significant figures of their dance.

Yet afar and near (for it was hidden in his heart) he beheld the glimmer of a sure and constant star. Beneath, darkness came on, and mists and shadows closed about the town. The red, flickering flame of torches was kindled in the midst of it. The song grew louder, with more insistent, magical tones, surging and falling in unearthly modulations, the very speech of incantation; and the drum beat madly, and the pipe shrilled to a scream, summoning all to issue

forth, to leave their peaceful hearths; for a strange rite was preconised in their midst. The streets that were wont to be so still, so hushed with the cool and tranquil veils of darkness, asleep beneath the patronage of the evening star, now danced with glimmering lanterns, resounded with the cries of those who hurried forth, drawn as by a magistral spell; and the songs swelled and triumphed, the reverberant beating of the drum grew louder, and in the midst of the awakened town the players, fantastically arrayed, performed their interlude under the red blaze of torches. He knew not whether they were players, men that would vanish suddenly as they came, disappearing by the track that climbed the hill; or whether they were indeed magicians, workers of great and efficacious spells, who knew the secret word by which the earth may be transformed into the hall of Gehenna, so that they that gazed and listened, as at a passing spectacle, should be entrapped by the sound and the sight presented to them, should be drawn into the elaborated figures of that mystic dance, and so should be whirled away into those unending mazes on the wild hills that were abhorred, there to wander for ever more.

But Darnell was not afraid, because of the Daystar that had risen in his heart. It had dwelt there all his life, and had slowly shone forth with clearer and clearer light, and he began to see that though his earthly steps might be in the ways of the ancient town that was beset by the Enchanters, and resounded with their songs and their processions, yet he dwelt also in that serene and secure world of brightness, and from a great and unutterable height looked on the confusion of the mortal pageant, beholding mysteries in which he was no true actor, hearing magic songs that could by no means draw him down from the battlements of the high and holy city.

His heart was filled with a great joy and a great peace as he lay down beside his wife and fell asleep, and in the morning, when he woke up, he was glad.

THE HOUSES OF SLEEP

BY A. E. WAITE

HAUNTED with memories of his first abode,
 Man, in the shadows of this earthly road,
 Still vindicates the past his legends claim;
 Home is for him the semblance of a name
 And yet with steadfastness—how oft misplaced!—
 Something impels to build him in the waste
 A temporary house with his own hands—
 To overlook the melancholy lands
 And all his shrouded, sad environment.
 Wherefore, when first upon his exile sent,
 About his soul inhibited he wrought
 A body fitted to the halting thought
 Of those who slowly lapse to troubled sleep,
 And pray that what is long be also deep,
 Yet cannot count on any true repose,
 Though weary of the battle and its blows.

And then, because his house was frail and cold,
 He built him many tenements to hold
 His nakedness, lamenting in the gloom—
 Tent, temple, palace and, in fine, the tomb;
 But though his body, warmed by hearth and bed,
 Came by these makeshifts to be comforted,
 His haunted soul, mourning the exile's fate,
 Still cried aloud that it was desolate.

Then many houses of the mind he made—
 The House of Love—and Death therein he laid;
 The House of Fame—and there a foeman set
 Those strange, sad cups which cause us to forget,
 And ciphers also on the walls he wrote
 Which when unwrit do nothingness denote
 And nothing written. But the House of Pride
 The soul upraised, and therein magnified
 The hopes and works beguiling her distress—
 But this was cold through very emptiness.
 And passing thence to where some false lights shone,
 She raised up Houses of Ambition,
 But through the portals and the windows poured
 The vacant faces of a spectral horde.
 And the soul also built the House of Lust,
 Where hands on walls write:—This is also dust;
 And though strange voices crying: Come away!
 Sound in the darkness, to this latest day
 The transient buildings round about her rise,
 One bond connects them in fantastic wise—
 Houses of sleep they are, to troubled dreams
 Devoted—semblances of things and themes,
 Dim images derived from elsewhere.

Yea, this is also true: the House of Prayer
Is part and parcel of that mystic trance
Through which our Momus pageantries advance,
And no one wakes of all whom sense enrings.

Only the evidence of secret things
Bears witness in us of a waking hour,
Through all strange seizures and all dreams our dower,
And those alone who know their sleeping state
Are haply nearest to the waking gate.
Peace on the Houses of their Sleep and bright
Shine on their wide eyes—shine, O Morning Light!



Once it was our doubts which separated us from the universal communion, and we were proud of our independence; now it is our certainties that divide us, but we have come to desire the communion.



What does it profit a man? is the great question, and as regards most of the interests of life the answer is, Nothing.



CYNICAL NEPHEW: "Well, uncle, so they're sending you off to a warmer climate."

SURLY INVALID: "Yes, but I'm not going, my boy. (Grimly) I'll die first."

C. N. (*sotto voce*): "Same thing."



Modern science has published the long rescension of almost every material document which it has undertaken to edit; it is reserved for the science of the future to produce the shorter codex.



We have passed, doubtless, already through many stars, as a traveller passes through cities, and many more remain for our formal visitation. But in the end we shall turn again home.

LANDSCAPE IN FICTION

By Fred J. Cox



WHAT intense feeling for landscape, which finds expression in a desire to depict the phases and moods of Nature with a cunning closely akin to that of the poet and the painter, is a comparatively modern element in English prose fiction. Whether regarded as a pictorial or as an interpretative quality, one searches for it in vain in the works of the romancists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, who may be accurately regarded as the pioneers of the novel as it exists to-day. The descriptions of Nature which are introduced sparingly by Fielding, and abundantly by Sir Walter Scott, into their narratives, lack the note of subtlety which has been sounded so clearly by subsequent writers, who have given their characters a pastoral setting. Fielding, especially, is more of an indoor novelist than an outdoor one; he appears to be far more comfortable when he is taking his ease within an inn or drinking merrily with his characters round the squire's table, than when he finds himself on the open road, the village green, the wind-swept down. He is unable to approach Nature with that ecstasy which is essential to the birth of glamour. Though in his powers of characterisation he ranks with the great novelists who are not for an age but for all time, as a painter of the shifting moods of earth, and sea, and sky, he is weighted down by all the sorry limitations of the eighteenth century—an age when poets and prose-writers alike were content to convey their impressions of landscape in ready-minted phrases and conventional epithets. Thus it was that, although Fielding saw into

the secrets of human nature with the penetrating gaze of genius, and allowed his strong individuality to have free play when recording the results of his researches, so soon as he approached Nature he betrayed a lack of temerity to scale the high fence of rigid formalism.

The limitations of Fielding in the art of landscape portraiture may be illustrated by an example from the otherwise incomparable "Tom Jones." Take that instance in which Tom and his companion Partridge have left the city of Gloucester, and are just starting on their wanderings, under the light of a winter moon, through an impressive strip of Cotswold country. With the hills swathed in mellow radiance, and the valley floating in a sea of silvery mist, with clouds scudding across the surface of the moon, and momentarily darkening the countryside with huge, and, to the solitary wayfarers, eerie and portentous shadows—what possibilities are here? And this is what Fielding makes of them:—

"The shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains; the feathered creation had betaken themselves now to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of Night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night."

In this extract the author's slavery to the *cliché*, and his inability or reluctance to have done with the conventional,

betray themselves shamelessly in such outworn phrases as "the feathered creation," and "Night's sable curtain." The latter's "dirty fingers," though more original, is obviously so ill-chosen and degraded a metaphor, that it serves to show how slightly Fielding was impressed by the majesty and mystery of darkness. Nor do we consider that the author much improves his position in the example that follows:—

"Aurora now first opened her casement, *Anglicè*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader, but for two reasons. First, we despair of making those who have seen this prospect admire our description. Secondly, we very much doubt whether those who have not seen it, would understand it."

It is not so much the ingenious evasion of a task which would probably have been uncongenial which strikes us here, as the total lack of "high seriousness" which the author shows towards his subject. It is this habitual irreverence on Fielding's part, combined with his devotion to the stereotyped diction of his age, which effectually puts him out of court as an inspired interpreter of Nature's magic and glamour. He approaches Nature with the flippant, irreverence of the humorist; but, unfortunately for this attitude of mind, Nature is not funny!

Although, at the outset, we bracketted with the name of Fielding that of Sir Walter Scott, it is not our intention to affirm that, although both writers are lacking in the power to invest their descriptions of natural phenomena with that indefinable quality which we may call "magic" or "glamour," they lacked it in the same proportion. It would be strange if this were so, seeing that Sir Walter produced his romances at a time when writers had "returned to Nature," as the hackneyed phrase has it. But that "return" was more gradual than many people imagine; for, after well-nigh a century of confinement in the prison-house of artifice, sudden familiarity with liberty was scarcely to be expected. The "Waverley" novels

were issued hot from the press when the "return" movement was in one of its partial stages, and they bear internal witness to their time of origin. Nevertheless Sir Walter came nearer than did any of his predecessors to the achievement of that quality which we have learned to prize so highly in modern fiction. In some of his poems—and, despite temporary neglect and the verdict of modern preciosity, he had high poetic gifts—he did achieve it absolutely. The following quatrain from that fine lyric "Soldier, Rest!" shows not only close observation but the power to transmute the impression of things seen into ecstasy:—

"Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum
Booming from the sedgy shallow."

But it was otherwise with the novels; in them the poet yielded place to the quasi-historian and the antiquary, and though insight into some of Nature's moods is occasionally seen at work, there is never that *abandon* in sheer natural beauty which has since attained such high fruition in the English novel. The result is, that the potentialities of many commanding situations remain undeveloped, and others are missed altogether. Take the swallowing up of the Lord of Ravenswood by the quicksands on the Kelpie's Flow. How hastily, almost to the point of baldness, this, the culmination of an absorbing tragedy, is related! Colonel Ashton, it will be recalled, is watching the ill-fated man ride out to his doom:

"The sun had now risen and showed its broad disc above the Eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air."

In so precipitate a manner, the Lord of Ravenswood is made to quit this mortal scene. One cannot but feel how much more completely R. L. Stevenson would have handled so thrilling a situation. How he would have cunningly painted in all the details, until the scene arose vividly before us: the perception of the salt breezes, the crimson gleams

of the rising sun on the treacherous sands, the strange cries of the sea-birds, and the awesome horror of the gradual—not the precipitate—sinking of the horseman in the sands. But for all that Sir Walter lacks in this regard, something may surely be said in extenuation. In his day the novel was far from being the popular institution it now is. It was regarded with mistrust, with suspicion, as something immoral and pagan. Pious people rigidly excluded it from their libraries, and relics of this prejudice against the romance still linger in villages not so remote. The consequence was that the "Wizard of the North" had to trim his sails, for the task of pleasing the public taste must needs be attended to. The novel had not only to be respectable but instructive—a sort of complement of the historical primer. This accounts for the presence of those long natural and antiquarian descriptions in Scott's novels which so many modern readers find tedious. In this way Sir Walter fell between two stools, demonstrating the sheer impossibility of combining the rôles of poet of Nature with that of professor of history.

Nor do the works of Jane Austen, who is considered by many the greatest fictionist of her epoch, yield us any the richer harvest. Although the scenes of nearly all her novels are of a rustic character, the rusticity is implied rather than expressed—indicated by a few broad, and, it must be admitted, somewhat conventional touches, rather than with that wealth of picturesque detail which blossoms so luxuriantly in the pages of George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. The picnic on Box-hill in "Emma" might easily have taken place on Scawfell or Snowdon, so poor and undistinguished is the description of local characteristics. It is equally hard to discover any minute or intimate touches in the Devonshire scenes of "Sense and Sensibility." It may be that Jane Austen lacked this power, or, possessing it, did not regard its exercise as essential to her art. Whatever the explanation may be, the result is to be regretted; the presence of the quality which we are discussing would have given the same life and vividness to

Jane Austen's villages as she was able to impart to her characters. Yet another theory may be advanced to explain the absence of landscape portraiture from her novels: her great originality prevented her from approaching a subject which she could only have treated in the hackneyed diction fashionable at that time of day. It may even be that the following speech of Marianne Dashwood's expresses her creator's own views and limitations in this particular field:—

"It is very true that admiration of landscape scenery is become a mere jargon. Everybody pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was. I detest jargon of every kind, and sometimes I have kept my feelings to myself, because I could find no language to describe them but what was worn and hackneyed out of all sense and meaning."

It may be assumed, therefore, as we have intimated already, that Miss Austen allowed prudence to prevail, hesitating to discount the vigour, freshness, and complete originality which she displays in so many other departments of her art by uninspired work in a province which was at that time of day absolutely dominated by trite imagery and stereotyped phrasing. Had her literary activity been deferred for a few decades, that is, until the return of a more stimulating and natural atmosphere to letters, we can imagine her as one of the first to break away from the conventional hot-house, adding thereby a new charm to a group of novels otherwise perfect. But the crushing weight of the uncongenial conditions prevailing during the comparatively short range of her productivity prevented even so fine a naturalist as she was by temperament from returning to Nature in any real sense of the term.

This brings us to the main thesis of our article. Until the gospel of Wordsworth had sunk deep into the minds of men, until his doctrine had proved acceptable as a guide to those who depict the changing moods of land and sea in prose and verse, the loudly-vaunted "return to Nature" was little more than a tendency, an approach towards a point rather than a definite arrival thereat. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in one of those charming literary excur-

sions which prove that the art of the essay is not yet dead amongst us, has finely said that, although the "Origin of Species" is not great in the rigid literary sense, it nevertheless serves in the office of a literary criterion: workers in the most diversified fields of letters have imbibed its influence so thoroughly that it will be possible for the literary historian of the future to detect what book was written before and what after its publication. It will be still more easy, we submit, to distinguish the novel which was pre-Wordsworthian from that which is post-Wordsworthian.

Not that the line must be drawn in too hard and fast a manner. Schools in literature, just as in art, painting and architecture, do not terminate abruptly, but merge, imperceptibly almost, into the school that follows. And when we speak of the post-Wordsworthian novel, we mean that which was written when the gospel of the seer of Grasmere, at first grudgingly and haltingly received, had won definite and general acceptance. It was a gospel which consisted, firstly, in an absorbing love of Nature, and, secondly, in a minute observation of her processes. Wordsworth taught man how to see a new heaven and a new earth. He invested with fresh glory mountain, wood and stream. He sang the joy of the clean, white road, the apple orchard, and the mountain torrent; seeing new lights and new colours everywhere, he taught us the magic of a great city asleep as well as of the shepherd's cot on the solitary moor; he found beauty in places and things hitherto considered arid and unprofitable; thoughts lying too deep for tears he discovered in "the meanest flower that blows," and so celebrated the lowly charm of the small celandine equally with the golden pomp of daffodils. His was pre-eminently "the heart that watches and receives," and his the mind to convert the impressions so taken into a vivid and highly poetic form. The devotees who came to worship Nature with their time-worn psalms and crystalised canticles were driven away from her shrine when Wordsworth became its high priest. Beneath his touch hills no longer lifted "their horrid peaks above

the clouds"; instead of this, they "parleyed with the setting sun." Wordsworth's triumph was that he built the superstructure whereof Burns had laid the foundation. It is furthest from our intention to minimise the part which the Scottish bard played in establishing a saner, healthier outlook on the Universe; but we think it may honestly be said of him, that his warfare was with the outposts of the formalists, whereas Wordsworth routed their main army. While Burns' vernacular songs and ballads, are among the very first glimmerings of the approaching renaissance, his English poems are occasionally as stereotyped in their phraseology as those of his Southern contemporaries.

It having thus been definitely settled that for the future, in his delineations of natural scenes, the writer must "paint the thing as he sees it for the god of things as they are," there were not wanting men who were prepared more fully to develop the principles enunciated by Wordsworth, and to carry his doctrine to still greater ends. The movement spread rapidly, to the great enrichment of our literature; and it was admirably helped forward by the poetry of Tennyson and the prose of Ruskin. The former showed an absorption in his environment quite equal to that of his predecessor, exhibiting, too, almost equal powers of penetration and accurate observation. No product was too mean to escape his attentions, and just as Wordsworth had written of the lesser celandine, Tennyson devoted a charming lyric to "the flower in the crannied wall." His intimate knowledge of colour and detail in landscape was unrivalled; an apposite instance is the comparison in "Gareth and Lynette," of "a cloth of palest gold" to the shining of

"A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers."

Ruskin, with his vivid and glowing pictures of land and sea-scapes in "Modern Painters," proved that his pen was as apt to convey impressions of nature as the brush of the great artist whose works formed the theme

of his appreciations. He demonstrated at the same time that the capacity for interpreting natural magic was by no means the monopoly of the poet; rather was it a substance equally plastic to the treatment of the cunning writer of prose. From Ruskin to the novelist was no far step, and soon it became apparent that the weaver of stories was growing as careful about his backgrounds as he was over his characters or the unravelling of his plot. Some, however, of the fiction writers of the middle and late years of the nineteenth century remained untouched by this tendency. To Thackeray, the social satirist, it counted little; Dickens, the delineator of scenes mainly urban, was prohibited by reason of the material he worked in from capturing any great store of natural glamour. His proneness to exaggeration and fantastic simile, coupled with the presence of the tricky sprite of caricature which always seems to be spurring his pen, would have precluded, we think, any great measure of success in this special sphere. Nevertheless, in his descriptions of river scenery, and especially in his pictures of the Kentish marshes, which figure so prominently in "Great Expectations," he shows that he was not wholly unswayed by the stream of tendency which was then moving forward. But George Eliot did more than either Dickens or Thackeray to give delicate landscape portraiture its legitimate place in the English novel; and since her time it has been carried as near perfection as would seem humanly possible.

The cardinal influence of environment on character is a scientific commonplace; its power to intensify a momentary mood, to lend effect to a situation, is a primary canon of art. The poets have ever assigned the spring as the true season for lovers; love, and especially love at first sight, seems to clamour for a pastoral setting, sunny skies, and a vernal atmosphere, and Mr. George Meredith has realised this to the full in that superb love-scene—perhaps the most matchless in our literature—between Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough. All Nature smiles upon their espousal, and when they part—

"The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile and up the pathway, through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of light, away from his eyes."

Every Meredithian is aware that the works of the Master are full of such jewels. Well nigh all he sees becomes transformed into the daintiest of cameos and vignettes. Even an unromantic railway journey is not beyond his powers of transmutation. Thus the sweet Emilia in "Sandra Belloni" is made to pass by rail through an English pastoral country:

"The landscape slipping under her eyes, with flashing grey pools and light silver freshets, little glades, little copses, farms and meadows rounding away to spires of village churches under blue hills, would not let her sink, heavy as was the spirit within her, and dead to everything as she desired to be. Here a great, strange old oak spread out its arms and seemed to hold the hurrying train a minute. . . . Or the reach of a stream was seen, and in the middle of it one fair group of clouds showing distance beyond distance in colour."

Any consideration of the rich maturity to which this phase of the novelist's art has attained inevitably awakens pleasant recollections of the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy. His Wessex landscapes are sometimes as clear cut as the lines of an etching; at others they have the gorgeous colouring of the artist's canvas. His scenes possess a breezy openness, a spacious grandeur, conjoined with an intimate knowledge and discriminate selection of detail, which, although confined to a single English province, lift his art to the heights of the universal, and add a dignity to "local colour," which it certainly lacked before. The following description of Egdon Heath, slowly darkening under a November twilight, seems to contain within it the very spirit of the open, solitary moorland:—

"Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor. The heaven being spread with this pallid screen, and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of

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an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had, to a great extent, arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath, by its mere complexion, added half-an-hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless night to a cause of shaking and dread."

This extract, reinforced by others which we could quote were space available, rather shows that Mr. Hardy's genius is more attuned to the sombre, impressive aspects of Nature than to her lighter, jocund moods; so that his outlook on landscape corresponds with his attitude towards the drama of human life, to which he usually gives a tragic close. In depicting the eerie stillness of a hill-top at midnight, the gloom of a dusky heath under a winter twilight, or the sodden dankness of a field in late autumn, he is at his best and strongest. First amongst the novelists of locality, Mr. Hardy has never allowed his treatment to become merely provincial; quite on the contrary, he has related his Dorsetshire to the Cosmos. Surely the following picture of Gabriel Oak, the shepherd, tending his ewes on the hill-side, under the glow of the winter stars, gives abundant proof of this rare power:

"The sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse. The North Star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the East, until he was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of colour in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgeux shone with a fiery red. To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world Eastward is almost a palpable movement."

The novels of Mr. Hardy are lavishly fertile in examples of landscape portraiture, quite as arresting in their beauty as those we have cited. A hundred finely-wrought vignettes from

"Tess" might find a place of honour in our gallery were there not other writers to consider—writers whose names in very truth is legion. Indeed, instead of being troubled by the poverty of our examples, we are embarrassed by their sheer opulence and number. "Lorna Doone" apart, it is the picturesque rendering of his natural backgrounds which gives the comparatively uneventful stories of R. D. Blackmore their abiding claim to distinction; in the hand of William Black the pen became a magic wand which brought the Highlands to the doors of English readers—the Highlands with all their misty charm, their purple glens, royal sunsets, and thunderous seas. Mr. Baring-Gould, too—at any rate in his earlier novels—revealed a gift for the subtle interpretation of local atmosphere which makes his name still a charmed one among Nature-lovers. In "Mehalah" particularly he shows such a keen sense for his locality that the salt marshes, where the scene is laid, become actual and vivid, clothed with beauty, receiving life and colour as the seasons range over them. Yet a writer in the days before the spirit of landscape had entered into our literature might have been excused for rejecting so unpromising a setting for his narrative. Mr. Baring-Gould himself tells us that a more desolate region can scarce be conceived. Yet, he adds:

"It is not without beauty. In summer the thrift mantles the marshes with shot satin, passing through all gradations of tint from maiden's blush to lily white. Thereafter a purple glow steals over the waste, as the sea lavender bursts into flower, and simultaneously every creek and pool is royally fringed with sea aster."

Robert Louis Stevenson, following, as he once confessed, in the wake of Thomas Hardy, and sailing under the banner of George Meredith, did not neglect to cultivate with characteristic assiduity that phase of his art which his two masters have carried to such a high stage of perfection. Nor did his labour go unrewarded, for the thrilling, moving picture of the dawn from the pages of "Prince Otto" stands well nigh unrivalled:—

"Soon she had struggled to a certain hill-top and saw before her the silent inflooding of the

day. Out of the East it welled and whitened ; the darkness trembled into light, and the stars were extinguished like the street lamps of a human city. The whiteness brightened into silver, the silver warmed into gold, the gold kindled into pure and living fire, and the face of the East was barred with elemental scarlet. The day drew its first long breath, steady and chill ; and for leagues around the woods sighed and shivered. And then, at one bound, the sun had floated up, and her startled eyes received day's first arrow, and quailed under the buffet. On every side the shadows leaped from their ambush and fell prone. The day was come, plain and garish ; and up the steep and solitary Eastern heaven, the sun, victorious over his competitors, continued slowly and royally to mount."

We have now cited sufficient examples to prove that the trend towards the observation of natural detail, and the transformation of the results so gathered into an æsthetic mould—a trend started, as we have endeavoured to show, by Wordsworth—has been felt and obeyed by nearly all novelists of foremost rank. Writers beyond the seas, as well as those at home, have experienced a quickening from the same impulse, and this phenomenon has been specially noticeable in American fiction. In the case of Mr. Henry James, it has awakened a love for English pastoral backgrounds. He has told us of the ecstasy he felt at seeing half England unrolled at his feet, a dozen broad counties commingling their green exhalations, with hedgy flats, copse-checked slopes, apple orchards, and the great towers of cathedrals well in view. The younger American writers, on the other hand, have not gone beyond the illimitable resources of their own Continent, and Mr. Frank Norris, whose recent untimely death was a loss to the literature of two hemispheres, has left sufficient behind him to show how keenly he perceived the possibilities of the far-spreading wheat plains of the West, with their unending vistas and in-

credible productivity of soil, as a home for the prose epic of the future. So rapidly and so far has the movement advanced, it has even reached the Antipodes, and local colour is becoming more and more prized as an element in the development of the Australian story.

That the tendency will continue seems undoubted ; and, if kept within its proper bounds, its influence cannot fail to be sane and healthy, making, as it does, for artistic beauty. The danger in this, as in all other things appertaining to art, is that it may be pushed to extremes. Already there is a temptation among a certain school of writers to elevate "local colour" to the rank of a fetish, and to paint in natural detail with far too much exactitude. Detail is naught unless fired with ecstasy. It must first be transfigured by poetic imagination ; and it may safely be said that all the novelists who have achieved the best landscape effects have been poets in all respects save the adoption of a metrical vehicle of expression. The penalty for the extremism which menaces us will be reaction, though what form such reaction will take it is difficult to fore-shadow. It may conceivably hurry us back through several centuries to the pure romance, where the environment is enchanted, accuracy of detail is unessential, golden apples grow in fairy orchards, and Bohemia has a sea coast ! Mr. Maurice Hewlett's exquisite "Forest Lovers" may be appropriately mentioned here. It was a tolerably successful attempt to provide the world with modernized Malory. But, at the moment, and probably for many seasons to come, it stands apart from the main stream of tendency, and must, therefore, be regarded as an isolated phenomenon, rather than as the forerunner of a period of rejuvenated romance.



IN ANY GARDEN.

I.

I dreamed in a garden when noon was past,
 On a thyme-sweet bank reclining—
 Half dreamed, half thought of the peace unbroken
 After the breeze to the rose has spoken :
 And ere it rises where light so still is
 To breathe of love to the shining lilies.
 Over the bower was the bindweed twining,
 And beyond the lily's last white cup
 Life's mystery yielded its secret up
 And the end seemed clear at last—
 As in any garden when noon is past.

II.

They came who lead me, the sons of thought,
 Who ever my steps attend,
 And the first is named the Sense of the End
 But the second the Way that the End is sought :
 Now as to the third, I have searched my soul,
 But I know not well, for his face is dim
 If my soul divines the great name of him,
 Yet I dream that his name is The Goal—
 Say, have you also by these been taught ?
 Have you not seen them, from first to last
 In any garden, when noon is past ?

LEONARD NORWOOD



SIC TRANSIT.

It is between Dover and Calais that so many people find they cannot eat their cake and have it too.



One is apt to grumble when at billiards the tip is perpetually coming off the cue. This is where one differs from the sporting prophet. He likes his "tips" to "come off."



Life abounds in paradoxes. When a man is down at heel, charitably disposed try to help him along by "putting something in his way."



It is hard to part from the brilliant conversationalist, however much he may make your head ache, for it is impossible to dismiss him with anything less than an epigram.

DEALINGS IN BIBLIOMANIA

By a Lover of Books

To open a great thesis, having the air of a learned inquiry, with a platitude, or with something at best which has been said previously, is a sorry method of beginning, and yet, as I am dealing with abstruse mysteries, there may be some art in speaking a commonplace at the outset. Let me be bold, therefore, and say, in all simplicity, that the Unknown World is ever at our doors, and that all things issue ultimately into the unknown. If this be true of every inquiry in general, it is true in particular of those which connect with literature and its substitutes. It may sound inconceivable, but it is a fact, that for more than sixty years past, a vast literature—I speak in the lesser sense of the term—has been circulating in myriads around us, has not been noticed by anyone, and has since practically dissolved, leaving no trace behind it. It is not short of a privilege to be the one person now living in England who is in a position to write about so many books overlooked and unknown, which are becoming rapidly unknowable, and I introduce the Byways of Periodical Literature.

These are their first, as they will be probably their last, memorials, for, as indicated already, the books are dead rather than perishing. They have never been written about previously; no one else knows anything concerning them, nor outside the leaves of these fantastic memoranda are they likely to learn anything—i.e., anything of moment. No one has attempted to catalogue them; few persons of any consequence have seen them, and fewer still are likely to

come across them to any extent in the future, for they have, almost without exception, escaped from salvage. It is not an idle task to put on record the fact of their existence, not because it is intrinsically important, but because, having occurred, it cannot be without its consequences, and if only to shew bibliography—that worshipful virtuosity—one world of books which having so far escaped its scrutiny must for evermore elude it. There is nothing in the literature itself which places it obviously beneath the great bulk of the Spanish romances of chivalry subsequent to the Palmerins; but their bibliography would not be held discreditable. There is certainly nothing which places it beneath our own chap-books, which are so eagerly sought out, and the books in question are actually the chap-books at large of a later date and kind. They have been alluded to on rare occasions as things which are outside all ken by writers who pass for serious; they have been strangely ingarnered by anonymous collectors who have passed mysteriously, together with their collections, and are heard of no longer; they have their antecedents in the chap-books, as I have indirectly suggested, and in things almost outside legend which were hawked about by pedlars in country places between the era of the chap-books and that of "Master Humphrey's Clock." They did not imitate the mode of publication affected by Dickens, who, on the contrary, derived his own fashion of producing continuous stories, week after week, in numbers, from the immemorial methods of the Byways.

In dealing with such a subject, I claim a certain licence to neglect precedent, for

the inquiry is without precedent. Sirius and the Dog-star are better known than these mysteries, on which the Dog-star itself has breathed. The inquiry has the advantage of being curious, and of enforcing no lesson, unless it be that, deep down in the heart of every man, there is the worship of the Romance-Spirit. No one was ever a utilitarian by nature, or any other materialist. Every one is naturally disposed toward heroism, and is an aspirant at the gate of chivalry. And these memoranda will serve to illustrate how, in the very dregs and lees of life and letters, this sentiment obtains as much as at the Round Table and in the palace of the Paladins, to the confusion of the political economists and possibly to the despair of science.

And, to make an end of these preliminaries, it should be noted—but this is scarcely a lesson—that, if popularity were a test of greatness, then the writers of these books must take rank with Miss Marie Corelli, for they attained vast circulations, even if they claimed vaster. But, as a matter of fact, this test is of no true application, and the Byways shew, within their own lines, how books in nearly all instances obtain their deserts. The sixty years of this literature go to prove, though it is necessarily by a negative process, that genius is always discovered. The Byways have produced, on a moderate estimate, six hundred million copies of books innumerable, not one of which makes for greatness, while most are irretrievably bad as literature. But they are the kind of badness which is entertaining, wonderful, strange, bizarre, unthought of. They are pathetic also, by the fact that, despite of their circulation, they have perished so utterly. This is their chief surviving interest, and this is why the present excursion in Bibliomania is not only pardonable but desirable, possessing an aspect of necessity and even urgency.

Here, therefore, shall follow a few heads of investigation concerning the Byways, including backwaters, conduits, closes, lanes, alleys, subways, towpaths, silent highways, waste places, river banks, marshes; otherwise, of the King's Highway, of the Deep Sea, of Forest Mysteries, of the Underworld, of

Knightly Romance, of Alsatia, of the whole art of Smuggling; of Strolling, Wandering and Vagabondage; of Ruined Abbeys, of Dark Corners of London, of the Mysteries of Midnight, of Copse and Moonlight—surely Dealings in Bibliomania which may justify the claim that the writer is a Lover of Books.

When subjects that are at once large and familiar recur to the mind, it is, I suppose, almost always by some way of type or representation; the atmosphere of thought gives up some form or picture which stands for the whole, constituting a secret symbol which is unintelligible to the profane and can, indeed, be hardly communicated even to another initiate who has, doubtless, his own individual mode of representation, secret in its turn and ineffective beyond his own sphere. To me the mystery of the Byways has an entrance gate of this kind, to which I have recourse naturally, and perhaps unconsciously, when I would explore mentally its recesses. I am brought up always before a misty landscape shining faintly under a storm-driven moon. It is a world of plains and marshy level with dark hedges skirting an unfrequented road. The glimmer is too vague and shrouded to let the weeds be distinguished, but I do not question that there are rank weeds growing upon the road, or that grass has invaded the deep ruts and almost reclaimed the waggon-tracks. Through this scene, which is usually at a certain distance, so that all things are dubious in the mist, a cloaked rider passes, possibly along the road, not impossibly along the meadows by the roadside, for with the exception of the head the horse is not really visible, so that the traveller might be on either side of the hedge. Though I have no means of verifying it, I lean to the opinion that in clear moonlight neither horse nor rider would be found to cast a shadow; a mystery which, though not peculiar to the Byways, will be seen subsequently to connect with one of its most distinguished legends. Why this symbol of the landscape is representative in this manner, I shall not attempt to explain, nor shall I need to say that it is not by

crossing the road and plunging into the moist meadows under the dripping trees that I or another could be said to enter the Byways. It is idle to pursue a mirage, and I recall this picture only because a certain sense of vision is desirable upon entering a strange district for the first time, and because the best impressions concerning certain literatures are not derived actually by reading them. The pictures in any case, follow one another, the mysteries entangle and unroll, and the quest begins. He who looks into a seering-glass first beholds cloud-mist and then visions, and after looking at this late autumn landscape, with its suggestion of wolds and woodland, of copse and shrouded heath, of mere and tarn, I could tell you successively every tale, history and terror of the Byways with which many years of research have acquainted me.

Those, and they are the world at large, who are unacquainted with these pathways may convert, if they will, this excursion into their particular glass of vision and they shall behold all that I can show them; for I, on my part, am standing at its inception in front of that misty landscape, and under the souging trees, by the hedge-side, the silent rider passes.

As there is more than one way in which it would be possible to pursue the quests of the Byways, I shall here indicate that which I regard as the true and fitting manner, together with a concise enumeration of the different kinds of the quests, and a few words on the special qualities of mind which should be brought to these researches.

The most obvious course is that which is most definitely to be rejected, namely, the historical or chronological investigation, and next thereto the attempt to derive specific inferences from ascertained data. These matters must not be approached in the spirit of a peripatetic philosopher. We must also set aside the critical spirit even when it assumes the guise of a cultured inquiry. This is no literate excursion. I must not, perhaps, recommend an undisguised Platonic method, and descending from universals to particulars with Robert Fludd, and other of the philosophers by fire, who

had cast off the yoke of Aristotle, establish the mysteries of the Byways as did these Titans, found, in their vast systems, the mysteries of cosmology. It is not wise, as a rule, to illustrate what is lesser by what is greater, or to institute comparisons which, however cogent, are overwhelming by the magnitude of the things compared. I shall, therefore, in all simplicity, set down the lineal way which in these matters should be followed without questioning by all tractable disciples, nothing doubting that, if they could in reality follow any, this it is which would lead them in a due season to the desired term. The true method then is that of the occult philosopher, and may be reduced under three heads:—(1) The grotesque, or way of the phantastic spirit; (2) The pictorial, giving prominence to the sense of colour and of symbolism; (3) The magical, or the way of the evocation of memories. The first is well illustrated by the accent of these memorials, for the hint of which I am indebted to Von Chamisso, or, what is the same thing, to his ever-excellent Peter Schlemihl, describing that goodly company which “spoke seriously of trifling matters, and triflingly of things serious.” That is the quality of mind which should be brought to these researches, and it will be therefore seen that it is not without due reflection that I have adopted such an unusual style. If I wear not such vestments easily, I must ask something from the patience of the spectators, for in this masque I am creating a new part, and, as I have said, am without precedent.

The second head of our method is exemplified by the vision which has been already mentioned, and it includes both ancient and modern. It is the way of the old romances, which were moving pictures of quest, and it is the way also of the newest kaleidoscopes. Ever the shifting pictures slide or swim before us, and the whole world enrings us as with a flux of pageants. So also the world of these Byways is peopled with a vast concourse of figures, shapes, faces, characters, as it is in like manner with scenes, acts, episodes, histories, sequels of histories, for the most part confused, fragmentary, dream-pictures,

suggesting something that has gone before and something that is yet to come after; in truth, after the elusive and disjointed fashion of the serial romance. As in the first case, we are required to accept the Byways seriously if we are to be excused for becoming partakers of their mystery; so in this we must beware of placing a logical construction on their phantasmagoria.

And then, if we are thus well advised, we shall find ourselves pursuing successfully the instruction of the third head; the hosts will martial at our call, for their name is legion. The King's Highway will produce its scarlet riders; the deep sea resound for us with the shouts of the brethren of the coast; Alsatia open her haunts and exhibit their motley denizens; Old London reveal her dark corners; midnight unveil its mysteries; and the ruined abbey give up the ghosts which haunt it.

But if this is a true way to contemplate the Byways with profit to the spirit of imagination, it is none the less difficult to follow by the general reader, who is denied access to the archives. Unless he is so fortunate as to chance upon a few of these rare treasures, he must be content to remain at the porch of the open entrance, and to see what he may be enabled to see by the vision at a distance which these Dealings at best can offer. Having regard to all of which I will call him from the universals of the previous picture to such particulars as may seem illuminating in the same connection.

In approaching a literature so prolific and so varied as that of the Byways, it must be subjected to some kind of division, and here many alternatives come forward officiously, of which the first and most obvious is marked by the method of publication, and falls broadly into two classes. There is the single romance which rested upon its own merits, and stood or fell by itself. In many cases it became monumental in its size, extending to two hundred and fifty numbers, and some thousands of chapters, for in the great days of the Byways there was seemingly neither haste nor weariness. And, again, there is the weekly journal containing many

serial stories and much miscellaneous matter, the prototypes of a thousand gazettes which exist to this day, and are of no consequence. A second division would take the great publishing centres from which the works emanated successively, and would be substantially an historical consideration. It is, of course, impossible to say when these Byways first opened out; they are lost in the early years of the nineteenth century. The original romance in numbers, perhaps also the original weekly miscellany, was sold, as we have seen, by pedlars in country places; but their number, pretensions and popularity outgrew the hawker, and a wider mode of distribution followed. This fact, however, lends a forlorn hope that in some remote district rare treasures of the literature may still be discovered. For there are rarities scarcely less great than original Bunyans, and quite as difficult to find, because the complete work has always a chance of being preserved, but the penny number is almost certainly doomed to destruction by its form. It is not wonderful that anything has been lost in the Byways, but that so much has been preserved in the way of isolated copies, though the work of collection is still indescribably laborious. There were, in any case, several centres of successive publication which produced, each in its period, a host of smaller competitors, who helped, however, to swell the volume of literature materially. It is not necessary to enumerate all of them; chronologically at the head of the list stands the house of Lloyd, now of universal knowledge as the owners of "Lloyd's News" and the "Daily Chronicle." They may possibly look back on this early field of their activity as those who have worked in dream-land and dwelt in a Nightmare Abbey. A later centre, which passed through more than one hand, was situated at 168, Fleet-street. The two account between them for most of the period between 1838 and 1878, which was the great epoch of the Byways; the years before were formative and those which came after decadent.

There might be, however, a third division, based on the classes to which the romance or the Miscellany appealed,

and this also can be dealt with in two sections, being all that which was designed for the adult reader and all that which ministered to the intellectual necessities of the boy, because, for some inscrutable reason, the girl seems, for the most part, to have been regarded as a negligible quantity, too rigidly excluded from sensationalism, or too early needing the food of the adult. It was not till after 1870 that she received exclusive attention. But none of these three divisions offer quite what is wanted for entrance into the genius of the subject, and we will select therefore a fourth, which is that of the subject-matter, and is separable into seven heads, namely: of legends of the road; of sea legends; of legends of the city; of school in the Byways; of the strolling player; of fairyland; and of chivalry. These are typical of the literature *in excelsis*, though there are many others, and, among them, the domestic romance, which is too general for the method which I have adopted, and can be mentioned only in passing.

The King's Highway is the true path of the Byways, and has begotten all its classics, which are dedicated sometimes to actual historical characters and sometimes to fabulous beings, but it would be difficult to say which exceeds the other in the fascination and the terror of his doings. Perhaps, on the whole, the invented highwayman shines in a more exalted light, for he has the superior mystery of personality. There were certain hard facts in the lives and adventures of Turpin, Sheppard and Blueskin, which make it impossible to contemplate their characters in that peculiar condition of ecstasy which is dear to the heart of the Byways. Much, however, has been accomplished in the case of Captain Macheath, the most princely of riders. He is the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* of the knight errantry of the road, just as Claude Duval is the Gawain of its chivalry. In the other instances, the heroes are redeemed by their daring and idolised by the wildness of their adventuring. The neglected art of breaking out of prison stands forth with all of these in the perfection of its development

and in the heroism which it calls for, to say little of its intimidating frequency. Yet the romancer is at home more truly where his paladin is also at home, on the moonlit heath, when the stage coach is approaching; on the open road when the Robin Red-breasts, or hated runners of Bow Street, are in pursuit of the knight—in lone huts embosomed in forest lands or in waste places of the hills where he has sought a shelter: at inns of strange meeting, thatched hostleries full of secret passages, sliding panels, and honeycombed beneath by endless sequences of cellars; and in ruined and haunted mills. But when the Knight of the Road is a purely mythic creation, he and all his environment exist in the condition of apotheosis; his truly is the Kingship of the Night; he is the Night Monarch, the Black Rider, the Scarlet Phantom; above all he is the Shadowless Rider. He holds the League of the Cross of Blood in the hollow of his hand; he commands the fellowship of the Seven Brethren; he is associated with Powers of the Darkness, with transfigured Jenny Divers, commanding strange companies of horsemen, and great as any Turpin in pillage. For him are reserved mysterious discoveries in deserted coaches, mystic compacts, sudden warnings on the open heath. The Forty Thieves of London obey him; the Companions of Silence fear him; he destroys the Lone Rider who is the terror of the woodland. And, fabulous or historical, Black Bess, Nightshade, or Brilliant, his horse or his mare—a particular creation of romance—is naturally always with him, carrying him through all dangers; in breed and beauty an Arabian, in endurance an ox, in intelligence a Pegasus or a hippogrif. The horse is, in fact, one with the rider, and the rider, from the fatal moment when he first "takes to the road" to that of the last stirrup-cup brought to him by the landlord's daughter on the road to Tyburn, is at once Amadis and Perceforest, but living freely outside all law and bondage, while George of England quakes more often than not, but especially in his travelling coach, when his thoughts revert to the uncrowned yet potent king of the road.

It was seldom only that the great legends of the Highway took their readers beyond the environs of London, and their topography, though it works under occasional difficulties, offers none that are insuperable. But the Byways have, also, great fables of the sea, and here the literati of Fleet-street backwaters and the shoal places of Shore-ditch rapidly got out of their depth. It mattered little, for probably none of their readers could follow even the little distance that they might lead, and, at their best or their worst, the tale of the deep sea, with all its anachronisms in the matter of ships, boats, and seamanship, had a peculiar atmosphere of its own, and an appeal scarcely less strong than that of the tales of highwaymen. Of the legends there are many varieties, and, needless to say, the desert island, the shipwreck, and the Crusoe-life that followed it, figured frequently as the theme. Boreal and austral quests offered a thrilling alternative, and many are the heroes whose polar expeditions were crowned with a success which has not yet been known on earth. But these are extrinsic considerations, which have been written round the real life of the sea legends. They are concessions to the weakness of all that section of flesh for which the true matter of the work would prove too strong a ministry. And this matter, the one thing which was of moment and essential, was the great fact of piracy. The man who has been so fortunate as to see with his own eyes the vast octavo which comprises "Black Rollo, the Pirate King; or, the Dark Woman of the Deep," an undiscoverable treasure of this literature; or "Kit the Pirate," as a working alternative; or "Red Wolf, the Monarch of the Deep," as an available substitute, has made contact with the mighty things of these mysteries, and is no longer an apprentice of the Byways. They are the whole text-books of the craft; they contain the perfect ceremonies of the Black Flag, with all the signs and passwords of the Brethren of the Coast; of wreckers and warlocks; of sea kings and monarchs of the deep; of sea tigers and phantom-ships; of the incorporated rovers of the sea;

and of the Spanish Main. Therein is the whole art of smuggling; the modes of crossing the channels and oceans in open boats and on rafts; of the bearing of letters of marque; of inquisition after sunken treasures; the fomenting and quelling of mutinies. And, in fine, therein are all those studies of sensation and event comprised in the solemn booming of the minute gun at sea; in the sudden apparition of mystic ships like the "Firebrand" and "War Cloud"; or the encounter of plague ships; in the disinterment of the submerged mysteries of the sea; in the great ordeal of walking the plank; in drowning and rescue; in the midnight burial and the ocean grave; in sails looming through the darkness; in the calm at sea; in the safe anchorage by strange shores; in the flash of the white cliffs of Albion; and in all that concerns the life of a sailor afloat and ashore. They are assuredly a cycle of some moment—are these legends—from "Black-Eyed Susan" and "Jack Junk or the Tar for all Weathers," in 1851, to the latest reprint of "For Honour" and "Midshipman Tom" far down in the eighties.

But it would be difficult, on the whole, to maintain that these legends are not an aberration from the true spirit of the Byways, which lies wholly in "pistol and pad" and all that intervenes between the thieves' kitchen and the "stone jug"; and if outside these mysteries there are others which are of true and essential consequence, they concern those legends of the city which are extrinsic to those of the road. For the man who wrote in the Byways was a man who knew the city, and more especially its purlieus; to whom the Fleet Ditch and the turbid Thames offered a more direct stimulus than the Severn or the Amazon, because he had seen those and had never set eyes on these, and though "Crusoe Jack" might be "King of the Thousand Islands," he never really stepped out of the mirage of the Southern Seas, while the "Pirates of the Thames," with "Wild Will" for their leader, have all the marks and signs of, at least, a direct acquaintance with the reaches of the

river below London Bridge, even to the stairs at Wapping. The river does not, of course, exhaust the legends of the city, and the romances of Vauxhall and Ranelagh exhibit the right direction of the Byways, while introducing us frequently to *Le Roi qui s'amuse*. And life in London generally, but more especially in the modern days, is told with a pen whose knowledge is "extensive and peculiar." Even the sewers which are beneath the great city give up many strange secrets in the midst of their exhalations, and there are romances devoted to the underground life of London, of which "The Wife's Tragedy," published in 1847, is perhaps the most curious. But the river is the fountain of inspiration and its turgid stream flows through many hundreds of narratives, depicting the silent highway in all its phases, its banks and bridges and the waste places of the marshes on the Essex side; telling of Thames pirates and Thames police; of the moon shining on the waters; of æonian fogs and frosts; of the dark corners which lead to the darksome flood; of apprentices and watermen; of murders done in boats; and of the great mysteries of Alsatia. This, like the river itself, is a state rather than a place geographically defined, as indeed, is the whole Bohemia of the Byways, at what period soever—from the days of Charles I. and of "The Young Apprentice"; of the Merry Monarch and of Colonel Blood, including the terrors of the "Skeleton Crow"; of the Regent and "The Dark Woman"; and so forward into times more modern, though they now have a look of remoteness, and to the exploits of "The Boy Detective" and "The Wild Boys of London."

The remaining heads of our consideration are, it must be confessed, of only minor interest, in spite of great mysteries which are to be met with in the school-life of the Byways. There are two natural sub-divisions—the story which depends chiefly on the humours of the traditional pedagogue; on orchards and their depredation; on the school bully; on fights and secret festivals held in dormitories at midnight; and on the heroism of the new boy. These are

vulgarisms of the obvious order, and have been of wondrous popularity; but it is otherwise with the second section into which things occult and undemonstrable enter; the persecutions of haunted heirs; the crimes of melancholy ushers, more burdened and soul-weary than ever was Eugene Aram; the horrors of scholastic mansions held up dizzily on high cliffs overlooking the German Ocean, of ghostly and murderous academies situated by mere and torrent. It is difficult to refer them to any known prototype in recognised literature, but they are, perhaps, the historic house of Squeers contemplated in delirium or nightmare. They are too ghastly to have achieved popularity even in the gutters of the Byways, but they are a portion of the particular genius which broods above its rank pathways.

In most cases, the romance of school life constituted an implicit protest against law and order, exhibiting the pedagogue in his true character of miscreant, and glorifying rebellion and "barring-out." The life of the strolling-player and of vagabondage generally, as depicted in the Byways, did something to illustrate further the moral principle of revolt, where the poacher, the gipsy and the pick-pocket are made to command our sympathies, and vagrancy is exalted into a fine art. The chief interest centres, however, round shows and showmen; the circus and the fair; the travelling theatre with its troop of needy actors; the charms of the kidnapped columbines and all the romance of the ring. Pedlars and cheapjacks rub shoulders with school-boy actors who are usually truants; and yet through all these romances a certain pastoral feeling predominates, and their pictures of life in the open air; of lanes and village greens; of the pleasures of camping-out; of interminable journeyings afoot; of wild and free life in wandering caravans; suggest that in the lives of their writers there was some brief period when they had passed through other experiences than are possible in the tap rooms of dingy taverns off Fleet-street and Shoreditch, and knew of other downs than those of Hackney.

That we are introduced from time to

time into fairyland and knightly quests along the paths of the Byways would seem at first sight unlikely, but the writers tried many paths, though they seldom reached anything which could be called their own. These elfin chronicles are unfortunately of the conventional order, a phantasmagoria of types, places and periods. Now they savour of Arabian romance, now produce at great length the old fables of the Giant-Killer and the Bean-Stalk boy. At other times we are deported to regions otherwise unattainable, and share in stellar wanderings or pilgrimages through the underworld. But the different orders of spirits known in the Byways do not differ from those of folk-lore and common magic, and the gifts which they dispense are not those of enlightenment. It is the same with the romances of chivalry: they offer only dim semblances of the Cross and its wars; of old adventures left over from Arthurian legends, of Spanish Knighthood and the Cid. The primordial laws of chivalry, the castles of the hoar past, the vigils over arms, the visions in wayside chapels, the paladins and peers, the gay ladies and damsels, the banners and emblazonments, the tilts and tourneys are there indeed, but the old spells are wanting.

There will be no need to say that the seven heads of our particular classification do anything but exhaust the Byways, and we have purposely ignored the domestic romance as too large a subject for contemplation, though it offers some particular attractions in its pictures of the family, and its management of the family mystery. An excursus of some importance would be necessary, in each case, to deal adequately with the strange details concerning secret births and doctors brought from afar; with the anonymous stranger; with the thickening of mysteries; with espionage and secret service; with the involved significance of things dropped and overheard; with enforced marriages and masked bridegrooms; with invisible protectors. And, in addition to all these bizarre materials, there would be much to say upon the simpler elements of home life in the Byways; of the elegan-

cies of the drawing-room; of unlooked-for episodes in libraries and studies; of the question of food and wine; of draperies and maidens' beds; of the town house and the country mansion; of the farmstead and Harvest Home.

And independent of all the staple elements of romance, or of the peculiarities of plot and character, there are many curious matters of inquiry which should in reality be surrendered to specialists. There is the question of architecture in the Byways, which is more abstruse than Arthurian topography. It delights in a "wilderness of building," or this is, at least, the characteristic of its mansions castles and halls, its royal palaces and its ruined abbeys. Yet no hut, however small, no inn, however remote, is devoid of its secret passage, its trap door, or its sliding panel. In more commodious edifices, the grange has its sinking bedstead; the abbey its north turret approached by a tottering staircase; the church its interminable vaults; the castle its dungeons. It is truly very difficult in the Byways to lay down the general plan of a building, however simple externally. And these building mysteries are of great moment in the romances; the casements and embayed windows open on strange scenes; the ivied walls offer unlikely facilities for ascent and descent; there is a scenic character in stairways; the porch, the vestibule and the threshold are dedicated to special mysteries; picture galleries are set apart for the convenience of revelations; the forlorn heroine is seen naturally on the doorstep; the balcony is the proper habitat of lovers in difficulties; and the intruder connects inevitably with alcoves and their dim hangings and tapestries.

Another conflicting subject is that of law in the Byways, which is liable to strange aberrations, and is, on the whole, more difficult to extricate than its architecture. As already indicated, the sympathy with law and order is at no time marked, and this is true both of instituted codes and of those which are inherent in Nature. Coincidence, not to speak of impossibility, continually violates the latter, though the principle of poetical justice imparts something like final equity to a

disordered universe. As regards instituted law, the most obscure points concern those of succession and inheritance; of the tests and signs of legitimacy; of heritage and despoliation; of marriage and valid contracts; and of the modes of recognition in the case of long lost children. But it is scarcely less difficult to elucidate the true law of the Byways in the matter of wills and lost papers, the conduct of trials, inquests, criminology, the modes of detection and punishment, and also of escape and impunity. In these respects they follow no precedents, and recognise no canons. In a word, the Byways have a law, as it would seem, of their own, but the Acts which contain it are inaccessible. Some light might be gained by a codification of cases, with full references, as, for example:—Law of Assault and Battery, *Shadowless Rider*, cap. 1; Law of Sacrilege, *Skeleton Horseman*, cap. 950; Law of Torts, *Blueskin*, book xxxviii., cap. 49, p. 2,002, and so forth.

Outside all these difficulties, a careful investigation manifests the action of a certain higher law in the Byways which is neither natural nor instituted, neither moral nor revealed, nor must it be confused with coincidence. It is the working of a kind of destiny or special providence. It constitutes the suggestion of a second sense in the Byways, is in many respects a testimony to the soul's greatness therein, through all the limitations, or, at least, is a recognition thereof. This law operates invariably in a mystery. It administers the higher sacraments of hatred and the vendetta, usually after midnight councils. It is closely connected with the notion of the Hour and the Man; it produces the fact of doubles; it encourages compacts to meet in far years; it disseminates the brand of Cain; it gives sleeping draughts; it brandishes the dagger and wields the axe; and it unbends sometimes into secret bribery, when it distributes purses of gold prodigally. The operation of this law exceeds the logical understanding. It exists to precipitate catastrophes and insure *dénouements*.

As such it is closely connected with, and assumes from time, to time those symbolic attributes of horror which are

among the most important properties of the Byways, for these are full of stage effects and have even artificial contrivances. They do not admit of classification except broadly into the miraculous, the suggestion of the supernatural and its counterfeits. The last device is usually rather despised in the Byways, the first is comparatively rare, the second abounds everywhere and is a testimony to the existence of a certain sense of art therein. As regards things which cannot be accounted for in Nature, there is the prevalence of the hereditary curse; there is the direct voice issuing from graves: there are the apparitions of the living dead and of the dead alive; of the Red Phantoms which are not to be confused with humanity; of riders who cast no shadow; of writing on the wall, and so forth. Of the counterfeit presentments it will be sufficient to mention the cloak dipped in phosphorus, but there are, of course, many other devices. The suggestion of the supernatural and the play upon the sense of horror are far richer in their harvests and they count among the inalienable birthrights of the Byways. They deal in nightmare and unconscious hallucinations and in the dread and terror of dreams. They depict dark objects withdrawn in darkness, dead faces in rivers, and gibbets as scenic accessories. They introduce the Bride of Death; they give account of resurrectionists and body-snatching; they set forth the physiology of vampires; they draw out the agonies of remorse and frenzy, and they dwell upon fascination and thrall; they picture biers in death-chambers and nights passed among the dead; they administer the draught of death and other functions which for some unextricated reason belong to the copse and the moonlight. These terrors are at times accentuated and at times relieved by unconcerted accidents of bookwriting—for example, the multiplex personalities which result from the continuation of a story by a writer who had not begun it and had not read what preceded.

I have said that recourse to the supernatural is comparatively rare, and yet the occult sciences undoubtedly exist in

the Byways. Some incidents enumerated above touch very closely on their domain. The human vampire is by inference a supernatural being, and the were-wolf, as such, is explicitly outside nature; he belongs to the forbidden arts and to magic; he suffers transformation by witchcraft rather than through a personal infirmity. He has been used sparingly, but with a full sense of the inherent legitimacy of the subject. He produces a more specific effect than the ordinary ghosts and hauntings, though these are more simple in their management, and a bibliography of Christmas numbers would include many instances of apparitions in old homesteads and farmeries, of spectral coaches and the horrors of haunted halls, of visitations and adjournments, of silent guests and other happenings at banquets. Of the occult fraternities there are many varieties, and the Rosicrucian brotherhood has been a favourite from the foundation of these mysteries. They are usually poisoners, and they work more especially with the *Aqua Toffana*. Occasionally they are alchemists, and then the master secrets figure dimly in the fables, unexplained but powerful, like the numbers Seven and Ten in the secret councils of the fraternities, and at banquets of initiation therein. The occult sciences in the Byways work, however, most frequently by a suspension of natural necessity and by the permanence of the fact of miracle. It is in this way that the occult influence of opal rings, the destinies of jewels and the powers of mystic glasses are chiefly shown forth. In such an atmosphere the world is full of omen, prophecy and foreboding; all trees in the Byways are "wrapped in a wind of prophecy," and outside all the perturbations and terrors a sense of the "serene and solemn spirit-land" enrings the drama, even amidst the stricken trees, in the astrology of the appointed hour, and through the dark workings of the haunted mind.

It will be observed that a light which is foreign to land and sea illuminates these mysteries, and is, withal, lurid. The touch of Nature of course exists, but Nature in the Byways is overlaid with a hectic light, unless, indeed, one

is dealing chiefly with their pastoral mysteries. The forest has then its bowers, and the Byways have their summer; it is pleasant in the footways over the meadows; pleasant by the rustic stiles; pleasant in the old gardens; and pleasant, too, is the prospect of church spires, the blue distances and journeyings far away. But the pool and the silent highway are better emblems of the mind of the Byways. More eloquent for them are the tarn and its mysteries, the rack and tempest, the undemonstrable depths of midnight, even the red light in the sky, the wild places and the gloom of cypress. Weirs, backwaters, washes and lone coasts, the dismal vistas—these are of the heart of the Byways; for, in its way also, their writers have been "nourished by the Florentine muses," and have known "the dreariness of enchantment."

It is on account of this occult initiation, this inbreathing of a bygone spirit, that there are so many pageants and episodes in the legends; that they are pictorial and picturesque; that they deal gladly in runaways and scapegraces; that they dislike honest ways and respectability; that they are drunken, riotous and Bohemian; and that they are always on the side of the angels. They may tell of seeing the world; of hidden treasures; of the art of abducting maidens; of conspiracy and conspiracy; of cross-roads and meetings and partings; of escape by ropes; of leaping through windows; of flight by night; of midnight rides; of rescue from fire and flood—but it is ever the same spirit, the Divine Comedy which has ever a happy ending—a great chorus of voices, a great flux of pageant, passing into the silence and the white light of beatitude when the story is at last over, when the golden dagger and the scarlet ring have performed their several parts, when the forbidding face has been removed from the window, when the postchaise has reached its destination and the waggon has at last got home.

Of such are the unknown mysteries of the Byways, rapidly, as I said at the inception, becoming unknowable. It remains to say something of their authors. For the most part they were

anonymous, and those who can be identified with any local habitation and name exist only in a few floating traditions. I exempt, of course, some rare personalities who subsequently became known in literature, and some already known who descended into these depths. The others are at best heroes of ale-house legends, but their personalities are so dim and intangible, that, for the most part, they are heroes without histories. I have made from time to time certain pilgrimages in search of any fugitive memorials which might be afloat concerning them, but the results are too trivial to record. They wrote, for the most part, in taverns of the period lying off Fleet Street, and they drank in their day deeply. The exception to this rule seems to have been the most voluminous author of the first period—that of the House of Lloyd—Mr. Peckett Prest, to whom we owe the “Old House of West Street,” and something approaching a hundred portly volumes; he, at least, seems to have lived comfortably in the vicinity of Shoreditch. But who shall tell us concerning Malcolm J. Errym, who was equally prolific and who has given us most of the great romances of the road? Or concerning the author of “Black Bess”? There is, of course, Reynolds—well known even outside the Byways as the author of certain “Mysteries of London,” and there is Pierce Egan the Younger, who contributed for many years to the “London Journal,” but their names do not belong to the inmost recesses and depths which, like most depths, give up no form or name. The quest after such elusive personalities is more hopeless than the discovery of their perishing books.

Baffled in this respect, so much desired and coveted by the heart of the student, there remains only the Bibliography of the Byways, and whether this also would be a desirable pursuit I leave over for the lovers of books and for the collectors of books generally—of good books when these are available, but of books under any circumstances, and solely because they are books. I do not suggest that it is possible or that it

is likely to be done, nor shall I do violence to good sense by any futile attempt at a *catalogue raisonné* in this place. I put it simply on record as a dream which ought to become a reality, and, perhaps, will. Because—who knows! After all, it is not so unlikely as determining the authorship of “The Skeleton Horseman” or “Varney the Vampire.” It does not exceed imagination more than the idea of securing—sound or otherwise—a copy of “Red Wolf the Pirate, or the Monarch of the Deep.” If I cannot imagine the full list of books, seeing that their name is myriad, I can at least visualise the introductory portion, which would be composed in the florid mode and might even illustrate things lesser by things greater, because, after all, such sins are pardonable. In this case, it would establish some analogy between the starry heavens and the Byways; it would speak of star-groups, galaxies and nebulae, because there are cycles and groups in the literatures; of systems and binary systems, namely, stories with sequels, and subsequently companion stories which are not in their sense sequels. It would refer to dark stars—otherwise, books which have been heard of, things of reception and tradition which are known to have existed, but no one has ever seen. It would show that there are many of these concealed stories, and it would discourse of the untrodden grounds in the astronomy of the Byways. It would then abandon this analogy and after some reference to archaic researches and the twilight of the gods, which would be applicable to the first beginnings of the literature, it would establish the great epochs of the Byways, much as they are here set forth; it would mention early woodcuts and the general mystery of illustration; it would single out for particular description certain rare flowers of the Byways; and it would devote a long section to the vanished libraries in London which once existed for the circulation of this literature and disdained anything outside it. It would say something of private libraries, the existence in secret of which would suffer demonstration at need; it might even give pen portraits of

pallid collectors scouring with a famished expression the lanes and alleys of the East End, in search of possible treasures. It would certainly describe the typical dealer in the Byways who lived usually in the City Road or in Hoxton, so long as he had anything to deal in. It would hint vaguely at aged and mysterious newsvendors who once hoarded vast accumulations in cellars, and at marine store-dealers who had expectations in this direction from their fathers. And it would not less assuredly lampoon the few unscrupulous dealers who have sought to make a corner in the Byways and to raise their price in the market. It would terminate these elucidations by a note on the few persons who, like the late Mr. James Payn, have attempted to write of the Byways, and would register a decisive verdict concerning the in-

sufficiency of their equipment. And by way of epilogue or colophon it would end—as I end here—with a plain statement that beyond the great mysteries of these unexplored paths there are other and greater mysteries which exceed all speculation, namely, the continental Byways, and especially those of France. And now, in all respect and tenderness, let us make an end of these memorials, confessing that, if books are many, the joy in them is also without term or limit; and, seeing that it is given to every man according as he seeks, there may be such a direction of the star of books that the reader may himself be brought where his hand can be placed on a few of these treasures, to the furtherance of the good cause of bibliomania, the increase of its dealings, and the joy of all lovers of books.



RECURRENCE.

All that may chance again which once hath been;
The past recurs for ever; the resources
Of change are limited; to-day's events—
Both great and small—wear oft familiar faces:
Are they like coins passed on from hand to hand?
Or are there many from one mint cast out,
Made in one mould and with one likeness stamped?



The heathen in his blindness is often indebted for his ocular shortcomings to the cheap brands of whiskey supplied by his civilised brothers.



THE LAST END.

When after all the strife and wearying
We come in contact with the great true thing,
Which is the term of all—will that be such
As will make compensation overmuch
For the long dissillusions and sharp sting?
Who knows? This only—its most distant touch
Thrills our heart's instrument in every string.

THE DOWNFALL OF MINERVA

By V. B. Paterson



HE afternoon sun glared down on the patch of garden in front of the bungalow. The heliotropes and gardenias drooped their heads in the intense heat, but the green balls in the orange trees gleamed out bravely among their glossy leaves as if glad of the sunshine which drove all living things under cover, and the scarlet blooms on the shoe-flower hedge, spread their petals without blushing any deeper. The twelve o'clock flowers were partly white and partly red, as their blossoms met or missed the full rays of the sun. The most exposed had faded to pure white, though their pretty pink flush would return with the coolness of evening. Near the porch a cluster of plumbago tapped impatiently on the glass as it tried hard to see what the lazy women were doing on the long-sleeved chairs inside, but it was no more successful than the bright little humming bird further along the verandah, which was trying to get up a flirtation with his own likeness in the glass.

There were six ladies within armed with fans, and languidly sipping the tea which one of their number was pouring out at a little round table. Two "boys" in snowy turbans, having carried round cakes, were now surveying the group indulgently from a discreet distance.

"I let my 'boy' pour out the tea as well," observed Mrs. George Haldane, flapping her fan slowly to and fro; "one has enough to do just living on these afternoons."

"My dear, that's where you are quite wrong," retorted Mrs. Firjeon, a small, dark woman, with a brisk manner, suggestive of the humming bird at the window; "I'll tell you how I do."

At this all the other ladies burst into fits of laughter. Mrs. Firjeon was the mimic of the district, and her companions had no difficulty in recognising her present victim. She had a thin emphatic voice, and an absolutely grave face, except for a droll twinkle in her eyes, which never ceased while she was giving her impersonations, and as everyone was more or less afraid of her, her remarks were invariably received with respect.

"How killing!" exclaimed Mrs. Pollen, laying down the teapot. "You've caught Patty's very accent. What we poor women suffer at her hands I am sure is hard to estimate."

"If her advice was ever worth having it would not be so trying, you know, but it never is," said Mrs. Tolle-mache, a plump, good-natured looking woman, moving nearer the door as she spoke, so as to get all the air that might chance to be blowing through the verandah.

"No, but the men think it is, and she doesn't care about us," Mrs. Firjeon returned, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"She told me when I came out," put in Mrs. Adair, a three month's bride whose cheeks still retained traces of the pink colour she had brought from England, "that I should do as she did when the monsoon burst, and hang my dresses out to air in the sun every day to prevent the damp spoiling them."

"Well?" asked Mrs. Firjeon.

"It wasn't well," sighed the little bride. "On the contrary it was very ill. The first day I followed her directions, a shocking downpour came on, and two of my prettiest were ruined."

"That was quite *à la* Patty," Mrs. Firjeon replied, "but of course your husband declared she was not to blame."

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"He thought I must have mistaken what she said, but I did not, I know."

"My dear! Believe your ears deceived you, believe that it did not rain, believe your dresses are as good as ever, believe anything or nothing—but never believe that Patty does anything foolish. You have yet to learn, poor little Louisa Adair, that there is but one perfect woman in this country, and her name is Patricia L'Estrange. All our husbands adore her. She is their patron saint, their domestic miracle, their angel in the home——"

"And *our* blot on an otherwise tolerable existence," completed Mrs. Firjeon, as their hostess paused for breath.

"Nevertheless, it's a wonderful gift, good people, to be able to make men think as we want," Nancy Tollemache observed, stirring her tea reflectively. "I wish I had it. There's no place which Clara and my brother frequent where dinner is served so unpunctually as at Broomhill, but I have never seen Mrs. L'Estrange the least disturbed in consequence, and Griffith, who rages like a lion at home if his meals are not on the table at the regulation moment, sits as meek as a lamb while she discourses, to fill up the time till dinner is served. I can't understand how you all put up with her. I should manage to open the eyes of any husband of mine, if I owned such a thing."

"Would you? You would find it easier to upset the brazen image of Bhudda in the old village temple than to bring down Patty from her pedestal. All the men bow down to Minerva, my dear," Mrs. Firjeon retorted.

"All but Jack Temple," said Mrs. Haldane. "It was he who first dubbed her Minerva, you remember."

"He is not married you see," Mrs. Firjeon remarked. "It was only last night Fred asked me if I could not send for Patty when I was going to make a cake, and get her to lay down the specifications. 'Granted so much flour, currants, and what-do-ye-call-'ems—one cake should be as good as another, a fellow would think,' he said; 'but your cakes are like bricks. They're uniform—that far I admit, but bricks don't agree

with me, and I don't get bricks at Broomhill."

"They're all alike, these engineers," chimed in Mrs. Adair, blushing. "Tom says he has enough of culverts all day long without breaking his teeth on them at night in the shape of puddings."

"My dear, they bully us in revenge for the raggings they get themselves from Government," Mrs. Firjeon responded. "When Fred's tape line happens to disagree with that of the Government Agent, I always know it. One can't be the wife of a P.W.D. officer for nothing. A man with a railway bridge on his mind may be expected to get out of temper now and then, and I can put up with that. But I won't have Patty L'Estrange forced down my throat at all times and seasons, all the same, as a result."

"It's as a mother she fascinates Griffith," remarked Mrs. Tollemache, with languid indignation. "That evening which Nancy speaks of she entertained him with such a sermon on the depravity of ever leaving children in the care of ayahs, in order to gad about as she calls it that now he won't take either of us to Colombo for the Race week. Griffith is economical, and Patty has supplied him with a reason for buttoning up his pockets. Mrs. Firjeon can tell you what she said, for she heard it all."

"Oh, certainly!" cried the mimic, eager to oblige. "Leave my little angels, Mrs. Tollemache! Oh, yes, I have good ayahs!" (Patty would never have anything that wasn't the best of its kind), but could I trust even the best of natives? "No, Mr. Griffith, when Jim wishes me to go out with him I'll tell you how I do. I wait till the cherubs are safe in their cots and the ayahs on the mats on the floor at their sides; then I turn the key in the lock and go off with a quiet mind. Jim takes the key, and so we're quite sure all is well."

"If she came home some evening and found them all burned in their beds, I don't think I should feel sorry," Mrs. Tollemache said, rising. "But it is cooler now, and not even the pleasure of speaking my mind about that exasperating woman can make me forget I am due at the Jubilee Hall at half-past five

to go over that duet once again before the concert to-night with your husband, Mrs. Firjeon."

"I'm sure it is most necessary. Fred's voice is not what it once was, as I frequently remind him. If there was anything more amusing to do at home I should not come to hear any of you to-night. In the meantime can I give any body a lift down the hill?"

"Take Nancy, and Griffith can drive her in again after dinner. I shall dine with Mrs. Adair as I am here, at any rate," announced Mrs. Tollemache, who, naturally indolent, seldom did anything in the way of exercise which could be avoided. "Nan is fond of sensations, anyway."

"She'll get them in Laura's hackory," said Mrs. Haldane with a shudder. "But never mind, Nancy, the hospital is on your road home."

As she spoke there was a jingle of bells, and Mrs. Firjeon's hackory bumped up to the verandah door.

Besides mimicry, Mrs. Firjeon went in for various peculiarities, and her special pride was the smart little bullock cart in which she went about the estate roads, visiting her neighbours whose monotonous lives were much enlivened by her racy tongue. She climbed dexterously into her seat, followed more cautiously by Nancy Tollemache, and at the very instant the well-groomed little bullock plunged down the hill, making any farewells, beyond a hurried wave of the hand, utterly impossible.

"That's the advantage of driving a bullock," observed Mrs. Firjeon coolly. "You have no bother with last farewells, and dying speeches. Don't be nervous, Miss Nancy. I have only been upset three or four times, and you can't be a proper globe trotter without having experienced what it is to drive behind a good little bullock like Peter."

"I never aspired to globe-trotting," gasped the girl at her side, as she pitched from one side of the vehicle to the other, and inwardly resolved that if the pursuit referred to included many adventures like the present, she certainly never would. "I only came out to Ceylon to visit my brother and do a little sketching."

"And find a husband," added Mrs. Firjeon, tightening her hold of the reins, as she spoke, and pulling hard as the little cart dashed round a corner so sharply, that Nancy with difficulty repressed a scream. "Its all serene, my dear. Fred built that culvert himself, and I will say this much for him, that he does his work well. We positively could not knock it down. What was I saying? Oh, yes, when I came out with my sister, who was going to Calcutta to be married, I had just the same trousseau as she had. Its the cheapest plan when a girl comes to the colonies. I fell in with Fred on the voyage, so I just landed at Galle and let May go the rest of the journey by herself. There were six girls of us at home, but my mother was a clever woman. She got us all off like that."

"I should never have thought of such a plan."

"No? Well, thank heaven, I always had a brain, and so had poor mamma," returned Nancy's charioteer, complacently. "Here comes Jack Temple. If there is anything Peter hates, it is that horse of his with its clattering hoofs. I don't know why, but it invariably makes him kick out at once. I told you so."

Peter was, in fact, bucking and plunging in a manner that betokened an immediate spill, but the rider, whose sudden appearance on the path had aroused his temper, reined up, jumped to the ground, and caught hold of the animal's horns, backing him skilfully into a place where the road was wider. Then he looked up and smiled grimly.

"The bull will get the upper hand of Europa one of these days, Mrs. Firjeon," he remarked.

"Then perhaps you had better assist Venus to dismount," retorted that lady, astutely observant of his admiring glance at her companion. "I think Miss Tollemache has had enough of Peter, and you can escort her the rest of the way."

"With all my heart," the young man answered, promptly. "I was riding to Glengary, at any rate, as it happens, Miss Tollemache."

"Now that's what I call really a coincidence," Mrs. Firjeon remarked, with one of her droll twinkles. "Quite Pro-

vidential, in fact. And what might you be going to Glengary about, if one may enquire?"

"Nothing much," the handsome tea-planter replied, carelessly. "There is some sort of a shindy on to-night at that Sinhalese fellow's bontique, one of my kanganies tells me, and I thought I'd just pass the word to Griffith to keep an eye on him."

"Joseph Silva! He's a perfect nuisance. I believe he is at the bottom of all the mischief in the place," said Mrs. Firjeon. "Well, Nancy, jump down while Peter is standing, for I promise you he won't act the lamb much longer. Good-bye, Jack will look after you," she called back, as Peter bolted madly off once more, all his bells jangling, and the cart swinging from side to side apparently every instant on the verge of an upset. "I did say I would drop her at the bungalow," the lady reflected, "but it's wicked to spoil sport, and really Jack told that fib so well, he deserves some sympathy."

Meanwhile Nancy, thus basely betrayed, walked along, hardly knowing whether to be most annoyed at her desertion, or relieved to find herself safe on *terra firma* again.

"I think," she began, with a laugh, "every bone in my body is shaken out of it's place. How *can* Mrs. Firjeon endure it?"

"She likes to be peculiar, just as Mrs. L'Estrange aspires to be the type of female wisdom," replied Temple, "and in this country people can follow their fancies. That's why married people are so happy out here, Miss Tollemache."

"I don't grasp the connection," she said, nervously; "I should have thought the reverse would have followed."

"Oh no, not at all," he assured her eagerly. "You see there are no family friends to be criticising and making dispeace. You must have noticed how very happy all the married couples are round here."

"I can't say I have sufficient interest in the subject to have thought of it," Nancy responded coldly. "But in tea I *am* interested, Mr. Temple, and I should be grateful if you would explain to me the difference between pekoe and souchong.

I have always forgotton to ask Griffith." She stooped and plucked a twig from the bushes they were passing, and held it up to him. "Oh, hang tea!" exclaimed Temple, desperately—"At least, I mean—I beg your pardon, of course, Miss Tollemache; but couldn't that wait? I have so much to say to you now that I have got you at last for five minutes to myself."

"Here's Griffith coming to meet us," Nancy announced, demurely, as the portly figure of the manager of Glengary appeared at the door of the tea factory. "I'm afraid you must resign yourself to general conversation, Mr. Temple, after all."

"Why will you be so provoking?" he cried. "You must know what I wish to speak about—what I have thought about ever since I saw you, indeed."

"How should I do that, I wonder," she returned, waving her parasol to the advancing Griffith.

"You must have seen—but I am an ass to suppose you would think anything about my being in love with you, when all the fellows in the place are at your feet. If you could only love me a little, Nancy!"

"I couldn't, Mr. Temple, I assure you. I wish you men would leave me in peace."

"Miss Tollemache, do you mean that?"

She lifted her laughing eyes to his face, to end the matter with a jest, as she had done in other cases, but something in the earnest look he bent on her checked the words on her lips, and in confusion she turned away. He caught her hand, and had begun to pour out all the love that filled his heart, when Scot, Mr. Tollemache's collie, bounded from behind a tea bush, and nearly knocked them both over. There was nothing for it but to accept the situation gracefully, and Temple joined in Nancy's peals of laughter as Scot, unconscious of anything but the truest virtue, gambolled round the luckless wooer and his lady.

Scot's master was on them, ere Nancy had stopped laughing, and was welcoming Temple as heartily as his dog had done.

"Come along, come along," he shouted—Griffith always shouted—a habit acquired in his early planting days, from a vague idea that coolies could understand plain English quite well if it was bellowed loud enough into their ears. "The women folk are off to the *padre's* concert to-night, and we'll have a decent talk by ourselves, you and I, Temple, without their long tongues spoiling everything. I'm glad of an excuse to stay away."

"Don't flatter yourself you will be allowed to do anything so rude, Griffith," put in his sister. "I have a headache and am not going, but Clara laid strict orders on me that you were to be sent to drive her home."

"Rubbish! I'll tell the horsekeeper to go," Griffith responded with marital indifference.

"And the duet, Griffith! For shame!"

"Do you think I can't hear Clara's voice often enough without paying Rs for the privilege? No, I'm going none. The *padre* squeezes too much out of my pocket as it is. If I lend him my wife to sing he should think himself jolly well off. Just you hurry up dinner, Nan, and Temple and I'll have a sensible talk over our pipes. You can listen if you behave yourself," added Mr. Tollemache, with brotherly indulgence.

"Such a privilege," murmured Nancy, giving a sly glance at Temple's dissatisfied face.

But when she returned to the porch after giving the necessary orders, Griffith's views had undergone a change. Temple was diplomatic, and his report of the expected native disturbance so inflamed the worthy Mr. Tollemache, who was Chairman of the District Planters' Association, and rather magnified his office, that he felt immediate action on his part was called for.

"I'll just have to go down to that scoundrel's myself," he told Nancy, while he hurried through his dinner. "And, as I'm there, I'll bring Clara home, though I don't see why she must be for ever gadding. If she would stay at home and look after the youngsters, like Mrs. L'Estrange now—bother it all,"

he broke off, "I promised L'Estrange some of that Para Rubber seed from Parok to-day, and I've forgotten to send it up. Here, Jack, take it up for me, there's a good fellow, and come back and sleep here. I want to show you my last green tea anyway, and I'm firing it to-morrow."

"Will you walk to Broomhill with me, Miss Tollemache?" asked Temple. "The moon is rising, and it won't take more than a quarter of an hour if we go by the short cut."

"Of course she will, and be glad of such a good chance of digesting her dinner," the unconscious Griffith answered for her. "She's frightened to stay by herself in the bungalow, I believe," he added, with a laugh.

"Well, I don't like your mahogany natives, I own," Nancy admitted. "Yes, I'll go, Mr. Temple—on one condition," she added, in a low voice, as Griffith rose from the table to call his horse-keeper, "that you won't talk any more nonsense."

"I don't want to make myself a nuisance, Miss Tollemache," replied the young man, rather stiffly. "I promise to leave nonsense, as you call it, strictly alone."

And he kept his word with the most uncompromising severity, as they strolled leisurely by the short cut to Broomhill, which was the adjoining estate to Glen-gary, and but a mile away.

Arrived at the bungalow porch, Jack shouted in vain for the "boy." The master and mistress were doubtless gone to the concert, like the rest of their neighbours, but there was no sign of the presence of their household. The bungalow lay white in the moonlight, and not a sound was to be heard, save the croaking of the frogs and the distant beat of the tom-toms from Silva's bontique on the other side of the river, showing that the "kick up," as Griffith called it, had begun.

"There's not a human being in the place," said Jack.

"Clara's cook man goes to sleep on the drawing-room cushions when we're all out," Nancy suggested. "We found him with his head on her most cherished silk Liberty one the other day, and she

poked him awake with her umbrella. Let's look in the drawing-room."

But no snoring native lay on the drawing-room floor, and investigations in the godowns produced not the slightest result.

"The whole lot have made tracks for Silva's," said Temple. "That's about the truth of it."

"But the ayahs must be on the premises, at all events," Nancy replied, suddenly calling to mind the conversation at Mrs. Pollen's afternoon tea. "Mrs. L'Estrange locks them into the nursery with the children, Clara says."

"Of course, so she does. I've heard her parade that piece of prudence over a dozen times. Well, we must try the nursery, for someone ought to be up looking after the bungalow. I know which room it is."

Accordingly, they moved round the end of the verandah, and Temple pointed out the window to Nancy.

She tapped, and then turned round with an alarmed look at him.

"There's no one there," she said; "the room is empty."

Temple gave a low whistle. "It is the nursery, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes; see, there are the little cots, and the night light burning on the table. But where are the children?"

Temple raised the window, which was unfastened, and looked in. "There's something strange about this," he remarked.

He helped his companion in, and together they went through the house. There was not a soul in it, and not a sign of the children.

"They've gone off to Silva's, and taken the kiddies with them," Temple asserted.

"The poor babies! They would never dare!" cried Miss Tollemache.

"I think so. The impossible has happened, and Minerva is caught in her own net."

"Oh, don't laugh when there are these poor little mites to think of," implored Nancy, as Temple burst into a hearty peal of merriment; "though it is funny to think of."

"You see, I don't believe in Minerva, myself," went on Temple. "I'm about

the only man who considers her a fraud, and she does not love me in consequence. It's droll that it should fall to my lot to find her out."

At this moment there was a shuffle of bare feet on the verandah and a small coolie boy appeared from some unknown quarter. Jack pounced on him, and poured out a torrent of questions in Tamil.

"He says it is as I guessed. The ayahs go out to Silva's most nights, and are often out all night. They go by this window, and take the babies with them, lest they should cry and get them found out," the young man told Nancy. "I must just take you back and then fetch these poor little kiddies out of that beastly hole."

"It doesn't matter about me. Go there first for the children, and I'll come with you?"

Together they hurried down to the river, were ferried across in the moonlight, and stole up to the hut where all the noise was going on. At the door they met, to their surprise, Griffith and two other planters, who had left the pleasures of the concert for the greater excitement of a raid on Silva's house. The place was flaming with cocoanut-oil lamps, and drums, tom-toms, and whistles made a racket which completely deafened those within to the approach of the Europeans.

Dark forms in the most fantastic costumes danced backwards and forwards in the light of the guttering torches; men in the first stages of bhang stupor, lay on the earthen floor; others were smoking opium, while on a dirty mat in a corner Mrs. L'Estrange's two cherished darlings lay slumbering, their white English baby faces a strange contrast to their surroundings. The heavy odours of the place, mingled with the scent of the trumpet flower outside, almost suffocated Nancy as she took in these details in the brief moment before Griffith made his presence known.

In ten minutes the spectacle was at an end, and Nancy and Temple, each carrying a baby, drove home to Glen-gary, while Tollemache and the other planters escorted Silva to the District Police Station.

"This sort of thing makes a man feel domestic," Temple remarked to Nancy, as he helped her to deposit the still sleeping bundles of white garments on sofas. "And you know I can't possibly face Mrs. L'Estrange without you to back me up. Can't we keep in partnership, Nancy, as we've done to-night?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," Nancy agreed, softly kissing one of the babies. "It will take us both to appease Minerva."

"My dear! We women are going to present you and Jack with a silver tea

and coffee service," Mrs. Firjeon told Miss Tollemache a week or two later. "We owe you a debt of gratitude words could never express. You have extinguished Minerva, and we can now burn our cakes and spoil our dinners in peace."

"I wish she had kept up her character till after the ball," grumbled Griffith from his long chair. "I've had to buy tickets for these two extravagant women since that affair."

"Yes, Griffith, but never mind," said Jack consolingly from his place by Nancy. "Next year I'll pay for Nancy."



MODERN MUSIC.

Grown weary of the strumming tribe
This verdict we would fain inscribe—
A verdict few will question—

"If Music be the food of Love,"
Then may the potent gods above
Send love a sound digestion!



The deepest fountains of thought still remain to be unsealed, and yet we are satisfied with the commonplaces.



Dewdrops have been compared to diamonds so frequently that the similitude has become stale. It might lend a touch of originality to the description to liken them to gems of the finest water.



All that is true and beautiful and just is the divine passing into realisation amongst us. Some day the work will be accomplished and the world will be established in perfection.



HE (*wrathfully*): "Tut, tut, you speak like a child."

SHE (*sweetly*): "That is because I want to appeal to your understanding."

POSSESSION

I.

WIDE eyes and pregnant of the soul,
 Whose risen star
 Hangs like a flame above the goal
 Divine and far—
 Again their meaning dreams beyond
 To other lands,
 Whose promise is the prelude fond
 Of meeting hands.

II.

Not ours the passions that decline
 And so divide;
 Not yours the clay I am, nor mine
 The earthly Bride;
 We take not with the living breath
 The taint of earth,—
 In other worlds we died the death
 That gave us birth.

III.

The lessening hours that here we live,
 Or glad or sad,
 Can neither take from us nor give
 The gifts we had;—
 Though we had lived the world apart,
 I still had heard
 The music of your secret heart,
 Your secret word.

IV.

It had not mattered overmuch
 If I had missed
 The sight of you, the sound, the touch;—
 The mortal tryst
 That ends with silence, and the tears
 In sorrow shed:—
 Ours still had been the endless years
 Beyond the dead.

FERDINAND E. KAPPEY.



If caution is the mother of wisdom, suspicion is probably her uncle.

HOW IT FALLS BY THE SEA

BY CYRUS DENMAN

THE air was cool, the wind was fresh, the sky
Before him violet, westward tinged with deep
And angry red. Behind him, loose and black,
Great clouds rolled up; the church before him loomed;
He passed with awe beneath its tower of stone—
Square, tall and grey—the churchyard crossed in haste
And reached the wood; beyond its gentle slope
Far stretched a plain; and there the early mists
Had gathered; from the orange of the West
A dull glow fell on quiet pool and pond
And lamps in scattered hamlets there and here
Began to glisten. All his later way
The scarlet sunset and the stormy south
Made splendid and with images sublime
The boy's mind filled; while o'er his head the pale
Translucent vault of heaven was thinly sown
With gleaming stars; while o'er the sea the pure
Unclouded moon her white and perfect disc
Revealed, suffusing light sky-wandering clouds
And ether's pensive lilac.

By the shore
He paused, the waters washing at his feet
But in the distance, mingling with the wind,
Giving forth solemn sounds. And turning then,
One mile or more, against the breeze he kept
His set face steadfast. By his path the pale
And modest silverweed, midst stones, maintained
A struggling life. A mile or more, the waves
Charmed him with music, and the moon still waxed
Above the trembling bosom of the deep.
A mile or more, he watched that sphere dilate
Till thin clouds veiled it, till it showed alone
A pallid phantom. But the sun burst forth
Within the bank of black foreboding cloud,
Drooping long tendrils down of angry light;
He turned, the blaze upon his cheek and brow
Smote him. One moment every field and tree—
The haystacks and the hedges and the thatch
Of cottages—shone in that gorgeous light
As things transfigured. Suddenly the sun
From out the ruins of the purple cloud
Fell swift; the twilight over distant hills
And flat fields fell—a twilight cold and sad.

Awhile the waning glory of the West—
The broken pageant and the shards thereof—
He watched; the sullen purple, tinged with gold,
Grew lurid; leaden vapours far away

Were stained with blood ; but here and there the sky
 Laid bare a depth of melancholy blue.
 The boy turned northward, down a lane which led
 Straight from the sea. Beside some stunted elms
 He paused ; the darkness chilled him ; far and near
 He heard the chafing of the incessant waves,
 As suddenly a night of gloom involved
 Their vast expanse, and he, more lone than they,
 Knew well how night discourses to the soul.
 He started, as a bird, with whirring wings,
 Broke forth from covert. The wind died and rose,
 But darkness deepening on the early wheat,
 Left every green blade visible : his path
 Shone white before him ; shone the stars above ;
 And still the phantom of the moon behind
 Looked at him as he passed into the night.



The sense of humour has saved many situations, while the lack of it has rendered many philosophical systems ridiculous ; and yet, in the face of the great problems, it is difficult to see the congruity of any comic element.



The child cries for the moon ; to the grown man it would not be so much impossible as undesirable. Who are we that we should be content with a satellite, when we can possess the Universe ?



There is a little spell-bound lake, which the bright sky has enchanted, so that it is always clear and smooth. It has a sky set apart to itself, and this is never clouded ; it is a soft and dreamy blue through all the day, and at night the stars shine there. Who reads this parable rightly ?



The greatest souls encounter each other oftenest at the cross-roads of stupidity.



Arrogance is the wig of spiritual baldness.



What is written by the heart cannot be read by the understanding—hence sealing-wax.

A BUSH TOWN FUNERAL

By W. H. Koebel



THE sun has leaped from beyond the ocean into a cloudless sky. The light airs that flutter from over the plain breathe out the morning warmth of spring, as they greet in passing the little township reposing where land and sea meet. In the main street—the chief of three, and of no more—stand clusters of men, their groups forming and dissolving as the atoms of each intermingle. Upon the curb squat Maori women, old and young, in twos and threes, their dark eyes, as they roam over the scene, filled with a dreamy light of interest. Their men, for their part, stand amongst their white brethren, turning, in common with them, a curious gaze from time to time at a house in the street half hidden by a lofty screen of poplar trees. Before its gate is huddled a tangle of buggies, pressed closely together, wheel to wheel, an outer fringe of horsemen and tethered horses stretching far and wide.

From the landward end of the street comes a cloud of dust, advancing ever nearer, until it reaches the spot where the natural soil gives way to the metalled road. Like to the last puff of smoke from an expiring fire, the powdery cloud has gone, blown away, sunk down—whichever you will. A large mob of sheep patter their horny hoofs upon the sun-hardened street. The men in charge wave to acquaintances upon either hand; the dogs, tried servants of duty, ignore altogether the yielding crowd through which they press. As they pass the idler dogs who, with their masters, line the streets, their officious air would seem accentuated to that of very fussiness, which speaks for itself almost as plainly

as in words, "our business is with the living, not with the dead."

The last sheep has straggled past; the eyes of those waiting have turned from its fleecy back to the poplar-screened house once more. From before it rises a stir, the grinding of buggy wheels, the incipient beat of hoofs, the groaning creak of leather. The clusters of men that line the street disperse in haste; they hurry to where their horses stand, clinking one spur or two, according to the completeness or short-coming of their outfit. From the bars of the two unpretentious hotels which face each other from opposite sides of the street emerge small streams of station hands, diffidently unobtrusive as to the source of their exit. The Maori women, rising from the curb, bend forward their frames expectantly; from the eyes of some tears roll downward to the tattoo lines upon the chin—the man has been a good "Pakeha," though they have not known him, and a funeral without tears to a Maori is as the parched soil of the summer's drought. And, as a shower of rain is good for the earth, so does a gentle flow of tears refresh the hungrily sentimental soul of the Maori.

Along the broad, sunlit street moves the long procession, pacing slowly forward, and, as it advances it is as though the white glare of the ground were being swallowed, flooded by a sombre hued tide. At the head of all, a dozen strong-lunged musicians blare out from their brazen instruments the Dead March in "Saul." Whatever may be the cause—whether the earnestness of the performers, the hushed rumble and tramp that serves as an accompaniment to the notes, or the huge calm of Nature with-

out which the tiny township, with its puny collection of verandahed buildings, can scarce break—even their imperfect rendering fails to rob the impressive air of its power. Directly behind these follows the hearse, drawn by a pair of horses with coats clipped, shining and well-groomed. Then a string of buggies, stretches in unbroken line far down the road; while, spread out to right and left, and forming to the rear a straggling queue, come several hundred horsemen keeping pace with the vehicles.

As the mass rolls forward the street behind gapes, empty, swept clean of all humanity, deserted but for the sparse groups of Maori women. For he whom they follow had borne an honoured name—had been beloved of all, far and wide. Thus it is that run-holders in decorous but much creased black coats, townsmen in garments with which they seem on more intimate terms, and station hands, from head shepherd to rouse-about, ill at ease in starched shirts, follow him in one company upon his last journey. The costume of many of the latter has, as a matter of fact, but small pretensions to sombreness, and the long line, seen from a bird's-eye point of view, presents a motley appearance, the final ranks, in especial, being liberally interspersed with patches of yellow and brown.

Waiting at points along the street are other horsemen, who, as the cavalcade passes, press in amongst its ranks, nodding in silence about them as they join the groups of their intimates. But in a short while there is low-voiced talk among the slowly-moving groups, and towards the rear, furthest from where the chief mourners drive, rise desultory snatches of conversation the subject and hero of which is he who is borne before them.

The end of the street is reached at last. Then comes a subdued muttering from the tail of the procession. A quarter of an hour to cover ground which a three minutes' canter would have put behind them! Besides, walking or cantering, what's the odds, so long as you get there? And *he*—he who is riding so slowly in front of them now, he wasn't ever a friend of slow

moving, not he. And if they were going to take him the whole way at a pace that a "swagger" could beat easy—well, it was pretty useless, that's all!

To the front, on either hand, stretches the first span of paddocks, their surface broken only by an occasional homestead. Wheeling round, the musicians halt by the side of the road, continuing to play until the rearmost files of the cortege have passed on their way before them; then, tucking their now silent instruments beneath their arms, they return whence they came.

Shorn abruptly of the blaring of its music, the cavalcade moves onward. Sounds, deadened hitherto by the strident notes, strike now for the first time clearly upon the ear. The buggy wheels have begun to rumble all at once; the combined thud of a thousand hoofs fills the air; now and again the sharp clash of the beat of steel against steel rings out as the stirrups of neighbours meet; while the click of a new chum's curb bit singles him out with solitary insistent jingle from amongst the throng. The horses, unused, for their part, to the loitering mode of progression, lounge along in lazy content or fret at the restraining bit in the manner that their different natures urge. Along the sun-baked road they go, past the gleaming festoons of golden wattle that hang on either side, past a solitary line of hedge, starred thickly with deep, red roses which a cockatoo farmer of fastidious taste tends with care, then again through the retreating lines of sheep who, after a curious stare through the wire fencing, give way to sudden panic. With startling abruptness the apparent stolidity, written large upon their countenances, has vanished, and they scatter to right and left in the manner of a shoal of cumbersome minnows. Over all hangs the attendant dust-cloud, and by this time the riders in the rear, powdered thickly in common with those in front, have assumed, thanks to its impartial covering, an appearance uniform almost with that of the rest—a socialistic dispensation of nature which the wearers of the lighter-hued garments mark with satisfaction.

Now past a Maori Pah with frontal

beams quaintly carved, whose occupants, after a grave salute to the chief mourners, stretch forth a hand in greeting to their acquaintances as they pass; then onwards, skirting the wooden walls of a huge woolshed, near which a score of chained sheep-dogs bark in furious chorus at the moving crowd. Of a sudden heads are turned, men strain their eyes towards the rear whence comes the loud sound of an altercation.

"I tell ye he could do it—easy, and that's more than ye could say for that old cow that ye've brought out to-day!"

A couple of station-hands have halted. After a defiant glance at each other, their eyes roam from their horses to the timber of some slip-rails in the wire-fencing abreast of the spot where they sit.

"I'll lay a note mine clears it, an' your's doesn't. Is that good enough for ye?"

The rearmost portion of the procession has halted. From out of its ranks shoot forth two riders and two horses, making straight for the timber. The foremost horse, a chestnut, striking the upper rail comes down upon the other side with his rider in a heap; the other, a sorry-looking bay, regardless of the goring spur, pulls up with a jerk, then swerves sideways from the obstacle. From the watching crowd rises a murmur, low-toned, but nevertheless a jeer. But it is dead almost in its birth. Three riders in black come clattering back from the head of the *cortège*. It is enough, the incident is at an end. Once more the horses move forward, leaving the man upon the furlerside of the rails to follow at his leisure.

Now by the roadside rises a smooth, circular hill, both fringed and intersected by rows of blue gum, drooping willow and macrocarpa, beneath which the gleam of white stone shines at intervals in the glaring light of the sun. Through a sheltering grove of sombre macrocarpa they pass. Then the buggy wheels have ceased to grind. There is a dismounting from horses, a descending from vehicles, and soon the steeds stand hitched to the frequent posts of the fence

in a long, many-coloured line. For a moment there is a pause; six sturdy station hands stepping forward, take from the hearse its load. The rest of the company follow in the train as they mount the hill; then as the first sentences fall, it is the heads of the stockmen and shepherds, the most rugged of all in the wide circle, that are bowed the deepest in emotion.

Far above, a clean cut speck against the azure of the sky, floats a hawk. For a while he swings in circles, then, alarmed, speeds towards where the distant hills, shimmering violet in the heat, rise sheer from the plain. The men gaze dreamily about them; the silence is broken but by the words of the service, and the far away, insistent chirp of the crickets. Of a sudden the inert, listless forms are galvanised into new life—the life born of action. From the foot of the hill comes a ringing clash, followed by another, and yet another. A restless horse has pulled back; and his effort towards freedom has met with success. With broken bridle hanging loose, he careers to and fro, uncertain how to enjoy his new found liberty. Instigated by his example, the entire remainder, with the exception of those securely roped, or too old, or too indifferent, have followed suit with varying results, to the ringing accompaniment of the tightly stretched wires. Below, men are already running wildly to and fro; the crash of a stockwhip reverberates with startling suddenness: a stampede is imminent; the eyes of all hover restlessly between the open grave, while a few more steal silently away to lend their aid in the crisis. They return in panting groups, but the service has proceeded, disturbed neither by the beat of the hoofs nor the crack of the stockwhip.

At length all is over, the crowd straggles down the hill once more. They have mounted their horses, stepped into their buggies. And, as the hill grows smaller behind them, over all but a few comes a change. Brows are unbent once more, voices are raised. The *mauvais quart d'heure* is over; the calm, after all, had been but as that which lurks within the centre of a cyclone. And what is gloom if not intended to

breed from its darkness a new lease of the joy of life—a joy that, as soon as it is born, turns in ingratitude to stab its parent to death? The riders are all together now, two hundred men in a mob! When was there such a gathering before? Will there ever be such a one again? From the centre comes the sound of a laugh—a hearty, free guffaw. Now they are cantering, the horses, quick to read the change in their riders' mood, pulling and straining at their bits. Then comes a roar of laughter. One of the riders in the van had been careering along in gay unconcern of the fact that his bridle hung minus a chin strap about his horse's head. Beside him another has dashed, in a moment he has whipped the bit from out of the horse's mouth, and, ere the unsuspecting one has had the opportunity to resist, the rein itself has been snatched from his hands. Swinging the captured bridle riotously above his head, the despoiler canters forward in noisy triumph. Then from the rear of the crowd comes a sudden movement. With an ear-splitting shout a man has pressed forward his horse at full gallop into the midst of the throng before him. In a moment there is Pandemonium. The beat of the horses' hoofs changes, deepens to a thunderous, deafening roll. A couple of hundred men are tearing together along the road at racing speed, jostling each other, cannoning recklessly, each striving to be before his neighbour. Knee to knee the riders, tail to head the steeds, onward they sweep—a living avalanche that covers the road from fence to fence, those behind blowing the dust from their mouths as they go. This is life—the other was the end of it—and to read a story backwards is poor work after all. Were a horse to fall—to lose hoof-hold in the midst of that wild ride—ah, that would be another matter, and perhaps the hill with the white stones

would not wait for long in vain! One could imagine it, just one dull thud, a pulling and straining of nervous hands at the reins, the ride back, and the hushed circle about that which, a moment before, had been shouting, laughing, pressing forward with the most eager. But—none has fallen.

Directly in the path of the oncoming whirl of humanity and horses, stand a few head of cattle, browsing in lazy contentment at the turf at the roadside. In a moment the scene has changed. With hoofs flying and horns tossing, they flee in blind terror before the sight and the sound that menaces them from beneath the waving dust-cloud. They are enveloped, prance wildly, until, the last rider having clattered by, they are left in the rear to recover their equanimity as best they can.

Now the street of the township opens out before the throng; the dull thud of the hoofs gives way to a sharper rattle as they strike upon the metalled road. By now the gap between the hindmost and foremost has grown wide; the horses' flanks are heaving beneath the girths, but still they hold on, each at the best of his speed. Not until the door of either hotel looms, hospitably wide, to right and left do they slacken speed. Then, and not until then, with many a slide and many a slither, do they pull up, the one following the other until the mass is compact once more. And that—is the end of the funeral.

A little later, from out of the tumult within the hotel, can be heard the voice of an old, bearded shepherd—

"What, *he* mind? him that we took out! Not *he*. There's respect for the livin' an' respect for the dead; an' *he* was deservin' of lashins of both. That was the way he used to ride—the way *we* rode. More'n that he couldn't want; an' he'd have done the same—if he'd been here."



ACCORDING TO THE DUTCH

By Harold Wintle



EVERYONE has since told me that I had no one but myself to blame, and that, if I had not been so imbued with the insular idea that manners and customs were pretty much the same all the world over, and differences in language only an accident, I should not have omitted to find how things were worked in Holland before I allowed myself to think that I was not only a thoroughly good Dutch linguist but also that I knew the ropes.

By profession I am literary; and I possessed an overwhelming desire to write a book on the "Habits and Manners of the Dutch Peasant." My father had, during his lifetime, been interested in various matters which brought him much in contact with Dutch merchants, and, in furtherance of his projects, he had for many years, from my childhood indeed, a confidential clerk of that nationality, who served him with unflinching fidelity; and, after his death, I, his only child, and heir to a very comfortable fortune, kept on the old Dutchman, until he followed his master. Now, he could never learn to speak English properly but, from long usage, I, instead, had become a very good Dutch scholar. It was, perhaps, scarcely flattering to be told that I spoke Dutch like a Holländer, and that, as for appearance, any Vrou might take me for one of that country. Whatever the primary reason, I decided to journey to the land of canals and wooden shoes, and study for myself the ways and means of a people of whom the old clerk had told me so much. It was no part of my plan to go into the towns and places of importance, but to bury

myself in some remote agricultural district where I might see the Dutch peasant in all his natural simplicity.

A steamer took me to the Hook, and a very slow express train carried me apparently unwillingly to Arnheim. Here I remained several days. Now that the time had actually come, the project did not seem so pleasant, and though I would not admit it even to myself, I was somewhat loth to leave civilisation. How long I might have remained I do not know; fortunately I was obliged to move somewhere, for the proprietor of the hotel requested me, with more emphasis than politeness, to "clear out," as he required my room for some official who was about to visit the place. Reluctantly, therefore, I went to the station and took a ticket for a small country village which I had located on the map, and which from its surroundings seemed to promise what I sought. There was a cold drizzle, and a thick grey sky, when the train drew up at the platform. The station was dismally cold and I was the only passenger, nor did there appear to be many in the train which dragged its way drearily through flat, marshy country, and past desolate untidy farms and villages. I could at times have easily alighted without the least danger of hurting myself, and although the distance we had to travel was some thirty miles only, we seemed to be a perfectly abnormal time in covering it. Nor did my spirits rise when we at length arrived at our destination. A low shed with narrow wooden steps in front comprised the station. The station-master, ticket collector and porter were combined in the person of an old and decrepit individual, who peered through

dim and bleared eyes at the waiting train with something very like dismay, and a great deal more of disgust, in his look. A heavy white mist hung over the spot and struck a cold chill through me as I clambered down on to the make-shift for a platform; my Gladstone bag was thrown out and the train moved on without any interference from the aged official, and without the guard deigning to show himself.

The old man looked at me wonderingly, and, since there was no one else to speak to, I walked up to him, dragging my bag with me, and in my best Dutch asked him whether there was anyone who could assist me with my luggage, and where I was to go?

"Where would the Heer go?" was the equivocal reply.

"To bed," I answered shortly, not that I actually meant it, but the cold and damp made the idea of warm blankets alluring.

"And where would the Heer go to bed?" he inquired in a quietly conversational tone.

Plainly he did not in the least comprehend my position, and was mildly astonished at the eccentricity of a man who seemed to desire to make his night's lodging where he stood.

"That is what I am asking you," I said sharply. "It is very cold here, there is a diabolical mist, and I want to get out of it."

"Get out of it," he repeated slowly.

"Yes! get out of it! You appear to be the only person about and I ask you where I can find lodging, food and a bed?"

"The Heer would go to bed," he said; "where would the Heer go to bed?"

"Oh, hang it all," I cried, vehemently, "that is what you must tell me. I have come here by train from Arnheim; as there is no one to be seen but you, I must request you to find me a place where I may stay the night. It is horribly cold, and I am very wet and very hungry. Now, please tell me where I am to go."

"The Heer would go to bed," he muttered.

My sorely tried temper could stand no more and I seized him by the arm.

"Yes!" I shouted, for evidently he was deaf. "I want to go to bed."

With a strength surprising in one who looked so infirm, he flung off my hand and quickly entering a door behind him, closed it, and I heard the clank of a chain.

For a few minutes I kicked vigorously but without effect; then thinking that I was only fatiguing myself to no purpose, I endeavoured to make my way round the shed and out into the country beyond. It was no easy task as a high wall ran along each side of the line for some distance. I turned, and with much ejaculation stumbled along the rails towards the other end, hoping to find a more accessible place of exit. As I passed the building I became aware that I was being closely watched by two people who were leaning out of a window in the upper storey. I could just distinguish that one was the old official and the other was a woman. I stopped at once.

"Can you tell me where I may find a night's lodging?" I called to the female. Perhaps my miserable plight would appeal to her. "It is very cold, and I am wet through and hungry. I can pay well for any accommodation, and it would be a very Christian act to assist me to find my way, firstly off this line, and secondly to a bed."

"The Heer wants a bed," I heard the old man say.

"And the Heer will pay well for it," his companion replied.

For a minute or two the couple carried on a brisk conversation to the effect that it would be folly to allow one who had money, which he was willing to dispose of, to go further and put it in the pockets of less deserving persons. From this I deduced that the man's power of comprehension had been considerably increased by the knowledge that "the bed" was not required as an act of charity, but as a matter of business.

The light disappeared from the upper window, and in a very few seconds reappeared at the door, which was quickly opened. I ran up the wooden steps.

"Pardon, Heer," the old man said, "but I did not comprehend that you desired to purchase a night's lodging."

"If you had you would not have kept me in the wet all this while," I retorted. "It is a pretty thing if men are to die of cold and starvation outside your door, because they have not chanced to mention that they are willing to pay for accommodation."

"My man is hard of hearing," the woman answered. "Certainly, if he had understood that the Heer had no where to go he would instantly have offered the poor hospitality this house affords."

"He was not hard of hearing when he knew there was money to be made, and when there was a danger of my getting off the line and going to Vrou Krutz' further down the road," I said, sharply, as the purport of their conversation was known to me.

"Vrou Krutz has no accommodation to offer to one of the Heer's quality," she replied. "My man and I will be honoured by the Heer's presence."

The woman at once led the way into a room at the back, in which was a bright fire and a table spread with a cloth.

"I must go to my bedroom at once and change my clothes," I said.

"The Heer would go to his bedroom," reiterated the man. "Where would the Heer——?"

I interrupted him quickly. Evidently deafness had again attacked him.

"Look here! I am going to pay for all I use and have in this house, and, therefore, I shall suit myself when and where I use it. I am going, moreover, to pay for a bedroom, and I want to go to that bedroom immediately without being troubled to find out where it is."

"My man is hard of hearing," the woman said, apologetically; "but if the Heer——"

"No, the Heer won't do anything except go to his bedroom; and, unless he is taken there at once, he will go to Vrou Krutz instead."

The husband and wife shrugged their shoulders, and the former turned and led me upstairs to a small but clean and fairly comfortable apartment. I threw

my bag down and turned to my conductor.

"I am going to change my wet clothes, and it will take about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time I shall come downstairs, and I shall want food."

"But where does——?"

"The Heer expects to find food in your kitchen, and that is where it is to be."

I took the man gently but firmly by the shoulders and pushed him out of the door. Punctually almost to a minute I entered the room beneath, where I found the woman leaning over a large pot which hung above the fire, whilst her husband sat in a chair close to her, smoking the foulest tobacco I ever remember having encountered.

"I am ready for supper," I said cheerfully. My friends have often remarked that I have the most marvellous powers of recuperation.

"The Heer shall be served at once," was the reply.

I seated myself at the table and before long was deep in my meal, which was plain and coarse enough in all conscience. The man smoked the whole time without speaking, while his wife attended assiduously to my wants. When I had finished and had quenched my thirst with a long draught from my flask, I asked whether I might draw my chair up to the fire and light my pipe.

"Of a surety the Heer may do as he will in this house," replied the woman.

For a long while I puffed away in silence, until at length it dawned upon me that it must be past the hour when they were accustomed to partake of their evening meal, and that their idea of what was fit forbade their eating before me. So, early though it was, I rose with the intention of going to my bedroom; as I did so, a deep rumbling in the distance attracted my attention.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The last train," was the response.

The station-master showed no intention of moving.

"I suppose it is an express," I remarked.

"An express! What does the Heer call an express?" inquired the woman.

E

"A fast train ; one that runs through small stations without stopping," I explained.

"Oh, no ! all our trains stop," replied she with evident pride.

"Have you no trains then that go at a decent pace ?" was my next query.

"Why does the Heer expect the trains not to stop ? Surely trains are made to stop."

"Then, if it stops, why does not your husband go out to see it come into the station ?"

They both gazed at me in open-eyed amazement, and then cried with one voice :—

"Why should the Heer expect this ?"

"Because if there are any passengers getting out they might require assistance, or there might be someone getting in who wanted a ticket."

"But where does the Heer expect the passengers to come from ?" was the phlegmatic answer.

In the meanwhile the train had drawn up outside and after blowing off steam for a few minutes resumed its journey and the sound of it died away in the distance. Then I took my candlestick and went meditatively to bed. Truly if I desired to study native simplicity I could not have chosen a better spot.

My bed was comfortable enough, considering all things, and I soon fell asleep.

I was duly called next morning, and my shaving water brought me, although it could only be called hot by the greatest courtesy. During that day I roamed about the surrounding country, and as the fog had cleared away I was able to discover that it was uncultivated and uncivilized enough to realize my greatest expectations. I therefore explained to my hostess that I should be greatly obliged if she could manage to keep me for a little time, and offered liberal terms if she would consent to do so. There did not seem to be any difficulty about it and the best parlour was made over to me. If I had at first visions of getting whatever I wanted sent me by train from Arnheim, I was quickly disillusionised. Neither bribery nor threats would induce any of the stolid guards to undertake, or, indeed, even understand my instructions, and so I was

compelled to "live on the country" in the words of military dispatches. This was disagreeable at first : but after some days I got used to it, and the long walks I took in furtherance of my project of exploration always sent me home with a prodigious and healthy appetite. I began to put on flesh at an alarming rate, and this, combined with my fluency of speech in their own language, gave some sort of credence to the report which the rustics spread, that I was a Dutch noble, or his equivalent, in disguise.

My time, when I was not walking, was busily employed in writing my book, and for this object I used to take my materials and settle myself in a very comfortable spot which I had discovered in a small copse some three miles away from my lodgings. I picked up a certain amount of information from the country folk with whom I came in contact, but it compressed into a very small compass, and the long work I had contemplated seemed likely to boil down into a rather diminutive brochure. However, the life suited me, and I got many very pretty and interesting photographs if I obtained little else of value.

Situated close to my sylvan den was a small farmstead, and when I was lying writing I could often hear the voices of the farmer's wife and daughter, as they fed the fowls or called the cows home at milking time. I would peep through my barricade and watch the scene of fluttering birds fighting over the corn, or of sleepy cows slowly wending their way through mud, ankle deep, in response to the familiar call. I thus learned many details connected with the farm and I was slightly acquainted with the farmer and his family. The man and his five stalwart sons would pass the time of day with a curious mixture of deference and sturdy independence.

One afternoon I went to my retreat armed with paper and pen. For some time my ideas flowed well and I got on apace ; then they failed and I came to a dead stop. A short rest was sometimes all that was necessary to make a re-start easy, so I put down my materials and loaded my pipe, when I found that I had come out without my matches. I did not want to forego my smoke, so I

got up and made my way to the farmhouse and knocked at the door. It was quickly opened by the daughter, a comely damsel of some twenty years.

"Would you be good enough to give me a match to light my pipe with?" I asked.

A bright blush suffused the girl's face, but she nodded assent and went away. For a few minutes she did not return, and in the interval I heard several voices talking eagerly together in the room which she had entered, then three heads peered through the half-opened door, but I could not see to whom they belonged. Presently she returned and I lit my pipe—I spoke a few words to her about the fowls and the crops, and took my departure. When I reached home that evening I was somewhat surprised to meet the farmer and his wife coming out of the house. They nodded in a much more friendly way than usual.

"I did not know that you were so friendly with Farmer Hans," I said to my hostess. To my certain knowledge they had not been near the place since I had entered it.

"The Heer is mistaken if he thinks we are friends of the farmer," replied she.

"But he has been visiting you!"

"There were reasons why Farmer Hans considered it good to come," was the reply.

I shrugged my shoulders and left her. One thing I had learnt; never to persist in my enquiries when the answers given were enigmatical. It so fell out that I chanced to meet the farmer's daughter the three following days, and on each occasion I stopped and spoke a few words to her, which she answered with downcast eyes and rosy cheeks. Once I encountered the farmer, who accosted me with surprising boisterousness, and on the third day I again reached home just as his wife was saying her "farewell" to my hostess.

"The Vrou Hans is a most worthy woman," was the latter's greeting to me.

"Doubtless," I replied. "I think the family are all estimable."

"The Heer does not know what a hardworking girl the Vrou's daughter is, and as a maker of cheese she is superb

—immense," and the woman spread out her hands as expressive of admiration.

"The farmer's cheese is certainly good, considering it is Dutch," I replied, for I knew that I was supplied from the farm.

"And her sewing, cooking, house wifery! The Heer little expected—" but I cut in on the phrase which I had learned to dread.

"I don't know what you may think the Heer little expected, but judging by the lateness of the hour, and the fact that there is no sign of my tea, I should imagine you think that the Heer little expected to get any to-night."

The woman gave me a sly look and made a curious movement of the face which in a more civilised person, I would have sworn was intended for a wink. The following afternoon, whilst I was hard at work in the wood, I heard a sound behind me, and turning my head I saw that Vrou Hans was standing there. I took off my hat courteously, as was my custom.

"Would the Heer grant us the honour of his company at supper?" she asked somewhat breathlessly, for she was well endowed with all too solid flesh.

"I had not yet had an opportunity of being present at a Dutch family gathering, so I promptly accepted. At the appointed hour I stood in the parlour of the farm where I found only the girl waiting to receive me. For some time no one else appeared, nor did there seem to be any sign of supper. She was not greatly gifted with conversational powers, so when I, too, had come to an end of mine, I produced some photographs which I had taken, and which chanced to be in my pocket. She was greatly amazed at the power of reproduction which photography showed, and our heads were very close together as we examined one picture of my English house, when the sound of a cough caused me to look up. The farmer's wife was watching us with a curious smile on her face.

Supper was a sumptuous affair, and there was during its progress much eating and little conversation, but when the cloth was at length taken off and

hot rum punch and tobacco brought in, tongues became loosened.

"Gretel has been busy making her winter gown," the girl's mother informed me *à propos des bottes*.

"Indeed!" I responded, as if the subject interested me, "I trust it won't be required for some time yet."

"And she has made much household linen," the woman continued.

"Our Gretel was always a handy maiden with the needle," interposed Farmer Hans. "The man who has her to wife will gain a prize."

"There is no doubt of that," I answered, with emphasis, as I glanced towards the blushing subject of our conversation.

"Pigs, cows, goats, cheese, butter, eggs—there is nothing she does not understand," said the proud mother. "She will also have some household furniture."

"With her accomplishments and her fortune the man who weds her will not only obtain a treasure, but he will not need to be possessed of much wealth," said I, facetiously.

"We should expect our Gretel's husband to bring something in exchange. If he had not so much knowledge as she has, he would perhaps have lands and money," replied the woman, looking hard at me.

"She might well be the bride of a prince," I said.

"But it chances that her husband-to-be has much knowledge on many subjects. Gretel will mind the house and guard everything, and see that he is not wronged, whilst he does such work as is near his heart."

I now seemed to have got to the bottom of the reason of the girl's blushes.

"Happy man! who is to wed the beautiful Gretel!" I cried, raising my glass to my lips.

"All happiness to Gretel and her husband!" chorused the family—we drank the toast with fervour.

"Now tell me the name of the lucky man," I said.

The farmer stared at me.

"The Heer does not know his name?"

"I have no idea," I answered with conviction.

"The Heer expects" (oh, hated formula!) "that we shall tell him the name of our Gretel's future husband?"

"I hope now that I am admitted as a friend to your house that you will do me this honour."

"But the Heer alone knows his name," said Farmer Hans slowly.

"But how should I know it?"

There was silence for a minute—a silence deep and ominous.

Then one of the sons gave a muttered exclamation, and rising from his chair came to my side.

"Surely the Heer knows his own name?"

"My own name," I said in amazement—even now the truth did not dawn upon me.

"Who else does the Heer expect to know his name, if he does not?" was the fellow's quiet answer.

"Of course I know my own name," I said quickly. "That has nothing to do with the subject unless this person is named after me."

"It has all to do with the subject since the Heer is the man," was the startling answer.

"I am going to marry your sister! Come! man, this is an ill jest to the lady and to me," I said. Surely the fellow was drunk.

All the family were on their feet now with the exception of the prospective bride, who sat with her blushing face hidden in her hands. They all shouted at once, and more than one threatening fist was shaken in my face.

"What is all this foolery?" I cried, when there seemed a chance of making my voice heard.

"Foolery, you call it!" roared the farmer, purple in the face. "Pretty foolery for you if you do not keep your promise."

"I have made no promise."

"He says he has made no promise," exclaimed the family with one voice. I noticed that 'the Heer' was in abeyance.

"And as for marrying Miss Gretel, it is out of the question."

"You will keep your promise and you will marry the girl," shrieked the mother.

"I have made no promise, and I certainly shall not marry the girl," I answered. "I like her very much, but that is not——"

I did not finish the sentence, for one of the men seized me by the shoulder, and demanded—

"Did you not come here and ask Gretel for a light for your pipe?"

"I may have done so, but it has slipped my memory," I replied.

"Liar!" he shouted. "You did do it, and that makes a promise of marriage amongst us, as you well know."

"I don't know," I said, but they did not heed my expostulation.

"Then you have sought her and talked to her, and everyone has looked on you as her betrothed. Why else did you come to-night? Why was she left alone to greet you when you came? Who else but for you has she been sewing and getting ready?"

"And were you not showing her pictures of your home?" cried the mother. "I saw you with your heads together."

"The man is drunk," growled the farmer. "Perchance to-morrow, when his head is clear, he will forget this madness."

I pushed off the hand which had grasped my shoulder and sprang to my feet. How small I seemed amongst these giants, but yet my blood was up.

"Hear me," I shouted. "I knew none of this. I am an Englishman, of birth different to yours, and I cannot, nay, will not marry the girl."

For another moment there was silence; then the farmer said in an ominously quiet voice.

"You did not know this, and you think to gull us by saying you are English? You fool, don't you think we know a countryman when we see and hear him. And you shall wed the girl."

"I tell you I am an Englishman, I can prove it easily enough, and I will not wed the girl," I answered hotly.

"Though you are an Englishman, if that is true, you shall wed her. Do you think we are going to be a scorn and a reproach to the country round, and is our daughter to have the finger of slander pointed at her? You shall

marry her, I say," and he seized my arm.

In a moment I had shaken off the farmer's grip, in the next I had dashed out the light, and springing over the table, rushed through the door, into the dark night.

I ran as I had never run before, and behind me I heard the heavy footsteps of my foes. There was no preconceived idea in my mind as to where I should go: I ran straight ahead, stumbling in the darkness. After a while I dashed against a stone wall and the recoil sent me almost into the arms of the foremost of my pursuers. The man had distanced his fellows, who had apparently missed him in the darkness. At any rate, it was man to man. He muttered an oath as he tried to seize me; I turned on him quickly, and, before he realized it, I had closed with him; the advantage was with me, and I managed to throw him, and ere he had regained his feet I was off again. The fellow began to shout loudly, and I heard the others reply. I followed the wall, and, as luck would have it found myself in a few minutes at my lodgings; I rushed in and slammed the door. The station-master and his wife came out to meet me.

"What has come to the Heer?" cried my landlady, raising her hands in astonishment. "Where is the Heer's hat, and look at his clothes?"

"I have had an accident," I answered quickly. "Lock that door and I will tell you."

I sank panting into a chair. The door was promptly fastened and they stood waiting for me to speak.

"Who did you think Farmer Hans' daughter was about to wed?" I demanded.

"Who does the Heer expect——?" began the woman.

"I expect nothing, but did you know that the farmer thought I was going to wed her?"

"Of a surety—who else? Has not the Heer had his pipe lit by her, has not the Heer——?"

"No, the Heer has not, and he isn't going and never intended to marry the girl. It is a foolish custom, that of yours, and I knew nothing about it,

I am an Englishman, and I won't marry her."

"The Heer an Englishman! We thought the Heer was a Noble of Hol-land!"

"A Dutchman!" I cried with disgust.

"Surely, does he not look it and speak like it? But the Heer is bound to keep his promise; how does the Heer expect to escape from it?"

"Through the window, if necessary. Good heavens! there are those blood-hounds again."

A loud knocking sounded at the outer door.

"If you touch that door, I will kill you," I hissed. "If you don't I will pay you."

They hesitated. The prospect of being paid for their assistance was alluring, but on the other hand they had a certain hereditary loyalty to the social tradition of their countrymen on this subject.

"If you will only keep those people out for ten minutes, I will give you six weeks' board and lodging money," I said.

The woman's eyes glistened, and I followed up my advantage.

"And besides that I will give your husband a coat, and you my silk scarf. Be quick!" I almost shouted, as the outer door gave a groan, as if a weight was pressing against it.

"What does the Heer intend to do?" she asked.

"Get away as quickly as possible," I replied.

"And where would our money be then?"

I drew out my purse, and hastily counting out the promised sum held it towards her. She put out her hand and took it, and as she did so the door began to give way. I hurried out of the room and upstairs. As I reached the top I heard my pursuers clattering into the kitchen. I dashed through an open door, closing it after me, and found myself in my hostess's bedroom. Very quietly I turned the key, and crept noiselessly to the window. The night was dark, and it was raining fast. I had left my overcoat and hat behind me at the farm, and dared not go to my own

room for my waterproof and cap, so, striking a match, I looked round me to see if there was anything I could borrow instead. Luckily there was a long cloak of somewhat sombre material hanging over the bottom of the bedstead, with a hood attached. This I "commandeered," and threw round my shoulders, pulling the hood over my head. Then I took a coin from my pocket and placed it in a conspicuous place, hoping that the landlady would realise that it was in payment. The sound of angry voices and the tread of feet on the stairs made me fling open the window. For one minute I paused, then as the footsteps stopped on the landing outside the door I let myself down and dropped. It was not a great depth, although quite sufficient to give me a very unpleasant jar. My enemies had fortunately not left one of their number on guard, so I slipped away unseen and in a very few minutes found myself on the railway line.

My escape must have been quickly discovered, because I soon heard loud shouts in the distance. Panting and exhausted, I rushed onwards, falling over the lines and hitting against the telegraph poles. When at last I sank breathlessly against the side of the cutting in which I found myself, I felt that I could do no more, and that if they came up I should be unable to make any resistance. There was no sound except the pattering of the rain, and as the silence continued I began to hope that after all I had baffled them. And so indeed it was. I saw and heard no more of them, and making my way slowly, with many rests, I walked on until day began to break. With the first rays of the rising sun, I heard the dull rumbling of a train in front of me.

A wild idea came into my head. Surely it would be no hard matter to board the passing train, which was certain to be abnormally slow, and as the guards never did anything but eat and doze, I was hardly likely to be discovered. Once safely ensconced, I would go to the next big town, passing my late abode, and then by some circuitous route make my way to the sea and home to England. Luckily, I was well

supplied with money and trusted to that to help me.

The train soon came in sight—it was a goods. I crouched by the side of the line and waited as it crawled towards me. There was no danger in trying my plan, and as it passed I made a leap at one of the trucks, and, catching the top swung myself up. It was a low flat one, evidently intended to carry wood, with no sides and absolutely devoid of shelter, so I leapt from it on to the one following which was loaded with bags full, I imagine from their hardness, of sand or cement. Amongst these I managed to make a resting place, well hidden from view. In a short time we crawled into the station with which I was so well acquainted. All seemed still, and I could not resist peeping over the side. As we passed the house, I saw my late landlady gazing out of the familiar upper window. She must have seen me, though I doubted her

recognising my face under the heavy hood which encircled it. Possibly she may have known her cloak, for as I dropped down on to my improvised bed I heard her give a shriek and the hated words, "What does the Heer—?" were borne on the breeze to my ears.

Two days later I arrived, weary, haggard, and prematurely aged, at the Hook; then, without molestation, went on board a steamer, and at length once more landed on English soil. All danger now seemed over. There was, I felt sure, no extradition law which could send an Englishman over to Holland to be forcibly wedded to a Dutch farmer's daughter.

But I had left all my notes and writings behind, and so the great work on "The Habits and Customs of the Dutch Peasant" still remains to be written.



Ah, sighing grass! Ah, trees that know not rest!
All life of earth pressing to ends afar,
Heart's flight of man and hurry of every star—
What go ye forth to find? Where ends your quest?



A LITTLE SERMON.

The virtue we may most profitably practice is self-denial, whereby beloved brethren, we may deny ourselves the pleasures of early rising, the staid satisfaction of sobriety, the advantages of thrift, and the vainglorious pride that comes of resisting the tendency to acquire a good share of this world's goods. Let us all practice self-denial.



The rite of marriage is the highest of all the rites because it consecrates the most difficult and rebellious of all the elements.



It is easy to believe in the connection between "olive branches" and peace until you hear the squalls of a family of small children.



Q. "How long is a Sabbath day's journey?" A. "Three miles, unless you can bear up until the opening of the local hostelry."

MY MIRACLE

THE sea had left on either hand
 A shining waste of golden sand,
 An empty void beneath the sky,
 Between the water and the land.

But as the waves their right resigned
 To the wide beach, they left behind
 A tiny sea-pool, calm and clear,
 Their delegate, for me to find.

No ripple broke its noontide rest,
 The breeze seemed hushed to stillness lest
 A kiss should break its charmed repose;
 The clouds were mirrored on its breast.

In idle fancy, so it fell,
 It came on me to break the spell:
 Into the waters as they slept
 I dropped a little curling shell.

It struck the surface—from the place
 The circles widened for a space:
 I watched them till they died away
 But never two would interlace.

So Nature answered to my mood;
 Though I but dimly understood
 The meaning of her rhythmic sign:
 Yet all is well and life is good.

SIDNEY ALLNUPT.



The realisation of the soul's present limitations is the first step towards the widening of its borders.



The law of birth is also the law of re-birth.



Noah is the one figure in history who, because he feared the water, went to sea.



The lapse from the absolute reason is a lapse towards death.

AUSTRALIA AND THE POPULATION QUESTION



HAVE before me the Australian Year Book compiled by Mr. Henry Heylin Hayter, officially an Australian Government statist, and in his spare time a poet of no particular merit. I do not propose to quote any of Mr. Hayter's verse, but the very fact that he wrote it would seem to prove that he recognised the necessity for imagination in the man who would deal with statistics. The Year Book remains, however, to convict its compiler of all the mathematical dogmatism of the statistician, and but little of the prevision of the seer. Thus we find him venturing upon prophecy, and predicting that in 1901 the population of the continent would be 5,678,029, and 32,782,290 in 1951. His calculations, based on the rate of increase of population maintained through a number of years, are unsailable on the score of exactness. His only mistake lay in supposing that the rate of increase would be maintained in the future as in the past.

Mr. Hayter did not live to learn how disastrously his estimate would be falsified, and for information on this score we must consult Mr. T. Coghlan, now the leading authority on Australian statistics. From his annual compilation, "The Seven Colonies of Australasia," it appears that the population of the Commonwealth, as enumerated at the census of 1901, was 3,771,715; leaving the very considerable deficit of 1,906,314 on the estimate of Mr. Hayter. The three main causes contributing to this extraordinary deficit were (1) the decline in the Australian birth-rate; (2) the almost complete cessation of

immigration; and (3) the emigration of population to other countries.

Only figures can do justice to the surprising decrease which has taken place in the birth-rate, and the following table is therefore drawn from Mr. Coghlan's work, showing the rates of birth and death during corresponding periods, and the consequent access to population due to the preponderance of births over deaths.

Per Thousand.			
Period.	Birth rate.	Death rate.	Excess.
1861-65	42.29	16.98	25.31
66-70	39.46	16.01	23.45
71-75	36.85	15.58	21.27
76-80	35.09	15.54	19.55
81-85	34.92	15.36	19.56
86-90	35.02	14.51	20.51
91-95	32.32	13.27	19.05
96-1900	27.62	12.73	14.89

A comparison may be instituted with the figures for the United Kingdom and the more important countries of Europe, in order to show that it is only by reason of a remarkably low death rate that the excess of births over deaths in this new country keeps pace with that in the Old World.

Per Thousand.			
	Birth rate.	Death rate.	Excess of births.
United Kingdom	29.32	18.38	10.94
German Empire	36.15	22.47	13.68
Netherlands	32.66	18.62	14.04
France	22.18	21.59	0.59
Austria	37.24	27.06	10.18
Italy	35.59	24.65	10.94
Denmark	30.45	17.77	12.68
Norway	30.36	16.45	13.91
Sweden	27.22	16.38	10.84
Belgium	28.84	19.19	9.65

It will be seen that the most serious decline took place in the last decade,

when the birth-rate fell from 35 to 27·6 per thousand of population, the latter rate being lower than that of any European country, save France and Sweden. The serious nature of this decline impelled Mr. Coghlan to make some investigations into the question of child-birth in Australia, and these led him to the following conclusions:

- (1) That for all women the proportion of fruitful marriages is decreasing.
- (2) That amongst fruitful women the birth-rate is much reduced.
- (3) That Australian-born women do not bear as many children as European women who emigrate to Australia.

Further investigation caused him to abandon the third of these conclusions, while confirming the others, and the general attention attracted by his paper dealing with the subject led to the appointment of a Commission in New South Wales to enquire into the matter.

The report of the Commission, issued as recently as March 4th, is the result of forty sittings, and of the examination of nearly one hundred witnesses. It declares that "in the belief that personal interests and ambitions, a high standard of ease, comfort and luxury, are the essential aims of life, and that these aims are best attained by refusing to accept the consequences which nature has ordained shall follow from marriage, people have neglected, and are neglecting, their true duty to themselves, to their fellow-countrymen, and to posterity."

The Report considers at length the moral and material aspects of the subject. Some of its suggestions aim at the reduction in the present mortality of infant life. It is further recommended that steps be taken to relieve the congestion of population in cities, and to encourage immigration.

In commenting on this report, an attempt has been made to connect the decline in the birth-rate with an alleged indifference to religious precepts, due to the secular system of State education prevalent throughout Australia. It should be observed, however, that the declining birth-rate has been accompanied by an indifference on the part of

the people of Australia, shown through their Governments, to the advantages of any access of population by immigration, an indifference that could not be logically connected with the absence of Bible-teaching in State Schools. It has been further accompanied by an exodus of population from some parts of Australia to South Africa and New Zealand. The assumption that the birth-rate in a new country should be higher than elsewhere is rightly based on the opportunities such a country affords for obtaining employment and an advance in material prosperity. It may not be unfair, then, to conjecture that the decline of the Australian birth-rate to a level slightly below that of Europe, when accompanied by the absence of immigration, and a tendency to emigrate, is due to a close approximation of the conditions of Australian life with those of life in older countries.

The importance of the Australian cities, and the abnormal proportion of the population absorbed by them, is a matter of common knowledge and frequent reference. The inequality in the conditions of town and country life is not so generally understood, although it goes far to account for this congestion of population. Social legislation in Australia has advanced to a stage justly described as experimental, but almost its entire benefit is reaped by those employed in the cities and the mines. For these the laws provide short hours of labour, a high minimum wage, old-age pensions (in some States), and other benefits conducing to a high standard of comfort. The agricultural or pastoral labourer shares none of these privileges. He must work from dawn to dusk, and beyond it; his wage is decided by competition, and his wanderings from one State to another deprive him of even the prospective dole for his old age. Of late years, when the primary producing industries have been seriously affected by dry seasons, employment has been irregular and difficult to obtain. As a consequence, the cities have been crowded with men out of employment, clamouring for work from the Government and rendering the positions of the employed less secure.

These are the considerations that have

induced in the governments an indifference to the advantages of a policy of encouraging immigration, and in the powerful labour organisations, a jealousy of newly arriving competitors for the city employment that is already insufficient for those seeking it. They are also the considerations that cause prudent married folk, in Australia, as elsewhere, to reflect seriously upon the responsibilities of educating and starting in life a large family. In the meantime, it will be said, there is the great empty Continent of Australia, calling for men to till its fertile plains and develop the wonderful resources it has been proved to possess. Why do not the people go upon the land ?

In the past, the occupation of the land has been retarded by the isolated position of Australia and the limited extent of the local market. The recent improvements effected in the means for transporting products of a perishable nature have opened for the farmer markets formerly beyond his reach, and have produced a land hunger which the Australian governments are temporarily unable to satisfy. The desirable lands, accessible to the seaports and suitable for close settlement, have passed into the hands of land companies and private individuals, and can only be obtained by purchase at a price determined by competition. In the meantime, they are employed for pastoral purposes, maintaining a few hundreds of population, when they might well be occupied by hundreds of thousands. To resume the possession of these lands, and to provide the machinery for their beneficial occupation, is one of the tasks before the State Governments, hampered as they are at the present time by financial difficulties, due to the overconstruction of railways and other public works. There remain the lands "out-back," to use the Australian phrase, most of which are still the property of the Governments. The disadvantages of these areas lie in their remoteness, and in the unreliability of their climatic conditions, apart from any considerations of fertility of soil.

When it is remembered that Australia

has practically no navigable rivers, the importance of this question of position will be readily recognised. The producer who is confronted at the outset by the necessity of finding a foreign market for his wares and can hope for no cheap water carriage to his seaport, is severely handicapped even though the freight on the State railways is reduced to the lowest possible figure. The railways themselves do not lead to the nearest or most convenient port ; they have all been constructed to feed the capital city of the State. And so it comes that the producers in some districts must pay freight over several hundred miles, while an excellent, but inaccessible, seaport remains close at hand. The climatic conditions of the Australian interior form a still more effective obstacle in the way of its agricultural occupation. The average rainfall of one half the continent amounts to but ten inches in the year. Nor can this be reckoned upon with any certainty. In such circumstances, no policy of settling the interior could well be successful, nor is it in any way necessary while the fertile and well-watered coastal districts remain unoccupied to so great an extent.

It would be difficult to estimate how far the increase of Australian population has been affected by the causes referred to, viz. : the lack of an unlimited market for agricultural products at the outset, and the difficulty in obtaining suitable land when foreign markets have been opened for the farmer. It is certain that in Western Australia, where a good local market was provided by the discovery of important new gold fields, and where abundance of agricultural land may be obtained on favourable conditions, settlement has gone on apace, and the population has increased at a rate that is altogether satisfactory. There has been another cause, however, that has acted openly and directly upon the continent of Australia, reducing its wealth year by year, paralysing its commerce, and driving some of its people to other countries in search of more favourable conditions. This havoc has been wrought by the succession of dry

seasons, which began in 1892 and culminated in 1902.

During this prolonged drought, which has had no parallel in Australian history, the flocks of the Commonwealth, numbering 106,000,000 sheep in 1891, were reduced by quite one-half, and the loss in other live stock was equally serious. Some of the farming districts suffered in a proportionate degree. The effect of the drought upon the agricultural interest is best shown by the yield of wheat in the good year of 1903, when a low estimate of the crop accounted it at 76,000,000 bushels. In 1901, it was only 38,000,000 bushels, and only 12,360,000 bushels in the following year. It is the fashion to attribute the little progress made by the Commonwealth during the last decade of the nineteenth century to the Australian neglect to encourage the growth of her population; but it would seem more accurate to say that the increase of population was retarded by this unavoidable setback in the prosperity of the country. When the table given above is examined, it will be noticed that the serious decline in the birth-rate coincides with the series of calamitous dry seasons that began with the year 1892. It may further be pointed out that Western Australia, which has suffered less from drought and commercial depression than any other of the Australian States, can point to a birth-rate appreciably higher than that of any of its neighbours. These two circumstances alone would seem to establish a connection between the declining birth-rate, and the temporary set-back to the pastoral and commercial prosperity of Australia caused by the drought.

In 1903 the drought broke up, and the Commonwealth enjoyed the best season experienced for very many years. The experience of the past goes to show that these good years, as well as the dry ones, move in cycles, and the Australians are consequently looking forward to a succession of good seasons. The recuperative power of the Continent in favourable conditions has often been

proved, and those who predict that Australia is at the threshold of a new era of prosperity are not claiming too much, if the good seasons postulated really come to pass. Already attention is being directed to the re-stocking of pastures abandoned in the worst years of drought, and at the same time a movement is being initiated for attracting part of the surplus population of the old world to Australia.

The most encouraging feature of the new policy of immigration is the frank recognition of the real necessities of the Commonwealth in this direction. Australia needs no access to her city population, and before introducing new settlers to the country, districts must be prepared with suitable land to place at their disposal. The locked-up lands on the eastern coast must be thrown open before Australia will be able to afford inducements to the British emigrant comparable to those offered by the Dominion of Canada at the present time. And, until Australia can compete with its great colonial rival on equal terms, there is but little chance of attracting the class of emigrant for which the Australian people are unanimous in stipulating. It may be held certain that any emigration propaganda by Australia in Great Britain will be preceded by more liberal land laws locally, and by some imitation of the land resumption policy so successfully prosecuted in New Zealand.

The opportunity for encouraging immigration will, probably, be seized by the Australian Governments. The arrest of the declining birth-rate remains, however, with the people. The figures for 1901-2 show unfortunately a still further decline on those given for the end of the century—slight, but distinctly appreciable. The effect of the commission which has just issued its report cannot fail to be a good one; for, although little can be hoped from any attempt to enforce the suggestions made, it contains an appeal to the good sense and patriotism of the people of Australia that can hardly fail of its effect.

THE HOME-COMING

By Walter Riddall



I WAS coming home from Port Said at the time, as a passenger on a tramp called *The Merry Polly*, and the red-haired chap booked a passage for London the very evening we sailed. He came aboard about dusk, I remember, wrapped up to the goggles in a greasy clout of old muffler, and coughing mighty hard with the coal-dust. Never seen them coaling at Port Said? No? Well, it's a treat in the way of dirt. We were just taking in the last ton or so, and things were pretty grimy, I can tell you. A sort of gritty haze enveloped everything, getting into your eyes and ears, and making a decent man into a sweep. Well, the man scrambled on board, as I've said, dumped a bit of a tin box on the deck—all the luggage he had—and stood looking about him, his head cocked up as if he didn't see much through the goggles and was trying to sniff his whereabouts. Queerest-looking chap you ever saw. A long rag of a man, as you might say, in a black suit a size too small for him, with trousers showing a good width of white sock above his boot tops. There was nothing of his face to be seen hardly at all—just the goggles glinting a-top of the muffler, and a soft felt hat sitting on top of the goggles. It was only when he was in the cabin with his hat off that I saw his hair was red. Red as carrots, and standing straight up all over his scalp like stubble. He spoke in a squeaky voice, too, that didn't seem to belong to him, somehow. For he was on the tall side, and you'd have put him down at forty or thereabouts at once, while the voice he spoke with was more like a choir boy's than

anything else. Anyway, I left him in his cabin arranging things and went on deck again. The pilot was just coming up the side to take us out, and I could hear old West, the skipper, fuming on the bridge with his whistle, and the mate fuming back from the bow. What with that going on intermittently all the time, the clattering all over the iron decks and general bustle everywhere, I forgot about the red-haired chap till I went up on to the poop when we began to move. There he was, leaning over the rail, buttoned up in an ulster. He seemed to be watching the screw going round and remained with his back to me. Incidentally, I was wondering what sort he was, and admiring the lights streaming past on the banks, with the long reflections of them broken up into glittering bits behind us by the big ripples we made. It was a fine night, implacably dark low down a-head, but the sky above the masts a perfect galaxy of stars, and the spaces of smooth water on either side star-spangled too. Behind us, all the illuminations of the town were coming together into one mass of orange-glow on the night's background. Fine, it was, and what with all that sort of thing and the strains of a banjo somebody was handling, reaching us, I wasn't in much form for talk, but just sat on the cabin sky-light admiring. The red-haired chap still hung over the rail watching the screw churning. He turned round when we were at the end of the outer channel, slowing up to drop the pilot. I thought he said something about the night.

"Beautiful," said I, standing up and stretching myself.

"Eh!" he piped, shrilly, and at that I

saw I'd made a mistake, and started to explain. But, Lord, he was a rum fish—didn't seem to hear what I was saying one little bit. Seemed pre-occupied and absentminded, and at last turned right round and stood staring back at the land and the intervening blackness that was dotted all over with the little red and green and yellow lights of the traffic like a railway junction.

Hardly another word did I get out of him. He let off a few commonplace remarks after a little, and then, without so much as a "Good night," or any other ordinary civility, went below, and I didn't see him again for a couple of days. Yes, sick as you like! I could hear him groaning every time the old boat leaped. It was a regular ding-dong of a swell we got into, you see, and the *Merry Polly* behaved worse than most of her class, which is saying a lot.

The second day out, with the weather blue, although the sea was still a bit lumpy, and crawling all over with foam, he put in an appearance for a few minutes, looking mighty bad. Even the goggles looked as if they'd been having a time of it. West was walking up and down the poop smoking a vile thing in the way of a cigar, and I saw him get one whiff of it as we went up suddenly on top of a swell, and with that he scuttled below again like a rabbit.

"Rum cuss, that!" said West, spitting over the rail from the middle of the poop, a thing you couldn't beat him at. "Going home to see the wife and kids, too! Queer, a fellow like that having kids."

"You bet!" said I, for though I couldn't explain it, it did seem funny. And just then West cocked an eye forward, cursed, and took himself off, muttering something or other about mates in general, and a certain one in particular.

Well, the "red-haired chap," as everyone got to call him, stuck below in his bunk for the rest of that evening. He was up on deck, however, the next morning before I was, sniffing the air and enjoying the calm that had fallen. Beautifully calm, it was too, with great white globulous clouds

bulging out over the horizon line, and the sea polished steel. The first sight I had of him was the white socks, as I came up the companion-stairs, for he stuck to that one shrunk suit—stuck to it the entire voyage, and from the look of it very likely slept in it. He was at his favourite job—watching the screw go round, and he'd been feeding the gulls with bread or something, and a little crowd of them hung screaming over our wake behind, like a handful of whirling snowflakes. He seemed more friendly on this particular morning. Quite friendly, in fact. And it wasn't very long till we were chatting away together in almost a bosom-friendly way, so to speak. And a decent enough sort I found him—squeaky voice, shrunk suit, goggles and all, and so, as I've said, we got quite chummy. And the funny part of it was he'd got the religion—got it pretty badly too in his own queer way. Been doing the missionary touch, in fact, out in India or China or somewhere, which explains the black suit. But for all that there was no harm in him. Decent and friendly and innocent. I remember the first night he put in an appearance at the engineer's cabin, where the "Chief," West and myself, were hard at it at nap, with a good fat whisky bottle conspicuous on the table. The place was as hot as hell, and full of the shooting of the machinery, and the Chief didn't look too nice, with his shirt open to the waist near. No, the red-haired chap didn't say a blessed word; but Lord! he looked things, as he stood there, blocking up the doorway, watching us. The Chief cocked an eye at him, went nap and got it, expressing satisfaction in his own way—he came from Glasgow—and with that the missionary whisked himself out of the door in a flash. It was just as if somebody had picked him up bodily from behind, he went that quick. He never returned near the engineer's cabin again, contenting himself with the poop and the after part of the ship.

We were coming up to Malta before he opened out much on the subject of home and the wife and kids. To be sure, he talked a bit about them, more or less, from the start, but just in a general vague kind of way as any man might do

who had been away from home for a matter of years and was looking forward to getting back. But passing Malta, he opened out proper, and I could see the way it was with him. Clean sick for home, he was. Just that. I was leaning over the rails admiring the gorgeous sails of the Maltese fishing boats—the sea was literally aflame with them—and the white dots of houses glittering all over the blue hills, when he came and found me. There was a yellow-funnelled complicated-looking arrangement in the way of a gun-boat lying close in shore and he started on that. Gassed no end about Britain, and the waves and all that sort of thing for a quarter of an hour on end. And once started, he went right on. Vamped pure rot nearly all the time about things you and I saw through when we were little better than youngsters. But that's always the way with these goody chaps. There he was—a middle-aged man, college education and all the rest of it; travelled round a bit in his time, too, and he might never have been out of a country village for all he knew about things. And I just listened, letting him talk his heart out. It was funny to hear him going on. All his notions had been picked up just anyhow, as you might say. High-sounding phrases and a long string of big empty words out of books and sermons, and so forth. Mighty fine, and none of them his own. He'd never, as it were, seen anything with his own eyes all his life. Beats me entirely. But, all the same, there was something past decency in the man. He stood there, as queer-looking a fish as you'd wish to see with the long-short trousers, white socks showing, goggles and all, flapping rot, and yet you couldn't help liking him. Sort of child he was at heart; just a child, and he couldn't have hid it even if he'd wanted to.

"Oh!" he'd say, in that queer, piping voice of his, "I can't tell you what I feel, Mr. — er, ah, Malley"—my name, you know—"it's like going home from school, only more so—you know the feeling!" And, of course, I always did know. Where was the use in not?

"They'll hardly know me by now," he'd go on, referring to the kids,

"hardly know me, Haven't been much of a parent, Mr. Malley. My work, of course, has first claim. I sometimes think it is a mistake," he blurted out once, and then stopped dead, as if he was going to say something he oughtn't to and went off on another tack. But I could see he was still thinking about those blessed kids all the while.

Well, that was the way of him. "Home and friends so dear" sort of thing was the burden of his song. He'd keep it up for hours, talking about the kids, and throwing in an odd word about their mother in a half shy way as if he was still a youngster courting. From morning to evening it was the same, and the sea would be cold and shapeless generally before he'd leave off, with the wake of the steamer shot through the grey fabric of things like a white thread.

Right up to the "Rock," that was the programme. All day, listening to the missionary vamping nonsense, and at night trying to win money off the Chief at nap. We passed the "Rock" at dusk; passed close in to it with its black mass twinkling with many lights like so many glow-worms stuck all over it. Great sight it was. The sky was getting hard and incandescent before we turned in from admiring things that night.

Up to Finisterre the weather held. Blue and cloudless all the time, and the sea polished and crisp like cut sapphire. Then things began to change, a dirty, yellow greasy fog coming down and cutting the boat in two by the bridge. The white funnel loomed out of it, ghost-like. A heavy swell set in, too; big grey, dripping seas sliding along with a great sound of sucking through the fog. You could hear the crests of them snarling all round everywhere. One got the *Merry Polly* right behind, sending her headlong with a rush, and from the shouting that went up from the panting engine, and little propellor racing madly in empty space, you'd have sworn she was alive. The missionary chap clutched hold of a ventilator, clinging on for dear life, with a sickly green hue in the hollows of his cheeks. His hat went flying, and there he was embracing the ventilator with both

arms, red hair conspicuous in the grey mist and goggles all askew. It was a sight to "make a cat laugh," as they say.

I got hold of his hat for him, and he made tracks for below, nearly lighting on his head going down the companion stairs, and there he stuck, till the fog lifted, which it did when the Bay was half crossed. Then he came on deck for a whiff of fresh air. And fine and fresh it was—a good capful of it, in fact, right broadside on. The *Merry Polly* was near smothered, shouting tremendous, with her deck streaming. It was just as if she'd been deluged with soda-water, and the swish and smack of it from side to side went on interminably. But it was clear overhead and around, and that was the main thing. So long as we weren't smothered in fog, we didn't care, for, with all the liners and promiscuous traffic generally, to be cleared, fogs are no joke in the Bay.

The missionary seemed to enjoy things well enough. Got accustomed to the lurching of the boat, and stayed up on the poop taking stock. He didn't talk much—couldn't, in fact, if he wanted—the wind kept up such a crying and piping in what little rigging we had; but he was cheery. He couldn't stand the whiffs he got of my pipe though, getting to windward of me to avoid them, and that was the cause of the whole affair. I don't quite know even yet, how it happened, but he slipped, and it was all over in a moment. Slipped on the wet planks, clutched wildly and grotesquely at nothing, and came down on the iron deck below with a sickening crunch. His head got doubled under him somehow, and he never said another word. As he fell, the *Merry Polly* dug half the

side out of a swell—near a ton of water coming over the side with a flop—and he was washed into the lea-scuppers, rolling there till we lifted him into the cabin. Lord! it's queer to see a man you've been talking with one minute—same as I am with you—lying the next all white and pinched in the face with death. You know the look—no matter how it happens, the face always looks pinched somehow. So that was the end of the missionary. And I tell you, as I looked at him lying there in the narrow bunk, goggles off—they were smashed into bits—red hair flaming on the pillow, white face of him and all, I did feel queer. It was just as if all my feelings were up in my throat, so to speak. I liked the chap, you see.

We brought him home, and I was deputed to break the news to his widow. Nice enough little thing she was, too. All gush, and that style, and pretty enough to eat, with her flaxen hair and big blue eyes, like a doll's. Out Hammersmith way she lived, in a tiny red-brick house—one of a terrace—with a strip of green lawn in front, and the afternoon I got there she was in the drawing-room talking to a lean, hungry-looking curate, about a bazaar or something or other. Cadaverous-looking chap he was, with big lantern jaws, and he'd a way of looking at her that told me things in less than one minute. She knew it, too, I guess. Blubbered, and all that, of course, when I broke the news; and the curate went pink and then white, finally taking himself off. But she showed him to the front door herself all the same. Just shows you never know where women are concerned. . . . No, she didn't marry him, after all, you see. Took his Rector instead.



DORA: "Poor Tom complains that he has no peace of mind now he is married."

GERALD: "That's strange, because his wife is continually giving him pieces of her's."

VANQUISHED

By Mrs. Chan Toon



HE Halpin Road had a fair sprinkling of carriages and pedestrians. It was just at the hour of the luminous mingling of the dying day and the coming night. The sun had burned itself quite out in red gold flames behind the Pagoda. The band was playing on the lawn at the Gymkhana. A big black cloud of flying foxes winged their flight against the sky, while two ladies in an *astai* going victoria sat absorbed in conversation.

"No, my dear, although George was a great friend of ours, I certainly shall not know her," concluded the elder of the two in tones of conviction.

"Why not, dear Mrs. McChatter?" enquired her companion timidly.

"Need you ask? Have you not heard what every one says, that her husband divorced her or she him; I am not quite sure which, but it is all the same to me. I think George King after his ten years here ought to have known better." Mrs. McChatter pursed her thin lips together in grim disapproval.

"She is very good looking," ventured the listener after a few seconds.

"Do you think so? Well, I can't say that I agree with you. She is not *my* style."

It would have been somewhat difficult to have found anyone who was Mrs. McChatter's style, and if found it is extremely doubtful whether they would have been any body else's.

"She has lovely bronze hair," put in poor little Mrs. Campbell, who was the gentlest of women, and saw good in everyone.

"Bronzed, my love, not bronze; there is a difference," was the quick retort.

Mrs. Campbell sighed. Mrs. McChatter was clearly up in arms against the new-comer, and Mrs. Campbell

knew what that meant, for Mrs. McChatter laid down the law to a very large set.

"Don't you think you are just a *little* hard?" protested Anthony Campbell's wife, as the carriage drew up for her to get out. "*We* don't even know the rights or the wrongs of the story, do we?"

"I don't think I am hard, but if I were," conceded the lady, "it's the fault of the climate. I was an angel before I came here, ready to forgive anyone anything."

This was a favourite remark of Mrs. McChatter's, usually made, however, in her husband's absence, for his weary smile seemed to imply that he knew better.

"Still, I shan't call on George's wife, and neither must you," were her last words, as she nodded her head and drove off.

Mrs. McChatter practically took the lead in Rangoon in the days when the place was younger and small enough to be dominated by one person, and David McChatter ably seconded her, for, from the hour when he had figuratively laid his heart at her ample feet, and crowned that rash act by a proposal, moved thereunto, as he firmly believed afterwards, by some excellent dry champagne and the evil one, he had never contradicted or crossed her.

He was high on the official ladder, and his wife, who secretly believed Salvation did not lie outside the Civil List, soon became the sum and centre of all movements, social or otherwise, and for twelve long years had held undisputed sway.

In person, she was a thin, sallow woman, hungrily jealous, with a tongue like a two-edged sword.

When she had first burst in her

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aggressive fashion on Rangoon, the inhabitants had been disposed to resent her entrance into the sacred precincts of their society; they had done their utmost to find out who she was, and where she had come from—they decided at once that she was too plain to have been either a barmaid or an actress—but although they worked hard to elicit information as to her antecedents, it was all in vain, and the question had at length been dropped.

People accepted her in the present as a very prominent member of the community; name on all lists of charities—those charities that entail committee meetings, a balance-sheet printed in the local papers, a vote of thanks, and perhaps a concert or a ball—that was how Mrs. McChatter understood charity; voice raised loudly against any woman younger or nicer than herself; regular church-goer—went to church as she went to the Gymkhana, because it was a social gathering, and not to go looked queer; frequent dinner-giver and ever ready to be an elder sister to nice young men, telling them whom to call on and whom not, and generally leading them along the right road; in all of which good works she was ably seconded by her great friend, Mrs. Parvo. Wonderful woman, Mrs. Parvo—wonderful in the sense that she was one of the biggest snobs in the confines of all Asia, and was not ashamed of it. This lady's beautiful humility had earned for her the soubriquet of "The Doormat."

Mrs. McChatter and Mrs. Parvo were close friends—friends inasmuch as they never abused each other in absence, made common cause against the rest of their kind, and would greet each other at a party with, "My dearest dear, how charming you look!" while each thought of the other "She grows plainer every day."

Needless to say that Mrs. Parvo was at one with her chief as to who was eligible for their set and who not. Mrs. Parvo honestly believed that their set was the antechamber to Heaven.

Mrs. McChatter and Mrs. Parvo were tiffening together of what the Khansa-

mah was pleased to call "Beef Russells," and their tongues wagged far faster than the Mandelay mail.

"No, I never liked George Rex," declared Mrs. McChatter. "We called him 'Rex' to distinguish him from old General King. I never liked him since he stayed here with David when I was last at home: he used my room, and he found a pencil for making veins, in the drawer of the dressing-table. I only had it for fancy dress, as you may imagine, but he made no end of odious jokes about blue blood and all the rest, and I never forgave him, never!"

Mrs. McChatter's mouth described two hard lines as she spoke.

"I should think not," promptly responded her guest. "How perfectly horrid of him! But I never did think he was a gentleman, if you remember. I told you that Mrs. Findout told me his father was in some very small business way." Mrs. Parvo spoke in a voice of pained sorrow.

"I should not be a bit surprised," agreed Mrs. McChatter, adding, as she helped herself to chutney, "personally I hate commerce of any sort. You see, my father was a man of property." The lady pronounced it propertty, and did not think it necessary to add that it was principally other people's. "So, you see, we never met commercial people."

"Oh, there's nothing like a profession!" Mrs. Parvo remarked sententiously. Then, lowering her voice a little, and leaning over the table she enquired: "Have you found out anything fresh about his wife?"

"No, my dear, I am sorry to say I haven't," answered her hostess. "I can't hear anything beyond that George met her at Eastbourne, where she was living under a cloud, but Dr. Beecham—what a dear, good-natured soul he is—has promised to write this mail and try to get hold of her other name; then we shall be on the right track. By the way, did you see her at the Gym last evening, the way she looked at us all? Outrageous! No woman can afford to look like that unless her husband is about to retire."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Parvo said quickly, as she leant forward nibb-

ling biscuits; "but what do you think she said to Charlie Anderson? That the first duty of a woman in the East was not to wear a sailor hat."

Mrs. McChatter's brows contracted ominously.

"Did she?" she exclaimed, "well just wait till I find out all about her—meanwhile, I should say that the first duty of a woman anywhere is to keep out of the Divorce Court."

Mrs. Parvo smiled faintly and remarked, "But she is Irish, you know," as if the fact of being Irish explained any eccentricity, as well as reflecting vaguely on one's moral character.

"Irish or not, she is outrageously impertinent; we shall have to boycott her at the Gym. I told Captain McGrab last night that if he calls on her I shall cut him."

"What did he say?" enquired Mrs. Parvo.

"Oh, he made some maudlin answer about her having very good intentions towards everyone, as if that had anything to do with it! As I told him, good intentions are a fatal weakness; people never understand, and indeed, only dislike you heartily for them. In any case she can't get away from the divorce question," concluded Mrs. McChatter, with quiet malice.

"It's awfully foolish to be found out," said Mrs. Parvo, who had no sense of humour.

"Ah, you're right!" agreed her hostess, as she rose from the table. "It's the only unpardonable sin."

It was sunset hour at Dalhousie Park. The green shores, the trees, the islands, and the very sky itself were reflected in the lake waters, as in a big mirror, while from its throne above, the Pagoda looked down in stern, majestic silence.

George Rex and his wife were boating together.

He had just broken to her the unpleasant news that the ladies of Rangoon had declared war against her.

"But we shall have the men," he had declared, cheerfully.

"The men! what earthly use are they?" exclaimed his wife, scornfully. "It's the women I must have. I hate

women; but they are a disagreeable necessity. How can I possibly live through all the years here if I am to be banned? Go to their dinners and dances I must, however it's managed!"

The lady's face took on a very resolved look.

"Dear," replied her husband, leaning on his oars and looking at her, "if only you had been ugly, like the McChatter and Co., all would have gone smoothly; as it is, they will never forgive you your appearance, combined with other things," he added, in a softer tone, fearing to wound her feelings.

A slight smile relaxed the corners of Mrs. George's handsome mouth, and then she grew grave again. She had not come out to Burmah to be shunned and outcasted—she had endured enough of that back in the West—and a horror of great dullness fell on her at the mere prospect.

Later, when they went ashore to the boat-house, preparatory to driving home, Mrs. King waited on the verandah for a few moments while George changed. There were several women and a few men sitting in cane chairs, prominent among them being Mrs. Parvo, holding a small court in the absence of her Chief. They glanced at Mrs. King as she passed them. What she read in their looks it would be difficult to name; it was so intangible and yet so eloquently expressive of their sentiments, it struck her with a deadly chillness; it was not insolence or enquiry, or even wonder; it was worse than all three; it was a calm, complete ignoring of her as an equal, and the poisoned shaft went home to her heart, though not even by the quivering of a lip did she betray it to that skilful archeress, Mrs. Parvo, who was only waiting her departure to smite and spare not.

"What is Mrs. McChatter like?" enquired Mrs. King, a few minutes later, as the tum-tum rolled homewards.

"Oh, I don't know how to describe her," George answered, as he lightly flicked the pony over the ears, "except that she is drab all over, with a nose as long as a tandem whip!"

Three days later, when George King

returned home from office, his wife said to him :—

"I saw Mrs. McChatter in at Goon-amul's this morning. I recognised her at once—she is my old schoolfellow, Pollie McTaggart, so the game is mine!"

It is impossible to describe the note of triumph in the speaker's voice.

"How so, little woman?" he asked.

"Because—because her father kept a pawnshop in Glasgow, where old Mrs. McTaggart used to sit behind the counter all day, taking snuff."

Mrs. King was bubbling over with amusement.

"The devil she did!" exclaimed her husband, giving a low whistle. "How well she's kept the secret all these years," he added.

"And I'll keep it too, but the price of my silence is her friendship," was his wife's reply.

Mrs. McChatter sat alone in her drawing-room the following morning. She was dressed in a wrapper, and her hair was in curl-papers.

She had just been through the depressing process of snipping away grey threads, and examining herself carefully in the glass, going over all the depressing signs of wear and tear that a three late nights' campaign involved. The results had not been pleasing. She was feeling very cross and very tired. She remembered, with a recurring shudder, how she had felt at the burra-khana at the General's the night before, on catching sight of her own reflection on the back of the dessert-spoon, when her face in its shining nudity had seemed to cry aloud for powder. And then how unbecoming her dress had been, and her arms had gone the colour of stale prawns!

Altogether everything was hateful, and she was just about to go to the extreme limits of ordering a small bottle of iced Simpkin to revive her drooping spirits, when the boy appeared at her elbow with some cards on a salver.

"I told you I was *dawazabund*," she exclaimed in a savage whisper.

"So he told me, but I thought you would make an exception in the case of

an old schoolfellow, dear Mrs. McChatter," said a soft voice from behind, and there, framed in the doorway, stood George King's wife, looking audaciously cool in mauve muslin.

In vain did Mrs. McChatter summon all her dignity to crush this intruder. One simply cannot be dignified in curl papers.

"Don't you remember me?" murmured her visitor, advancing into the room and speaking with the sweetness of double-distilled cream of tartar. "I am, or rather I was, Jennie Williams."

The words froze Mrs. McChatter's blood. Mechanically she held out three fingers, but her old friend quietly ignored the proffered digits and without more ado, opened fire.

The interview was brief, but it was very much to the point, and when at last she made her exit, Mrs. McChatter actually accompanied her to the head of the staircase and with a fearful contraction of the facial muscles intended for a smile, murmured, with what her whole manner contradicted, that she was very glad to have seen her.

Mrs. King drove home in her ticca-gharri, having played and won.

Even if everybody—which was most unlikely—got to know all the details of a divorce case that had not resulted exactly in laurels to herself, it would not matter. Mrs. King smiled a pleased recognition of herself in a pocket mirror.

Meanwhile, Mrs. McChatter, her saffron face buried in a red satin cushion was weeping a shower of bitter, bitter, tears, after which she crept to bed and was very ill—really ill—for one whole week.

She declared that she was going to die, but she didn't. The Mrs. McChatters of this world generally live to a sour old age, finally sinking to rest under expensive tombstones bristling with lies. So at the end of seven days she rose and came forth once more, and at her very next dinner party, to the amazement of Rangoon, Mr. and Mrs. King were both present.

"An old school-fellow," exclaimed Mrs. McChatter, in dulcet tones, her face wreathed in insincere smiles, and

everyone said, "Oh, dear, how nice!" and smirked benignly, but no one believed her for an instant.

Poor Mrs. Parvo could not eat a bit of dinner, having been sent down after Mrs. King. Mrs. Parvo had studied precedence as an art; she knew to an inch how everyone ought to go into dinner, and she was most tenacious of her own place. It is on authentic record that on one occasion the fact of her being taken after a lady, whose husband was five weeks Mrs. Parvo's junior, had brought on a somewhat serious attack of jaundice.

But there were worse things in store for dear Mrs. Parvo. From the memorable night of her Chief's dinner she had to endure the chagrin of seeing Jennie King promoted to her own place beside Mrs. McChatter, while the latter murmured all sorts of explanatory sentiments in which the word charity figured, and silenced would-be objections.

Rangoon speculated long and hopelessly about the whole affair, and guessed everything but the truth, for alas! the world, even the world of Rangoon, is but a very poor amateur detective when all is said and done.



Among so many things of no moment there is only one cause for anxiety, and that is the imperfect preparation which we make for the things that matter.



It is not necessary to understand in order to fulfil the law.



Fear not frustration of our good intent,
But fear the small horizon of our wills;
Failed never yet the soul which seeking went
Far as soul could upon the great ascent:
What by the Word Divine—say God—is meant?
He that fulfils.



Nature is like a great mass-book in which many unlettered brethren read without knowing its language. This notwithstanding, their good intention may join them to the great meaning.



It has been felt in all ages of the world that the proper habitat of mankind is a garden. Every man should have one and should also have a hand in its cultivation. It is a high and sacramental act to reclaim Nature, and it is, moreover, our specific mission. It is one of the curses of crowded towns that they make garden life impossible.

THE KING'S SECRET

KEPT well—too closely kept—or so it seems—
 Few quests disclose the secret of the King.
 That presence manifest in evening's cool
 Long since in the first garden of the world,
 Withdrawn to-day in the most secret place
 Of all concealment, baffles reason's search;
 So one proved well who through a student's life
 Fossed with an energy at fever heat
 Those philosophic mines of mystery,
 Where many delvers in the petrine crust
 Of age-old problems perished ere he came
 And others after to their doom, like him,
 Shall all in vain descend; where force of mind
 And all the instruments of mental skill,
 Have spent their strength, have turned their points, and thus
 Their keen edge blunted since the world began.
 He, questing further than the most, looked up—
 To find the daylight vanished and beyond
 No hope of further light; and lifting there
 A voice of warning agony to them
 That worked behind, he cried: Forbear, forbear!
 There is no passage! It is dark and void,
 And he that enters to the grateful light
 Returns no more!—So in the dark he died:
 He searched the depths and heights of Nature's glooms
 To gaze on God, and for his own good end
 God veiled his glory from those questing eyes:—
 We know not why; slight claims are ours to press;
 But still the longing and the hope remain,
 And baffled reason in the end perchance
 Finds her spent forces unto new give place,
 For in the soul at length from all apart
 The glory dawns, and in the depths thereof
 A still voice breathes the Secret of the King.

CYRIL STRANGE.



It is seldom wise to deny, more especially when you do not know, but to differentiate is always prudent, and skilful differentiation can take the heart out of most things.



To the jaded eye of the worldling, if there is anything as wearisome as the earth it is the broad ocean—the devil and the deep sea of universal boredom.



Whether it is possible and whether it is worth while are the alternatives which commonly prevent us from doing better.

THE SECOND SENSE

BY AUSTIN BLAKE

NATURE and great books have a second sense,
 But he toils vainly who would drag it thence;
 The purports deep by which the soul is stirred
 Lurk not within the manifested word,
 As many intimations dimly show,
 Directing higher search to those who know;
 For in ourselves the secret meaning lies,
 And till we read it there with our own eyes
 We miss those heights we dream of and grow lean
 Through famished longing after things unseen—
 Guessed but not known.

We give that meaning shapes
 Symbolic—in such signs the sense escapes.
 We take the letters of the word; our wit
 In metathesis we exhaust on it
 And so all trace of any sense expel.
 We say the word is lost; but who shall tell?
 Has it been found? A few fond hearts proclaim
 Their mission to make known its scope and aim.
 O vain assurance of the heart! As if
 Earth's wise could more than speak in hieroglyph,
 Or offer more than images. The deep
 Gives these up; from its wells of silence leap
 Visions and voices, but the things discerned
 Are neither new nor those for which we yearned.
 One testifies that dead men truly live;
 One whispers: In the end He will forgive;
 One cries: Sweet sleep! and One with bended head
 Says: Tears of joy; One: Here is Living Bread;
 And one absolving voice, with depths untold
 Of pity and sweetness, breathes: Be then consoled!
 But underneath them all still flows the sea
 Of the soul's unexpressed immensity.

So leave it therefore, friends—with one last word
 I also leave it thus: the sense unheard
 Which lies for ever the bright veils behind
 Of all the books of nature and of mind,
 Eluding all approximating art,
 Shall yield to—God known truly of the heart.
 O did I start in mountains or abyss,
 I could not choose but end at last in this!
 From wayside taverns issuing should see
 That this alone unlocks all mystery;

And rising fevered out of beds of sin
 Most truly feel it and to speak begin ;
 Nor more in cloisters praying could recall
 That this is sense of sense and all of all.
 If things so many underneath the sun
 Should lead me always to the arms of One,
 Ye who do also strongly yearn, forgive—
 Turn to this last again, and, turning, live.

So much without distortion or offence
 A man may venture towards the second sense.
 All pools Heaven rains in and all seas untrod
 Go on reflecting heaven—what rests is God ;
 And 'twixt the gentleness of Nature's breast
 And the unsleeping heights, his people rest.



The vulgar crowd which was hated by Horace has at least one moral advantage over the crowd which externally has differentiated itself from vulgarity. It is less enslaved by hollow conventions.



Outside mathematics and bare questions of fact the antithesis is for the most part as defensible as the thesis, and this is why the chief lesson of judgment is in its suspension. Which among the philosophical systems contains the true wisdom? Which policy will assure the progress of the nation? What is the true canon in literature?



Pessimism is chiefly a pose, and optimism is largely a delusion.



There are no waste substances in Nature : it is a technical description applied to things the use of which has not yet been manifested. To occasional investigation they have already yielded valuable results. The waste substances of humanity are in the same position—nothing is useless in reality and nothing is irreclaimable.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE
RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

V.

THE THIRD SORT OF WOMAN.



L WAS sitting one night in our house near the Hay-market, casting my eye over a tableful of bills and lists of men's names and specimen proclamations to the people of France, when my master came rapidly up the stairs and threw the door open in a way that made me rise from my chair.

"Dick," he cried, badly out of breath with the haste he had made, "I need a hundred pounds. Is it asking too much of you?"

I tried to meet his eyes squarely and refuse him outright; but the kindly, womanish face of the man put to flight all my resolutions.

"Your highness," I began, with a stammer, and then blushed, and could get no further.

Prince Louis came up to me and clapped me on the back in a pardoning way.

"You can't do it," he declared, in the friendliest tone. "I'm afraid I have cleaned you out already."

I gathered up a sheaf of papers and squeezed them tight as if to get some courage out of them.

"Your highness," I said, keeping my eyes bent down on them for pure shame, "this is the fifth hundred you will have had under a fortnight."

He drew away from me as though I had stung him.

"Dick!" he cried in an unbelieving voice. Then he threw back his head with an ironical laugh. "By God!" he said, "here's thrift and morals in a new quarter."

I did not answer him, but sat down and wrote him out a cheque for the amount he asked for. He walked up and down the room, however, and kept his eyes before him as I held the money out to him, pretending he did not see me.

"Here is what you asked for," I broke in on him gravely; but with his hands behind his back he still refused to notice me.

Suddenly he stopped in his walk, his face sparkling with that twisted kind of humour that ran in and about his mind on the strangest occasions. With his lips pursed into a smile and a queer wink in his eye, he stepped up in front of me and wagged his head in a comical reproach.

"Dick," he said, with his brows lifting, "I fear I have been a sore gambler."

"Your highness," I replied, looking down at him like a forgiven child, "I am no man for preaching."

"But you don't like my card-playing," he insisted playfully.

"I wish you had better luck," I answered, falling into the same spirit.

He put out both his hands and caught me by the shoulders.

"Unlucky at cards," he declared slily, "is lucky in everything else."

"In love," I corrected him, shrugging. I saw at once that I had annoyed him

for the old strained look returned to his face, and he pushed me from him with a sigh of vexation.

"Cards, love, and all the rest of it," he cried, throwing his arms in the air! "My God, man, can't you see they mean nothing to me at all? Had you never a dream," he asked, his whole body working with nervous twitches, "a dream that almost seemed too much for you—that you needed some escape from—this way, that way, the other way, what did it matter? Great God, man, if you knew how I sat here with my head aching while you are in bed, tearing my soul out over the dirty details that must be gone into if France is ever to come by her own again—if you knew how I lay at night, pitching and tossing on the pillow, scheming and wondering, and thinking what the outcome of it all will be—if you realised how, at my very breakfast, a vision of Boulogne rises up before me and cries to me to make haste and win back my rights and the inheritance of my people—Dick," he cried, taking me to his arms with a sobbing movement and laying his tense face on my shoulder, "you don't understand; you don't understand. If I do not get some distraction, I shall go mad—mad!" and his hand gripped mine like the hand of a man—or a child—that needs comfort.

I was always something awkward in times when I was called on to offer consolation. My heart was swollen with pity, however, for this big-hearted man, who could fight down contempt and ridicule, and as long a record of failures as ever fell to the lot of a human being, and could persist, as though against the will of God Himself, in his struggle for an ideal, or, if you will have it so, an empire. The faults of the man seemed in such a character as insignificant as the spots in the sun. Babbling something that, at least, came from my heart, I forced my master into a chair, and, sitting down opposite him, kindled a pipe, and hid my head in comfortable clouds of smoke.

It was now near the end of July, and our preparations for landing in France were about as near perfect as they could be. Four years had gone by since we had made a public butt of ourselves at

Strasburg, and the intervening time had been filled up with planning to blot out that piece, as I now see it, of folly. Prince Louis had meanwhile been making friends in America, in Switzerland, in England, and even in France. Here we were back in London again, with no greater lion among the earls and the duchesses than my brave, beloved master. Then there were a number of old Napoleonist Frenchmen, either living in England or crossing at frequent intervals from France, and in the hearts of some of these the Prince seemed to be replacing the Divine Being Himself. Old General Montholon, who had been out in St. Helena with the great Emperor, had a room in the house with us; and there were few days upon which Doctor Conneau, with his great bald forehead and tiny sprig of whisker, did not visit us. The Duc de Persigny, too, with his long brown hair and burning eyes and excitable little French moustache, had a share in all our plans. Indeed, it was the French friends of Napoleon who initiated nearly every scheme that ever came up in our discussions. It was they who proposed to manipulate the army of Lille in the Prince's interest and make it his bodyguard on the road to Paris. That plan having failed, it was they who urged an immediate descent on Boulogne, and promised that we should not have to wait three days after that step till we should be safe in the Tuileries. For myself, I confess this vision did not capture me as it might have done. My master, however,—I speak it without blame—had an eye for goals rather than for the road to them. He no sooner saw a great end in front of him, than in imagination, he was there already. On hearing that only a small garrison held Boulogne, and that one of the principal officers, a Lieutenant Aladenize, had already been sworn into his service, he fell sobbing and laughing, and cried out with a glad kind of shout, "Boulogne be it! The good God has pointed out a way!"

After that, we had rest from our preparations neither night nor day. Not only had we to find a ship that would take us over to Boulogne, but it was

also necessary that a certain number of men should be collected so that we should at least have an appearance of force in case of accidents.

We contrived to hire a small paddle steamer—for the use, we alleged, of an excursion party. As for our troops, what with our own servants and a few soldiers of fortune whom we won over with gold pieces, we calculated that we could raise a body of something above half-a-hundred. I obtained muskets for these of a Birmingham manufacturer, and with the help of Aladenize we had also provided a sufficient number of uniforms of the French army. Our other preparations consisted partly in talking and partly in devising bills and proclamations to be scattered among the people on our arrival in France. A number of these proclamations lay on the table near which the Prince and I were now sitting.

The coming expedition and all the petty details connected with it formed the natural subject of our conversation, once Prince Louis had recovered from his black mood. The intense earnestness of the man's character, never quite lost even in his most devil-may-care hours, could easily be seen in the absorbed way in which he was before long going through dry financial accounts and lists of the names of unimportant people who might in this or that event be of assistance to us. Then we pored over a map showing the coast-roads in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and the two of us argued at length as to the most suitable place to choose as a point of landing. We had been speaking in an indiscreetly high tone on these topics, when my eyes wandered by chance in the direction of the door and there fell upon a white, frightened face peering eagerly at us.

I leaped from my chair half in anger and half in terror—for the Government of Louis Philippe had of late been spending even more money than usual in watching our movements—and made a dash for the door. I caught a little hand held out shrinkingly from behind a black satin cloak, and drew the strange figure forward into the warm. Then there came a little cry, "Oh! oh! Highness,

don't let him hurt me!" and Napoleon was instantly at my side, calling on me to let go.

"Amie!" he declared with an astonished air. "What brings you here?"

It was the first time I had seen this latest fancy of my master's. Indeed, he had a capacity of love so great that I had often some difficulty in knowing what special lady had at any given moment control of his affections. Amy—or, as the Prince always called her in the French way, Amie—Kennaway did not seem to me in any way qualified to stir a great passion in a man's soul. She had very beautiful features and a slender figure beyond the common size; but her expression was lifeless as that of a tombstone, and, even when a smile trickled into her lips, her eyes still remained in a dead monotonous stare of wonder. She had made some name about this time in a farcical piece which was playing in the theatre in Tottenham Street, and it was at some kind of playgoers' dinner in her honour that my master had met her. From that time on, her captivation of him had been the talk of half the smoking-rooms in London.

"What brought you here?" exclaimed my master again, for my roughness had frightened the girl and left her without sufficient breath to answer immediately.

She now turned her eyes, eyes of a dumb wonder, on Napoleon, and let them hang on his face for a few minutes, silently.

"Highness," she murmured, after a pause, "had you forgotten the bal masqué in Gerrard Street?"

My master threw up his hands with a horrified look.

"My Amie," he said, bending forward and kissing her hand, "you must forgive me; but I have been engaged in very serious affairs."

She nodded her head, the wax, lifeless head of a doll, slowly.

"I know all about them," she declared, the smile slipping into her lips, but her eyes still blue wells of wonder. She then held out her hand to him again. "I forgive you," she said, simply.

Napoleon's brows drew together in a strange way and he peered round at me

with an embarrassed look. I shrugged my shoulders helplessly. None of us but stared before us, unable for the moment to speak, hoping for the others to break the silence.

"Highness," the girl broke in again, in the same voice as before, a dead voice, "you did not tell me that you were going to leave me."

The Prince pressed her hand, as though in an appeal for forgiveness.

"Shall I tell her, Dick?" he asked, with a hesitating look at me.

I stared him hard in the eyes.

"No," I replied, in a firm voice.

I confess that I did not like the idea of meeting the glance of the woman whom I had thus by inference insulted. My eyes were drawn, however, by some fascination to look and discover the effect of my reply. The face of the girl was as lifeless, as immobile, as ever. You could have sworn from her expression that she had not heard my answer to Napoleon—nay, that she was not aware of my presence in the room.

Her gaze, the only imperturbable gaze in the company, still hung on the Prince's face.

"Highness," she declared, after another pause, "if you are going to Boulogne, I am coming with you."

The Prince again turned to me, almost with an entreaty in his voice.

"Shall I allow her, Dick?" he asked.

Inwardly I cursed our open way of discussing our plans and of leaving doors unfastened—the cause of our present trouble. I steeled myself, however, to do the thing I thought right. I had long since divided women into three classes—spies, gossips, and exceptions; and the women I did not know I placed without trial in the first two classes. With a tightening of my chest, I faced round on my master.

"No," I replied, once more. "In God's name, no!"

I saw the old smile dawning in the girl's mouth; her spirit seemed as unshaken, as immovable, as the features of her face.

"I am coming," she repeated, in a child's tone of confidence.

Napoleon laughed at this, while in my mind I was resolving that for the next

week at least Miss Amy Kennaway should be safely confined under lock and key.

"My dear," said the Prince, pinching her ear affectionately, "I'm afraid there will be no place for a woman in this voyage of ours."

She took off her long cloak, and revealed herself in the white costume of a pierrette.

"Highness," she said, sweeping her figure with a gesture, "I'm of a man's height. I am coming with you."

My teeth ground together at her persistence.

"I have played a man's part on the stage," she explained, in her dull voice.

The Prince's eye lightened up. He surveyed the girl's figure up and down. He crossed the floor from this side to that, and looked at her from every point of view possible. His eyes twinkled, and I could see him nodding to himself with growing interest. At the shoulders, at the girth, she was certainly of a structure that belonged neither to the one sex nor to the other, and yet might suit both.

"On my soul," cried the Prince, "it would be a fine adventure."

I besought him to give up such romantic notions. He was a lover of Byron and all that mad school of poets, and I knew how the masquerading stuff appealed to his actor's imagination.

"By the Lord," he declared, catching her by the shoulder and smiling all over, "it would be the best adventure in the world."

My protests seemed to have no effect on him. He was a man who was so sure of his goal that he gave himself up on the road to it to the most fanciful plays of conduct. At one moment he would engross himself in detailed plans of operations so as to forget an appointment to meet a girl and take her to a ball. The next he would be wrapped up in a girl in a degree to endanger his chances of ever attaining the end he lived for.

That night he would not even listen to me. Declaring that he would think the matter over, he helped Miss Kennaway on with her cloak and went out with her for a night's dancing.

It struck me as typical of his happy child's nature, this dashing off to a ball on the eve of the most serious event of his life. I marvelled equally the next morning at another side of his character when I found that after coming home, he had sat up all night, thinking over and devising ways and means for our secret departure from England for the coasts of France.

I passed the next day or two, dreading, almost hoping, that the Kennaway girl had sold our secrets to the French Consulate and so put off all chance of an immediate expedition.

We had news, however, from Lieutenant Aladenize which set all our hearts thumping and scattered our doubts and fears as the morning mists are dissipated by the sun. The commander of the Boulogne garrison was to be absent with a shooting party on the fourth of August, and was not expected to return until late on the following morning. Now, this fellow was the one man in the entire garrison whom we could not count on winning to our interests. He was a Republican of the bigoted sort, and feared the word "Empire" worse than the devil. Consequently, if we could so plan that our arrival at Boulogne should take place while he was away, our chances of success would be increased a hundredfold.

From the moment of our hearing from Aladenize, our house presented the look of a bee-hive for business, and indeed, was alive and lighted up until long after midnight. It was arranged that our adherents should embark from a wharf near London Bridge, while the Prince and I, in order to divert attention, should slip secretly to Ramsgate, and there go on board the steamer we had hired. General Montholon was to proceed there in advance and ensure us against any lurking dangers.

The difficult part of the matter was just this escape of the Prince. The busy preparations going on in our house had come under the notice of the spies who surrounded us, and it was not easy to take so much as a turn up Regent Street without being annoyed by their persistent attentions. One evening I had turned round three several corners in

the course of a short walk and had found the same fellow dogging my heels at every move, whereupon I drew up sharp and threatened to have him thrown into custody for a thievish loiterer.

"The promenade of milord is vairy, vairy int'resting," replied the villain, with a leer, and slunk off down a side-alley.

I was more than a little discomposed by a repetition of incidents of this kind, and informed the Prince outright that, unless we could put the spies of Louis Philippe off the scent, we might as well give up all hopes of taking part in the expedition. Our escape from London would have to resemble that of a criminal from gaol: it must be done secretly and in disguise. One evening, when the Kennaway girl had cailed in to beseech the Prince for a final answer to her request to accompany us, I began to examine her on her powers of impersonating male characters. Louis and Doctor Conneau, who was there, looked at me, astonished at my new interest in the stage. The girl, however, seemed to spring to my point at once.

"Try me," she said, with passionless wide eyes.

The Prince glanced over at me impatiently.

"Come, Dick," he cried, "there are serious things we must discuss to-night."

"A woman," I replied, "is the most serious thing in the universe."

Conneau grinned slyly above his sprig of light whisker.

"And most serious of all," he added, "when she is not in earnest."

"And when she is in earnest?" I asked him, gravely.

He sat back in an armchair, puffing quietly at a cigarette.

"Then," he declared, a smile glowing on his cheeks, "then she is the salvation of a man—or his ruin."

The Prince leaned round with a laugh towards Miss Kennaway.

"Mon Amie," he inquired with a sparkle of irony, "you understand, I suppose, the drift of this interesting discussion."

The solemn vacuous face slowly lifted towards mine.

"Mr. Blennerhasset," she replied, as I looked into the blue wells of her eyes, "at last perceives that I am one of those who are in earnest."

I stood on my feet and laughed with gladness.

"Come with me," I said, and the two of us left the room, while the Prince and Conneau stared after us with amazement.

I led her up to Napoleon's dressing-room, and, bringing out a close-fitting coat, a pair of pantaloons, a military cloak and a hat that belonged to the Prince, I bade her dress in these and follow me a little later to the room we had been sitting in.

When I had joined the company again, I could not keep back a smile now and then, wondering how my little plot would turn out. At the sound of a step on the stair, however, I straightened my features. A man's figure, with the hat-brim throwing the face in shadow, appeared in the door, and I turned towards it with the same appearance of surprise as the others. The figure did not move for a few moments. Then, suddenly, it began to cross the floor, a curious twitching of the left elbow and a stiffness in the gait being assumed in exact imitation of the carriage of my master. Conneau looked at the Prince as if to make sure that it was not he who walked thus meaninglessly up and down the carpet. Then a reflection from a lamp struck the face of the figure.

"Amie!" cried the Prince, with a laugh, "I could have sworn you were a man."

"I," declared Dr. Conneau, with an approving chuckle, "could have sworn you were a prince."

Indeed, so like Napoleon did she carry herself, with her clean-cut limbs and slender, supple shoulders—so well, as I have said, did she imitate his minor eccentricities of gait and gesture, that even his most intimate followers might have been excused in mistaking the one for the other.

I then laid my plan before the company. In brief, it was this. Dressed out as Napoleon, the girl was ostentatiously to leave the house on the night our boat departed and step into a coach which would then proceed to Gravesend.

Immediately the spies would be following her carriage wheels. In the interval of negligence, the Prince and I would slip out of the back door and down an alley, where another coach would be in readiness to take us to Ramsgate. The boat, in the meanwhile, would have stopped at Gravesend to permit Miss Kennaway to go on board.

It was a simple plan, lovably simple. In the result you will hear how it became the cause of our expedition coming to naught.

On the night of August 3rd our arms, our uniforms, our provisions had been smuggled aboard our ship, the *Edinburgh Castle*, in the guise of the appurtenances of a pleasure party. Many of our servants did not even know the why or the whither of their voyage. Everything had proceeded with a fine secrecy, and when our little band set out under Count Orsi from Custom House wharf, there was an air of holiday-making pervading the entire company.

An hour later, Amy Kennaway apathetic of feature and masculine in gait, tumbled out of the front door of our house and seated herself in a coach. A drunken-looking coachman flicked the horses with the whip, and another prologue to the drama had been played.

When Napoleon and I made our way round to the retired spot where another carriage was awaiting us, it was already nearing midnight. The streets were silent, and there was no hint of untoward eyes watching us as we set out on our journey.

Neither of us spoke much at first. I heard the Prince catching his breath now and then at the thought of all he hoped the next day or two might bring forth.

We had driven for some three or four hours, a brooding, pleasureless drive, and had come upon an uneven cart-track making over the North Downs, when, in the suggestion of dawn that glimmered over things, I caught sight of a coach tilted hopelessly into the ditch. I looked at the coach a second time, and at the third glance my eyes became glued to it. A peculiar weather-crack that I knew too well showed above the window. It was a cleavage of an extraor-

dinary shape which I had observed on the carriage in which Amy Kennaway had left for Gravesend.

Instinctively I called upon our coachman to stop. The Prince and I quickly dismounted and examined the coach for a trace of Amy. There was nothing, however, to provide us with a clue to the mystery of the overturned carriage lying by the roadside. The horses had been released in safety, and the coachman had probably gone off with them. But what had brought the man, in the first instance, so far south of the road to Gravesend? Was this accident only an accident, or was it a trap? There was every sign of a tussle, now we came to look at them, in the disorder in which the cushions were lying.

As Napoleon and I stood, gazing stupidly in at the door that lay uppermost, there was a crack of a musket and a few inches above our heads the enamel on the carriage shivered to pieces. As we hurried into shelter another couple of shots rang out, and the horses in our carriage lay kicking and bleeding their lives out on the road. With a cry, our coachman called out that he would surrender, and the cowardly fellow climbed down and was received some yards off with bursts of cheering and laughter.

The Prince and I knelt behind the overset coach and attempted to gauge our situation and the number of our enemies in the half-darkness. We primed our pistols and kept them in readiness. Up the road there seemed a gap in the hedgerow, and a black shape seemed to glide out from it and along the ditch on the opposite side to ourselves. I cocked my pistols and fired. The shape collapsed with an oath and a groan.

"Bravo, mes amis!" called a voice, an apathetic, dull voice which we knew.

"By God," roared the Prince, leaping forward, "it's Amie!"

My master ran up the road in a mad rush, taking no thought of shelter, and, seeing that there was nothing else for it, I tore after him. Before I had gone ten yards my sleeve had been ripped by a bullet, but the Prince still ran along untouched, like a man with a charmed life.

We came on our enemies at the gap in the hedge I had noticed. There was a dismantled roofless cottage here, and over a low broken wall we could see some half-dozen black figures climbing to meet us. The first man to approach us was the drunken-looking coachman who had sat on the box of Miss Kennaway's coach. He tumbled towards me like a mad thing and within a yard of my face made to fire his pistol. In a second, however, I could see that it had missed fire. With an oath he threw it down and leaped at me bodily. Though I had my knife drawn the weight of the fellow overbore me and the two of us fell tossing on the road together. Round and round we rolled—round and round. He was a more muscular man than I, but I had the pull over him in the matter of agility, and was soon on his chest, feeling for his throat. Just then, a blow from the back drove the stars before my eyes. I heard a cry of help from Louis, but I could do no more. With a vision of black, rushing, leering figures, I fell over on my side—a senseless mass.

On waking up, I found myself lying on an earthen floor, and four rickety stone walls frowning down on me. It was still dark, and I thought the dawn could not have arrived yet. On returning to full consciousness, however, I observed that, instead of growing more light, it was becoming darker and darker. I realised, too, that I was tightly pinioned and unable to move. The door cautiously opened, admitting a man with a storm lantern. The light of this he threw on my face, as though to peer at me. I kept my eyes fast shut, affecting a deep slumber.

Then I felt a pinch at my arm, and some one shook me eagerly.

"Comrade," said a voice, in a sympathetic tone, "I wish to speak with you."

I opened my eyes with a thrill of hope. Here, thought I, is a friend and helper. When my gaze fell on the man above me, however, every expectation, every pleasant thought, was dashed into nothingness. This was no other than the fellow I had been near killing that morning—Amy Kennaway's coachman.

"You sleep well," said the fellow, with a kindly look. "It is now almost night."

With that he made a gesture with his cloaked arm, a gesture that I had not forgotten. It was one of the signs of the Carbonarists whom we had fought for in Italy.

"Loose my arm," I cried joyously, "and I will answer you." He nodded and smiled pleasantly again.

"There is no need," he declared; "you made the sign this morning at the moment you were struck so badly."

I stared at the man and thanked God for the unconscious instincts of man. I certainly had not intended to give the old Italian signal. It was an act of Providence.

"I was out in Italy," the coachman—he was clearly only acting this part—went on quietly. "I will help you."

With that he knelt down at my side and cut the cords that bound me. While doing so, he admitted to me that he was at present a spy in the pay of Louis Philippe. He had found out about the coach that was required for a distant journey, and, suspecting that some plot was afoot, had bribed the ordinary coachman to permit him to drive it. He had been taken in, he confessed, by the personation of Napoleon. Indeed, he had only discovered the trick that had been played on him after he had brought the coach many miles out of the way and turned it over into the ditch. He had five friends with him in the house, which had been settled upon as a trap for Napoleon.

"But only one of them is dangerous," he added. "We must have his wings clipped."

He then bade me lie very still on the floor and, after slipping a knife into my hand, left me.

In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a small man, a man with a knotty frame and curious straddle in his walk, whose face I could not see in the darkness.

"He is very ill," said my new friend in a purposely kind voice. "Go and have a look at him."

The squat fellow began to straddle over to me, and was about to throw the

light on my face, when I saw the coachman's arm lifted behind him. Before I could quite comprehend the situation, the other had rolled over on me with a deathly groan, and I was cleaning his blood out of my eyes.

"Come along," said my new friend, with a leer of satisfaction at the result of his pretty trick. He led me by a passage where once a floor had been, but now only a few crumbling planks bore any memory of it. In a side room our arms had been deposited, and here we stopped to gather three brace of pistols and a couple of swords. Then we climbed up a shaky ladder which led us to a low room. I knew well whom I should see there. Prince Louis and Miss Kennaway lay in different corners, roped up as I had been, but happily unwounded.

We soon had freed them, and all of us now began quietly to descend again. The rest of the company slept in a single room, and my friend had turned the key of this in anticipation. He then proceeded to an outhouse in which the horses of the first coach had been stalled, and these were brought out and harnessed into the carriage which the Prince and I had occupied.

We had all got safely seated and were driving past the roofless house, when with a yell the remainder of the company burst out and ran after us, firing. I turned in my seat beside the driver, and let off two shots, the first of which drove a fellow, limping and squealing, to the hedge, while the second laid another of them flat in the middle of the road. The other four still kept clamouring behind us, and aiming their weapons on us. We had just, as we thought, got well beyond their reach, and the coachman had turned to me with an encouraging laugh when a last bullet whistled up, passing through his neck. For a minute he looked at me with a ghastly smile. Then he placed the reins in my hands.

"Take the reins, comrade," he said with his curious leer. "I'm done for."

And with that he tumbled off the box on to the road, and the galloping horses had soon left him far behind. Our journey to Ramsgate was no easy

one. None of us knew the road, and it was a difficult thing to find any person who could direct us at so late an hour. It was a clear night, however, with the stars showing. By keeping an eye on the Polar Star I was able, in some measure, to judge of the direction we were going in. We met a rare farmer walking late, and in this way obtained some useful information. Without an incident of any danger, we arrived in Ramsgate in the small hours of the following morning.

The steamer, with our men aboard, had for some time been awaiting us anxiously. It was now too late in the morning, however, to hope to cross to Boulogne in time for a dawn surprise attack. Having got aboard, we began to discuss our position. Count Orsi and myself urged Prince Louis to go back to London, and attend a better opportunity for the development of his plans; others, however, had filled themselves with Dutch courage by drinking, and were all for an immediate sally to Boulogne. The Prince listened to both parties and compromised. He resolved that the surprise attack should be put off until the following morning, and in the meantime we might steam about the English coast in the guise of a true pleasure party. One of the company started off across the channel in an open boat to give Aladenize notice of the change in our plans.

All that day there was a deal of drinking aboard. Colonel Parquin, who had purchased a ragged-looking vulture at Gravesend, and had brought it along chained to a mast, was especially tipsy. Every now and then he would lurch up to it with drunken enthusiasm and, raising his glass above his head, cry out a toast to the Imperial Eagle. Many of our servants, got beyond restraint, joined with him and tramped up and down the deck, singing a lewd song then very popular, in which an eagle and many other birds of the heaven figured. My master's spirits were damped neither by the dangers we had escaped nor by those this drunken crowd was likely to throw us into. He went about, making cheery addresses to every one he met, doling out money, and toasting the Im-

perial Eagle like the tipsiest of them. There was a set glow on his face that told me of his conviction that he could not fail. His head was away up in his fanciful dream-world. When I besought him to put some organisation into the company, he shook his head kindly at me. "You are a doleful fellow, Dick," he said, "This is a big birthday. *Nunc est bibendum*," and he clapped me on the shoulder cheerily.

I moved away to a part of the deck where Miss Kennaway sat alone, wrapped in her man's coat and her sad, vacuous face bent out over the sea.

I sat down beside her and smoked silently.

Shortly a huge, adventurous fellow, with red Scottish hair, lunched over to us, holding out a bottle of Chablis and calling on us to drink to the success of our expedition. Miss Kennaway turned her simple face up to him and smiled a refusal. This appeared suddenly to anger him, for, before I knew, he had seized her by the throat, and was forcing her lips open with the neck of the bottle. "Come," he said roughly, "drink, or be damned to you." I rose and struck him with all my force behind the ear. He rolled over on the deck, the bottle smashing at his side. Miss Kennaway smiled at me with her lips, and her blue eyes looked at me wonderingly.

This is only a sample of the troubles we were put to on that weary day. When night fell and we were able to set off for a definite end, however hopeless, my heart gave a great leap of pleasure.

A mist had gathered over the sea, as the paddles, with a muffled roar, carried us on over the muddy waters. The Prince had now put on his great-coat, and gathered us round him at the foot of the mast to hear his last instructions for our behaviour. I need not repeat the speech he made to us. I may say this, however, that the most of us were filled with new life by it. Even the most drunken seemed sobered by his infectious gallantry, and one soaked beast who hiccupped out an "encore" at the end of the oration came near being pitched overboard by his fellows.

It was not yet dawn when we arrived

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at the French coast off Wimereux. Here Aladenize awaited us, and came out over the water to pilot us ashore. Casting our anchor, we got out a row-boat and dispatched some dozen of our men to the landing-place. I myself crossed in a second boat-load, and found a man in the Customs calling upon our men to declare their business. I covered him with my pistol, and compelled him to keep silent under penalty of his life.

The wretch stood there with ashen face while the rest of our company disembarked. We were then marshalled by the Prince in a kind of order; one of the men was given a tricolour flag whose staff was crowned with the Imperial Eagle: with a restless whispering that did duty for a cheer we marched in our French uniforms along the heights to Boulogne.

It was clear daylight when we entered the town. When we reached the guard-house in the Place D'Alton, a sergeant saluted the lieutenant who accompanied us, but raised his musket at the rest of us. Aladenize threw the man some gold and cried "Long live the Emperor!" But the sergeant only spat on the ground and replied "Who are these soldiers? Long live the King!" Having disarmed him we passed on towards the barracks. At the gate of the barracks we again tempted the sentry with money, and this time we succeeded in winning him to cry for Napoleon. Other soldiers crowded out upon us, and, seeing the franc-pieces falling everywhere about, caught up the cry, "Long Live Napoleon," with eagerness. The Prince led us into the barrack-square, his face radiant and his head thrown back with happiness. Every soldier who joined us he shook by the hand and invested with some high commission or badge of honour.

But as my master was on the point of addressing our newly-won comrades, an angry figure came cursing out of the doors of the officers' quarters. "My brave fellows, we have won the day," the Prince had been saying when this new arrival—who, as it happened, was the commander of the garrison himself—stepped out, and, calling on the soldiers to rally round him, made for

our flag. Amy Kennaway happened to be in his way, and, without a word, he knocked her down with the butt end of his pistol.

This was too much for the Prince, who on his side drew his pistol and fired at the officer. The noise of shots resulted in a general scramble in which all of us took sides. My master, unhappily, after his adventures since quitting London, had a ragged, scaramouch appearance, which compared badly with the clean, precise air of the officer who had interrupted us. In the crises of life it is often appearances that turn the scale.

We soon perceived that there was no hope of our being able to capture the barracks. The Prince's ill-conceived shot resulted in a general drawing of weapons, and the call to arms seemed to frighten most of the soldiers back into discipline. A long row of muskets was facing us, and step by step we were driven out into the open street, though Louis threw all his soul into an effort to rally our tumbledown party. Not an archangel himself, however, could have saved that day. As for me, I was pushed through the gates with my breast and arms bleeding in a dozen places, and I know not how many French bayonets lunging fair at my heart. By this time the inhabitants of the town had been awakened and came out for a view of us. Seeing us marching up the street in disorder, they set to jeering us. One woman threw a pail of water over us from a window. It was the price of failure, and our failure had been due to the appearance of one strong man, the commander. Had I not proposed the Kennaway ruse, had we been able to arrive during the absence of that strong man, God knows we might have been in Paris that day.

The girl was now limping badly, but the little figure in breeches was quite game. With the courage that belongs only to women and a certain sort of effeminate men, she kept boldly up with us in our hurried flight, calling us in the name of God to stop and strike another blow for our Emperor. We attempted to capture the castle of the

town, and here she led a fierce assault on the doors, fighting and roaring out words of cheer like a devil—or an angel. In the tussle with the gendarmerie, however, five of our men sank to the ground with bullets in their hearts, and a shot carried the Prince's hat off. Amy Kennaway was struck in the shoulder, and few of us escaped without wounds. It soon became clear that we had failed again. Only one thing was left to us, and that to fly. Some of our men now deserted to the enemy, and the rest of us, groaning out curses, ran hot-foot from the town. Only the Prince and the girl seemed able to keep their heads. With so infectious a courage, however, did Napoleon exhort us that at last we came to a halt, and formed into some kind of regularity on a little knoll some distance beyond the town. Here our flag was planted, and my master with an easy smile showing on his begrimed and bespattered face, gave up the time to comforting his followers, and thanking them for all they had done.

Suddenly a company of horse arrived, and, dismounting, sent a volley among us. Our men returned the fire so vigorously that at first we drove the fellows back in a hurried confusion. Our happiness was only for a moment, however. Every minute our fire came with a feebler volume, and at last the word went round that there was not a cartridge left in our little company. The news would have stricken an ordinary man palsied, but Napoleon, caught with I know not what fine spirit of bravado, took our flag up, and waved it at the enemy with a laugh. He did not observe at the same time how his mistress moved quietly in front of him. Another volley spluttered over to us, showing us the secret of her manœuvre. Shot in the mouth and with the blood gushing from her lips the Kennaway girl dropped with a pleased chuckle at the Prince's feet.

"Your highness," I cried, seeing one after another of our band put out of action, "it is useless to resist. We must escape."

Napoleon, however, was never so sure a friend as in the hour of danger. He knelt down at the girl's side, and lifted her up gently.

"All in good time," he said; "all in good time."

He gathered her up in his arms, and we moved down towards the beach, which lay some few hundred yards to the south of the enemy. Man after man in our company fell under the rain of bullets. One by one the remnant fled, crying for pity, for mercy. Only a few of us remained, flanking and guarding the Prince and his burden on the way down to the sea.

A few yards out in the water a broad, heavy boat lay swinging. We marched through the waves out to it. One by one our men fell under fire on the way, and rolled in a few feet of sea, drowning. Others made a mad rush for the boat and in their haste overturned it. Nothing now remained but to surrender. A fishing boat was sent out from shore after us. In that moment of humiliation, Napoleon showed not the least sign of the tragedy the day had been to him. He quietly handed Miss Kennaway to two of the French soldiers, whose faces carried some traces of human sympathy, beseeching them to bear her to the shore with all possible gentleness. A mute, worn band, we were haled back to land, so sorry-looking a crowd that not even the coarsest of the soldiers had a mocking word for us.

The girl was placed on the beach where she tossed with a choking motion of the throat. She was making a gesture as though she wished the Prince to bend down to her. Her lips moved slowly as his ears approached them, and, impelled by the sadness of the spectacle, the soldiers moved away so that she might die alone with none but the man she loved near her.

"Highness," she said in her far-away voice, when she was able to articulate, "we have had a good day."

The smile trickled into her lips. Her eyes, blue wells of wonder, now melted for the first time I have ever seen them in the most joyous harmony with the purling of her lips.

Then the lids fell in a waxen droop. The doll's face spread out in its vacuous marble loveliness. She rolled her head painfully, as though wishing to speak again.

"Highness," she murmured in a dull voice, "where are we going now?"

No sooner had she spoken than a great stream of blood poured from her lips. Napoleon stooped and caught her by the hand. A sob

wrenched his frame. The girl was dead.

My master was led off by a podgy, over-eaten little magistrate, who had by this time arrived on the scene, and thrown into the castle, a criminal on a capital charge.



THE THREE AGES OF THE EDITOR

FIRST see him as a schoolboy with a frown
Upon his "shining morning face," repining
Against his task, the while some Latin noun
"Declining."

Next gaze on him with scholarship equipped,
The reading public's special needs divining,
With lordly air great files of manuscript
"Declining."

Last scene of all, when after various spheres
Of work outwrought, he finds the silver lining
Of life's dun clouds in leisure, in his years'
"Declining."

D. G.



There are many pictures of women but few true portraits: the best are in certain stained glass windows of ancient churches—so far is the woman who is photographed from her who is conceived.



The only truly great books are books of mystery, understood in the proper sense of the word. The Bible is the *mysterium fidei*, the Morte d'Arthur is the mysterium of chivalry, the Faerie Queen is the mysterium of poetry, and there are many others, quite distinct from the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and novels with a sensational plot, for the true mystery books are never expounded or explained. The Bible terminates in the crowning mystery of Revelations, the Book of King Arthur in the Mystery of the Vale of Avalon, the Faerie Queen is broken off in the middle, and it is the same with all the others.



The lessons of true experience are those of a great compassion; much suffering teaches us to hurt nothing; greater suffering shows us how to comfort all; and when we can say *consolamini*, we are indeed prophets in Israel.

A BOOK OF THE LAWS OF FAERIE

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD

By Oliver Raymond



IN the great catechism of gramarye, which is a new method of teaching children to see, there occurs, after the invocations and the litanies, a first question as follows: What is the Land of Faerie? And the answer is thus: It is all of seven. At first sight this appears like a cap with seven bells, or something that is against sense; but the text explains it further: The Land of the Faerie is (1) That which goes before and comes after; (2) That which intervenes; (3) Beneath the surface; (4) Thither; (5) Now and then; (6) The world well lost; (7) The present time: I am, Thou art, He is, &c., and all this only needs to be interpreted, because books of gramarye, or enchantment, are written on both sides of the page and across it also. The meaning in all simplicity is that in respect of the situation of Fairyland, it envelopes and enswathes all that we see and feel and hear. One book which I have read in the course of my researches tells me that it is "nearer than hands or feet." In other words, the world of mystery is always about us, but here, for the most part, we are content to "sit and play with similes," and to wait till things see us and accost us before we take notice of them. Before we discern them, they have, in fact, to find us out, unlike that old-fashioned gentleman of La Mancha who, by turning knight-errant, purchased everlasting honour and renown.

What would be our sensations and experiences if in the present century, and amidst our ordinary daily life, Fairyland suddenly became true for us, with all its glamour, all its adventures, and all the suddenness of its transformations? I am well fitted to answer this question, because I have myself turned the corner of the street, by which expression I am seeking to show the exact length of the journey, and that when you have grown accustomed to the kind of change which it involves, it is at most like moving your lodgings from No. 1 in the High Street to the broad avenue beyond the Market Place. There are a thousand things which I could tell you concerning my inquisitions and explorations, but this is only a preface, full of simplicity and plain speaking, concerning them, which I have set down roughly for the use of good dreamers and those who see. So far as it extends, it is a record of first-hand experiences which could at need be supported by the evidence of others drawn from many sources. However, the excursions of fantasy will not require an apology with any true fantasiasts.

How it was done is another question—one which certain children are continually asking me, just as others say, "What became of the wolf who ate up Little Red Riding-hood? And was it possible that the maiden escaped?" Great things are possible in Fairyland, and that is why, as regards the modes of entrance, their name is legion, for they are many. The meaning of this is a plea-

santry, but there are certainly more ways of getting a magic ring than by buying it. If the roads into Fairyland are many, then the entrance-gate is one, and if the gates are many, then it is certain that the way is one. Should this savour of paradox to the student, I will be more clear on another occasion.

Once in the hush of the midnight, I stood at an open casement, when the spell of the moonbeams had dissolved the whole sky and lay in a misty radiance over all the land. There was a nightingale singing in a thicket, and, as I listened, I found that casement, which stood under a simple thatch in an old-world farmery, situated in the deep heart of the country, was no longer a common window, but one which opened "on the foam of perilous seas in faerie lands forlorn." There—I have been utterly frank with you—that is one of my methods, and the others are equally simple. Yet, if you prefer a decorative and flamboyant way, it shall not prove a failure, and, if I meet with you, I will tell you in utter secret, under a rose of many petals, that there are consecrations which have from all time conferred the privileges of Fairyland with the freedom of all its cities in a golden casket, and many of its manorial easements, including the old customs of the country, and the privilege of the ancient lights. But, for myself, I love better the ecstasies at moonlight in long, embayed windows, with their prospects of faerie meadows, tideless lagoons, and toil-worn, tossing seas.

Take notice, however, that, in any case, there is a certain sense of a divorce from nature, for the man who has seen a ghost is never thenceforward quite like the man who does not believe in spirits; and if you eat the bread of the fairies, no baker's loaves are likely to satisfy you afterwards.

And this reminds me of one of my earlier adventures in the land beyond the turnstile, when I met with the miraculous plant which is not only sufficient to support life without any more material food, but produces a strange transfiguration of the five senses, seeming to possess them completely until those senses produce, as a kind of

spiritual blossom, another and higher faculty, which is that, in fine, that is necessary in order to obtain the true freedom of Fairyland. It is sight, speech, hearing, taste, sensation exalted in a kind of rapture, and it enables you, among other liberties, to understand and speak on occasion the common languages of the country, including the particular dialects or *patois* of its outlying parts. I have myself reduced into writing the elements of the grammar and accidence of this silvern and golden speech, these tongues of mellifluous melody which prevails in the three attainable spheres of Fairyland, for there are other domains beyond them which no man has entered, or at least returned to tell. It is in truth a very great world, wide and far, and it is easy to become lost therein.

The language of the first sphere is shadowed forth by the music of a sweet peal of bells, somewhat dimmed by distance; the second is like the voice of a spirit; the third is the voice of love. And beyond and above these languages there is said to be another and unknown tongue which comprehends them all and yet—such is the alchemy of elfin music—is something other than any of them. The melody of this language is one of the higher ministries of exalted Nature which we must all of us learn one day. It is possible, as I have heard, to learn it easily by a short road, but I do not know where to look for it, and it is possible to go far to acquire it, as to which I can say only that I have been further than most men, but I have not even met with its alphabet. I spoke once on this subject to a holy hermit after plainsong at compline-time in Fairyland, in a chapel of ease attached to the metropolitan church or minster of the first sphere, and he said that, albeit he had never been fully informed, this language, in his opinion, had been acquired very easily by St. John, who had heard it in this life and that it was a hard lesson for Judas, but that both must learn it ultimately, the one not less than the other. He said also that it was more important in one sense for a bad man to learn it than that a good man should already know it. When it has

been learned by Antichrist, he affirmed that there would be no evil left in the world. Having asked him whether he could himself speak it, the hermit replied that he had once seen the letters, but that he did not know their attribution. When I paid a visit to Dreamland, which is on the outskirts of the elfin hemisphere, even the emperor of dreams had only heard of it in snatches—faint voices far over purple hills, beyond the fields of poppy, the groves of hemlock and all the beds of moly and nepenthe. He said that such voices were not known in sleep or in dreams of the night; he thought that they were among the mysteries of the awakening.

These things remind me how I once found mystic characters written around the chalices of all cup-shaped flowers in Fairyland. I thought at the time that they contained only the natural secrets of the virtues peculiar to such flowers, more especially as many ordinary herbs have, to my own knowledge, certain sigils or sentences inscribed on their leaves, setting forth quite intelligibly the great uses which they have in strange arts. But I thought afterwards that I had passed by these characters too lightly, and the next day they had vanished, while in their place was a rich dew of honey-sweet, very pleasant to the taste, on which I lived without other food for days and nights in a wilderness carpeted with hyacinths and peopled with scarlet flamingoes. I have spoken of days and nights as we count them here, but it was always sunset in that wilderness, and the blue of the flowers, the scarlet plumes of the strange birds and the gold and orange of the cloudland, so troubled the eyes that I have seen visions ever since and walk about with a fixed gaze, like one who is in very deep contemplation.

This state is useful in many ways to those who can enter it. There was a youth—I knew him well in the old days, when the spirit of delight created pleasure-domes and bright gardens everywhere—there was, I say, a young man who by long contemplation and great love of the sea had penetrated into the sea's secret, so that he came to know of the sea-spirit—I mean that great being

which is veiled by the strength, beauty and vastness of the ocean. This is long ago and I know not what has become of him, except that he went away over the waters when the tide was high in the spring-time.

If you are a lover of fantasy you would rejoice to see the garden of miraculous flowers which I reached one summer evening in an hour of dews and fragrance. It is tended with loving care by the elfin powers, because on reaching the perfection of their fullest bloom the flowers change into elfin maidens who go away over the land westward in the moonlight, but rather sadly, as it has always seemed to me, in search of lovers.

I have said already that the roamer in these realms is conscious throughout of a certain separation from nature; though he has only turned the corner, he has gone down a strange street, which has taken him into wan meadows, full of wonder and weariness. I must add now that if there are no tears in Fairyland, there is often a deep sense of dreariness. There may be regions where Puck and the hierarchies of trickiness abide and play pranks, but I have not met with them in my walks. The fantastic, the grotesque, and all that which corresponds to the arabesque and the dim regions of gothic grandeur and melancholy are encountered at every turn in the lanes and highways. I must not say that the sense of gladness is wanting, but there is nothing of the sense of comedy, and generally there is the kind of sentiment which follows a strain of music that is very beautiful but, withal, mournful.

And this is the tincture of its histories. I remember that of the Vanished Prince who disappeared mysteriously from throne and kingdom just as he was on the point of attaining the crown of love and of dominion. He simply rose up and went forth. His people mourned him through a whole century; the nation itself passed away; and at the time of the story, after the lapse of a whole age, as people reckon ages in Fairyland, there was one grey watcher left in the turret of a ruined castle, looking towards that quarter of the heavens in the direction of which he had dis-

appeared, and still awaiting his return. But from what I know of the legends of Fairyland, I doubt if he would come back to his own again.

This kind of vigil recurs continually in the great books of romances which fill the galleries of the faerie castles. I cannot tell you as I should like concerning the Circle of Seven Watchers whom seven followed day and night through the years, until something should come to pass which they call the New Life in the Morning. I cannot transfer the glamour of the fairy language on which this story depends. I am told they are still watching; in their part of the country people call it the Divine Vigil and there are many rites and invocations connected with it. But the morning never comes, for it is the place of the Evening Star.

Another melancholy fable tells you of the princess who is entombed in an inaccessible grotto of a great gorge in the mountains, many thousands of feet down, and is there nourished on the tasteless fruits of a forest of mournful trees, which, however, have the gift of preserving the life of the partaker, their unchangeable insipidity imparting a species of sad invariability to the frame. The trees weep in that land.

The Land of Færie is not usually a place of portents, because all that lives therein is a sign or an omen. Hence it is seldom only that things appear suddenly and with violence. There is, however, the Phantom Arm which is seen at unequal intervals, moving with a kind of sweep. Its owner is never seen, be he ghost or demon. Some say that it is really the arm of a great spirit, but it is generally a destroying arm and very few can avert it. It has at times been averted by a great heroism, and then the Phantom Arm is not seen for a long period. Does this remind you of anything?

In spite of sadness, and the sense of disproportion, I prefer to commune with Fairyland than with the ordinary ways of life, for it is always unexpected if it is not always more wonderful; and occasionally it is full of consolations. Nothing appeals to one more powerfully than that custom in a certain part

of the country where a true and inextinguishable love kindles an undying soul in the hearts of the soulless. This has been heard of from time to time in our own world, and has been explained by the philosophers. For the beginner, also, there are certain pleasantries which have at first sight the aspect of comedy. He may go in search of the treasures which were accumulated by the princess in the story called "Diamonds and Pearls," because they are stored somewhere in secret to this day; or he may travel to the mansion of Blue Beard, which still stands in Fairyland, and is part of its antiquities. But all such adventures are designed to lead him further, and the more trivial is your quest at the beginning, the less likely are you to get home at the end, because of the endless adventures which pursue you.

The first time that I climbed the wall at the end of the *cul de sac* I took with me a high speculation, which was nothing less than the attainment of faerie omnipotence, royalty and splendour, and the passage through these to even greater powers. I became page to the King of Faerie and was afterwards made keeper of the Rolls of Elfin Emperors. New names were given to me at each elevation, but I never attained my real purpose, for this must not be so much as expected in Fairyland, though at one time I might, as it seemed, have accomplished a revolution: that was when I had learned wisdom and had undertaken to codify the archives, which I am still doing.

And this reminds me that I have said enough at this time of these matters by the way of introduction and preface until the day comes when I can tell you at full length of the whole elfin archæology; of the Laws of succession in Fairyland; of the Elfin hierarchy; of the Buried Cities of Fairyland: of all the goblin world and ghost mythology. And then as to the place itself—of glades and glens in Fairyland; of forests and seas; of pageants and moving manors; of the fauna and flora of Fairyland; of the evening and the morning; of the mystery of sleep. And in like manner of the people in that country; of its kings and

their chivalries: of the commerce of men and fairies; of witch ladies. And, in fine, to make an end of this dreaming, of great quests in Fairyland, with the journeys, pilgrimages and explorations which can be made therein, as, for example; of the search for the Ring of Invisibility; of the quest after the Purse of Fortunatus; of the inquisition for the

Wishing-Cap; and the pursuit of the Seven-League Boots. Of these things in their due order and methodised you shall hear surely, under favourable stars. And so farewell, but you shall yet pledge me, my children, in the violet wine of Færie and the Book of the Laws of Faerie we shall read together thereafter with happy and shining eyes.



To confess that love also is vanity is said to be a sign that old age has at length overtaken us. Let us not then confess it with our lips, if we would still pass for young. But we shall be constrained to admit in secret that we have revised most of our notions—even about love.



In things that are universal the law always prevails, and this, properly regarded, is a consolation for the heart as well as an assurance for the mind. Neither gaps nor violent transitions exist in nature or the archetypes.



Nature is pantomime; some force bestirs
The antic struggles of her characters,
And semblances of life inparts to each,
But no true motion and no gift of speech:
Some mask unknown stands at the stage's wings
And for each mimic actor speaks and sings,
While in the galleries and stalls we sit
But do not rightly catch one word of it.



The East is not nearer the morning, the West is not further from the light except in appearance. So, also, no man finds wisdom by going either to the West or East. The Sphinx has nothing to tell him and the Pyramids are silent.



Solomon regretted that his vast treasures would fall probably into the hands of a fool. As to treasures of metal it matters little, but for those which have been accumulated by the scholar and the man of letters, it is sad to think that the same destiny awaits them. It is possible, however, to take precautionary measures against the "general reader," who is the heir of no man unless by his own act and deed.

THE LAST MESSAGE

THE mystery of life, so stern, so winning—
 So close, yet far withdrawn—from the beginning
 Has sought a voice in gladness or in wailing,
 And thus in part has compassed its unveiling.
 A mystic garden first the word of light
 Sent with emerging man through ways of night;
 O'er virgin wild and unattempted sea
 He took the direful Lesson of the Tree.
 Then one with veiled face from a mountain brought
 A higher law than priests in Egypt taught,
 And the long line of prophets, one by one,
 Led up, through twilight, towards the Rising Sun.
 So rose the Sun and on the sacred breast
 Of Issa for an age the world found rest,
 As on the bosom of the Mystery.
 Now it has awakened, crying: Where is He?
 And all the voices of the past, behind
 Receding slowly, vanish out of mind.
 Through isolation of the darkness now
 We wait new light upon the lips and brow,
 And in the silence of the ear and brain
 We seek the message of the Word again;
 Still in desertion feel the moment nigh
 When it shall speak indeed, and utterly
 Possess us in the height and the abyss—
 Nor fail in leading where He truly is.
 Then every Word of Life declared of old
 His gospel's further message shall unfold,
 And every sorrow underneath the sun
 Find close triumphant in an antiphon.

RALPH BROTHERHOOD.



No man has ever desired the unattainable, but there are some things which are out of reach at the moment. They will not always be inaccessible, and the higher we fix our desires the more certain they are of fulfilment in the end.



Man's heart is to himself a volume writ
 In cipher, furnished with no key to it,
 And other hearts discourse on every side
 Language to which no heart has e'er replied.



The genius of the Latin Church, ever misinterpreted but yet guided by an extraordinary instinct, has abandoned the orientation of its sacred edifices, knowing that wherever it raises its altars, there, for the Church and her believers, is the Everlasting East.

A MAN OF FORTY

By David Kent

IT was the close of a cold winter's day in London. In a room furnished in rare tints of gold and bronze and filled with vases of Christmas roses, a young woman sat writing. The mellowed light of a reading lamp shed a soft radiance around, while billets of pine-wood burnt fragrantly on the tiled hearth. Presently the velvet-curtained door opened and a page entered with a card on a salver; the woman looked up, laid down her pen, and read the name.

"Where is the gentleman?" she asked, and her tone was one of bored annoyance.

"In the drawing room, madam," answered the bland page.

"Say I will be down in five minutes," she added, and looked at the card again.

The owner was hardly a friend of hers, and it was strange, considering their slight acquaintance, that he should have sought her out. Still the name brought a great wave of pleasant memories of delightful days spent in Ceylon just a year ago; she smiled a soft retrospective smile; the room, the firelight, the flowers faded away; she stood again in the big hall of the Galle Face Hotel at Colombo; it was the hour before dinner, and the place was crowded; she could hear the clink of glasses and the hum of many voices. Through the arched pillars and beyond the swaying cocoanut palms was the restless, radiant sea, roofed by a wonderful sky in which burning rose and violet and many deep, divine colours, that are like no others in creation, met and mingled. She recalled herself with a start—she was standing in her miniature drawing-room, and the person who brought back those scenes was bowing gravely before her. He was a man of forty, slightly

over middle height, fair and clean shaven, with well cut aquiline features, and eyes that in some lights were steely grey but in others took the deep blue of a good turquoise. One felt that satin and lace ruffles would have set far more becomingly on him than any modern garb.

"I only reached England last evening," he said, after she had greeted him; his voice was low and very level.

"How kind of you to come so soon to see me," she answered, as she seated herself opposite, adding, "how did you get my address?"

"My cousin gave it to me, the one whom you knew at Kandy, and, by the way, she begged me to say that she read your book with great interest, but thought the stories far more like your dear sad eyes—the words are hers not mine—than your conversation."

His gaze covered the space between them and took in admiringly every detail, from the wave of hair, the colour of burnt topaz, to the toe of a purple velvet Cromwell shoe.

She laughed slightly in reply. She was embarrassed.

"What ship did you come home on?" she asked as she rang for tea.

"By the Annam-Messagerie line," he answered, while he examined a signed photo in a silver frame standing on a table at his elbow.

"Is that Bret Harte?" he inquired. "Did you know him?"

"Yes," she replied, "very well—he was charming and a genius—genius should never die. I often wonder why the Almighty does not leave the great people with us forever, and be content with a constant holocaust of the dull and idealless."

To this remark her visitor answered lightly, with careless irreverence.

While the tea was making its appearance he glanced at a few other photographs of greater or lesser celebrities—then when the servant had withdrawn, he exclaimed:

"By the way, Mrs. Cheveley—yes, three lumps of sugar, please—where's that little friend of yours who was out in Ceylon?"

"Oh, she is often here with me—I am very much attached to her, she is so companionable, so—" she paused for a word, "charming—didn't you think so?"

"I don't know," he replied, as he stirred his tea. Then he looked up, and said quietly, and as naturally as he would have spoken of the weather—

"I am afraid that she reminded me irresistibly of a rat—please don't be offended—but the furtive look in her eye, and the stealthy twist of the head! I am a very close observer; fortunately most people are not. You must forgive me. Then she talked like a millionaire, which is so demoralising."

"Alas! it is the only resemblance between them, I fear," answered Mrs. Cheveley, adding somewhat coldly—"Let us speak of something else."

"Do you often go to the play?" he inquired, in no wise abashed, resting his cup on the tray.

"No, not often."

"Will you honour me—one evening next week? It would be a real charity; and you, I know, are nothing if not charitable."

How steadily the blue eyes looked into the dark ones—cold and unwavering. For a moment the woman had a feeling bordering almost on repulsion—a faint, undefined presage of coming sorrow. It passed. She smiled and met his gaze.

"Thank you," she replied; "but if you don't mind, we will leave it an open question. I am not quite sure of next week. I half expect my people on a visit; they usually come about this time."

"As you wish," he said; and then, after a few more remarks of a desultory character, he took up his hat preparatory to departure. She could not help noticing what an extraordinary white

and well shaped hand his was, and what blood red fires the single ruby he wore flashed out in contrast.

"I fear that I must be leaving," he murmured, as he rose, "I have several places to go to; you must please pardon such a hasty visit—goodbye."

He spoke with evident reluctance, and a minute later he was gone. She stood where he had left her long after his hansom cab bells had died in the distance. "What a curious man!" was the thought that passed absently through her mind, but it was a somewhat significant fact, and one worthy of record in a woman of such mental energy, that though she returned to her desk and sat pen in hand, she wrote no other word that night.

It was towards the close of the run of "The Last of the Dandies." Mrs. Cheveley and the man from Ceylon sat together in the stalls. The curtain had just fallen on the second act, and people were making a move.

"A wonderful man, Count Dorsay! I never can understand how so original a being ever committed such a commonplace folly as matrimony!" Mrs. Cheveley remarked, glancing idly down the programme.

"You see he pawned his morality early and hoped to redeem it with a fortune," answered her companion, "but he was too bright a jewel for so melancholy a mill as marriage. Even such ordinary people as I am, have found it tax their strength beyond endurance." He sighed as he spoke, and for a moment something uncommonly like tears clouded his cold eyes. Mrs. Cheveley looked interested, but asked no questions. She could afford to wait: men usually ended—even if they did not begin—by confiding in her.

The play over, they took supper at the Carlton, and talked the airy trifles of the hour, skimming every subject as lightly as a gossamer's wing. He was not brilliant, but he was entertaining, and knew much of men and things. He had travelled—he had observed—he had remembered. His face, stern and in some lights almost repellently severe, attracted her. She decided that he was

a man who would mould destiny—now and always—to his own ends and needs.

"It is hours like these," he said, "that make one want to live for ever."

"I always want to live for ever," she answered gaily.

"Perhaps on the whole most of us do, if we would only acknowledge it," he replied. "As for me, I am a timid soul, and I must confess to being a good deal frightened by the discouraging accounts one gets of the next world."

He seemed quite serious as he helped himself with deliberation to some salad. Mrs. Cheveley smiled faintly at his flippant cynicism.

That evening was but the prelude to many others. The man brought a new warmth and interest into the days: hitherto the stream of her life had been peculiarly free from any strong or disturbing currents, but now it seemed to have received some strange impetus and was racing rapidly towards—she knew not what.

Throughout the early and reluctant summer the man wooed her with ardour, with passion, with persistence, gradually winning her confidence, and so breaking down every barrier of resistance. At first she was inclined to hesitate—faint doubts assailed her; doubts of herself and him, of him most of all. But, with the mesmeric power of the serpent, the stronger nature crept surely to, and held fast the weaker. She was lonely, and longed for sympathy, for mirth and music, light and laughter—in a word, for all those things that lend colour and poetry to a life. He could give her all this, and even more. In accepting his devotion it appeared to her—not without a certain excuse—lay that strange elusive thing that she had never possessed, and had even ceased to dream of—happiness. Meanwhile, he was so humble, so adoring, so impressed by her gifts and graces, that the little vanity which her nature had ever held leapt up and burst into a warm, expansive flame.

So things progressed between those two—until truth cast its unwelcome presence across her golden dream. It came abruptly. He was a married man, tied in his youth to an Ameri-

can Jewess, who from her girlhood onwards had been a confirmed drunkard. He wanted a divorce, but, unfortunately, in order to obtain it, he must permit her to figure as the aggrieved party. Would she, Mabel Cheveley, of her divine graciousness and goodness—?

Such was the sum and substance of his story when it was at length given to her keeping. They were seated together in her room; it was twilight, the dancing flames of the fire fell in fantastic patches on her velvet gown and clasped hands, on the pictures and the flower-filled bowls—leaving all else in shadow. A long silence had fallen between them, a silence which he was the first to break.

"Have I shocked you?" he whispered repentantly. She roused herself and sighed.

"N-no," she said, "I am not so easily shocked, but—" she hesitated—

He filled in the pause.

"I ask too much—it is that you would say?" He rose and leant against the mantle-shelf and looked down at her—"Who indeed am I that I should ever presume to beg from your generosity so great a thing?" His lips quivered, his tone was filled with pain.

"Why not—why not?" she said quickly. "What is love if it is not equal to a sacrifice? What is life if one has not the courage to shape it to our own individual requirements? If I hesitated it was only for a moment; I thought of those near to me who will never understand—but—that cannot unhappily be helped; I will not shrink from making my own path through the world, even though it entail the uprooting of many prejudices. Many other women in all things greater than I have already led the way."

The man's expression softened wonderfully as he heard. He raised her fingers to his trembling lips with a knightly courtesy that became him well.

She was a glorious woman: he felt it, and his heart went out to her's on the outstretched wings of a profound passion. He clasped joy by the hand at last, at last—no longer its pale counterfeit. The realisation made

things whirl with mad magic for a moment—something beat high up in his throat and obscured his vision—he only knew that her face, pale and serene, stood clearly out like a ray of sunlight thrown upon shadow.

"Dearest," he murmured at last, "never for one hour shall you repent your mercy to me." Then he stooped and kissed her. "It will all be very quiet," he said, "no one here will know, and your name will not be mentioned; in America these things are so comparatively easy—for one thing there is no Non-conformist conscience to be conciliated.

She smiled, a ghost of a smile, and then their talk drifted to other matters—it was in a way characteristic of both that the most momentous issue of their joint lives should be settled and dismissed in words so few.

It was some few months later.

Mrs. Cheveley was dressing for a dinner party. A great bouquet of violets and mimosa lay in a jewelled holder of antique design amongst the many elegant and useless trifles on her toilet table; their perfume was heavy on the air. Her cheek was flushed with the pale delicious pink of happiness; her eyes sparkled; the candle-light caught and re-caught the multi-colours of a great diamond that heaved its beautiful life amid the laces at her breast; she was humming a little tune with an imbecile refrain out of sheer light-heartedness while she smiled as she saw her radiant reflection in the swinging mirror opposite.

Her new book—"The Viciousness of Virtue"—resplendent in a green and gold binding lay—with its pages uncut on her writing table. She had not found time to glance at it, though a brief while back, as time counts, she had held all other things as nought in comparison with this precious brain child, round whose welfare all her thoughts and wishes had centred.

"What quaint creatures we women are," she reflected, as she fastened the last jewelled pin in her hair; "how the touch of a man's hand on our lives can glorify or destroy!"

In a week he and she were to be married—in a week—after which they would wing their way to some island in the Greek Sea where life and love would be as near perfection as anything mortal can be. Her heart beat with fond expectancy. His face—fair and cold, with a glimmer of softness in the eyes—so faint and fleeting as to be like the ripple of an April sunbeam on still waters—which she had grown to know and look for, rose in memory before her. She sighed happily in fond retrospection. Then she gathered up her cloak—a Chinese wrap of sable and marvellous embroidery—and raised the bouquet of violets to her lips. Their perfume stole over her senses; a glow of pure delight thrilled through her soul. Would she always feel so? Would she always tread upon air? Would life be ever like a dream? She did not pause for her soul's answer, but went down and out into the cold night air; the warmth of a great joy and the scent of the flowers went with her.

The dinner was gay, the room crowded; light, music, and laughter—all those attributes that raise life from the ordinary dull round of the commonplace—were around them.

Once or twice in the brief conversational intervals she glanced at him. He looked extremely well, and for him even animated. Once she felt his gaze on her, and a responsive feeling made her lip quiver and her voice falter. Never had she felt more sure of him: never had she felt so proud or so much at rest.

"He is so dear to me," she thought; "so dear."

The future, like an illuminated missal that could never grow old, stretched out before her. At midnight he drove her home. The rain splashed against the window-panes, and the lights of the streets gleamed uncertain through a damp and dismal mist. He wrapped the fur rug round her with the most solicitous and courtier-like care.

"Have you never loved anyone else?" she asked him suddenly, as the carriage splashed along, and the question hurt her in the asking.

"Never," he answered firmly; "I have

told you so often—my marriage was not of my own making and the other affair—of which you know—hardly counts. My life," he continued gravely, "has had for its landmarks losses and crosses innumerable, but now, now all is changed; I pass through the hours wrapped in a fairy mantle, so it is, perhaps, not unnatural that I do not care to unroll the coil of dismal years and stand face to face with a past best forgotten."

She was silent. Knowing what she did of the time that was gone, and seeing how distasteful any allusion to it always seemed, she wisely refrained from further questions. He took her in his arms just before the house was reached with an impulse of tenderest passion.

"My divinity," he murmured, "you are the only woman I have ever cared for, the only one I have ever wished or wanted to marry. You believe me?" he held her a little from him in anxious query. "That is well, for I have never lied to you; and so, dear, goodnight."

When they alighted, he stood for a moment just in the light of the carriage lamp, and the blue eyes—clear and large—gazed with steadfast candour into hers. Then she passed into the house alone.

On the table in her room were a heap of letters and some rolls of proofs. She cast her wraps from off her, and ran her hand with a tired gesture through her hair, glancing indifferently at her correspondence the while. She drew a chair to the fire and stirred to fresh life the handful of reddened coal that slept in the grate, watching it leap up with a dreamy interest—her thoughts far away.

Then she slowly broke the seals of two or three letters. From one an enclosure fell; she stooped and picked it up; it was in his handwriting. Thinking that it must be intended for her she read it through; it was brief but pregnant with meaning.

"My dear Muriel"—it ran—

"Your letter has brought me more of pain and heart-sickness than I can tell; it is so cold that it slays for ever any thought of a possible future. I am indeed well punished for daring to

imagine that your dear kind looks and words could have ever meant more than they really did; for thinking so, I humbly beg your forgiveness. I know, dear, there is, as you say, a great disparity in our ages; still, love—such love as I have for you—could bridge such trifles; as my wife, dear heart, your life would have been all sunshine. You are to me what no other has ever been, what no other ever can be. I will say no more, except that I am now and ever

"Yours,"

The letter was signed and bore date July 13, and on July 15 he had proposed to her. She remembered the day only too well; she looked in the envelope with hurried trembling fingers; inside were a few lines to herself. She read them, a dimness before her sight and a stabbing feeling in her brain.

"Dear Mrs. Cheveley,

"The enclosed, from a mutual acquaintance, may be of interest and perhaps of instruction to you. A former letter from the same is also at your service, should you care to see it. I may say that I first met the writer in Colombo, when papa and I were globe trotting. He followed up what was merely a casual acquaintance by an early call on his return to England in the spring of this year.

"I am,

"Dear Mrs. Cheveley,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"MURIEL FYTCHE."

She laid the letter down; there was no loophole for doubt of any kind—she felt suddenly chilly and grown old. "Had Muriel designed it in kindness or not," she wondered dully, "or, worst of all, from pity?"

For a long while she sat staring into blank space, while her eyes seemed to hold all the future in their set look; a desolating sense of impotence and failure overcame her; two great tears rose to her eyes and stealing rapidly downwards lost themselves in the jewels at her breast. The clock on the mantelpiece, ticking away so heedlessly, seemed

like a cruel voice, saying: "Muriel Fytche is an heiress," with horrid mechanical repetition. After a while she left her seat and went across to her desk.

"Fair, false and forty," unconsciously she paraphrased the quotation. "How right one's first impressions must really be after all! Why do we ever distrust them?"

Then she took a sheet of note paper

and wrote on it. "This explains all," and enclosing it with his letter in an envelope, addressed it in a perfectly steady hand, a bitter smile, cold as ice, curving her mouth the while.

The pen dropped from her fingers; his face in the lamplight rose before her and with it some sense of her limitless loss. A low, despairing cry broke from her; her head sank on her arms and she lay there sobbing bitterly.



THE BREEZY COMMON

He cried, "For me no sheltering fane,
Hopes of some far-off blissful rest
How idle 'tis to entertain,
Doubt's breezy common is the best!"

But when, from lowering skies, the storm
Swept by with angry vehemence,
He envied men in temples warm,
Crouching behind his ragged fence!



When we are tempted to question whether there is good in anything, let us remember that there is always good in the things which are of consequence; but we have grown satisfied with trivialities.



The analogies of Nature are disconcerting; they quench rather than encourage the best aspirations of man.



Great is the ministry of books, and great
Their consolation in our mean estate;
But hearts whose aches prolong with every beat,
Find them, like Nature's breathings, incomplete.



"I am willing," said the editor, wearily, "to make every allowance for hyperbole and rhetoric, and all that sort of thing; but when I get a three-column article from a lady contributor headed 'A Word to Women,' it makes me yearn for the hereafter."

FAR JAPAN

By V. B. Paterson

AHO in this England of ours does not admire, nay, almost love, the Japanese? Certainly no one who has ever lived in their delightful land, or even passed over it merely with the hasty step of the globe-trotting tourist. The late Sir Edwin Arnold loved Japan, and took it to his heart as a second native land—choosing a wife from among its charming women, and ever singing its praises: there are not a few other Englishmen to-day who have followed his example, have taken up their residence in the sea-girt islands of the Far East; have married Japanese wives, and now have sons and daughters gathering round their table, bearing in their features the Western characteristics of their fathers' faces and the Oriental beauty of their mothers. We are thus beginning to invade Japan, but Japan invaded us long ago. For years we have 'been her host, her willing teacher and one of her best customers.' We have welcomed her sons to our shores, and showed them how we build our ships, spin our cotton, and make our laws. We have trained them to be sailors; they have studied at our universities and learned business in our counting-houses. They have played our games and sat at our tables; they have established important trading concerns in our cities and become accurate speakers of our language. So far we have done something for the Japanese.

But for years, also, there was one thing we refused to do for them, just the one thing, too, which their hearts were set on, which they were determined to

have. We would not admit that as a nation they were on a level with ourselves. We regarded them much as a grown man looks upon a clever child. Its imitations of its elders are watched with indulgent amusement, but no one dreams of taking them seriously. That, however, was precisely the aim of the Japanese. They wanted to be taken seriously, and the fact that we could not see this, cost them much wounded pride. It also cost us some concessions which we should not otherwise have been called upon to make.

Originally Japan only strove for a partial recognition of her rights to make her own tariff laws and to exercise a certain limited jurisdiction over the foreigners living within her borders. This moderate demand France, the United States, Germany and Russia, were willing to concede, but Great Britain would not give her consent, and consequently, when later on she concluded a treaty with Japan, she found that conditions were altered, and that the Japanese diplomats would not be satisfied so easily as they had once been. At the same time, no one, I imagine, grudges the nation, who have become our most recent allies, the advantages which they have won by their own perseverance and moderation.

By the treaty in question the whole of Japan is thrown open to British subjects. They can travel from one end of the country to the other. They are the friends of the Japanese, can reside permanently in Japan, and can establish themselves in business there at all points, on an equality with the natives of the country. They are subject only to one

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or two limitations. While they bear no share in the army tax, and are exempt from army service, they cannot buy land, nor take part in the coasting trade, except between certain specified ports. On the other hand, it is quite open to the Britisher to lease land, and as the leases in Japan usually run from thirty to fifty years, the intending colonist has ample security that in starting any enterprise necessitating the erection of buildings, or the putting up of machinery, he will have time to develop his business, and make a profit, other conditions being favourable, on the capital which he invests.

Japan is wonderfully clever. She is rapidly imbibing European methods, and her history during the last fifty years proves that she has without doubt the talent which can copy successfully. Whether she has the genius to originate some of her friends have questioned, and in her faculty for imitation they see a possibility of danger to her future. Will she take over the vices of Western nations as easily as she has adopted their civilization and customs, for example?

Every Scot knows how the tourist has spoiled the Highlander. The simple manners and frank hospitality of the island people have in many places given place to greed, and a settled determination to make hay while the sun shines. It is so in every quarter of the globe where tourists go, and the lover of Japan asks himself whether the new opportunities offered to visitors to that country will result in the loss of those charming manners which make the Japanese such delightful people to live amongst. For they are, above all things, charming. The traveller who puts up at a Japanese inn is a person, certainly, who is expected to pay for his entertainment, but he is also a friend. He has taken the trouble to cross miles of ocean, from his own land, to see their beloved country; therefore, a friend he must be, and he is welcomed with joyous smiles; his apartment is hung round with wreaths, and nothing is spared that can be thought of to give him pleasure or add to his comfort.

The sleeping-room has no walls as we understand such things. Screens divide

it alone from the rest of the house, and it would be easy for the thief or the murderer to creep round and assault the stranger if there were any one capable of such villany. But there is no one. The worst embarrassment encountered is possibly the little daughter of the household who, in her six year old artlessness, sees no reason why she should not accompany the visitor during his toilet, and chat with him while he arrays himself in all these extraordinary garments, which her small eyes begin to observe are becoming fashionable, even with her own countrymen.

In fact, the "paying guest" is a reality in Japan, and not a pleasant myth as he is here. It is possible for a man to stay at a hotel in Japan and at the same time feel himself the guest of a delightful family circle. Perhaps he goes out to call on some household, to which he bears a letter of introduction. Nothing could be more hospitable or gracious than his reception. He is asked to dinner, and ten to one an English beefsteak, with a knife and fork to eat it with, will be placed before him, as a proper attention to an honoured guest. The rest of the meal is more of a novelty. One requires some experience to sit gracefully and eat politely upon a small stool on the floor. The menu also at first strikes the visitor as rather out of the common. Raw fish of various sorts, boiled rice and pickles, sweet custard pudding with portions of lobster mixed up in it, and soups of unknown ingredients, all of which one is expected to convey to the mouth by means of chop-sticks! It is a matter of time, too, to get through the courses, especially as the hosts have a way of going back on the past, so to speak. The courses are brought in one by one, but not removed till dinner is quite over, and the diners will take a few mouthfuls of the course that is on, and then hark back to one which has preceded it, so that it becomes quite a puzzle competition to foretell what will be the next article to be tasted. One's digestive organs also are occasionally upset by the curious mixtures they are compelled to take cognisance of.

Again, when tea is brought in, it is embarrassing to an Englishman to have

it offered to him on her bended knees by the attendant Geisha girl, and he is apt to feel the situation more quaint than agreeable. The graceful dancing and singing of these pretty maidens he does not take long to get used to, or to like, however, and they remain a memory with him long after his visit to the land of the cherry blossom has become nothing but a dream.

Some people think April is the best month to visit Japan. Then the trees are full of coloured blossom and the loveliest of green foliage. As one approaches Yokohama from the sea the view is beautiful beyond expression. The tourist who has visited America, India and New Zealand, and exhausted all his adjectives in descriptions of the scenery in his letters home, feels that he has wasted the powers of the English language when he comes to Japan. He sees Fusi-jama wearing a perpetual mantle of virgin snow upon its shoulders and towering over all the landscape, lifting its head 12,000 feet above sea level. Beneath, and all around, are flowers and foliage of perfect colour and form; the sun shines on temple and building, and the sparkling blue of the sea throws back the azure of a cloudless sky.

Nor is this first impression the best. As he travels inland, waterfalls, lakes and mountains await him. By the sides of the rivers the solemn lanterns rise up like strange ghosts in the twilight; peaked temple roofs and gay pagodas peep out at him from among the pines and cryptomerias; quaint figures pass before him dressed in kimono of the softest tints, and greet him with smiles and words of welcome. The air is full of sweet scents, and the sunsets are blue, and heliotrope, and pink. He seems to wander in a fairyland, where everything is beautiful and everybody is good.

Japanese art has become too familiar to require any detailed mention in such an article as this. In their sacred buildings it almost seems as if the Japanese love for gold and lacquer ornamentation ran riot. Their best artists have been employed on the decoration of their temples, and though, to Western eyes, accustomed to a colder and more severe

style of ornament, the interior of a Buddhist or Shinto temple may look almost barbaric in its magnificence, a very brief study makes one feel that the embellishment is suited to the surroundings. With such a glow of colour in sky and forest, the glitter of gilding and inlaid work is in perfect keeping. The representations of animal life in those buildings is extraordinary in its boldness of conception and design. Dragons and weird birds that never flew on land or sea, lift their heads and stretch their wings amidst gorgeous and unearthly plants. One such fantastic fowl, with huge wings of vivid green and outspread tail of scarlet, in the decorations of the Kano Shinto Temple Nikko, will be remembered by every visitor to that town.

Nikko is a beautiful place renowned for the number and splendour of its sacred buildings. The man who wants to do a good deed with his wealth erects a handsome stone lantern in front of one of these temples, and there is a tradition that once there came a poor Japanese who desired to offer a gift but had nothing to give. He thought, however, he could at least drop a few seeds of the handsome *Cyptomeria* tree on each side of the road, and accordingly the humble offering was presented. The seeds grew and thrived, and the trees that came up formed such a noble archway of green that other worshippers, seeing them, planted more seeds and more, till now there is a magnificent avenue of these trees, twenty miles in length, leading up to the shrines, all the outcome of the happy thought of that one poor man.

Equally well is recalled the two gold dolphins which surmount the old castle at Najoya, still used by the Mikado as an Imperial residence. These wonderful fish are made of solid metal and are estimated to be worth £36,000. The castle is five storeys high, and the gold dolphins rear their massive heads over all, glittering in the sunshine. If the Russians ever reach Najoya they will find loot worth taking, for in addition to the costly ornaments just referred to, there are, in the older portion of the castle, some superb painted screens, several hundreds of years old, yet still

retaining their brilliance of colouring, as if only newly from the artist's hands, besides other treasures of equal value and interest.

The vividness and delicacy of Japanese art has made it the despair of European imitators ever since it first became known. The cloisonné work of Japan is specially noted for these characteristics. How Japanese landscapes appear to the eye of the trained European artist was very well-shown quite recently in London, in the interesting collection of water-colour sketches exhibited by Miss Ella Du Cane, at Grave's Galleries, Pall Mall. The artist has caught, in a sympathetic and accurate way, the atmosphere of the lovely and which she portrayed.

I have said that April is a favourite month for visiting Japan, but I do not know that October, or at all events, late autumn, is not as delightful. The air is peculiarly crisp and bracing at that season, and the lover of colour will find an endless joy in the consideration of the tints of the maples and other trees, then changing their leaves. There are a great many varieties of the maple tree in Japan, and in autumn, in some parts of the country, one would almost fancy that the forests were on fire—from the palest pink to the deepest flame and orange hues, the leaves present an ever different shade to the delighted eyes of the traveller.

To anyone who has seen the hot springs of New Zealand what Japan has to show in that line will be rather disappointing. Still, the sulphur lakes in the volcanic districts are quite startling enough to satisfy a less travelled person, and he may easily, if he aspires to test their powers for himself, push a leg through the lava crust surrounding any of them, and get it scalded off for his pains. The island of Tesso contains most sulphur, I believe, as it also yields about half of all the workable coal in the Empire: all the islands are, however, of volcanic origin.

The chief tea producing districts of Japan are the tract of country extending from the middle part of the eastern coast and running south-westerly along the southern coast, including Tokoido,

Kinai, Shikoka and Kinshiu. But at present the Japanese have more important matters to attend to than the manufacture of green tea, and their rivals are taking advantage of the fact to capture all the trade they can from them in the markets of the United States and Canada.

A visit to a chrysanthemum show is not to be missed by the autumn traveller in Japan; no one who loves the chrysanthemum could fail to learn much that would please and interest him. Japanese growers do not go in like ourselves for enormous blooms. Their ambition is quantity more than quality, and the more flowers the cultivator can succeed in producing on one plant, the greater his pride and satisfaction. I have, indeed, heard of a single chrysanthemum with 700 flowers on it, and at a show it is not at all unusual to see plants with 150 to 200 blooms, each being about six inches or more in diameter. But perhaps the sight which will most astonish the European visitor will be the chrysanthemums trained to resemble ships in full sail, temples, bicycles, rickshaws and other objects. Whatever he is doing the Japanese must find a scope for his ingenuity, and sometimes he will actually train his favourite flower over dummy figures, so that scenes from his popular plays are enacted before the amazed spectator, in which the marionettes, dressed in various coloured chrysanthemums are moved to and fro till their kimono seem to be composed of all the tints of the rainbow, while not a single flower has been detached from its stem.

What the Japanese cannot do in fanciful horticulture is hardly to be done at all, one feels. Their fantastic trees, which attain several centuries of life without growing higher than a dozen inches, are familiar to all of us, though no one, as far as I am aware has ever penetrated the mystery how the growth is checked and the vitality of the plant maintained at one and the same time. Their quaint toy landscapes have become a fashionable pursuit with our lady gardeners, but the chrysanthemum plays surpass all their other achievements in this line, to my mind.

No one has heard of a British Jack Tar filling up his leisure moments in making wreaths to decorate his bunk, or even that of his commander. He does occasionally blossom out in remarkable patched quilts and sewed cushions, but in a Japanese man-of-war lying in the Thames recently, the officers' quarters and the mens' also were made beautiful by festoons of greenery designed and executed by the crew in their odd moments.

If we did not know by the records in every paper of the boldness and daring exhibited hourly by our allies in their war with Russia we might be inclined to smile at these instances of their almost feminine gentleness, but the combination of qualities thus displayed is surely such as will make their nation great, not merely in strength but in moral influence. Where among all our cultured nations of the West can we find nobler sentiments than are expressed in the proclamation made by Count Ogama, the Minister of War at the time of the Chino-Japanese War, to the Japanese Army of that day?

"Belligerent operations," he said, "being properly confined to the military and naval forces actually engaged, and there being no reason whatever for enmity between individuals because their armies are at war, the common principles of humanity dictate that succour and rescue should be extended even to those of the enemy's forces who are disabled either by wounds or disease.

In obedience to those principles, civilized nations in time of peace enter into conventions to assist disabled persons in time of war without distinction of friend or foe." No army has perhaps ever been sent to the front with a more admirable exhortation.

On the other hand, at the same period, Chinese Viceroy were offering rewards for the heads and hands of the Japanese dead. The conduct of Russia in her treatment of the wounded and captured of the enemy is, of course, based on quite other ideas than was that of Japan's former foes, but without entering into any comparison of the magnanimity of the two nations, one may say without fear of contradiction that the chivalry of the Japanese is at least equal to that of Russia, and has been shown abundantly to be so on every occasion when there has been opportunity of putting it to the proof.

Though many forecasts are made, none can pronounce on the outcome of the present struggle. But one may venture to encourage those pessimists who shudder at the prospect of what they term the Yellow Peril. Should Japan come off the winner, it will be the business of Great Britain to see both that she secures the full fruits of her victory, and that she does not forget moderation in the fresh demands which she will be entitled to make. From her statesman-like conduct in the past it seems certain that Japan will not disappoint her friends in the latter respect.



It is not in reality necessary that a subject should be true in order to insure it being unpopular, at least at its inception; or important to insure its being neglected; or that it should bear the signs and seals which show that it will prevail in the future, in order that most people shall be up in arms against it. But as this is what almost invariably befalls the things which are true, important, and destined to overcome, it is well to draw attention to the fact that this is not of necessity but of prejudice.



In the last resource there is always a way of escape. *Consolamini, consolamini.*

HEART OF HEARTS

HEART of hearts, when the Southern dusk is falling,
 Over high wood and stream, over crag and lea—
 When deep unto deep in the trembling light is calling,
 And earth meets Heaven in one dread mystery—
 Heart of hearts! do you pause and dream of me?

When the sun's red war with the pale twilight is over,
 When his last ensanguined banners furl and flee,
 When night-birds flit and wail in the forest cover,
 And flowers are white as foam on midnight sea—
 Heart of hearts! oh, then, do you dream of me?

When nought is left to tell of the dead sun's setting,
 When a full moon sails o'er a world that is void of din,
 Then, oh my love! my treasure beyond all getting,
 My goal, my crown, my prize that I may not win—
 Heart of hearts! in your dreams do you let me in?

Heart of hearts, when the night of nights is falling,
 Over life and love—over death and mystery—
 When I am laid where the English birds are calling,
 And you, oh love! in the land I may not see—
 Heart of hearts! in your grave will you dream of me?

AUSTRALIS.



All great books are sacraments, but all readers do not partake worthily. It follows that literature is not only a priesthood but a revelation, and that such books are part of the divine institutes and ministry.



The man who tells the truth and is accounted as a false witness can, in the last resource, dispense with being believed, because he has the truth to support him; but it is hard on the man who speaks falsely to find no credit, because in the last resource there is no consolation in his inventions. Hence it happens often that the truthful man commands our respect and the liar our sympathy.



The casual man, who takes things as they come, gets through a good deal of misfortune, but he misses not a few of the greater things which are not found till they are sought for.



The things which are most worth expressing are those which lie, for the most part, outside the limits of utterance, and this is why all true literature is a quest—great, holy and without term.



That which comes to stay comes slowly, unlike the comets and the meteors.

AN AFFAIR IN ARCADIA

By Maystone Sidney



CHARTERIS pushed his easel back and dismissed his model. It was undoubtedly very annoying. Having made innumerable studies for the principal figure in his projected picture he was as far as ever from getting the pose and expression he wanted. Yet the thing seemed simple enough—a little sylvan love idyll in a woodland setting. Within an hour or two after the composition occurred to him he had roughed out its details, and he knew of an ideal background in a beech wood close by: but when it came to working out the girl's figure—that would be all-important—he seemed impotent. His dream of a place on the line at the Royal Academy and unlimited fame and wealth began to take on the hues of dissolution.

He curled himself up on the big divan, and the smoke of his cigarette came from between his lips in little angry puffs, as he reflected on the useless results of the past few weeks' labour.

"What the devil is the matter with me, Dicky?" he said at last, to the other occupant of the studio, a wild-bearded man, in striped breeches and grey jersey, who was hard at work on a water-colour.

"Ignorance," said Dicky, laconically.

"Oh, rot!" said Charteris. "What's wrong with my training? Besides, I was supposed to be pretty good both here and in Antwerp."

"So you were," Dicky agreed, "but you can't learn everything in the schools."

He returned to his water-colour. Charteris watched him in silence for some time and then broke out again.

"Drop that beastly thing and talk to me, Dicky. What have I done that I ought not to have done, and what have I left undone that I ought to have done?"

Dicky came across from his easel and threw himself upon the divan.

"My son," he observed, "you are young. It is not a crime, only a misfortune."

"Which means?" queried Charteris.

"That you are trying to put on canvas something you know nothing whatever about."

Charteris protested.

"Have you ever been in love?"

Dicky asked, with the air of an examining counsel.

"Well, you know, there's Cynthia."

Dicky waved his hand, in what he considered to be a fine forensic manner.

"True," he said, "there's Cynthia; of whom as the result of propinquity and opportunity, you have grown very fond. Cynthia will make a charming bride in white satin, and afterwards a very delightful wife. It is to be hoped you will soon be able to make an income sufficient to justify marriage."

A sigh came from Charteris. "That's why I am so keen on making a success of this confounded picture," he explained. "How can I ask Cynthia to fix a day before I can command a decent income?"

"Of course you cannot," the other agreed, readily. "And that is why the existence of Cynthia does not affect the question: Have you ever been in love?"

"If you mean in a mad 'through fire and water' fashion, thank the Lord, I have not."

"Yet you are trying to present on

canvas some idea of the dawn of passionate love. At least," Dicky added, "I assume it is not love dominated by income you are meaning to picture?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Dicky; it does not suit you," responded Charteris. "Practical considerations have no place in an idyll."

"Perhaps not," the tone was non-committal. "But sometimes an idyll happens in practice."

The smoke cloud increased for awhile in silence.

"Do you mean that it is no good my attempting to carry out the idea until I fall into a patch of purple passion on my own account, then?" Charteris said, at last.

Dicky considered.

"Hardly that," was his conclusion. "You see," he went on, "if you can find the thing you want somewhere, sympathy should enable you to realise its meaning. But as you do not know it for yourself, you must paint it direct from Nature. Having no impressions to impose upon Nature, you must allow Nature to impose her impressions upon you."

Charteris rose and stretched himself lazily.

"Perhaps you are right," he admitted, "but where on earth am I going to get the model? I've tried models from town—no good! I've tried models from the village here—less good still!"

"Naturally," said Dicky. "To a model who did not possess it you tried to give an expression you do not know. You must wait until you find one with the expression already in her face."

"Well, I hope she'll come along soon," said Charteris.

For a few weeks following he worked at a village subject, which was also on the stocks, "The Cobbler's Shop," though the neglected "Dawn of Love" was always in his mind. Once he had a model who had been recommended to him down from town, but he sent her back again promptly. It was not the light of love's dawning that glowed beneath her heavy lids.

One August afternoon he put his brushes down with a yawn, and turned to Dicky.

"It's too close to work; come out for a stroll, old man."

But Dicky was industrious and refused; so Charteris went out alone.

A golden sun was shining in a sky of palest purple, and in the village chimney stacks and trees were swimming unsteadily in a heavy haze. The pond before the church was like a sheet of oil, without the smallest ripple to break the reflection of the great elm beside it. In the mist of heat the blurred outlines of the church alone were visible, its grey details being all lost in the prevailing purple mist. Along the street here and there a white wall shone luminously, and the green shutters of the "Robin Hood" managed to hold their own; but for the most part the shops and cottages had resolved themselves into soft-edged silhouettes.

Charteris was almost a salamander, and expanded into energy under a temperature that laid most people prostrate, but the humid heat of the afternoon was too much even for him; and by the time he had reached the uphill end of the village, shade and something cool to drink began to appear as the two things in all creation most to be desired.

There was only one place immediately within reach where these could be obtained, and he entered the low door of Mrs. Burford's. Mrs. Burford supplied the village with milk, butter, eggs and such like produce, and if her business was small there was only one to keep out of the profits, for the old dame was a widow of so many years standing that only the very oldest inhabitants could easily recall the days before "Mrs. Burford's 'usband" departed this life. She knew all her customers intimately, and took a great interest in the two artists who had converted the Red Barn into a studio.

Charteris was especially a favourite of hers, and as the old woman's quaint observations on things in general amused him he would often stop to drink a glass of milk at her establishment; and sometimes took his tea there by way of change from the slipshod meal in the studio.

The garden at the back of Mrs. Burford's cottage was a blaze of colour at this season of the year, like the rustic

bouquet it was, and a more pleasant spot for an outdoor rest or meal would not have been easy to find. Charteris took a chair from the small shop into the garden and sat down in the cool shade of an elm which grew on one side of a little plot of turf. Nobody came, so he got for himself a glass of milk and soda and brought out the tiny table that was used on similar occasions. He sat musing lazily until his head began to nod forward. Once or twice he came back to full consciousness with a jerk, but the somnolent influence of the heavy afternoon prevailed, and presently his eyes closed in earnest and he fell asleep, his head resting on his arm.

Perhaps it was the uneasiness of his position that set him dreaming that he was a knight endeavouring to rescue a fair princess from an inconceivably horrible and repulsive dragon. Whatever it was, he had just succeeded in cutting off the beast's head, which proved to be made of canvas and yellow ochre, when a cry from the chained princess startled him and he awoke.

"How did you get in here?" said a soft voice.

"It's all right, princess," replied Charteris, still in his dream.

The girl drew back, not knowing what to make of so strange a reply.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Charteris rubbed his eyes and came to himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said, rising, "Was I talking nonsense? I was in the middle of a mad dream."

Her face relaxed. "Oh! was that it?" she said, with some relief. "But how did you come here?"

"I often come," he explained. "This afternoon no one was about so I got what I wanted myself. I often do; it does not seem worth while to disturb Mrs. Burford's afternoon nap. I hope I did not startle you."

"Well—only just a little." She smiled, and he saw her white teeth. "I could not think who you were."

"You startled me, you know"; said Charteris gravely, "and, as I have explained, I think you ought to. How did you come into this garden?"

She gave him a quick glance, but did not know what to make of his tone.

"I'm Joyce —," she began, but stopped short. "I believe you are making a joke of me," she added indignantly.

"Never was more serious in my life," Charteris assured her. "But I don't think I ought to let you off your explanation."

"I am Joyce Darrell, and Mrs. Burford's niece, and I've come to live with her," said the girl, blushing warmly under his gaze. "So, you see, I have a right to be in the garden."

Charteris bowed.

"Which means that I have none," he remarked, and took up his hat.

"No—please—I did not mean that," she said, raising her hands with a little appealing gesture. "It is not fair to take my words so."

"Then I may stop and have my tea here."

"Of course, if my aunt usually allows you to," she replied demurely.

It appeared when Joyce referred the matter to her aunt that the necessary permission was not withheld, for on her reappearance there was a white cloth for the table on her arm.

By this time the sun had sunk into the haze until it was a great, glowing, copper shield, hung low in the western sky. Overhead, a few wisps of cloud against the deepening turquoise sky were tinted as delicately as the inner petals of a blush rose. The topmost leaves of the tall elm were still glowing golden in the mellow light, though the blue shadows had already crept more than halfway up its wrinkled trunk. Every now and then a puff of fresher air would stir into wreathing spirals and long wisps like hair, the mist that had been hanging so heavily upon the ground all day. After the silence of the drowsy day, the birds were filling the air with garrulous twitterings and busy chirps, and the hum of numberless insect wings vibrated in the rising and falling cadences of a more subtle melody. The voices of the villagers, enjoying their evening gossip in the street beyond, seemed to reach the garden as from another sphere.

The proper setting out of the necessities for Charteris's meal was a longer business than it might have been, for he insisted upon helping Joyce. When Mrs. Burford saw him cutting bread for the girl to butter, and later saw them both go down the garden to pull a lettuce, as appeared upon their return, she nodded to herself and smiled. She remembered the time when she, too, had been young, and watched them with delight, for all that there was a small, jealous pain deep down in her heart at the thought of "nevermore." Charteris was a great favourite of hers, as has been said, and she had an idea how things might fall out; knowing nothing of Cynthia.

When the meal was ready, and Charteris had commenced to consume the bread and butter cut with so happy a division of labour, Mrs. Burford persuaded her niece to take her needlework out into the garden, on the ground that it was cooler.

"There will be plenty of light if you sit near Mr. Charteris's lamp," said the old lady, with transparent diplomacy.

So Joyce took her work out of doors, but placed herself far away from Charteris, on the other side of a hedge of sweet-peas. It was not long, however, before he found her out, and came round.

"Whatever are you sitting here for, Miss Darrell?"

"It is very pleasant here," she said.

"Now, that's evasion," said Charteris, nodding solemnly. "It is just as pleasant at my end of the garden; and you can't possibly see to work in this light. The fact of the matter is, I am in the way."

"No, indeed, it is not that, only I—"

"Well?" he said.

"I thought you would not wish me to bother you," she said in a rush.

He gave her a look of reproach, but said nothing, only took her chair and placed it opposite his own. When she was settled he went on with his tea and looked at her in the warm lamplight. She kept her eyes fixed upon her work so he could gaze his fill at her undisturbed.

And Joyce made a picture worth looking at. Her slender, young figure was

beginning to curve roundly into the promise of a gracious womanhood, while it still retained the fresh charm of childhood. Her neck, tinted by the sun a golden-brown above, showed pearly white down close by the low collar of her bodice, and beneath the brownness of her face could be discerned delicate nuances of rose and ivory. Heavy eyebrows ran straightly along the well-marked ridges of her brows, lifting ever so slightly at the inner corners into a tiny note of interrogation. Her eyes were bent downwards so that only two arcs of long, curving eyelashes could be seen, and though she had more than once looked up into his face, Charteris could not remember the colour of those hidden orbs. He fell to discussing within himself whether they were blue or brown, and became so interested in the argument that presently he spoke aloud in all unconsciousness.

"Brown, of course!"

His voice shattered the silence as a stone breaks up the images in a still pool.

"What is brown?" asked Joyce, looking up innocently.

"Will you forgive me if I explain?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she said.

"Because it seems ill-mannered of me, to be so closely inquiring as to the colour of your eyes; doesn't it?"

She turned her head. He saw a blush dawn at her throat and rise to summer brilliance in one half-hidden cheek.

"No;" she answered, in a very low voice. "Not if you did not mean it so."

"And I was wrong after all," he sighed, in mock earnestness. "Because you just now let me see that they are grey?"

She applied herself to her work, and Charteris, having finished his meal, amused himself by sending writhing rings of smoke up into the night air. The vanguard of the shadow army of night invaded the garden, blotting out details, rendering blue and red flowers invisible, and yellow flowers a formless blur. Only the pure whiteness of the tobacco-plant flowers shone in the gathering umbrage like stars. Out of the darkness beyond, a big moth would

now and again blunder clumsily into the radius of light around the lamp. Presently, one singed its wings and fell fluttering wildly on to the table-cloth.

"Poor, idiotic insect," said Charteris, dropping the moth to the ground, and setting his heel on it. "You see, Miss Darrell, what happens to those who love the light too well."

"Moths are such stupid creatures," said Joyce, "I hate to see them get burnt, but they *will* rush into the flame."

Charteris nodded.

"That is because they lack a sense of perspective, like human moths. Only when *they* singe their wings they are generally left to flutter out their lives in misery; there is no providential heel to put them out of their pain."

"Oh, Mr. Charteris! how gloomy you are."

"Not really," he explained, "only it is pleasant to be just a little miserable when one is tolerably happy. Satisfies an artistic craving for contrast, do you see!"

But Joyce did not see.

"It is not true, I am sure," she said indignantly, "the little misery would spoil all the happiness."

Charteris smiled at her heat.

"Perhaps you are right," he admitted.

They talked on in the stillness, with the scent of mignonette and roses filling the humid air around them, and the stars coming one by one into being in the velvet vault above. Not until the conquered daylight was merely a faint greenness in the western sky did Charteris rise to go.

"It has been quite a pleasant evening, hasn't it?" he said.

Joyce agreed.

"We ought to shake hands by way of sealing our new acquaintance," suggested Charteris.

Her only reply was to hold out her hand. He took it in his, retaining it just a little longer than could be considered necessary. Luckily the darkness hid her blushes.

When he had gone she listened to his footsteps until the sound died away in

the distance, before she entered the house.

"I suppose Mr. Charteris is a very rich gentleman, isn't he?" she asked her aunt, later on.

"Bless the girl!" returned Mrs. Burford. "He's not a gentleman: he's an artist."

And Joyce was more than content, she knew not why, that her new acquaintance was not so impregnably entrenched in a different station of life to her own as she had imagined.

Charteris soon fell into the habit of having his evening meal at the dairy nearly every day. Joyce's fresh beauty was a delight to his fastidious eye, and her simplicity, so far removed from foolishness, gave a charm to her conversation he did not try to resist. There proved to be a vein of quiet humour in the girl's outlook upon life when he came to know her better, a sedate gaiety infinitely refreshing and restful.

"She is the jolliest little girl I've ever struck," he said to Dicky, one day.

Dicky only growled.

"I know what that grunt means, but you are wrong—wrong," said Charteris. "It is all weak-kneed nonsense about the impossibility of friendship between man and woman. Joyce and I are good comrades, that's all."

"Joyce and I! has it come to that?"

"Why not?"

Dicky did not reply directly. "I know you will not be a cad, young 'un," he said, "but take care you are not a fool."

As for Joyce, she only knew the summer days held in them a sweetness she had never tasted before; but what it was she did not even seek to understand. She did not even realize how much the daily appearance of the good-looking young artist had to do with her content. She went about with a light in her eyes, a smile on her lips and a song in her heart; and her aunt looked at her wisely, saying nothing.

"It's no use saying anything to her," the old woman put it to herself, remembering perhaps the long-ago days of her girlhood; "the best times are before, you know."

The days shortened through September into October, and Charteris made no

progress with his picture. He thought he had found the right model once; but after working from her without being able to get the result he wanted for the better part of a fortnight he grew disgusted. After a disappointing morning, he threw down his palette and went out.

His steps led him unconsciously in the direction of Mrs. Burford's tiny shop. He turned in there—a glass of milk could always serve as an excuse—but Joyce was not visible.

"Joyce has gone across the heath up to Millingden," her aunt explained, divining the question Charteris hardly cared to ask.

"Has she? I'm going across the heath, so I may meet her," he said.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Mrs. Burford, without a smile.

There was a brisk breeze blowing, just enough to give a walk over the exposed heath something of the zest of a struggle. The furze remained as summer suns had burnt it, almost black, and the patches of dried bracken looked like spots of rust on iron. In the distance a clump of trees shone golden against the sky. Charteris forgot his worries as he breathed the vital air, and let his eyes have freedom to wander to the wide horizon.

It was not until he had reached the standing stones in the centre of the heath that he caught the white gleam of a hat ribbon across the stirring sea of ruddy-brown and green-black vegetation. The path ran through the midst of the stone circle, though it might have avoided a slight rise by skirting the mound on which it stood. So Charteris sat down on a fallen monolith and waited the arrival of Joyce.

Before long she appeared; her face delicately flushed by the boisterous breezes and curling tendrils of her dark hair, incited to rebellion by the same unruly agency, straining across her white forehead and streaming out from beneath her broad straw hat like little pennants. Here and there in her misty cloud of hair the sun made a thread of gold, at the same time setting in her eyes two minute reflections of himself that gleamed

like points of fire. Coming into the circle of grey stones she saw Charteris sitting there. The unexpectedness of the encounter prevented her from schooling her features as she had grown to do when he was with her, and a glad welcome sprang into her eyes at sight of him and a new glow to her skin. All the warm love of her heart looked for a moment from its hiding place, before maiden shyness drew it back to cover. In that moment she seemed transfigured and Charteris, lacking understanding, looked at her with amazement.

"Oh, Joyce—Joyce—How beautiful you are!" he said.

She coloured deeply. He had never before paid her a personal compliment, nor had he used her Christian name. Realizing what he had said by the girl's confusion, Charteris tried to explain.

"I couldn't help it, you know," he said. "You did really look so wonderful that I did not quite know what I was saying. Please do not be offended."

Joyce could not resist the pleading in his tone.

"I am not—not offended, Mr. Charteris," she said slowly, and then, recovering her mental balance, she went on; "Why should I be at such a compliment?"

"It was not half good enough, Joyce," he said, trying unsuccessfully to catch a gleam from her hidden eyes. "I never knew before how splendid you are—like a half open rose."

"Don't—please," Joyce entreated, all in confusion again.

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked. "Are we not good enough comrades for me to say so much without disrespect, Joyce?"

"We are very good friends, I think, Mr. Charteris." Her voice was curiously devoid of expression.

"Then you must not call me Mr. Charteris: my friends call me Alan."

"I could not do that, Mr. Charteris," said the girl, in some distress at his persistence.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You must, Joyce, you must. I want you for a very particular friend, and you must."

She flashed a swift glance at his eager face bent down towards her own.

He caught the lovely look, but once more failed to read its message. Only her beauty struck anew upon the artist side of him, and sent a surge of passionate blood tearing through his veins. He caught her hands and drew her towards him; she, in her trust, making no more show of resistance than a maiden must.

"Joyce," he whispered, "will you—"

The question, whatever it was going to be, broke off abruptly, for Dicky appeared round a bend in the pathway a few yards ahead. He was reading one of the pocketable poets he delighted to carry about, and by the time he saw Charteris and his companion the two had contrived to recover a fair appearance of unconcern.

"It was a fine afternoon, and I thought I'd come and meet you," Dicky explained. "Mrs. Burford told me you had gone this way."

Charteris cursed both his friend and the old woman under his breath, but he could do nothing to alter the situation, and the three walked in silence to the village.

"That's the girl for your picture," said Dicky, when they had left Joyce at the dairy, and were on their way to the studio.

For the whole of that evening Charteris was in a savage temper at having been interrupted in such an unwelcome manner on the heath; but in the morning he began to look at matters in a calmer light, and before long to be glad that a crisis had been so luckily avoided. He never thought that Joyce might have guessed what it was he was about to ask her. He was neither vain nor self-conscious, and the last thought that would have come to his mind would have been that a girl might fall in love with him without direct solicitation. Consideration showed him that the course to which he had been ready to commit himself might not prove a very easy one, and he was glad that he had so far taken no definite action, resolving to keep himself a little more thoroughly in hand on future occasions.

He asked Joyce to sit for his picture, and she consented readily enough. She was confident that in his own good time Charteris would finish the question

he had begun, and her face reddened, even in the privacy of her chamber, as she thought of the answer she would give him. That it was due to her that he should speak out after what had occurred on the heath, did not enter her mind, and if it had done so, her trust would have cast it out. Meanwhile, she was proud to be of some assistance to him in the making of the picture on which he counted, as she knew, to make his fame.

The picture drew rapidly to completion, and at length stood finished upon the easel. Charteris heaved a sigh of relief; even Dicky, most merciless of critics, was enthusiastic and full of pleasant prophecies.

"It is all owing to you," Charteris told Joyce, as they stood together.

"I am so very, very glad, you have been able to paint me in it," she said, happily. It put them in a kind of partnership, she thought.

In the early part of the new year there was a bustle of packing at the studio. The two artists were going in search of sunshine to the South. One or two small commissions made the journey possible. Joyce helped them to pack and put things in order, and it was arranged that she should have the key and keep an eye on the place during their absence.

It was the night before their departure, and she was leaving the studio for the last time before they were gone.

Dicky left the two alone for a moment.

"Good-bye, Joyce," he said, taking her hand. "I believe you have made my fortune."

"I hope so," she answered, in a tremulous voice; "it would make me quite vain," she added, with a pitiful attempt at gaiety.

Dicky's returning steps were heard.

"Good-bye—till our next meeting."

She smiled bravely in his face.

"Good-bye," she said, unsteadily, and fled from the room. Dicky almost ran into her at the door.

"Joyce seems quite upset," he said, with a keen look at Charteris.

"I don't think it's much," the other returned, "but she does seem to make a

bit of a fuss over our going. Women like to, I believe; makes 'em think they're full of fine feeling."

His voice was carelessness itself, and his friend said no more.

Outside, insensible of the biting cold, Joyce was leaning against a frosted tree-trunk, weeping the first bitter tears of her life. It was not that she did not still believe that Charteris meant to finish his question when the right time arrived; but she had been so certain he would have spoken before going away: and her disappointment was an agony.

Old Mrs. Burford also had expected that the two would come to an explanation before parting; but though she saw things had not gone well when Joyce appeared next morning, there was a look on the girl's face which did not invite other than a dumb sympathy.

Still, though she fretted silently as the weeks went by, and not even a short message came from Charteris, Joyce never for a moment doubted that it would all come right in the end. She knew with a certainty beyond any assault of evidence what question it was he began on the heath. She read it in his eyes, and answered him with hers, so that to her it was as if their troth were already plighted. When he should come for her, she would be ready. That he would come soon she prayed as for a mercy; for in her love there was no slightest taint of demand.

During May a letter arrived for her, addressed in a handwriting she had learnt to know. There was nothing in it beyond a few newspaper cuttings. Charteris was already famous in a small way, it appeared. His picture, "The Dawn of Love," was hailed as a masterpiece, and, at a bound, he was, if not at fortune's gate, at least well on the road to it. Joyce read with interest—for was not the picture his? But that he should not have sent her a word from himself cut her deeply.

It was a month later that a second letter came. Joyce took it into the garden to read, and a moment later Mrs. Burford heard a smothered shriek and ran out to see what was the matter. Joyce was standing against the background of flowers regarding fixedly a small bit of

paper she was holding out in front of her, as though it had been a poisonous, stinging thing.

"What is the matter, Joyce, dear?"

The girl looked at her aunt with vacant eyes, and a low, hard laugh, dreadful to hear, came from her drawn lips.

"Don't, Joyce—don't—whatever has happened?"

"He's married—married," she said, drawing her aunt close to her side. "Look at this; it is his wedding-card. It was kind of him to send me one, wasn't it?"

She laughed again, and reeled a little.

"See," she went on again, unevenly, the sharp involuntary intaking of a breath every moment interrupting her words, "see: Alan Temple Charteris—there he is—and Cynthia Alice Mervyn."

"Never mind, Joyce: he wasn't good enough for you."

But Joyce did not seem to hear her aunt's well-meant attempt at consolation.

"She's Mrs. Charteris—his wife. It's rather funny, isn't it? Mrs. Charteris—that looks like my name, somehow," there was a puzzled ring in her voice. "I wonder how that is!"

"Don't fret so, Joyce; don't fret so, there's a dear," implored the old woman, with tears running down her wrinkled cheeks.

"I'm not fretting," the ghastly mockery of mirth came to her lips again; "that's not like fretting, is it?" she asked, swaying slowly from side to side. "But I can't quite make things out. They seem—somehow——"

Her voice ceased suddenly and she fell prone among a clump of poppies, where the fiery petals showered down upon her as she lay.

With difficulty her aunt got her into the house and coaxed her back to consciousness. She seemed easier after awhile, although her words were wandering, and at last, towards midnight, she fell asleep; so that Mrs. Burford was able to leave her and seek her own rest. Next morning the old woman rose early and contrived the daintiest breakfast she could think of to tempt her niece's appetite. Brown coffee, white

eggs, golden butter and green lettuce made an appetising show, and she regarded it with pride as she took it to Joyce's chamber under the thatch. She put the repast down on the top of the chest of drawers, and then moved softly to the bed. It was empty and cold!

Full of all sorts of ill-defined apprehensions, she got some of the neighbours to make a search for the missing girl.

Before midday they found her, and brought her home, and laid her upon the bed she left a few hours before. Her face wore a faint smile, as if a gleam of happiness had only been born in this world to reach its full expression in the next. One hand was tightly clenched upon her breast and in it was an old briar pipe; from her night-dress the water fell drip, drip upon the floor.

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Something more than a month later a familiar step struck on the stones outside Mrs. Burford's, and a moment afterwards Charteris entered the shop.

"Well, Mrs. Burford, here I am again, like a bad penny."

"Yes, like a bad penny," the old woman echoed.

"Come, that's not kind," he protested. "How is Joyce?"

She looked at him curiously.

"You haven't heard?"

"Heard what? I only got back to England yesterday," Charteris declared.

"Joyce is all right," she answered him then. "She's all right for always."

"What do you mean? Where is she?" He spoke irritably, for the woman's manner was beginning to make him nervous; but her next words came upon him like a blow.

"She is in the churchyard!"

"Good God!" He sank into a chair, unable to realise at once that the sweet presence, which seemed still to have left something of its fragrant essence about the quaint old shop walked the earth no more.

Mrs. Burford saw his distress and spoke more gently.

"She had a letter one day, and it upset her. Being, as I take it, out of her mind for the time, she left her bed that

night and after going to your studio, Mr. Charteris, she wandered away towards Millingden: for they found her in the big pond on the heath just this side of the standing stones."

The human mind works with amazing rapidity at times, and during Mrs. Burford's succinct story Charteris had been following in his mind the whole course of his relations with Joyce. That visit to his studio on the day of her death, was there any reason for that? And did she wander towards Millingden by accident? Was there, perhaps, an explanation for the fact that her last journey came to its terrible end just this side of the standing stones?

He hardly knew the sound of his own voice when he spoke again.

"That letter?—"

"Your wedding card was in it;" said Mrs. Burford, "and this was found in her hand when she died."

She held out to him an old briar pipe of his own.

He groaned. At last he understood.

Without a word, he rather staggered than walked out of the shop and down the straggling street to the church. He was not long in finding the simple cross that marked her grave.

The heat of the day was over, and there was a hint of freshness in the heavy air. Distant voices from the village street penetrated into the still churchyard. Of a sudden there came upon him the full remembrance of his first meeting with her who was now only a painted name on a wooden cross; it was on just such another evening, and only a year ago. How quickly they became friends; and what a wonderful friend she was to have! How charmingly her tender gravity broke up into ripples of merriment. He called to mind how he used to throw a jest to her as a boy throws a pebble into a pool to see the rings: and to think of the depths he had been stirring so wantonly! He pictured her in her white nightdress on that last night pilgrimage: in the half-dismantled studio with no one to comfort her; over the dark heath with only poisoned memories for company; on that awful brink with no one to pluck her back.

He sat as the daylight became paler and weaker, without a movement, while the thoughts seared his soul, and memory like an acid ate away his peace. And with all pretences and conventions cut away he knew for the first time that he had never loved any one else but Joyce; that her love was his rich and only compensation for the pain of living; he knew that the priceless gift had been placed in his hands, and that he had thrown it away.

He fell forward over the grave with his head towards the wooden cross. "Joyce! Joyce!!" he called beneath his breath, as if the deaf ears of the dead

could hear his voice. His breath came in sobbing gasps, his eyes burned like live coals: but at last he grew quieter, and exhaustion gave him an uneasy slumber. Perhaps it was a trick of memory at a time when it had been so deeply stirred, but he dreamed that again he was a knight and once more the scaly dragon lay conquered at his feet. The chained princess smiled on him as he went forward to release her, and her face was the face of Joyce.

"It's all right, princess," he found himself saying aloud when he woke.

Then he rose and went home to Cynthia.



TO OLD GLOUCESTRIANS

WE have been asked to draw attention to an appeal for the restoration of the Bishop Hooper Memorial at Gloucester, the present condition of which had public attention called to it when the Assize Sermon was preached in Gloucester, on February 8th, 1903, before the High Sheriff, Mr. James Horlick, who offered to head any subscription that might be started to restore the Monument. An interesting pamphlet, with an excellent portrait of the Prelate, has been issued recently, and can be obtained, free of charge, at the offices of HORLICK'S MAGAZINE. There will be no need to inform the historical student, or even the general reader who is acquainted with the popular martyrologies of Queen Mary's reign, that Bishop Hooper was burned at the stake in Gloucester for denying the Doctrine of Transubstantiation; this was on February 9th, 1555. The butt end of the stake used on the occasion may be seen in the Gloucester Museum, and the mace of the London Serjeant who, with the Sheriffs, delivered Bishop Hooper to the soldiers who were to escort him to Gloucester has been also preserved. The monument to his memory was erected in the year 1861, and has, for some time past, been in a dilapidated state. The sum of £300 is required for its complete restoration, and it is hoped that this will be forthcoming in good time for the work to be completed before the 350th anniversary of Bishop Hooper's death, which will occur in 1905. Subscriptions may be sent direct to Horlick's Food Co., 34, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., by whom they will be forwarded to the treasurer of the fund, the Rev. C. E. Dighton, Maisemore Vicarage, Gloucester, and their receipt will be acknowledged in the columns of this Magazine. It is thought that many people, both at home and abroad, who are natives of Gloucester, or have family connections therewith, will be glad to assist in the work.



DISTINCTION

By FERDINAND E. KAPPEY.

I.

IT seems, the crested hair that breaks
Upon your brow a vagrant curl,
A rippled vein within the pearl—
So soft the shadow that it makes;—
You could not guess the more or less
Of longing that it wakes.

II.

Your lovely eyes have stirred to flame
Full many a heart in many a place,—
The classic beauty of your face
Has earned for you a whispered fame;
(For men who meet are too discreet
To speak aloud your name!)

III.

But who (save I) of all the throng
Would single out a truant tress
As worth beyond the loveliness
That makes you worthy of a song;
Would find in this the joy I miss
In you when most I long!

IV.

Your lips! Ah me! divinely curved
Are they and overmuch admired;
And grown, may be, a little tired
Of all the kissing they have served;
Poor comfort to the stricken few
Whose homage never swerved.

V.

To me your long success is vain,—
I stand apart and unamazed;
It is enough when I have praised
To pass beyond you once again,—
To cast, perchance, a backward glance
Upon your rich disdain.

VI.

I care not which becomes you best:
The easy smile, the scornful frown,—
For both have won for you renown,
And each is deemed the loveliest.
Tho' dear they be—for me, for me
That ringlet brow-caressed!

VII.

Somewhere, somewhen—no matter how,
 Now if beneath an alien moon,—
 I felt the starry heavens swoon
 Above the sweetness of your brow,
 That wore the sign I find divine
 With you before me now.



Life has many deeps and some heights that we all know of, at least from a distance; but, height or depth, it affects us chiefly by "the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago."



The other world is not so much behind the veil as just outside the reach of the eye—and that barely.



The Wise Men did not come from that East which is indicated by the compass. They performed a philosophical journey from an Orient which is close at hand, even at our doors, and yet is very far away from most of us.



THE WISTFULNESS OF BEAUTY

As held by Life's twin gaolers, Time and Space,
 Like prisoners scourged, we sit and mourn our scars,
 Till Beauty, like a rose between the bars,
 Peers in upon us with a shy, sweet face,
 Or bending from the skies—her dwelling place—
 She yearns towards us in the sad-eyed stars;
 Half-conscious of the evil thing that mars
 Her joys and ours, but patient, full of grace.
 So must it be, till in some far-off day
 The baffling walls that separate us now
 Shall, like the Temple's mystic veil, be rent;
 The cloud upon her face shall flee away
 And sunshine dwell for ever on her brow—
 Then shall we kiss her lips and be content.

WALTER SCROPE.



Whether we come into this life for our instruction must remain an open question, but it is quite certain that most of us learn little that is very important during the course of it.



Conventions are a second nature and this is why it is so hard to escape from them.

THE GIFT OF THE POET

By A. E. Waite



ATTHEW ARNOLD, as all the world is aware, gave once a word of sound warning to poets—that they were licensed, namely, to divulge certain secrets, being those of the lesser order, and that they would be welcomed for doing so by a world which loves new ways; but that they must beware of revealing the deep secrets, for the world will not listen, or, indeed, understand what they are saying. It is especially true that a platitude may be wrapped up in a mystery, and it is at least something to have enunciated it after it has thus been decorated. It was the same in respect of the great secrets in the old days, though they put it differently of old. The poet and the philosopher could discourse of the lesser mysteries but not of the greater, though there might have been more listeners in the days when these were celebrated at Thebes and Eleusis. At the present time the counsel applies equally without as within the sphere of poetic art, in the other departments of literature and in all those of thought, generally speaking. Whoever appeals beyond the established canons to principles which he regards as more ultimate must do this less or more at his peril. In the things of religion, for example, it can scarcely be said that, although there may be numerical majorities, chiefly of the technical kind, there is any preponderating religious sentiment. There is a tacit agreement to abide informally by certain conventions, on condition that there is nothing exacted outside the terms of the convention and nothing vital even within those terms. In this manner, by one of the signal ingenuities which are of modern growth, the old conventions and the old orders continue to prevail without any serious challenge,

on condition that there is no authoritative, or at least vital, construction of their importance. Hence the *chaos magnum infirmatum*, of the modern sects, still nourishing, it is true, a certain spirit of competition which, however, is reduced and diluted by the indulgent indifference of general public opinion, which leaves everyone under the obedience of individual predilection on the understanding that they will not be so objectionable as to press that predilection outside their own natural sphere of influence, because a man with a great conviction has become very nearly a nuisance.

As the poet who speaks with inspiration of the mysteries which environ us has usually an empty auditorium; as the religious thinker who, rightly or wrongly, believes that he has found the truth, and must proclaim it, like St. Paul, whether in or out of season, has all the doors of exit conspicuously opened by his hearers; so it is also even in the criticism of literature, which more than anything, perhaps, is governed by the grave considerations of certain given canons which taste forbids one to ignore, and which constitute the first principles determining the consideration of any given subject. It is, therefore, in the first place, almost an unpardonable sin to regard any question of literature from an independent, instead of a scholastic standpoint, because thus to approach it is obviously to dispense with those canons which are necessarily of the school—scholastic.

At the end of nineteen Christian centuries, and after the conflicts and the violence of a hundred sects, there is scarcely one person in a thousand now alive in England who can give readily a philosophical definition of religion; and, after all the achievements of the great

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poets, after all the subtleties, refinements, insights and elaborations of criticism, there is also not one in a thousand who could state, with the whole truth, what is the highest field of poetry, its real province and subject. The sects which leave man in doubt as to the true nature of religion, the criticism which has not established in the minds of the people the real ends of poetry, and has assisted the singers themselves to misjudge their own vocation may, in spite of many consecrations of time and authority be set aside, at least occasionally, in favour of some other form of instruction; and though here the religious experiment can be cited only by way of analogy or example, it is possible, however little to be desired from the standpoint of the accepted canons, to try for once and dispense with the scholastic, and to look at the literary matter first hand, without regard to any precedents. The responsibility which rests on the course is not light, strange as it may seem that there should be really any call for courage as regards speaking independently of received opinions on a purely literary subject.

At the same time we are not so much attempting to establish a new ground of criticism as making an appeal to poets that they should recognise their true vocation and should redeem literature of its insufficiency in the highest of all its departments.

In the first place, therefore, and considering that every poet—true, great and like all greatness unforeseen—has to create his hearers, we would ask those who are conscious that they have come into this world to do more than gather flowers, which are often artificial, on a Parnassus which is not infrequently spurious, whether it is not possible, after all, to set aside the warning of Matthew Arnold and to take out a larger license. Why is Arnold's admonition really to be regarded as sound? After all it is only a particular counsel of prudence, and there is nothing so well lost by the poet as the mere praise of the world. His day, moreover, comes—"in a century or in an age"—and he more than any, with the consolation of his gifts to support

him, can afford to wait for an audience. In the last resource it would seem that the growth of the world is towards him, and that it does get to understand.

But if it is difficult at any time to speak the whole truth, more especially before an unwilling audience, and if a certain reticence may be necessary on his part, so on our own some element of the temporising spirit may be desirable as we proceed, that any hostility which can be avoided may not be occasioned wantonly.

Our design therefore is not to say anything that can be seriously challenged, but rather to recall attention to things which, if recognised, cannot well be disputed, which, if stated can hardly fail of recognition, and which, in fine, have been recognised and stated, perhaps, even from the days of Aristotle.

It is not long since Mr. Alfred Austin, our laureate, who has suffered much and sometimes unduly, at the hands of criticism, expressed before a learned society his regret for the decay in the appreciation of the higher kinds of poetry. The reply on the part of the critics has been for the most part that which might have been expected, an *argumentum ad hominem* in one or other of its varieties. The laureate, however, is largely in the right and the critics who, in most cases, have not been at the pains really to acquaint themselves with his standpoint, are seriously in the wrong. It is not necessary, as they even must admit, if they would save their office, to be a great poet in order to appreciate at its true value the taste of an age in poetry. Mr. Alfred Austin, of whom one must desire to speak with the respect to which his position and his many accomplishments entitle him, is not, it is true, a great poet, and no one better than himself has by this time measured his powers and their limits. Notwithstanding, among the minor voices of the age it would be difficult to mention one whom a larger number of cultured people would welcome more honestly in a collected form, and such a collection would include at least one poem which deserves to be classed as memorable, namely, the allegorical play of Prince Lucifer.

Having made this honourable amendment for much intolerant nonsense which has been talked idly, it remains to be said that we have mentioned Mr. Austin and his lecture rather as providing a suggestion than a thesis. We do not propose to discuss what he classes as great poetry or the true position and value of what is now admired, and to some extent read in place of it. It may be that from many points of view the works of Mr. Swinburne, for example, deserve to rank among the great creations of the Victorian age. It may be that Walt Whitman, his antithesis in literary form, will come to be regarded some day by a larger audience as he is now regarded by a few, namely, as one of the catholic voices of the nineteenth century. It may be, on the other hand, that in both respects, the world has worshipped idols.

We are concerned, however, not with names but with principles, and as regards these it will be seen that we have chosen to set aside what has been termed the canons of the schools; to cease from regarding for a moment the scope and horizon of poetry by the light of this or that poet; to create an independent standard founded on first considerations which later on can find their application to particular poets. If the process, when it is carried to its ultimate, should reduce many pretensions which have hitherto passed unchallenged, that consequence must not be permitted to deter us, but the chief lesson which will follow, after having estimated indubitably what is the highest vocation in poetry, is the way in which that vocation has been missed, whence also our appeal to the poets. Let us, therefore, raise in the first place one fundamental question: What is that which lies at the root of all true poetry, and has for the most part enabled even conventional criticism to rule out those claimants to the gift who in reality possess only the art of verse? Well, in the first place, the gift of the poet is that of transmutation, and his horizon is the infinite. That is to say, he possesses the sense of mystery, the consciousness of the unknown, and the *alkahest* which dissolves and purges off

the conventions of common life. This definition, though it involves nothing which in one or another way has not been previously stated, calls in the present connection for a clear demonstration because that which follows from it is, so far, by no means admitted.

It may be sufficient for the purpose to say what most cultured people know well enough in their hearts, and have occasionally confessed with their lips, namely, that the poet is a prophet, and that the scope of prophecy is interpretation. On what, however, is the gift of interpretation to be exercised? It can only be on the great and paramount needs of the heart, outside all appeals to the senses. Let us take, for example, the infinite diversities of human character which certainly require a special gift to interpret them to others. This gift is obviously one of insight, and, as such, is the poetic gift; but if the subject be considered, it will be seen that it is not here exercised in its highest field, because, fundamentally speaking, the diversities of character are not of the first importance, are not the real concern of humanity at large.

That only which is universal to all men is in the last resource of importance to all. Man is a mystery in the midst of a mystery, and the work of the interpreter is to place such a construction on this dual problem as his gift enables him to make out. The diversities between A and B, however carefully distinguished, are not going to help in this respect; the comparative analysis of the motives which actuate A and B are things also of minor interest. But the relations of A and B to that X which is the unknown encompassing and the unknown within them, are of vital, permanent and overpowering interest; they are the one thing which really matters in a life of trifles and artificial anxieties.

In other words, that only which makes for the eternal calls truly for consideration in time. It is true, however, that many poets who rank as great are prized chiefly for their wonderful presentations of character; if they are not the less great poets because they have worked in this field, the fact remains that they have not concerned themselves with the

true because the highest theme of poetry, and in poetry more than all, it is our duty "to love the highest." We may take any other of the multitudinous developments of verse-craft, and that we may not be accused of timidity let us deal shortly with one, which from all time has been practically set apart to the poet—his country namely, and his nation. We all know that the men who make the laws of the people have been ranked second in their influence to the men who make their ballads, and we know also that stirring diatribe of Scott in which he execrates the person who has never exclaimed "This is my own my native land." It is difficult in the face of this, but it may be necessary, occasionally, to affirm that in spite thereof a man's land is to him only incidentally of consequence. His eternal destiny is the one thing which really matters to him. We do not suggest that individual characteristics carry no significance, or that their study can offer nothing to our knowledge; still less is it intended to say that the welfare of the ship of State is not a part of our own welfare:—

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes for future years,
Is hanging breathless

on the fate of all its vessels of statecraft. We do not say that great poetry has not concerned itself with both these matters and will not continue to do so, all higher criticism notwithstanding. But, in the last resource, however much the gift of the poet may illustrate character and glorify patriotism, the fact remains that he is or should be the expounder of mysteries, and that his great concern is only with the greater mysteries. And this will lead us to two other of the universal subjects of poetry, which are love as subsisting between the sexes and the love of nature, the attempt to interpret which is, however, comparatively speaking, a growth of the modern mind. On the other hand, the subject of love has been from all time surrendered to the especial care of the poet, and it is *par excellence* that passion which is supposed to awaken in man at large the beginnings of the poetic sense. This is truth, and it is of all truth, and yet it should be remembered that it is only in

so far as individual love enters by the fact of its awakening into the universal love that it makes connection with the eternal and that the merely sexual element which has been so wholly the concern of poetry can be admitted among the things which are permanent only in virtue of a much more comprehensive realisation of the sacramental nature of love than has been so far granted to most people or, indeed, to most churches to dream of. All that which is immortal in love is all that which lies outside the domain of the senses, understood physically at least, and it is only when the poet, himself, comes to understand how completely the great things of desire are apart from the things of passion, and apart, above all, from all that is commonly understood as the distinctions and analogies which obtain between male and female, that his poetic function as the interpreter of love to itself begins to be exercised in its widest and highest degree. As much may be affirmed for the love of nature which in the kind of worship that is offered to her more than occasionally, in these days of the misapplication of ecstasy, does not sometimes fall short of idolatry. She, more than human love, far more than human character, calls for real insight in her interpretations, for she less than either can be said to exist physically from herself or to be important on her own account. It is only sacramentally, that is to say, in so far as under veils and disguises she communicates the unknown, that her mystery can be vital to the human soul because it is obvious that, by the doctrine of the soul, the fact that she communicates to us at all is only transitory and that through all her environments we are looking steadfastly for other modes of communications.

And now having laid down these principles let us see what is the consequence of any attempt to apply them. We have said already that the great poets have exercised their gifts of insight without rather than within the highest sphere of its concern; that is explicable enough, considering how far our best and greatest fall short of those ideals which we are individually com-

petent to conceive. But there is something more curious than this. It is more particularly when occupied with those themes which ought manifestly to exhibit him in the exercise of his highest function that the poet in the majority of cases seems most unhelped in his art. Having regard to the great claim of English song through the centuries, it must be said that all that which would be conventionally described as religious poetry in England is part of our humiliation rather than a ground for reasonable pride. In many cases the poets who rank as our greatest are the least in touch with the supernatural. Take the most signal example which it is possible to quote, and observe what evidence there is of the communication of grace in Shakespeare. It is not necessary to say that he is of the earth, earthy, but he is assuredly of the earth, glorious, and so absolutely in touch with nothing that is beyond or outside it, that his fullest instance of consciousness concerning it is perhaps the time-worn quotation, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio," etc.

Milton is, of course, the most warrantable instance of what is understood by religious poetry, but he appeals rather to the side of doctrine than to the vital issues, and it is the kind of doctrine which at this day has ceased to communicate anything. When we do meet with anyone among the makers of memorable verse who have something of the true matter within them—Crashaw, Fletcher, Robert Southwell, Vaughan, Blake, Emerson—it so happens, somewhat inscrutably, that they are exceedingly imperfect as artists. Fortunately, it is not alone to the specifically religious poet that we have to look for that consciousness of the infinite, that gift of interpretation which constitutes the expounder of mysteries. The vestments of the true hierophant are assumed from time to time by all our great poets, and never more greatly than when it is to some extent unconsciously. It is in this respect, perhaps, that Tennyson, though few poets have offered this kind of communication more frequently, more strenuously, fails occasionally from the artistic point of

view precisely because he seems throughout too sensible of his ordination and even of its validity. In this power of communication lies the test of the true poet. He must occasionally at least be the channel of the gifts and graces which are not of this world; he must at least occasionally illustrate life and its problems; at least occasionally he must perform the office of transmutation. If we accept this standard we shall know at once why Southey, his metrical ability and his good sound English notwithstanding, was no true poet. It was not because he wrote "The Vision of Judgment" and certain official verses in his capacity as laureate, but because he never changed or converted anything, never interpreted or communicated anything. At the present day we have in Mr. Swinburne an instance of the brilliant metrical artist who is almost capable of deceiving the elect themselves, but when judged from this standpoint his claims dissolve—not because he once wrote "Dolores," "Fragoletta," and so forth, but because the "Garden of Prosperine," with all its gorgeous beauties, is in fact simply the Garden of Prosperine. From the period of *Elegant Extracts* down to these days we have had enough and to spare of anthologies, specimens and selections, but one still remains to be done and that is from the present standpoint—the witnesses of sacramental communications in great poets and their disciples. This is no place for extracts, but in support of one point of the argument let us permit ourselves one or two brief citations to illustrate how the office of the hierophant is exercised unconsciously, and yet with plenary powers. Take the following instance of the communication of the idea of infinity in Wordsworth:—

A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self withdrawn into a wondrous depth
Far sinking into splendour;

and compare Keats communicating the same infinite under the sense of enchantment:—

The same that oft times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fæerie lands forlorn.

Then as an example of the transmuting

office of the poet—observe the alchemy of moonlight in the following lines of Wordsworth :—

As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees ; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated by power
Capacious and serene : like power abides
In man's celestial spirit, &c.

The quotations which might follow are endless, and sources which are at first sight unlikely offer sometimes the richest results, for in such communications and conversions the greater poets are at their greatest, and the inspiration of the lesser assumes for the time being the strength and resonance of the highest.

It has been said that the end of poetry is beauty, a definition which if it really excludes both truth and morality as well as the witness of the great mysteries

to the place of the mysteries, must far more certainly exclude also such themes as the differentiation of character, with all that it is understood by the dramatic element as well as the national side of song. But those who would affirm that it excludes truth and the testimony of soul to soul have for a moment forgotten that the beautiful is the splendour of the true, and that there is one being whose beauty like his truth is ever ancient and ever new. We have a great deal to be thankful for in the gift of the poets to a world whose word is English ; we have no desire to restrict their influence, to minimise their work or to reduce their glory. We have merely indicated their highest office, and that secret wherein their greatness lies. It is possible that this office can be assumed only at rare intervals, that the secret is given and cannot be truly sought out, but it is assuredly a wise counsel that they should remember their priestly vocation.



When the human mind is identified with the absolute in reason, it is assimilated actively with the eternal, and it lives because it cannot die.



The universe exists for its intelligences and for man—in so far as he can use it, it exists for the use of man.



Man is called to the creation of himself, the salvation of others and the worship of the beautiful.



A NIGHT PIECE.

On the drenched sands and shallow windless sea,
On that one boat which rocks, with one bare mast,
At anchor, on a hundred naked groynes,
And on the desolate and sinking house,
Whose crumbling turret o'er the tide looks forth,
There falls, like stillness on the close of Time,
A soft and mournful mist—the sad, grey night.

Q. S.



Morality is the condition of everything, but in itself it can give nothing.

HEMLOCK

BY ALTON BRENT

You know that, in the last resource of all,
 It matters scarcely how the light may fall,
 Or what stars set their beacons in the night.
 So little also brings the morning light
 That whether late or early Nature stir,
 We mark but idly how it fares with her
 When in the East the scarlet glories spill,
 Or how at noon her children take their fill
 Of all the good which warmth and brightness bring.
 Who counts this other than a trivial thing,
 Having so much, this long time, left behind
 Of all the morning glories of the mind
 And all the noontide fulness of our day?
 Our great detachment cuts the soul away
 From all the outward fields which Nature owns
 Since some time sadly seeking certain thrones,
 And the high callings of an ancient star,
 The soul went forth and, having journeyed far
 Amidst the sorrows of those lonely tracts,
 Among cold snows and frozen cataracts,
 Above the common zones of human thought,
 One burden of sad knowledge thence has brought:—
 That in such altitudes all stars look thin,
 And 'twixt the throne you surely thought to win
 And that last dizzy peak of precipice
 Where you have dared to stand, the great abyss
 Its void unfathomed offers silently.

And hence it is that though the eye may see,
 By sight herein it is not satisfied,
 Nor is the ear by hearing occupied,
 And nothing ministers of all things round.
 For as the man who, looking to be crowned
 Amidst high pageantry at noon, if left
 Outside the palace, of all state bereft,
 Would little comfort take that Western skies
 Shew over wide meads phantom pageantries,
 And though the stars may shine in all their state
 Would still keep knocking at the Palace Gate;
 So, dedicated unto larger things
 Than all experiments of earthly kings,
 And having strongly striven to ascend
 Where great gods are, but having missed our end,
 By reason of the gulfs which intervene:
 What wonder now that all this earthly scene
 Spectral and pallid to the soul appear?

And this is bitterness, and hemlock here
 We drink henceforth through all the aching days,
 Threading as best we may these weary ways,
 Being no longer with their scheme in touch ;
 But, lest our mingled cup should over-much
 Embitter us, and those whom thought intense
 Has worn, seem ravaged by the work of sense,
 Like any worldling underneath the sun—
 We still remember that which once was done,
 When some time sadly seeking certain thrones,
 Beyond the outward fields which Nature owns,
 On that last dizzy peak of precipice
 We were held only by the great abyss ;
 And when we most may turn from mortal things
 It is in longing for unearthly wings,
 Or at the utmost solitary ridge
 Still at the end to find a secret bridge.



If the authorship of the Shakespeare plays is really an unsettled question, it is likely to remain dubious so long as there are "Shakespeare Scholars."



There is something to be said for anthropomorphism, since it makes the Fatherhood of God possible.



An old Rabbinical book tells us that the Kingdom of this world enters into the sphere of Wisdom by means of Beauty. There were masters in Israel when a philosophy of æstheticism was thus comprised within the terms of a maxim.



The greatness of man is well exemplified by the fact that with a little gift of bitterness he is able to rail at the world and yet not be guilty of blasphemy.



Some persons are a span too high for their fellows, but it is rather the scaffold of their condemnation than the throne of their glory. They are raised above the earth but they can draw none towards them.



When the natural man is a prey to disappointment or sorrow, he can turn to Nature for consolation; he can seek it in the solitude of vast woods or in the companionship of the great sea. He has a right to demand it from these because he is their kindred. But when a man has entered upon those grounds of which Nature knows nothing, he can find no consolation in her, and in the hour of his need he learns that he is truly alone.

THE POLICY OF UNION

AN EX-PARTE STATEMENT

By an Old Student



HERE are subjects which some years ago it would have been very nearly impossible to discuss in the pages of a literary magazine; they would have been regarded as out of place on account of their serious nature. Now all this has fortunately changed; the received opinions of the past are not, indeed, without their consecration, but the minds of the age are disposed towards new ways and to those others also which are so old as to be for them new. It is even possible, outside a class periodical, to speak of things which concern the philosophy, and, perhaps, almost the practice of religion, from that standpoint which can be called universal because it embraces all, without being dependent on any of the official ecclesiastical systems. The standpoint in question for the present purpose cannot, of course, be devotional; it is intellectual and historical. It is in this way only that it can be appropriate at any time to offer the merely general reader some considerations, however unbiassed, of that reflective system which is termed transcendental or mystical, and even so it is nothing less than prudent and well-becoming to begin by assuring him that he is not addressed otherwise than as one who may be indifferently interested in such a field of thought, because in recent times it has received a certain vogue and is hence one of those subjects of which an informed person may be assumed to know something slightly. At the same time, I have termed these remarks an *ex parte* statement that I may not deal ungenerously with the general reader, as it so happens that I have

travelled a good distance along these uncommon paths of thought, and have got to know where they lead.

A critical writer, who had, however, very little sympathy with the subject of which he was treating, has told us that, strictly speaking, the transcendental sentiment in man has no history; it is an attitude, a condition of mind, a pathological state, if you will, common to certain temperaments in all places and at nearly all times. On the contrary, and from the alternative standpoint, that state or sentiment is coincident with the history of the human soul, which, from all time, and in all places, has striven towards the consciousness of its source, and has aspired to return whence it came. This desire, and its passionate endeavour have, for the rest, been sufficiently objectified on the external plane to make them count for something not inconsiderably important in the world's history; and it is, practically, a commonplace that, in their lesser manifestations, at least, they have been almost invariably among the active phenomena, heralding or accompanying great crises in the life of humanity; as, for example, at the dawn of the Christian era, at the beginning of the French Revolution, and, I may, perhaps, add, at the present day.

It is, however, altogether desirable that we should make one or two sharp distinctions on the subject of mysticism—what it is and what it is not—quite clear to our minds, and more especially how it is to be understood as regards the Western world, with which we are exclusively connected. We are all apt to use words interchangeably which are either not interchangeable at all, or, if to

some extent synonymous, have been subjected for more or less cogent reasons to a conventional distinction which must bring ourselves and others into confusion if we come now to disregard it. One purpose of this little paper is to point out such a distinction as regards transcendental philosophy and practice in the West, and to show why we must separate in our minds certain things from mysticism which are liable to be identified therewith. This paper may also be classed as a historical consideration, partly because it does follow a certain order of time and partly because it does deal, in a broad manner, with events in the history of the mind within the limits of its subject-matter. It is thus formally a protest against the late Mr. Vaughan's attempt to minimise the importance of the mystic object because it is not, as he alleges, useful for historical purposes, in connection, let us say, with the constitutional history of England or the date of the Norman conquest.

Before approaching Western Transcendentalism, I should like to set out with a distinction peculiar to myself; it is not of a flattering kind, for it is a distinction of ignorance. We are dealing, of course, with a subject which is essentially religious, and the sum of real religion, and I wish to show presently that all mysticism worthy of the title had in the West for many centuries its home and abiding place within the sanctuaries of the Church. But I am not able to say whether there has been, since the division between the East and the West, any philosophical development of importance in the Greek Church. This is worth mentioning in passing as an instance of one of those important questions which might some day be cleared up by research. I speak, therefore, with a certain reservation, and remembering that the subject generally, including its literature, is even in external and historical aspects, to adapt the words of Dean Stanley, behind the mountains of the ignorance of us all.

As concerns that which our knowledge may permit us to affirm of Western mysticism, up to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, it is almost

wholly a heritage from the Church. This is not an adventitious statement, but a concise summary of an indisputable case. For the most part, I am speaking admittedly of a period when to differ from that organisation was frequently to incur a great risk, and there is no need to add that there was throughout it much smouldering hostility which occasionally burst up into flame. But it is necessary to say that such hostility was scarcely on the part of the mystics, nor can the doctrines and teachers that were from time to time condemned and persecuted be regarded in any sense as mystics. It is preferable to accentuate this, because one cannot help noting a tendency on the part of some writers in sympathy with transcendentalism to identify with mysticism every revolt against the ecclesiastical authority. As an instance in point, we may, I think, take the case of Abelard. He was a liberal theologian of his period, and not in any sense a theosophist; but he clashed with his masters in theology, and partly on account of this opposition, and partly because of his brilliance, and, for the rest, by reason of the tragical episodes of his life, and in spite of its fatal legend of a none too mystic love, he has been somehow set down as a mystic. Let us, on our part, endeavour to avoid these mistakes of classification, and, in a certain sense, of prejudice. The case for the ecclesiastical character of mediæval mysticism in the Western world centres in the simple point that there was no other kind, and there is also no evidence that the mystics who illuminated the Church were in it, and not of it. There is, indeed, as it seems to me, very full and direct evidence of the contrary, and that they did not, as sometimes suggested, remain there from considerations of prudence, or otherwise against their will. The *via prudentia* which they studied had no relation to any time-serving and material discretion. They, less than any, as the heroes of a strange enterprise of sanctity, would have been actuated by a mere question of personal safety.

Let us take three names in their order, Bernard, Ruysbroeck, and Tauler

—names which are typical for our subject, standing for much that had gone before and much also that was to come after. If there is one thing which issues clearly from the many writings that they have each of them left us, it is that it is wholly untrue, as some have unthinkingly advanced, that these mystics were not faithful members of their Church, as that Church was understood by herself at their period, and not by the liberalising tendencies of modern thought, within or without its pale, seeking to explain the Church. In matters of doctrine and practice there was nothing that they held or did which differed from the orthodox practice or doctrine. We do not find Solomon's temple spiritualized, so to speak; dogma did not evaporate into allegory or transfigure into symbol, and the method of these thinkers was simply the method of accepted religious life, exalted to the heroic point. Furthermore, there is no trace of a secret doctrine, as we now understand this phrase, behind the official doctrine of the particular Church of which they remained the exponents upon a higher plane. A very serious mistake is being made at the present day by those who endeavour to identify obscure Manichæan and pseudo-Manichæan sects of Southern Europe with the disseminators of mysticism, and with the teachings and lives of mystics. It would seem as if hatred of the Church, and, if I understand the matter rightly, of all ecclesiastical Christianity, should be regarded as a test of transcendentalism, and one of the true marks by which we may know it. The mistake to which I am adverting is not less indiscriminate in its details than it is baseless in its general notion. Albigensian or Vaudois, it matters not; if it is to be found in Southern Europe at a certain period, it receives the distinguished title of Manichæan, and if it loathes the yoke of the Church, it is part of the occult tradition; while, if these sects were opposed by great doctrines and shining lights of the Church, it was not through a sincere conviction that they were contrary to the truth, but because, for example, Saint Augustine had failed to attain the higher grades of the

initiation which was dispensed by them. These points, and many others which might be mentioned, are illustrations, not of malice but rather of imperfect equipment and of the uncritical following of biased or exploded authorities. No one acquainted with his subject would say that the Vaudois were either followers of Manes or esoteric philosophers, or seekers in this life for the attainment of the beatific vision, or that Peter Abelard, the Nominalist, who maintained that universals have no real existence outside the mind, must be classed with Ruysbroeck, Tauler, St. John of the Cross and Molinos, or even with Trithemius, Raymond Lully, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus.

It must be observed, in the next place, that there is no trace in the Christian mystics with whom we are here concerned of the existence of any secret Church, or of a Church within the Church. I should like personally to be in a position to report that there are indications of this kind, but I have found none, and there is also no real attempt to get behind sacrament or doctrine. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that these mystics, or any others of whom they are typical representatives, made use of doctrine and sacrament by way of economy or symbol. The end of Western Mysticism was the return of the many into the One, and the means of that union did not differ from the lesser means of sanctification. They were, so to speak, the higher mathematics of the soul, and the last words of Ruysbroeck in the last chapter of the "Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage," where he promises to those who can so prepare themselves by the pursuit of virtue, that out of the flesh, and, to some extent before it is set aside, they shall attain in *vastissimum divinitatis pelagus navigare*, are simply the formal guarantee of the last vital consequence in a closely-knit chain of cause and effect, the first links of which are still to be found in all the elementary religious catechisms.

As this paper is explanatory and not polemical, and is less than anything to be regarded as a confession of personal faith, which could be otherwise of little interest, I must not touch upon

the question whether the Western Mystics were right in thus being content with their Church, and with its *summa totius theologiæ*. It seems to me—I do not know—that if any of us are disposed to accept the Christian transcendentalism of this period as the best guide to the Transcendental Life they should not, if they are logical, shrink from anything that follows reasonably from such disposition, but my sole province is to record that the men who aspired to the possession of the essential unity by the way of fruition, and to attain the dilucid contemplation of the Trinity in Unity did, without evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation of any kind, believe in Baptism, Confirmation, Repentance, the Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony, yes even in matrimony as the outward sign of an inward grace, and, let us dare to trust, without any *arrière pensée* in their mind to suggest that they considered it, like the young lady mentioned by Coventry Patmore, as rather a wicked sacrament. I must add also, that I may not spare the whole truth, that they believed in eternal punishment and in the resurrection of the body with the same firmness as in the life everlasting. On this whole question I cannot do better than refer my hearers to the celebrated "Institutions" of Tauler, which treatise deals generally with the manner of returning to our first source, and with the transmutation of the human into the divine will, and is, at the same time, a method of preparation for receiving the sacrament worthily.

Another point which is of very considerable importance is the question whether, positively or by implication, we can trace in these Christian thinkers any one of the modern transcendental speculations concerning the soul and its destiny. There is no time to go over their whole ground, but there is one of them which, I think, may be taken to stand for the rest, because it has entered more into the life of modern transcendentalism than, perhaps, any other that we can name. I refer to Reincarnation. This belief has had a chequered career in recent times; but not only is the

Metempsychosis, in any of its forms, quite outside the horizon of early Christian mystics, but, by inference, at least, it seems impossible to their system. It is, of course, open to modern Theosophists, and others, to regard the experience of the Beatific Vision as belonging to the Devachanic Plane, or, in other words, not what it was thought by those who aspired to reach it, and did, in their belief, enjoy a certain foretaste of its ecstasy, about which I can only say that the Christian mystic would not be likely to contend that Devachanic experience, if any, was, or is, an experience of the Beatific Vision.

It is said that language is given us to conceal thought, and I remember hearing a celebrated promoter of financial companies inform a meeting that a balance-sheet was invented to conceal profit and loss, and a share register to conceal holdings. I think, also, that a desultory paper, characterised merely as a statement, should be utilised to conceal personal opinion. At the same time, thought usually leaks out by an accident through some unwatched portal of language, and balance-sheets and share lists somehow betray their secrets. At this point also my skill fails me in the matter of personal opinion, and I am going to mention it not for what it is worth, but because it will save trouble. There is another part of my subject to touch upon, and it is advisable to create a clear issue. The object proposed by Western Mysticism is, then, the only true mystic object—*in vastissimum divinitatis pelagus navigare*. We can put it, if we please, in the words of the dying Plotinus: "I take the Divine within me to the Divine in the universe." And Christian Mystic or Grecian Philosopher, or Spanish Kabbalist, putting the traditions of Israel into the great book of the Zohar, it is all one as regards the path to that object, which is wholly and simply as the Zohar calls it, the path of ecstasy. If outside this union with the Divine and this state of "still rest and of changeless simplicity" which bears uninterruptedly the consciousness of the whole Reality within it, there is any other mystic object, I do not know what it is.

Let me recur for a moment to a point from which I started, the necessity of using terms correctly, and also on occasions with due deference to any accepted convention, even when such convention includes what, from philosophical considerations, is of rather an arbitrary kind—the distinction between mystic and occultist. It would seem at first sight quite reasonable to use these words interchangeably according to one's predilection for the Greek or Latin languages. But the term mystic has come to mean something quite apart from that of occultist, and people ought to respect the distinction which has thus been instituted, and, so far as the believers are concerned, they should be content to describe themselves as lovers of secret things, as occultists, if they are devoted to the study of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, or Trithemius, and as mystics only, if they aspire to that grand experiment by which some have attempted to become united with the Causal Nature. The distinction is, historically speaking, of vital consequence, for side by side with the Western Mysticism of the Church there was another school of experience which does not stand the test of the mystic object. It was concerned chiefly with theurgic experiments, and all that is understood by magic, with divination, astrology and a score of curious arts, but in no sense with larger possibilities.

It may, perhaps, be suggested that the undoubted existence of certain occult orders, some of them possibly exerting a wide influence from within their penetralia, may indicate a link between the occultist and the mystic, and that there may have been a development along the theurgic path in the direction of the mystic object. But a full acquaintance with such evidence as exists does not warrant this interesting view.

The suggestion of an enlinkment which I have thus noted and set aside,

is, however, an intuitive recognition of what did to some extent come to pass, not as regards associations but individuals at a later period. In the first place, something of the true heritage of mysticism went over after the Reformation into the hands of the children of the Reformers. In the second place, there are signs in Thomas Vaughan and Jacob Boehme of a marriage between occultism and mysticism. We find, I mean, the two interests and to some extent the two faculties in the same people. Amidst the labyrinth, of his occult phraseology, and in spite of his imperfect guidance, there are traces in Thomas Vaughan of a distinct consciousness of the transcendental end. About this period, also, we find in Molinos and other quietists of his school, a mystic development which so far broke away from the traditions of their particular Church as to be condemned thereby.

We shall, therefore, do well to pay attention to a distinction which characterises schools that are divergent even with such points of contact as have just been noted. Let me observe, in conclusion, that while I have named and sought to define the object of Christian mysticism, I have not otherwise enlarged upon it, for I have felt that it was impossible within these limits. The books of the old writers remain for those who wish to have recourse to, and in spite of certain difficulties, it is not impossible for any to become acquainted, at least, with the rumour of the depths and heights of their speculation. At present, I fear, that they are in the position of certain poets mentioned by Dr. Johnson, who were quoted but not read. Those who will be at the pains to read them will not, I think, look up from their pages without an overflowing conviction that, far removed from ordinary paths and interests, even in the order of psychology, there is a grand experiment possible, and that some have achieved it.



A MORAL OF SUNSET

AND slowly now the sun transfusing rends
 A purple cloud, but rending sinks therein,
 And sinking draws from all the western world
 Her fairy lights, till all the wide expanse
 Bereft thereof—a waste of land and sea
 Forlorn, in twilight momentarily submerged,
 Spreads dimly, stripped of dream. . . But eastward now
 The moon draws up; her pale and phantom form
 Takes substance slowly, aureates towards the blue,
 Deep musing height. . . . Her glory waxing fills
 The main and shore; the East is dim, the South
 Transmuted shines. . . . So when the mind of youth
 Turns from its early visions and sees the world
 A field for action, with the hues henceforth
 Of all its dreams 'tis glorified, while pale,
 And phantom-fair the abandoned past behind,
 The East of life, into the mists dissolves.

LEONARD CHILCOT.



The postulates of the old sciences were great after all. Man is really the centre of the universe, on the understanding that the centre is everywhere; the quintessence is still the *summum bonum*; the stars shed sweet influences; and in the solidarity of universal life we are communicating daily with innumerable orders of spirits.



Play on, assured! It is not idle chance
 Hath scored the great orchestral dissonance.
 A gradual theme unfolds the yet unheard
 Harmonic resolution—long deferred.



The mystery is deep—deep almost as the abyss which is beneath it; the height is immeasurable—it is not less than the sense of our loss; the labyrinth is hard to thread—it is inextricable as the motives of the heart; but depth and height and maze—all these notwithstanding, we feel that there must be a way back.



A SOLEMN SITUATION.

"Jeanie," the Cameronian said,
 "It's a solemn thing this—to be wed."
 "Ay! faither, but a greater dreid
 Comes to me,
 It's a greater solemnner, indeed,
 No to be!"

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

. IV.



THE evening on which Darnell gave reluctant assent to the visit of the incongruous Mrs. Nixon was, as he himself conjectured at the time, a turning point in his life, fraught with strange consequences. For, on the one hand, he found himself, quite unwillingly, a public personage, and a familiar name to every reader of the evening papers through Mrs. Nixon's strange offices; and, on the other hand, his inner life becomes, from the same date, difficult to follow, a record of many enigmas. Darnell's public career may be dismissed in a few words, and the curious are referred to the files of the various journals for all details of the Shepherd's Bush Scandal. For the unfortunate Darnells found themselves involved in matters singularly scandalous and unsavoury, and the long sentence passed upon the personage who was pleased to call himself "Abraham," and "Father," brought no consolation to either of them. Mrs. Nixon found a home for the brief remainder of her days in a charmingly situated private lunatic asylum, and her husband resumed the place he had been wont to occupy in his niece's esteem. So far the record is plain enough, and, from the external point of view, the end of the story is plainer still; since Darnell and his wife were dead within a year of Mrs. Nixon's call on that hot Sunday afternoon. Mary was ill but for a few days; a severe chill developed into pneumonia of both lungs, and within a month Edward followed her. I suppose that, setting aside the

eccentric episode of Mrs. Nixon's visit, the life of Darnell and his wife might be paralleled with some thousands of lives in all external matters like unto it. On the whole, I should think that Darnell entered on the career of business with an equipment rather under than over the average; certainly, the great majority of the clerks of the present day have received a far better, because more specific, training for the work to which they are called. I imagine that few of us quite realise the absolute stupidity and inefficiency of the old-fashioned school, the quaint and unending labours to which boys were set to acquire information which could neither store the mind nor fill the purse. Even in schools of a higher grade, when once the circle of Greek and Latin was overstepped, all else was a mad chaos, the recollection of which makes one laugh and groan at once. Take the average man in the "forties or fifties," educated at a grammar school, and ask him for his impressions of English history. In nine cases out of ten he will not be able to do more than mutter incoherent particulars about Alfred and the cakes, Canute and his courtiers, and Clarence in the malmsey butt. If his memory be retentive, he may be able to furnish some odd dates of kings and of battles; and, beyond these matters—nothing!

Such being the curriculum in schools of some repute, it is not difficult to imagine how things passed lower down in the scholastic scale, where the one saving grace of good instruction in Latin and Greek grammar was denied; and I have gathered that Darnell's educational experiences in a queer "venture school" in the north of London were indescri-

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bably grotesque. In this respect, then, he was probably worse off than the majority of his fellow clerks; in other ways his external life and equipment were much the same as that of thousands of others. He married early in life, as is the habit of his race; he settled down in a cheap house in a small suburban street, and, in a word, was a perfectly typical example of the modern clerk, who goes into business, not because he possesses business instincts or a special talent for affairs, but for the simple reason that no other means of making a living are within his reach.

But what we may call the public life of the ordinary commercial clerk by no means completes the tragedy of his existence. So far from that being the case, I suspect that he is more tragical in his home than in his office, and most tragical of all in those moments when he fancies he is enjoying himself. For one may conceive a man leading, as it were, two lives, and of one making something quite passable, or, indeed, something much more than passable. In all ages it is to be presumed there has been unpleasant work to be done, and there have been men whom necessity has forced to do it; but in all other ages I am inclined to believe there has been some daily escape possible. For example, the lowest serf in the middle ages had a better home to go to after his day's work than has the city clerk of to-day. Our serf lived, doubtless, in a villainous hut which, from many points of view, might compare unfavourably with a modern pigstye, all the more unfavourably, of course, with a neat little house at Clapham, Finsbury Park, or Shepherd's Bush. The serf, had doubtless, a fair chance of being murdered in the night, and might reckon on a high probability of sickening of the Black Death, if he survived cold steel till the morning. To be brief; his days were passed in want, danger and discomfort, and the servile wars of the middle ages inform us, clearly enough, that the class was thoroughly alive to the disadvantages of its position. And yet those who know anything know that the serf, after the hard and perhaps cruel journey for his lord, went at night across the

waste to a better home than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand clerks, who have, for a moderate total of hours, written so many letters, added up so many pages or counted so many coupons, and in the evening return to a comfortable and secure abode, to a sufficient meal, to ample rest.

Perhaps the statement might be made much broader; it is possible that it applies to all of us, or to most of us who live in these latter days. Be that as it may, it is certainly and wholly true of the unfortunates amongst whose ranks stood Edward Darnell. If I am asked for proof of a statement which, I daresay, may wear for many the appearance of violent and nonsensical paradox, I can only give a reason which may still seem paradoxical and nonsensical to a vast number of people who bear some repute for intelligence. Still, the ground is always cleared by definition, and I may begin by saying that by "better" I mean happier, and if anyone inquire as to the meaning I attach to the word "happiness," I must here express my profound conviction that, in the last resort, happiness is wholly and utterly independent of external things. It is not enough to say that it can exist in spite of every material discomfort, that a hard bed, hard fare, and hard work cannot diminish it: we may much more boldly affirm that happiness, as distinguished from the pleasures of the senses, can and does triumph over hunger and thirst, sickness and pain—nay, over the terror of death and death itself. Happiness, in fine, is a purely spiritual condition, a state of the soul and not of the body, and it is because our typical mediæval serf had within him those materials of happiness that our typical commercial clerk has not, that we are able to state with such confidence that the home of the former was "better" than the snug retreat at Peckham. Of course, the day's work of the one was by far the happier, also; to drive the plough in the open world is much less remote from the real ends for which men exist, than the mechanical performance of mechanical commercial

duties in a city office. Even in our day, when the accursed schoolmaster is abroad, poisoning all the wells of life, we may encounter in remote places the peasant of the old type; a man, an individuality, who has been taught real knowledge by the spectacle which he always views, a spectacle which ascends from the little flower in the hedge to the bright and awful array of the stars. Listen to such a man, and then travel by a city-bound train any morning of your life; you will apprehend some measure of the gulf between the two types.

But when our serf got "home," when he ceased his daily labour, then, indeed, the gulf becomes vast, intolerable, beyond all computation. It would not be quite accurate to say that this man of another age was happy because he believed in certain set dogmas, expressed in certain set formulæ, which we are either "inclined to believe" or "inclined to disbelieve," or which we are good enough "to accept with such modifications as the clearer spiritual insight of the twentieth century has made inevitable." The case is rather this: that in those earlier days an absolute, unconditional and unquestioning belief in the dogmatic letter proved to be the way to the True Knowledge of the Spirit, which is something utterly beyond any dogma and any letter. It was this Blessed Graal that was then in the world, this Holy Cup that was given alike to peasant and to peer, this great majesty, which will, and does, fill the possessor of it with perfect peace, joy and happiness, though he be slowly perishing in the midst of the most excruciating bodily torments. And, perhaps, it may be useful to point out how the Light of the Graal was, as it were, shed abroad over things both high and low, small and great, so that the whole world was enlightened, and there was no place so dark and secret that it might not enter therein. It was this Light, shed over the material work of building (which man possesses in common with ants, and bees, and beavers), that gave to the world the splendour, and mystery, and glory of "Gothic" architecture; that has left us, as its witness, those adorable sym-

bols, in which the dead stones are indeed transmuted into living stones, discoursing of eternal things. It was the same Light that gave us the wonderful treasure of Plainsong, a music that is more than music (as we now understand the word), that is rather a quickening incantation, the voice of Ineffable Doctrine, a song that speaks to mortal ears secrets that are immortal. It was the same Light that ordered our speech, so that not only the studied work of Literature, but the roughest utterance of the people had its magic and its beauty; and the commonest sentence was by it purged of that commonness which we call vulgarity. It is to be discerned in the tools that a man used in his craft, in the cup out of which he drank; it even conquered for a time the base régime of keeping shop, and so ordered trade that it was carried on for the good of all, and not for the greatest cheating of the greatest number.

For this reason, therefore, because, in the middle ages, there was a certain ineffable Knowledge given to men, the home of the serf was happier and better than the home of the city clerk in our day. Again, it may be said: "Why specify the unfortunate clerk? why not affirm boldly and generally that humanity was happier then than now?" To which I must reply that while I have no doubt whatever that the universal proposition is true, I am concerned to demonstrate the particular, since the person whose life I am, as it were, annotating, had the misfortune to belong to the class in question. And is it necessary to press the contrast home? Some years ago an ecclesiastic of the English Church, who is now a bishop, announced his discovery that existence in the suburbs of London was a state of savagery, that the inhabitants of the said suburbs were, as a mass, barbarians. I do not remember that this pronouncement attracted much attention; there was I think, no debate, or if such debate arose, it was not pressed. In all probability, of those who read the ecclesiastic's words, a great number passed them by as a new variety of the conventional statements of the "miserable sinners" class that the

clergy are expected to make now and then, *ex officio*. Others, and probably the greater number, were scandalised at such a violent untruth, proceeding, not from some dangerous Radical agitator, but from a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church. These latter were so far in the right: the statement is untrue, for the real truth is infinitely worse than the word "savagery" would lead one to suppose. The faults and miseries of the savage state are black indeed (as were the faults and miseries of the middle ages), chiefest among them being, perhaps, the utter disregard of human life, and human suffering; while amongst many savages, the place which religion should hold has been taken by some cruel form of superstition. Doubtless, it is terrible that men should live their lives in hideous terror of the Fetish and of the Medicine Man, for ever oppressed by the thought of a hidden grove in the forest where the ground is red with blood and white with bones, but how much better such a fate, in which there dwells, under dark shadows, truly, some sense of unseen things, than to inhabit this earth, in human form, and to shape one's daily actions by the dread of Mrs. Jones, over the way, and of Mrs. Robinson, round the corner; to shape one's soul by the rule of "what people will say." If we think of it, we shall find in the savage a half-formed, uncorrected man, but yet altogether a man, possessing, sometimes in remarkable degree, the chief heritage of man, which is, undoubtedly, the vision of the unseen and the longing for the unseen, and after all, everything that makes for the beauty, glory and significance of life has existed in various stages of development amongst races that, judged by our standard, were savage, or little better than savage. I need not press the point: it is sufficiently obvious that legend and poetry and rapture, and the spirit that cried "My soul is athirst for God," dwelt first in wild and ruthless hearts; in men who were singularly deficient in the peculiar gift which is named civilization; and Coventry Patmore noted, with his un-failing insight, that at the present day

the beliefs of most savages are more in accordance with true Christianity (he meant with that Light behind the Dogmas that we have called the Graal) than the beliefs of most average persons. And is it necessary to press the contrast, to dwell on the utter, vast inanity of that suburban world in which dwell our letter-copying machines, of whom Edward Darnell was one? Is proof necessary? Then, as I have already said, travel any morning with these men and listen to their talk. Their actual tones, that speech which, when man received it, was made music to the ears, an enchanted, if unnoted song, has become on their lips the detested, detestable twang which we call "a cockney accent," accepting it quite coolly as something rather unpleasant, but quite unimportant, as something which exists in the nature of things, like the east winds in March and wet weather at Henley; just as we accept Gower Street, forgetting that there were once men who had a natural gift called architecture, forgetting that the speech of men is, by nature, a beauty and delight. Listen, then, to the squalid noise which has succeeded to the former music, and then pass from sound to sense, and your mind will be deluged with a torrent of mere ineptitude. In a way, it is like the talk of children; it consists largely of a parrot-like repetition of some one else's thoughts one man discourses in English a little less distinguished than his original, the leading article from the *Daily This*, and the other replies with a bad version of the stale thunder from the *Morning That*; while in a corner you may hear a brisk discussion as to whether rhubarb is a fruit or a vegetable! It is childishness, certainly, but it is almost the childishness of idiots or dotards. Savagery! Indeed, in all things that vitally concern the heart and soul of man Darnell's fellows have fallen far deeper than the deepest savagery, and have come very near to the Godless condition of the brutes.

After all, it is not by any amount of laboured demonstration or accumulated proofs that the true condition of the suburb-inhabiting clerk can be made evident. The truth in this matter (as I suspect is the case in all matters what-

soever), must be felt, not proven ; and, as the best way of understanding art is to see it, and then meditate upon it, so, perhaps, that ride in a city-bound train, which I have already recommended, coupled with an afternoon's stroll through some select suburb, would be more illuminative than the most elaborated argument on the mental state of the middle-class commercial worker in modern London. He who will undertake these experiences, will see how a multitude of influences have combined to change a race of sovereign pontiffs into a race of galley slaves. The analogy is imperfect, because by far too weak, but it will serve our turn.

And yet it was from this race, stricken deaf and dumb and blind, that there came a man who recovered, to a large extent, the kingdom and the priesthood, which seem to have been not merely lost (that, alas ! is the fate of most of us), but utterly forgotten, as if they never had been. It was in one of those appalling suburbs, more removed from the City of God than the darkest pit of any cave-dwellers, that Edward Darnell was vouchsafed at least a glimmering, if not the perfect vision, of the eternal light. His history was always wonderful to me ; wonderful in the mere hints which I first learned of it ; and as I grew to know more, and to understand more fully the miracle that had been worked, it became an abiding source of consolation and refreshment. Now, with the passage of years, and the deaths of certain persons who would have had the right to resent any comment on the life of a connection however remote, it has become possible to make public, for the encouragement of others, these notes and records of wonderful achievement.

The task of compilation and annotation has not been an easy one. It will be observed from the very title that I have chosen, that these notes are not, in the ordinary sense of the words, a "Memoir" or a "Life" at all. Indeed, I think such a title as "The Life of Edward Darnell," would have been singularly inappropriate. When a "Life" is announced, it is to be understood that some degree of eminence,

and of eminence of the tangible, demonstrable kind, is to be commemorated, and the reader feels that he is to hear the history of great events ; it may be the tale of the *Waverley Novels*, or it may be such an epical recitation as that which ends with *Trafalgar*. With such magnificent annals as these, assuredly, I should not dream of linking the career of Edward Darnell, the unimportant city clerk, who was born in Camden Town and died at Shepherd's Bush, whose name will never find a place on any roll where the heroes are honoured ; and so it seemed best to abandon at once all pretences to a formal memoir. In the same way the nature of the subject matter, and of the materials at my disposition, has not inclined me to adopt the form that usually obtains with writers of biography. Where a plain statement of facts and events has seemed most to my purpose, I have pursued this method ; but, on the other hand I have felt no scruple in using, now and again, the manner of the novelist, for there are certain secrets which can be imparted only by the means of symbols. It is not, I think, generally recognised that all Poetry and all Romance that are worthy of the name are attempts to tell the Truth as to the real nature of men, that Truth which can never be told in any other way.

This is perhaps the point at which it will be most convenient to indicate the nature of the materials I have drawn on. In the first place there are the memoranda of Edward Darnell's conversation, which, for many reasons, struck me when I heard it as deserving to be noted down before it was forgotten ; secondly, in a small packet are the letters he wrote me during the brief time I knew him ; and thirdly, two manuscript volumes constitute what I suppose I must call his "literary remains," though the circumstances of the writer's life and education made it impossible that his attempts at expression should receive that grace and form which are essential to Literature, properly so called. Before me also are some memoranda of his family history, which are not without a certain signifi-

cance. I have never been able to form any very definite opinion as to the influence of heredity—as to how far character is transmitted—since it has always appeared to me that the data on which such an opinion might be based are not yet available; but it is possible that the blood which Darnell inherited from far-off ancestors was the talisman that enabled him to defy and overcome all the influences of the suburb and the city, and the age in which he was born. For this reason, on the chance, too, that the recital of a somewhat curious family legend, which was attended by a still more curious ceremony, may have helped to modify Darnell's character, I shall insert here all that I have been able to gather as to his ancestry.

There is not wanting a certain note of the picturesque in the documentary evidence on this point, not merely in its nature, but in the manner in which it has been preserved. Among the very few possessions which Edward Darnell inherited from his father, Henry Darnell, is a duodecimo book, which must have been rebound and interleaved late in the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century. The book itself is an alchemical, or, perhaps, a mystic treatise called *Lumen de Lumine*, written by Thomas Vaughan, the brother of the more famous Silurist, and is dated 1651. The interleaved pages contain here and there writings which to me are quite undecipherable; they are, probably, in some alchemical script of the period. But on the three or four leaves inserted at the end of the book are a number of Latin memoranda, the first of which would seem to have been copied from some older document, possibly from loose leaves, which were afterwards judged insecure. In brief, the history which they disclose is as follows:—

In the year of Our Lord 1645, Edward Darnell was forced at last to abandon the Treasure in the East, and to go forth to fight for the King. He took part in various battles, with varying fortune, and, at last, when all seemed to be lost, came to the western part of Britain, and was there married to Mistress Mary Vaughan, a most beautiful maiden, "sister to the illuminated philo-

sopher, the writer of this book." To them was born one son, named Henry; and Edward, with his wife and child, lived in the fair house which marriage had brought him, on the banks of the River Usk. Edward Darnell, on account of the wars, and of things done therein, was not able to regain the Treasure, but committed the search for it to his son, Henry, in clear Figures. He departed June 24th, A.D. 1670.

Henry Darnell, son of the above Edward Darnell, was born on January 14th, 1650, and married in the twenty-fifth year of his age, Anne Meyrick, of Caermaen. He had one son, Edward; and two daughters, Eugenia and Eirenæa, who died in infancy. Henry Darnell, on three several occasions, set out for the East, seeking what is there hidden, but was forced to return. He left the matter to Edward his son. He died in the sixtieth year of his age.

Edward Darnell, son of Henry Darnell and of Anne, his wife, was born in May, in the year of Our Lord, 1680, and lived for eighty years. His wife was Alice Morgan, of Caerleon, his children, two, were Henry his son, and Eugenia his daughter, who lived all her days in maidenhood. He sought in vain.

Henry Darnell was born on March 3rd, 1712, and remained unmarried for forty years. In 1752, he married Mary, daughter of Richard Ambrose, gentleman, of Lansoar. He had three sons, Edward, Thomas and Henry, all of whom survived him. He repeated that which he had received.

Edward Darnell, son of the aforementioned, was born in 1754, and in 1789 was born his eldest son Henry, who died in the fifth year of his age. In 1791, was born his second son, Edward, and other sons after him. He repeated that which he had received.

This is the last of the formal entries. On the last leaf are the mere names and dates:

Henry, May 3rd, 1832.

Edward, March 1st, 1860.

With one important exception the Edward of my story was not able to supplement to any great extent this brief outline of his family history. He

told me that he had heard from his father that his grandfather had lived extravagantly, and had at last sold the old house, derived from the seventeenth century marriage with Mary Vaughan, to one of his younger brothers, and had ended his days in London a poor man. Henry Darnell, Edward's father, seems to have lived a somewhat vague and unsatisfactory life, always on the point of making his fortune, and generally in Micawber-like straits in waste places and odd corners of London, moving about from lodging to lodging. In the later years of his life he made a somewhat scanty living by engrossing for lawyers, and all his days he seems to have dabbled weakly with literature. A few of his stilted and imitative stories were accepted, and his son showed me the faded, third-rate magazines in which they appeared. Now and again he was assisted by the uncle who had possession of the small property in the West, and it was this gentleman who, surviving to a great age, supported Edward after his father's death in 1874, till he was able to earn his living in the City. Once, when Edward was a child of seven or eight, father and son paid a brief visit to the old man, living all alone in the ancient grey house in the valley of the Usk, and the experience left a deep impression on the boy's mind, haunting all his years with the remembrance of the deep beauty of that silent valley, with the echo of the water falling from the wells in Wentwood, with the voice of the rustling trees in the vast forest, and the hush of the world at the dawn, when the sun rose up out of the Severn. The old great-uncle died soon after Edward began his business life, and the property was bequeathed by him to another grand-nephew, the grandson of his favourite brother, a well-to-do physician in Bristol. Since then the house has again changed hands, leaving the name of Darnell, which, so far as I know, is now extinct.

Beyond these data, the only matter of interest respecting the family history which I learned from Edward Darnell relates to an extraordinary prepossession of his father, and also to the exciting cause of an extraordinary fancy. Henry

Darnell, so his son told me, believed that his seventeenth century ancestor, Edward the First, as he may be called, had in some way discovered a treasure of immense value near his house, which Henry imagined to be somewhere in the Eastern Counties, and probably at Norwich or in its vicinity. On this theory Edward, having made his discovery at the beginning of the Civil Wars, waited for some time in vain, hoping that the troubles might quiet down with the purpose of disposing profitably of his treasure in an England well governed and secure. No doubt both the King and the Rebels were in urgent need of money for their undertakings, and Edward may have been afraid that if the slightest hint of his discovery got abroad confiscation would instantly follow, from one side or the other. But as the times grew worse instead of better, Edward Darnell, a staunch Royalist, living in the midst of violent Puritans, was drawn both by duty and out of regard for his own safety to the King's army, and was finally forced to go into a species of hiding in the West. According to Henry Darnell, the phrase, "on account of the wars and of the things done therein," the reason given for the first Edward's abandoning the treasure, plainly intimated that it had been overwhelmed by the falling ruin of some castle, that Edward knew where the gold was hidden, but weary of adventure, bequeathed the quest of it to his son.

According to the Edward whom I knew, this was the obsession of his father's life, and the chief reason of his want of success. Mrs. Darnell died when Edward was two years old, and so from his earliest years he looked to his father alone, who told him, when he was a mere baby, the story of the buried gold that was to make them rich, and spoke more and more of the treasure, as his son grew more able to understand him. At first the son was as infatuated as the father, and got up every morning in the full persuasion that they would be as "rich as the Queen" by nightfall, but as the years went on, and their life became more and more shiftless and uncertain,

as the lodgings grew shyer and dingier, and the meals worse in quantity and quality, he lost all faith, and sickened at his father's unwavering trust in phantom gold that could not pay the smallest of the many and clamorous bills that all day and every day beat upon their doors, and forced them to fly from one downcast quarter to another still more desolate. His father, he told me, never lost hope for a moment, but as soon as he earned a couple of pounds would leave him alone to the mercy of the landlady for the time being, and betake himself to the Eastern counties, where he pursued his mad and unending researches. For some reason or other, he at last made up his mind that certain vague mounds of earth, situated in the county near Norwich, marked the site of the castle where the treasure had been discovered by the first Edward; and thenceforward he remained at home, trying to think of some means of getting together sufficient money to buy the field in which the mounds stood. With this thought besetting his mind he fell ill, and it was only in the moment of death that he began to repeat to his son the formula which appears to have been handed down in the family.

In the East it was buried, and in the East it shall rise again.

Through the wickedness of evil men, through rebellion that is like witchcraft it was hidden.

When there is war it may not be discovered, but a Great Peace shall remove the Veil.

It is very far off, yet it is near to the land of thy birth.

It is more rich than all the riches of the world —

It was at these words, Darnell told me, that his father became unconscious. He wrote them down immediately, not with any vain hopes of treasure-finding, but as his father's last utterance; and this done he tried to forget the whole story, feeling that the desire of this non-existent treasure had been the cause of most of their misery.

But I have always thought that in the soul of this last Edward Darnell, there was restored, gradually and by slow degrees, the true sense of the old legend propagated so curiously, and for the most part, it would seem, so vainly, by the first Edward, the founder of the family. It would be difficult, or rather impossible, to point out the exact period when the true significance of the *mythos* first began to be obscured; but probably, I should think this process took place between the days of Edward, born in 1680, who "sought in vain," and Henry, born in 1712, who "repeated that which he had received"—the latter phrase hinting at some evacuation of the sacramental meaning of the words, and the substitution of a mere traditional formula. However that may be, I think that at last the treasure was rediscovered, if not altogether in its full glory, at least in part, according to the measure of Edward Darnell's power to receive it.



It is not necessary to show that a man is an impostor in order to reduce his claims to their proper and reasonable proportions.



Q. What is a received opinion? A. Something which is accepted by everyone without inquiry.—Q. Why is it regarded as consecrated in a peculiar manner? A. Because men always sanctify their idleness to excuse it.

THE LESSER MYSTERIES OF PARIS

By John Cremer



FROM the days of Eugène Sue and his epical romances, and thenceforward to Zola, a long line of prophets, poets and makers of revelations have interpreted and expounded to us the greater mysteries of Paris, all of which have gone as far as might be possible to show that it is the one city now situated in Europe wherein a man of parts may take up his abode with every consideration for his dignity. Of the lesser mysteries, some, at least, may be supposed to reflect the same sentiment, or to intimate, if you prefer it, the same polite lesson. Their name, however, is legion, and it is in their midst only that it is possible for the man of parts to forget occasionally, and for a period, that he is almost of necessity a Frenchman. When he has forgotten that, it is open to him to become many things, but always to the exaltation of his honour, and it will be a matter of astonishment to many persons not actually its residents, who believe that they know their Paris, including the Quartier Latin, to learn shortly what ambitions and what aspirations, at this beginning of the twentieth century, are alive sincerely in the hearts of certain Parisians, and are recapitulated silently when, catching his reflections in the looking-glass, each of them says devoutly, though not always audibly, *adveniat regnum tuum!*

As there are few interests that are of consequence, I will take among the legion of these lesser mysteries a single class which has at least the advantage

of being curious and would deserve to rank as important if its varied claims might be assumed to admit of verification. The records of these mysteries exist in a literature which, beyond its particular groups, is very little known in Paris, and is not known at all outside it, with the possible exception of that which the Sar Péladan has dared to certify as possible to French genius when he offered to the women of Paris his instructions on the best means of becoming a fairy—*comment on devient fée*—and to the men of that gay capital his grave, if unserious treatise on the best means of becoming a magician—*comment on devient mage*. It follows that the lesser mysteries of which I am speaking here are otherwise occult mysteries, and here it is necessary to distinguish. That there is occultism in Paris as in London or New York must be known to most of the world, but as in London it signifies in the eyes of the vain multitude an interest in psychical research, and a desire to investigate *poltergeists*, and as in New York it connotes a regard for trance oratory and a tendency to expect mediumship for materialisations and the direct voice, so in Paris it means probably, for this same multitude, if it means anything definitely, a certain disposition towards the doctrines of Allan Kardec, for example, reincarnation as established by clairvoyance, a certain leaning towards theosophical notions modified by Pantheism not inelegantly rendered into modern French and led in the direction of demonstrations by the less gross phenomena of

spiritualism. As to all of these, they are lesser mysteries of Paris, of London, or of New York, but specifically they are not those lesser mysteries to which reference is intended here. They are not, perhaps, fundamentally, more curious, and they are not, perhaps, less insincere, within the horizon of the vain multitude; but they are less obvious among the many things which rank as mysteries, and they are less conspicuously diluted, though they are also in modern French, and are not without the aids to reflection which are furnished by the *conversazione*, the *soirée*, the *séance tenue* and the *compte rendu*. For the man of parts is deliberate after his own fashion, and that invariably, even when he has mentally exchanged the Frenchman of his period for the mystic citizen of an eternal kingdom, and has so, without exactly designing it, ceased from being republican and materialist.

It appears, from an analysis of the documents, that there is a choice of courses open to him, and that, among these, is the pursuit of alchemy, which just now is flourishing with great vigour in Paris, is not unknown at Lyons, and has been reported at Bordeaux. The interest in this pursuit is so vivid that a handbook has been prepared for its disciples, containing full instructions for becoming an alchemist—*Comment on devient Alchimiste*. Mons. F. Jolivet Castelot is the writer of this manual, and his predecessor in the same mystery appears to have been Albert Poisson, who is termed the Restorer of Alchemy. As this work descends even to the most minute particulars concerning the daily life of the alchemist, as it may be lived in Paris and the environs, even to the matter of his ablutions, it may be thought tolerably complete; yet it must err on the side of insufficiency as for the further direction of the student in the same subject, some learned persons have founded the Alchemical Society of France, which is a section of the Faculty of the Hermetic Sciences, a body which dispenses degrees, titles, and the certificates which are evidences of each—*magnifiques diplômes*—and certain initiated authors have not been afraid

to add the words *Docteur en Alchimie* after their name on a title page. It is reported that the Alchemical Society has a regular course of study and a decisive laboratory practice, and as regards the term of its labours it would seem that "gold has been furnished, but only in small quantities, differing in this respect from that which is produced by the philosophical stone," because mere science can deal only with those *minima* of which *non curat lex magna* of the old adepts. In other words, Paracelsus and Raymond Lully are the masters still, while the man of parts, although he is a Frenchman and has learned how to become an alchemist, can reproduce their traditional achievements *en petite quantité seulement*. But, as M. Jolivet Castelot explains, he is for all that on the right road, on the road which leads to ecstasy, "that privilege of the adept." And for his further guidance there exists, and there has existed for some years past, a monthly review, entitled, *Hyperchemistry*, which if it does not contain the proof positive of metallic transmutation as now performed in France, is undeniable evidence of the extent to which these lesser mysteries must be prosecuted in secret by persons well acquainted with the terms, experiments and development of modern chemistry, for in other respects it must be classed as a highly technical periodical. Outside these centralised and perhaps vested interests, there are traces also, but occasionally, of isolated and more mysterious researches which can scarcely be named here, but are at work in the same direction, and it is not so long since an American visitor to Paris was shown the "menstrual water of alchemy," the dissolvent of all metals, in the form of a limpid fluid having a slightly acid flavour. In such ways does one section of *La France spirituelle* qualify, beyond the doctorates of its Hermetic Faculties, for the mystic citizenship of the eternal kingdom already mentioned, and I may add that, in the mind of Mons. Jolivet Castelot, it seems impossible for a right-thinking alchemist to be other than monarchical in politics, while it is, further, a canon of perfection

that he should adhere to the dynasty of Orléans.

The occult sciences are, in the minds of their disciples, all inter-connected; it is impossible to pursue one without becoming tinctured by another; and thus he who is, before all things, an alchemist, will, at least after a secondary manner, be familiar with the heads of that particular mystical tradition which, under the name of the Kabbalah, has been cherished both in East and West for something like ten centuries, upon the most moderate computation, and from time immemorial according to the opinion of its adepts. There is not much need to enter into an explanation concerning it in this place; but it is in part a philosophical system, and in part it is a magical art. It originated among the Jews at some undetermined period of the Christian dispensation, and it has a very large literature in Jewry. When it first attracted attention among Christian scholars in Europe, so many points of comparison seemed possible between its philosophical portion and the chief doctrines of Christianity, that it was regarded as an eirenicon between the two religions, and it was held that Christianity Kabbalistically interpreted would insure the conversion of all Israel. Though we still—or some of us—have our missions to the Jews, it would seem incredible at this day with what fever of enthusiasm this false light was followed by many learned and sincere persons who had no interests *per se* in any transcendental philosophy, and still less in any occult or magical art. I need not say that no conversions took place as the consequence of all this zeal misplaced, but the value of the instrument was assuredly out of all proportion to the machinery which was required for its manufacture, and it fell into disuse accordingly. It was then that the Kabbalah passed over among the Christian scholars of Europe to that use for which it was originally designed; it became part of the intellectual baggage of the occultist, to whom it belongs properly, and outside this interest it ceased to concern any one. It entered into connection with alchemy, probably in the seventeenth century, and with many

other mystical systems, including some of the Masonic rites, during the course of the eighteenth century; it fell asleep at the Napoleonic period like all the connected interests, and, so far as France was concerned, it awoke in 1850, for the purely academical work of Adolphe Franck, published a few years previously, scarcely calls for consideration from this point of view. It has now become one of the leading interests of the lesser mysteries of Paris with which we are here concerned, and is regarded as one of the most important depositories of the hidden truths which have come down to us from antiquity. M. Gérard Encausse, otherwise Dr. Papus, who is a great light of these byways has done what he could to simplify it, and it is not at all necessary for the man of parts in Paris who is disposed towards such studies to embarrass himself by the study of Aramaic, in which dialect the chief books of the Kabbalah were originally written, for sufficient of their substance has been rendered into French, usually out of the Latin versions which appeared in the past, and it is never essential for this kind of scholarship to go actually to the root of the matter.

It must be confessed that the French Kabbalist is, for the most part, a dull person of preternatural gravity, and the authors who cater for him do not know their subject. The alchemist of Paris is much to be preferred before him, even though he can make gold *en petite quantité seulement*, if actually at all; but his existence has made it possible to establish a Kabbalistic Order of the Rose-Cross, admission into which being obtained with considerable difficulty is much prized in consequence. And this Order has done something to redeem the dullness, for it has elaborated a system of occult man-hunting, and has been for some years past very busy behind its guarded vestibules in tracing to their doom the Black Magicians of Paris whose evil practices are counteracted by the higher arts of the Kabbalistic Order—a consideration which brings us to the last class of the lesser mysteries with which it will be worth while to deal here.

Though the alchemist in Paris may

desire to make gold possessing a commercial value, he is, ostensibly at least, actuated by grander aims. He is in search of that mastery of Nature which gives gold to the alchemist, a familiar spirit to the magicians and the wisdom of the stellar influences to the searcher of the starry heavens. The pursuits of the Kabalist are of a still more lofty order, for he is learned in the emanations of the Deity, and in the virtues of those mysterious letters and numbers by which he believes that all things were made originally, whether in heaven or on earth. There may also be some ground for supposing that he is concerned after his own manner in the conversion of that Israel which the exponents of other mysteries, also located in Paris, would extirpate if possible by fire even and by sword. The ground is that the old books of the Latin-writing scholars who tormented themselves with this subject, are being put into French, and after reading a recent version of the *Adumbratio Kabbalæ Christianæ*, first published in the seventeenth century, wherein a Kabalist and a Christian philosopher compare their respective tenets, one can imagine a man of parts and a Frenchman excusing his indifference as an evangelist only by a reasonable hesitation as to whether it would not seem as well if he personally became a Jew, Christianity, in this curious tract, having already converted itself into Kabalism, so that the Kabalist might turn Christian.

But the lesser mysteries which have produced all these high, if occasionally inarticulate ambitions, have produced also the revival of Black Magic, in which flippant Paris, so far as it concerns itself with any, finds much more for its entertainment than in the Alchemical Society of France, though it has been patronised by Mons. Berthelot, or in the Kabalistic Order of the Rose-Cross, though it has been patronised, in the person of one of its chief spokesmen, by Mons. Alolphe Franck.

The Black Magician does evil for the sake of evil, according to the hypothesis which explains him, and in this he is unlike the Jesuit, by the terms of another hypothesis. The peculiar nature of his

pursuits lead him to be more occult and mysterious than either kabalist or alchemist, though these also believe that there is wisdom in mystery. These, however, pursue it largely for its own sake—mystery for the sake of mystery, but he of necessity. That which he dares to attempt must, for his own safety, remain hidden and obscure, for it is nothing less than a league with the powers of evil, as to which it is unnecessary to say that he is demonstrably hallucinated up to the point of nightmare. The reports concerning such practices have, however, passed into literature and even into history, and though originally their actual foundation may have been so thin as to be something more than elusive, they have acted in a country like France much as suggestion acts on a subject in the hypnotic state; in other words, they have created their object. As we hear of them now, they offer elements to our consideration which are certainly not to be found in the old legends of the Black Sabbath and in the old records of sorcery, which were a coarse and crass phantasmagoria produced upon a scale which befitted the nature of the participants. Their horrors were chiefly ridiculous—the peasant's dream exteriorised. But in these days the grace of literary skill has exercised itself upon the subject; the romantic writer has adorned it, as a Parisian who is a man of parts, for the Parisians who are his brethren and are fitted to appreciate exotics. In this way, a *cultus diabolicus*, a religion of the evil principle, has been invented, firstly on paper, and has been put subsequently into practice in those secret places where lesser mysteries of this kind can be celebrated. Into the motives which have prompted the frenzy on either side it is impossible here to enter, but the worship of Lucifer is based broadly on the presumption that he is not the Satan of Milton, but a tolerant combination of the Satyr and Silenus, under whose rule the decalogue has been abolished. It is, perhaps, manifestly unfair towards the occult circles of Paris, to include this kind of aberration among the number of their pursuits, but the pathological consequences which are supposed

to result therefrom are of the kind which were said to follow the black magic of the past; what has been done is to civilise the process. Moreover, evocations, divinations and all the hundred and one rites of white magic also abound in the same city; secret and other societies exist to practise them, and they have also their weekly journals as well as their monthly reviews. I must confess that all this sounds incredible enough, but it is true—and a very small parcel only of the whole truth. Materialism, the anti-clerical movement, and liberty as it is interpreted by the Republic, have produced more wonders than all the phenomena of faith; and the expatriated religious orders may well smile at all that which they have left in possession behind them. It is not altogether an idle task to have lifted for a moment one corner of the veil. It is open to any person when he finds himself on the spot to verify the report and to extend it. He could fill a volume easily, although he would be told at the beginning by those who do not know, that it is mere invention on the part of some perfidious Englishman, or at most the gross exaggeration of sporadic and uncommon forms of mania.

Of such are the lesser mysteries of Paris. They do not appear on the sur-

face, at least officiously, though they are not unknown in *salons*, and occasionally some episode of the moment gives them a moment's vogue. It remains to say that, with their connections and derivations innumerable, they all issued from or were revived by one epoch-making apostle of the occult sciences who began writing about the year 1850 with a pen of magic, under the name of Éliphas Lévi. In spite of his pseudonym and of the fact that he was a Kabalist among other things, he was not a Jew but actually a brilliant and unfortunate Abbé, who lost his clerical position and turned to the secret sciences, possibly in search of consolation, possibly as a part of his doom, or, in the opinion of the censorious for more material reasons. The explanation matters nothing; the important fact is that this personage, equally in England—where he is now well-known—and in France, has created what is sometimes termed the occult movement. Without him, it would have been impossible to write on these lesser mysteries, for to speak in the language of the occultist, they would only have existed negatively. Assuredly there are more things in Paris than are dreamed of in the philosophy of its visitors, whether from England or America, or further across the seas.



IN A HAYFIELD.

Grateful and fragrant as the wine of life,
 The new hay rises in unfinished ricks,
 Or, eddied by the wind, in golden lines,
 Lies on the fields or uplands gently sloping,
 Where oak and elm upon the light lawn grass
 Cast fluctuating shadows which repeat
 The sun's triumphant course through midmost heaven,
 With solemn motion. All this lonely mead
 Stands like a dial's plate beneath the sky.

F. H. NEWELL.



The theory that Nature is fallen is perhaps exemplified by the undoubted fact that she is fell.

THE HEIGHTS REMAIN

WE saw thee drop this day in circles down
 Dear lark, into thy nest! The stream is brown,
 With silver streaked; upon the left it glows,
 Made broad by summer floods. The south wind blows,
 The road is white in front, and blue thou art,
 O summer sky! Thy beauty takes the heart:
 What gleams high up on yonder distant hill,
 This moment brought in view? The white road still.
 O soul, to stand upon that soaring peak
 And feel the wind of heaven on either cheek!
 But at the base three several tracks divide,
 And that which we must take turns there aside;
 Wide uplands slope upon the left and right,
 The trees grow thicker towards the airy height,
 Freshens the wind advancing. We shall pass
 A furlong's space over the light lawn grass;
 The quickset hedge will part, the path will take
 Our steps a little into bower and brake,
 Then into forest shade and mystery.

So, if we miss the heights we yet shall see
 What revelations may, in glades concealed
 And sudden clearings, be to eye revealed;
 What shapes of beauty down green vistas wait
 And who sings sweetly at the farmyard gate;
 Or when those distant bells' sweet jangles cease
 Feel what it is which gives the woodland peace,
 And why the spring, which keeps so still through noon,
 Begins towards eve to chatter for the moon;
 Till, after winding for a mile or less,
 The path comes gaily from the wilderness
 And gives us back once more to wind and sky.
 There, over pleasant meadows, soaring high
 The peak again invites the climber's feet.
 So we who have explored the green retreat
 And something of its secrets learned to-day,
 Lose haply nothing by the wise delay,
 Since the exulting heights still rest to climb—
 To-day, to-morrow, or the after time.

REUBEN MAXWELL.



Seeing that there is nothing at a standstill in Nature, and that apparent rest is often activity at its greatest, there is no wonder that most of us scarcely find time to breathe.



The counsels of perfection are, on the whole, easier than the practice of the cardinal virtues, for there is something that supports one in heroism which is wanting amidst the common round of duty.

AN OLD LONDON DIRECTORY

By Fred. J. Cox



THE first reflection which a perusal of this old directory awakens within us is surely the mutability of mortal things. A commonplace reflection, no doubt; and yet, who, first attracted by its ragged edges, its fast-yellowing leaves, its antique founts of type, and its stout yet much abraded cover of brown leather, ventures thereafter to dip into its pages, can well escape so ordinary a thought? It is, indeed, inevitable when, after surveying these serried columns of names, which once stood for great statesmen, artists, men of letters, soldiers, commercial notables, attornies, and possibly respectable, but certainly unillustrious citizens, one remembers that each and all of them have long since passed into the shadows. In fact, one experiences a reversal of that mental process which plunged the Persian king into gloomy reverie. Xerxes wept when he reflected that not a single member of the swarming legions spread out in battle array before his eyes would be living a hundred years hence; with our retrospective glance sweeping over more than a century, we cannot help feeling a tinge of melancholy when we consider that the London—the busy life of which finds some sort of expression in these pages—is veritably a city of the dead. Not only have the men whose names are herein tabulated all passed away, but the larger part of their works have perished with them. Particularly does the unfamiliarity of the names of the business houses prove how perishable were the fabrics on the building of which these men of a hundred years since expended their patient thought and labour.

It is "Holden's Triennial Directory, 1799," and the preface carries a sufficient indication that it was the compiler's initial attempt to supply the town with so useful a publication, for he writes of having issued a prospectus outlining the plan of the projected work—a plan which did not, it appears, commend itself to his patrons. His original intention was to issue a "Directory in Classes," but he found "the mind of the merchants and other trading Bodies, at least three to one in favour of a Directory on a general principle, compiled in the usual method, viz., an alphabetical disposition of names, with professions, businesses, etc., intermixed with each other." Although we cannot blame the complaisant Holden for conforming to the wishes of his subscribers, and giving, in the cant phrase of to-day, the public what the public asked for, we would have preferred that he had persevered in his first plan, for then our task of separating the interesting names that figure in the volume before us from those which fate has allowed to slip into complete oblivion would have been vastly lighter. Then had the apothecary preserved a respectful distance from the grave counsellor, the "Hambro' merchant" would have been far removed from the painter of pictures, and the Poet Laureate had not found himself rubbing shoulders with a pastry-cook. But, as we have already admitted, the commercially-minded Holden was wise in studying the requirements of the immediate supporters of his labours; for of all the makers of books the compiler of directories can best afford to be in different to the wishes of posterity. So

we will at once pardon him for adopting a species of classification which has made it difficult for one casually consulting his pages one hundred and five years after to discover the green oases in so vast a desert of unimportant names, and hasten to record his virtues. He is industrious, for one thing, having, so he assures his public, "persevered with indefatigable diligence and dispatch in the undertaking." When, as he goes on to relate, he had every name in this volume of close on one thousand pages to collect by personal application, "street by street, house by house, and the 'villages' in the same manner," it is to be hoped that his wish did not go unfulfilled, and that when the work appeared, its maker was "pardoned on the score of tardiness of performance." Let this also be set down to his credit ere we dismiss him for more attractive material; he has not only the industrious habit, but the comprehensive mind. He writes, evidently still pursued by that accusing sprite of self-criticism: "A Directory on a confined scale might have been performed long ago, but the proprietor's aim was a performance of general use." With this expansive spirit to guide him, he wanders far beyond the bounds of Temple Bar and the other barriers of lesser London, even unto such remote "villages" as Ilford and Woodford in the east, Hammersmith and Kensington in the west, Enfield and Barnet in the north, and Mitcham in the south. From this far-reaching area he gathered a harvest of 70,000 names, a very creditable record when compared with the slender dimensions of earlier directories of the metropolis.

The year which saw the issue of Holden's compilation dawned while the coldest winter of the fast-dying century was still raging. George III., with his farmer-like appearance and heavy Hanoverian features, sat squarely on the English throne; for he had recovered from his attack of insanity, and his eldest son, freed from the cares of regency, was qualifying by his ostentatious mode of living, by his daily commerce with sharpers and roués, by his treacheries, debaucheries, and amours, which had

not a single spark of romance to redeem them, for the title of "First Gentleman in Europe." He had been married for four years now to the ill-starred Caroline of Brunswick—surely the most unhappy and vilely-treated of all English queens. William Pitt was at the head of British polity, and his position was at once arduous and unenviable, and one demanding the rarest gifts of statesmanship. The insurgent ambition of France was converting Europe into a seething cauldron of international strife. Napoleon Buonaparte, his designs on Egypt and Asia Minor having been frustrated by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile in the previous year, was, in 1799, to return to Paris, there to sweep away the "Directory," and get himself proclaimed First Consul. Nor were the machinations of Napoleon against the liberty and prestige of this country the only cares that oppressed the mind of Pitt. Although its rebellion, in 1798, had been crushed with methods so relentless and drastic that they have seared with bitter memories the hearts of the Irish people even to this day, Ireland still remained a problem in the mind of the British statesman. In the year following he was to find a partial solution of the difficulty by bringing about the Union of that agitated country with Great Britain; in other words, he was to effect a marriage in which the bride, as a modern poet has so well put it, "though often wooed has never yet been won."

This Union of Ireland with Great Britain must have entailed additional labour upon the maker of our Directory, presuming that subsequent editions of the work appeared, because the names of the Irish legislators who came to sit under the common roof at St. Stephen's would have to be inserted in the list of members of the House of Commons, which we find fully set forth in the volume before us. The unfamiliarity which attaches to the names of many of the constituencies reminds us that in 1799 it was still a far cry to the Reform Bill, and the era of pocket boroughs was in no danger of giving way before one of popular franchises. Old Sarum is here, and has not yet acquired that baneful savour which advocates of

democratic representation have since imparted to it. It stands as an eloquent symbol of the brave old days when the process of electioneering had for its pivot the tumultuous hustings, around which the strife raged, until the last elector, obdurate for many days against all persuasion, came up to record his belated vote. The drab tameness of the ballot-box was undreamed of, and the election of His Majesty's faithful Commons proceeded to the accompaniment of the cracking of skulls and the merry chink of guineas passing from candidate or candidate's agent to independent elector! There are not many names in this array of legislators over which we need dwell. The eloquence of Edmund Burke will be heard no more at St. Stephen's, and Wilkes, apostle of "liberty" has been dead now these two years.

The name of the "Right Hon. William Pitt" is, of course, easily discoverable. The "great Commoner" sits for Cambridge University, and his official residence is at 10, Downing Street. On the other side of the House will be found his foremost rival, Charles James Fox, representing the burgesses of Westminster. But a name, perhaps more interesting still, is that of William Wilberforce, who sits for Yorkshire. The storm and stress of the terrific world conflict precipitated by France imposed on the Commons the paramount and well-nigh exclusive duty of national defence; so that this is by no means a propitious hour for the discussion of humanitarian reforms. If the mind of Wilberforce has yet conceived the germ of that impressive movement which has for ever associated his name with the abolition of human slavery, he finds no chance of discussing it in the anxious atmosphere of Westminster. Perhaps he reserves it for the quieter surroundings of his Clapham dwelling-place, where the members of the "sect"—Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian, is one of its members—which is fast gathering around his magnetic personality, are always ready to form an attentive and even enthusiastic audience.

Let us now quit the region of statecraft and politics for the more congenial

sphere of letters. The time-stained leaves of this old Directory may yield such a quest more substantial rewards. True, the year 1799 did not fall in a great flowering period of English literature. It was the eve rather of a momentous revival. In poetry the Pope tradition still lingered, but the rigid formularies of the mechanical cult were fast losing every shred of vitality. Cowper, who had gone some way, albeit with timorous, uncertain steps, towards a fresher outlook on Nature, was still living, but he had done his work, and his call was soon to come, for he did now see the dawn of the new century. His residence was at Olney, and so his name finds no place in these pages. The younger brood of poets were preparing for new flights. Some, indeed, had already ventured them. Wordsworth, who was 29 years of age, and Coleridge, who was 26, had in the previous year put forth their "Lyrical Ballads." The two poets were living together at Grasmere, and it would appear that Coleridge was now definitely given over to the service of the Muses, for his last sermon had been preached a year ago at Hazlitt's father's Unitarian chapel at Wem, in Shropshire. Hazlitt himself had not yet settled in London; although only just of age, the literary instinct was quick within him, and it had been stimulated by a transitory contact with Coleridge the year previous. This was the year, too, when Tom Moore left his native shores for England, with the MSS. of the "Odes of Anacreon" in his travelling trunk. But most of the singers whose numbers were to make the early years of the new century ring with unfamiliar, haunting melodies were too young to feel any premonition of the splendid mission that awaited them. Byron was eleven years old, and Shelley seven. Both of them were receiving their first impressions of the universal beauty amidst country scenes, Byron on the eastern coast of Scotland and Shelley at the paternal home, Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex. But Keats, who was at this time a child of three-and-a-half years, was opening his eyes to the wonder of things in the very heart of the Great City. Evidence of his con-

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nections are not lacking in the pages of our Directory. John Jennings, his maternal grandfather, is entered as a livery stable-keeper, carrying on business at 24, Pavement, Moorfields. Here Thomas Keats, the poet's father, acted as chief stable assistant to his father-in-law. Mr. Thomas Hammond, surgeon, to whom Keats went as apprentice twelve years later, is even now practising at Church Street, Edmonton. Samuel Rogers, most amiable of versifiers, and gatherer of poets and celebrated folk generally around his hospitable breakfast-table, is engaged in the unpoetic art of banking in a court off Cornhill. Leigh Hunt, his schooldays at Christ's Hospital just over, is making daily excursions from his home at Southgate to London, ostensibly to assist in the law office of his brother Stephen, at No. 7, Princes Street, Bedford Square, but really to ransack the treasures of old bookshops, in which the capital abounds. Walter Savage Landor has reached the second decade of the long life that lies before him, and has just published his narrative poem, "Gebir." But the work has passed unnoticed, for readers of verse in this generation vastly prefer the sacchariferous lyrics of Hayley to the sonorous measures which Landor's thin volume contains. But who can blame the public when they were so misguided by the men in authority, who really should have known better—the men who have placed the most hopeless of mediocrities in the Laureate's chair, and selected as the official representative of English poetry—Henry James Pye! The "esquire" after his name and his place of abode—it is no less distinguished a quarter of the town than James Street, Buckingham Gate—recalls Sir Walter's gibe at the rhymster's expense, that he was eminently respectable in everything save his poetry. The complete oblivion which has overtaken his versifyings—the most persistent haunter of old book-stalls will confess that to light upon any of his writings in these days is the most rare occurrence—has not strangely enough, engulfed the man himself. His name, thanks largely to Byron's arrowy scorn,

lives as the symbol of all that is most banal in verse-making. Nor is this his only claim to recollection. Students of that strange institution, the English Laureateship, remember him as the holder of the office who effected a change in the terms whereby it is held. He commuted the tierce of canary which had previously been sent to the maker of the Court canticles into a fixed salary of £27 per annum—an act which seems quite in accord with his unsullied reputation for sober respectability. He is to hold the office for some years yet, and is destined to have three successors, two of whom at least will prove incontestably that a man may be a poet even though he is England's Laureate. After Pye and Southey—Wordsworth and Tennyson!

With regard to the names of writers of romance our Directory yields but a meagre harvest. This is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember that the prose fiction of the late eighteenth century was of the melting sentimental order, of which Mackenzie's lachrymose "Man of Feeling" may be taken as a representative example. With artificiality rampant on every page, with bathos shamelessly masquerading as pathos, and with the characters having no sort of correspondence with life, it is clear that such work had no chance of permanence. The bulk of it has perished, and the names of the authors are forgotten. The period of Sir Walter Scott's fertility was still a long way ahead. The most famous novelist now living was Madame D'Arblay, who had reached middle life. "Evelina" still had its vogue, although it was published twenty years since; the readers it attracted were agreeably surprised to find that a novelist's portraits may, after all, bear some sort of resemblance to Nature. Mrs. Radcliffe, working in another vein, had by this time written all her novels, and the more discriminating sort of reader was beginning to find the grotesque gloom of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and the shadowy glamour of "The Romance of the Forest," far more to his taste than the tedious languors of those simpering, anæmic maidens so precious to the sentimental romancer.

Mrs. Radcliffe was undoubtedly living in London during 1799, but our Directory gives no indication of her whereabouts. Three of Jane Austen's incomparable novels had been written, but they were locked away in a drawer, the publishers having proved adamant against her shy approaches.

Among other makers of books, we find that strange creature, Richard Phillips, established in business as a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard. As yet he is not knighted, for the honour of the shrievalty has still to come. There is a smack of the rebel and reformer about him even now, and people are not likely to forget in a hurry that a year or two before this he was imprisoned in Leicester Gaol for having sold Tom Paine's "Rights of Man." The authorities have yet to discover that he is quite a harmless revolutionary after all, though not without some traces of acerbity. In the voluminous works which he is about to put forth he runs a tilt against scientific dogmas, and will have none of that theory of attraction which the *savants* say exists between the earth and the moon. He adheres to his own views respecting Universal Causation, and the pity is that his sense of humour will not save him from issuing a ponderous volume in which to record them. But as the purveyor of the literature which was not his own, Sir Richard Phillips has some claim to remembrance.

The entries of artists in this Directory for 1799 are numerous. Benjamin West, historical painter to his Majesty, and President of the Royal Academy, is living at 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street. John Copley, West's rival in historical painting, has his studio at 17, Great George Street, Hanover Square. Sir T. Lawrence, delineator of Mrs. Siddons' dazzling charm, is living at 57, Greek Street, Soho. Romney is also in London, an old and broken man of sixty-five, with only a short three years separating him from death in a madhouse. That wild spirit, Haydon, is now a boy of thirteen, and is at school at Plymouth. The superb Fuseli, "portrait painter," is at 75, Queen Anne Street, East. This year he will attempt

something more ambitious than portrait painting, for he has transferred to canvas—indifferently, as the sequel showed—his conceptions of the chief Miltonic characters. When he exhibits them later in the year, and finds the public unappreciative, he will turn to the sex for consolation, for Henry Fuseli has that phase of the artistic temperaments which implies an irresistible way with women. Already he has had a passionate affair with Angelica Kauffman, and Mary Wollstonecraft at one period of her tempestuous life was dying for love of him. The mention of her name may well tempt us into a digression. There can be but little doubt that the "William Godwin, esquire," entered as living at 29, Polygon, Somers Town, was her husband, the philosophical defender of pure reason, and the father of Mary Shelley. The restless soul of his wife passed away two years since, and she lies buried in Old St. Pancras churchyard. William Blake, visionary poet and artist, is entered as an engraver engaged in business at Lambeth Green. His old instructor, James Basire, is still at 34, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. John Flaxman, with "Statuary" recorded as his profession, has his workshop at 420, Strand. Joseph William Mallord Turner, 24 years of age, has all his great work yet to do, although his pictures have been figuring in the Academy for some years past. He is living with his father, William Turner, barber, 26, Maiden Lane.

Turning to the theatre, we find Mrs. Siddons at the zenith of her triumph. Her address is 49, Great Marlborough-street, but she is already contemplating a removal to Gower-street, when she will be able to boast to her friends that "the back of her house is effectually in the country." Kemble has a residence not far off, in Bedford-square. Sheridan has grown respectable. As member for Stafford, he is giving to the Legislature what was meant for the playhouse. It is twenty years now since the last of his sparkling comedies, "The Critic," was written. The melancholy thing is, that the clash of political warfare will rob him of leisure and inclination to write more.

Many other names—some belonging to men who achieved a certain renown in the byways of intellectual activity, and others to those who have been associated with the great central march of events—arrest our attention as we turn the faded pages. Here, for example, is the name of William Beckford, the eccentric author of "The History of the Caliph Vathek," and here—at 4, Lincoln's Inn, Stone Buildings—is that of William Mackworth Praed, barrister, the father of the humorous poet. The entry of another barrister, James Boswell, Esquire, of 47, Great Portland Street, at once awakens visions of a famous biography, a great literary dictator, and the London of a generation ago. For Johnson has been dead fifteen years, and the lovable Goldsmith longer even than that. The great surgeon, William Abernethie, has his consulting-rooms in St. Mildred's Court, Poultry. A more suggestive name still awaits our search. It is that of Benjamin De Israeli, Exchange Broker, 7, Church Street, Stoke Newington. He has traded in London for a number of years, having come hither from Cento, in Italy, and two years hence will become an English citizen by denization. Already he has a son who is on the way to a mild sort of literary fame, and he is destined to have a still more famous grandson, who will later, in the century soon to be born, help to mould the destiny of the country which the Italian Jew, his grandfather, took for his adoption.

Here we will take leave of this time-stained volume, which we have pored over long enough to conjure up a vision, fragmentary though it may be, of the London at the close of the eighteenth century. It was already a goodly city, and could boast a million and a quarter inhabitants. As in fancy we walk along its narrow, ill-lighted streets, we may

note an anxious look on the citizens' faces, for the Titanic struggle with France, which had lately abated its fury, threatens to break out anew. Soldiers with queues gaily ribboned are hurriedly departing to join the allies; while the press gang is becoming a nocturnal terror to able-bodied but peaceably disposed youths whose business takes them into the darker thoroughfares. The name of Nelson is beginning to be mentioned with breathless admiration; that of the "Corsican Ogre" is greeted with execration and dismay. The feverish stir of military and naval activity is everywhere. But the town can still occasionally find the leisure for its diversions. Sarah Siddons, in particular, is drawing immense crowds to Drury Lane. The same simplicity which is gradually conquering literature is reflected in the attire of the people we meet. The wig has well nigh disappeared, and the practice of powdering the hair is obsolete. The men wear long-tailed, double-breasted coats, and knee-breeches are yielding pride of place to pantaloons. It is ceasing to be an eccentricity to carry an umbrella, however cumbrous may be its design. Simplicity marks the attire of the ladies also. It is the day of the long, clinging gown, with the waist-line well under the arms. But the more philosophically-minded whose lot it was to live in the London of 1799 had no time to consider such trivialities. Their eyes were rather turned towards the era about to dawn—to that new century which was to witness such triumphs in all branches of human activity, and, among other things, to expand the borders of their city to such an extent that the indefatigable Holden would have been completely baffled had he, with the primitive means at his disposal, attempted to catalogue its teeming millions.



Satire has never purified the world, but a little bitterness sometimes helps to rectify,

ABSOLUTION

By HOWARD WOOD

HERE to me friends!—Have I wronged you?—Come to me more than all—
 That which my lips would utter, with loving lips forestall,
 Now that the wardens who watched me, breaking the guard they kept—
 Passion and pride—permit me—dry-eyed among those that have wept
 No longer—to weep as ye once wept—set free in a sense—
 Human amidst the human, no longer a rock of offence,
 Since a wand has smitten the rock and the plenteous water springs,
 So that at length I am one with the pulse at the heart of things.

Ye that are human, forgive me! If any I need to forgive,
 Rest I wish them and joy, with the life that a man would live
 Who, in spite of adverse presages written on earth and sky,
 Is aware a Redeemer liveth, that redemption draweth nigh.

Ye that in secret below your coats and plumage and skins,
 Shelter the hearts which are human apart from our follies and sins,
 Birds of the air and beasts, I know—do I not?—by your moans and cries,
 Your songs which pant for expression, your sad, deep, eloquent eyes,
 Ye also have needed love and the want of the world ye know;
 Warm be the sunshine about you, soft be the winds as they blow;
 If I have wronged you—it may be—do ye come also—forgive,
 And the life of all life uplift you that ye may also live!

Thou, Nature at large, all gracious, we have met perchance too late,
 Truly to love one another, closely to mingle and mate;
 But, I think, in these latter days, we are less than we were out of reach;
 In part I divine your thought, and in part you have learned my speech;
 So far as my life has wronged you—you also, I pray, forgive—
 Some one has wounded you surely, but may you be healed and live.

Grace, from a world coming down which I knew in the times of old,
 Or ever my star was bartered, or ever my birthright sold;
 At least I have loved you always, wherever my steps have strayed;
 To leave you is still to love you; I loved you, though I betrayed!
 For all my wrongs forgive me, and here, in this empty heart,
 Till it fills, pour down thine unction, for the life of my life thou art.

Yet if man and the brute deny me, if Nature should spurn me quite,
 If Grace should deflect her channels, bear witness, all worlds of light!
 I know in my heart of hearts of the hills that can still be trod;
 I will take up my heart in my hands, and will go up alone to God.—
 I have come to Thee last, but I come; they have failed me in all the ways
 Who were sent for my help and my comfort, and here is the end of my days.
 I find no refuge but Thou, O last and first in the wide
 And empty worlds of the soul, Thou at least canst not cast me aside!

Yet I think that the heart which is offered to anything under the sun
 Is not in the end rejected, at least by Nature for one ;
 And though by the hands which are wise high gifts may be held for a space,
 It is not overlong defrauded of all communion with Grace ;
 And man never truly waited, if man could ease him a smart ;
 And the surliest beast of the field responds to the human heart ;
 While those who can cry, " O, my darling !" with a great heart inly stirred,
 Are but little less than the angels—and that is my gospel word !



The great mass of human experience is as much wasted as the great mass of seeds which fall to the ground. No wonder that the process of its acquisition is sad and wearisome.



An evil intention is always its own reward. It is a case of every man his own poisoner for those who nourish it.



It is said that "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and yet she is always being caught red-handed.



Man is like a knight riding through croft and greensward with a visor over his face, through which he sees truly but in a narrow range of vision. Many foes beset him on either side, and it is seldom only that he dares to raise the covering and look freely round him.



PAX.

MADE soft by recent showers, the road is brown,
 Here gently sloping—there, some yards below,
 Full steeply diving. Aspen, elm and ash,
 With graceful willow at the sides thereof,
 Make shade and music round it. Rich it was,
 That morning rain, and now the summer sun
 Is warm and brilliant, flooding mead and down ;
 Far hills are flooded ; tiles of gabled farms
 And distant churches glow. At peace in light,
 Still lies the world, content in melodies,
 Languors and fragrance of the lap of June.

W. L. H.



How many paths seem to lead nowhere, to end in a *cul de sac*, to be lost suddenly amidst rank vegetation, and come to a startling stop at the brink of a precipice ! And we follow these all our days. Yet there is some consolation in the ruling of the common judgment against these and the other appearances : that which seems to lead nowhere may end in the infinite ; the wall of the *cul de sac* may have a postern which gives upon fairyland ; and on the steep sides of the precipice there may be rough and adventurous steps, going down to a great sea, where ships may be hired for crossing.

THE MAN WHO FORESAW

By T. Baron Russell



DICKY HAYDON was a commonplace young man, with a certain amount of imagination. That was all. He had intelligence enough to be well thought of at the London, Brighton and South Coast Bank where he was a clerk, and not too much of it to be an eligible subject for experiments at the Psychological Research Laboratory in East Kensington, to which institution he had been conducted by an acquaintance interested in hypnotism. There will be no difficulty in understanding that young Haydon did not attribute the interest taken in him by the laboratory people to his own strictly commonplace character. On the contrary, he regarded it as a tribute to his intellectual abilities, and was fond of telling Annie Somers, the young woman he was engaged to, of the experiments in which he regarded himself as participating.

The Psychological Research Laboratory is a place where they make certain sorts of investigations. One thing which they tried on Dicky Haydon was the personal-equation machine. It is a sort of clock, having an attachment which suddenly throws up a little coloured flag at the top. The subject of the experiment is made to hold a handle with a knob in it, and is requested to press the knob as quickly as he can when he sees the flag fly up. This records the time of perception, and the Professors are interested in finding out how long different people take to receive the visual impression of the flag, and signal it. You would think this could be done instantaneously, but there is always an interval of time, measured

in decimals of a second; and this time varies in different individuals, and in the same individual on different occasions and at different ages. Certain astronomical observers come there from time to time to get the interval measured in their own case, because it is occasionally important for them to know exactly how accurately they are able to perceive and record the precise instant of the occultation of a star. The time has to be allowed for in their interminable mathematics; and the laboratory likes to inform itself as to the averages of perception in various people, and the effect of training and practice on the reaction.

But this is only one of the things the Professors are interested in, and one way in which they utilised Dicky Haydon was to make hypnotic experiments upon him, and interrogate him upon his sensations. Haydon rather enjoyed these experiences, which titillated his self-appreciation. The investigators listened to him with more attention than he was accustomed to receive from his intellectual superiors, and he liked this. He felt that he was getting up in the world.

He took an intelligent interest in the affair, too, and read several text-books, which gave his talk quite a cultivated vocabulary, and enabled him to catch the drift of many remarks exchanged by the experimenters among themselves. They treated him very nicely, and, of course, played none of the tricks with which charlatans and mesmeric entertainment-mongers adorn their exhibitions. Haydon was warned against these people.

He had become very easily amenable to hypnotism and could be "put to

sleep," after he had visited the laboratory a dozen times or so, with very little trouble. The marvels of "suggestion" were quite well understood by him, as they came under his notice, and he was quite prepared for new and unrecorded wonders. Some of the things which were said in his hearing rather gravelled him, it is true. He knew nothing at all of psychology, still less of metaphysics: but he did his best to understand. One evening he arrived at East Kensington in the middle of a conversation among the experimenters on memory as affected by hypnotism. Marcus Bent, the director of the establishment, was explaining a new theory of the backward development of memory in old people. As a man gets into old age it is well-known that he can often remember facts of his childhood which he had forgotten entirely during youth and middle age. Haydon pricked up his ears as he listened to the end of the Professor's dissertation, and wondered what "backward memory" and "forward memory" might mean—especially the latter. What was forward memory?

Did it mean remembering things before they happened? That would be a rather remarkable faculty; but Haydon had seen and read of so many wonderful things hereabouts, that he was prepared for almost any miracle. Moreover, even the elements of metaphysics are highly disturbing to the untrained mind. The idea rummaged about in his mind while he was being hypnotised, and retarded that operation a good deal, by distracting his attention.

When he "went off," however, he forgot about it for a while, and presently, as he walked to his lodgings in Brompton, it only came back to him when a somewhat curious occurrence brought it to his mind. It was a wet night, and the roadway in Carruthers Street, where he lived, was slippery. A hansom cab was clattering towards a cross road, and, as he looked at it, Haydon said to himself: "That horse will fall down as it turns the corner, and break one of the shafts."

There was nothing very remarkable in this expectation, the road, as already mentioned, being slippery; but when,

at an exact spot which Haydon had set his eye upon, the horse did suddenly, and, with a tremendous crash, fall down, and when, running up, he saw the white ends of a broken shaft, Dicky was startled by his own accuracy. However, even this did not reveal to him his own remarkable acquisition. But when, as he fitted the latch-key to the door of the house he lodged in, and, without any particular interest in the matter, felt convinced that Johnson, the man who lived on the floor above him, would be coming downstairs in his macintosh to post a letter, it gave him a decided shock to meet Johnson on the stairs, thus attired, and thus purposing, exactly as he had expected. Haydon bade his house-mate "good-night" as they passed each other, and then he went upstairs to bed, thinking hard all the time until he slept.

It was only next morning, at the Bank, that the exact relevancy of the miracle which had befallen dawned upon him. Douglas, the chief cashier, a man of fifty-two and the most punctual animal in the city of London, had failed to appear at his usual hour. It was his invariable habit to walk in at seven minutes to ten, which just gave him time to get his box from the safe and arrange his notes and money in the drawer under the counter, the gold in one mahogany basin, the silver and copper in others, and the notes in the flat recess at the side, before the Bank opened. After that he always changed his coat and glanced over the *Standard* money page until ten o'clock struck, and the porters unlocked the front doors. Haydon used to drop in a little before (or occasionally a few minutes after) ten. This morning Mr. Douglas was not at his desk. By the time the office clock marked a quarter past the hour and one or two callers had already been attended to, a rumour began to pass through the office. What on earth had happened to Douglas?

The absence of such a steady-going member of the staff was enough to provoke discussion. "Surely there must be a telegram on the manager's table," young Bellamy, who worked with Haydon and was his chief crony, remarked.

Haydon looked up. "No. I don't believe there's a telegram," he said.

"What do you suppose has happened to old Dug then?"

Haydon reflected a moment. "I expect we shall hear that he slipped in getting out of the train at Moorgate Street," he said, "and fell down and broke his leg."

Bellamy stared at him. "Why on earth should you think that?" he asked, biting the end of a penholder.

Haydon gave a start. It suddenly occurred to him that he had been exercising a faculty which would be difficult and even inconvenient to explain. Moreover he had notions for making use of it—*notions* which made it desirable for it to be kept to himself. He therefore answered evasively.

"I don't know," he said. "But he must have had some sort of accident, you know, and that is the most likely."

At this moment a policeman came in and spoke to the second cashier. He was followed immediately by the manager of the bank, who lived upstairs.

The latter went to the front and a colloquy took place, which the two clerks could not hear. Presently, however, the constable went away and the second cashier moved to Mr. Douglas's place, fetched his box from the safe, and unlocked it with a key the manager had given him. The head ledger-clerk was sent for, and took the second cashier's place, counting over his money and initialling his day-book. All the cashiers gathered together in a knot for a few minutes. Then they returned to their places. The manager went to his room. Then the news of what had happened to the chief cashier spread through the office. Mr. Douglas had fallen in getting out of his train at Moorgate Street and had broken his left leg, just below the knee. He had been taken on a stretcher to St. Thomas's Hospital, and his eldest son, on the Stock Exchange (Mr. Douglas was a widower) had been communicated with.

"I say, that's a rum thing, that you should have guessed exactly what had happened," said young Bellamy to Haydon.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the latter. "It's the most likely thing to

happen." But he was thinking violently, and his work suffered in consequence. He made a number of mistakes that morning, and was reproved by the chief clerk for wasting his time.

However, he reflected, as he presently went out to lunch, it was a matter of very small consequence now whether he gave satisfaction at the Bank or not. Dicky was not such a fool as to be unaware that with this sudden, unpremeditated acquirement of his he could become as rich as he pleased.

As rich, literally as he pleased. For, he reflected, as he ordered himself a bottle of Pilsener instead of his usual half-tankard of bitter with his lunch, a man who could remember forwards, a man who could do what he had been doing ever since that memorable hypnotisation last night, had only to apply his faculty to the Stock Exchange and deliberately amass a fortune. Haydon had nearly a hundred pounds in the Post Office. He would draw that and begin operations forthwith. Young Douglas would open a small account for him; his profits would soon enable him to give security for a large one—on margins. And it would be good to be rich. He would chuck the Bank, of course. A man of his means would be a fool to waste his youth on ledgers and pass-books, with a pack of City clerks. He would have a big house, in Bayswater somewhere, and associate with nobs. Yes, and he could get married now, as soon as . . .

After all, *should* he get married? Annie was a nice girl, yes. But her father, a working man who lived in Camberwell, jarred on Haydon's refined tastes already. There had been many moments when he felt that he was condescending a good deal; bank clerks do not, as a rule, become "engaged" to shop-girls whose fathers work with their hands. When he was rich, and dressed for dinner every night, and had ladies in evening dress to dine with him, Mr. Somers wouldn't altogether go down. Even Annie—well, Annie was a nice girl, but was she—to put it to himself as a man about to be very, very rich—was she altogether in his class? He remembered an evening when he took

her to a dance given by the cricket club he belonged to, in her scrappy frock, with an artificial rose in her hair, and her red elbows.

It was early-closing night in Camberwell, and Annie, who "served" in a linen-draper's there, was to meet him this evening. He would have to take her home, and he would see her father and mother—the father in his shirt-sleeves, belike, drinking porter out of a jug. Haydon shuddered. On the whole, it would be best to break off with Annie at once. He resolved, as he finished his lunch and went back to the bank, that he would break off with her that evening.

His work had more mistakes in it than ever, that afternoon, because he was all the time thinking about the meeting he had to go through with Annie. Annie would cry. She would make a scene, and in the street, too! It would never do for him to go home with her. Mr. Somers was one of those low people who are quite capable of being unreasonable about things, and even unpleasant. Possibly he might be violent. Haydon had an uncomfortable feeling in the back.

Annie did make a scene. He managed to pick a quarrel with her, when they met at six o'clock, and then told her that they were unsuited to each other; they had better break their engagement. He magnanimously explained that he underwent the suffering of this decision in her own interest. Nothing could be worse for a girl than to be engaged, to be ultimately married, to a man, when they were unsuited to each other. It was a horrible scene, because Dicky hated to see a girl crying, and he was, moreover, secretly ashamed of himself. But her stupidity—the stupidity with which she utterly refused to see that he was really being very noble and disinterested, annoyed him. He told her not to think of sending back his presents. He wished her to keep them. He would not even take back the ring.

Eventually he got away, haunted by the sight of a very pretty face that had grown red and puffed with crying—so red, that several people who passed them turned round and stared. He acceded

to her request—in a deserted street—that he would kiss her once more, for the last time, before he went.

When, in spite of its reluctance to arrive anywhere at all, the suburban train conveyed him to Victoria, it was already eight o'clock. Haydon had had his tea, and he didn't quite know what to do with himself. What did moneyed men do at night? Why, they put on evening dress and went out somewhere; went out to dinner, and had champagne with it. He took the omnibus home, and changed his clothes. The idea of dining did not commend itself to his imagination. He was not in the habit of being hungry at eight o'clock; the meal which he called lunch, supplemented by tea after leaving the Bank, sufficed his appetite. He would go to a music-hall. He would have a stall. His month's money had been paid him a few days before, so he had six pounds and some silver in hand.

He went to the Cosmopolitan and took a stall in the front row. He had always considered this, from afar, as the height of luxury.

During what remained of the first part, he sat solemnly in his seat. At the interval he made his way with some difficulty to the crowded bar, and was served with a bottle of champagne. When the bell rang, he went back to his place, and sat out the performance.

Afterwards he went to a restaurant in the Strand for supper—a very good supper, too, and more champagne. But the champagne got into his head. He had a dim appreciation of some trouble over the bill. Then there was a blank, and presently he found himself without his hat, having an altercation with a policeman, near Piccadilly Circus. He remembered that one night, ever so long ago, when he had been to a theatre with Annie—ah, poor Annie, how she had cried this afternoon!—they saw a young man in evening dress also hatless, and having just such an altercation with a police constable. That young man had been marched off eventually; and, yes, Haydon was being marched off now! Everything seemed very dull and confused. He could not hear very plainly; and he remembered vaguely that once

before, when he had drunk some champagne somewhere and had become a little tipsy, he had felt just like this.

An interview with the impassive inspector of Vine Street hurried past his consciousness. He was not very clear even about his appearance before a magistrate next morning, except that he found enough money in his pocket to pay his fine. He had also enough money to pay for a cab home, his overcoat buttoned up to the neck to hide his evening tie.

As he drove to Carruthers Street, he pulled his wits together. He would have to explain, at the Bank, his absence that morning. If he chose to exercise that new power of his—the power of “remembering forwards”—he could tell exactly what would be said to him by the Manager. But he did not care to foresee this. The main thing was to get home and change his clothes. He would send a telegram to the Bank and go to bed. He would say he was ill. He, indeed, felt very ill.

When, after carrying out this programme, he presently woke up, at a knock, and was told that a gentleman wished to see him, he felt a good deal refreshed, and dressed quickly. While he dressed, he was thinking, and it surprised him, presently, that he had not foreseen who the gentleman waiting for him was.

It was his eldest brother. Dicky looked at him for a moment and turned sick.

“I didn’t know it was you, John,” he said. But I know what you’ve come to tell me.”

His brother stared. “Are you still drunk?” he inquired coldly. John had always been hard on his younger brother.

Dicky shook his head.

“How have you heard, then?” his brother asked. “What do you mean?”

“I know,” said Dicky, huskily.

“You know that this disgraceful affair of yours has got into the papers, and that it has about killed our mother?”

Dicky nodded.

“Who told you?”

“No one. I know.”

“Oh you fool and liar! Yes, you know that it was enough to break her heart, but you don’t know that she is actually, physically ill—that she fell down in a fit when she saw the paper, and hasn’t recovered her senses since.”

“Yes,” said Dicky, in a flat, toneless voice; “she will come to herself about eight o’clock to-night, and die almost immediately.”

John Haydon stared at him disgustedly.

“You evidently *are* drunk still. You had better come out to see your mother as soon as you are sober,” he said, and left him brusquely.

Dicky sat for half an hour before the fire, staring at it, and hardly conscious of any thought.

Presently he went upstairs, and got out what money there was left. He washed and made himself tidy. Then he repaired to a neighbouring shop, where he had sometimes bought photographic chemicals—a hand camera was among his hobbies—and procured a small quantity of cyanide of potassium. The report of a recent inquest had told him that this poison killed without pain and unscandalously.

Then he went back to his bedroom.

Yes. There was nothing for it but this. He had made a fearful ass of himself. He had thrown away his chance of being rich and happy and a great man. He was fit for nothing. He had no right to go on living. A man who had killed his own mother—his conduct amounted to, at all events, moral manslaughter—was not fit to live. It would not be tolerable to go on existing. What an ass he had been—he, who might have made his mother happy and comfortable for the rest of her life! But he had never given a thought to anyone but himself. He hadn’t even cared how much he hurt poor little Annie, so long as his own turn was served! Assuredly he was not fit to live. The only thing that remained was to kill himself as quietly and as painlessly as he could.

He put the poison to his lips. What happened to people after their death? he

wondered. Ah, it would not do to think of that, or he would become frightened, perhaps be afraid to kill himself at all. It would never do, that—to go on living, with this fatal gift of remembering forwards, this gift of prophecy.

Then suddenly a strange feeling came over him. Something was blowing in his face, and he heard a lot of voices. He became aware that his eyes were closed, and opening them, found himself in the Psychological Research Laboratory, with electric lights burning and the kind young professor smiling at him.

"Come, wake up," said the latter. "You have been having quite a snooze, after the ambulatory stage, and—what was it he kept saying, Jenson? Yes, that you could remember backwards and forwards, or something!"

Haydon rubbed his eyes, and stared at the men round him. He had been dreaming, then! It was all a dream—all a misunderstanding! He had been here all the time, and nothing had happened to him at all. He was alive and well; his mother was all right, too. How he longed to see her! He had

been rather neglectful of late. He would go there to-morrow night.

No. To-morrow night was Annie's night—poor Annie, so pretty and so loving! He wondered whether it would be fine, and if Annie would care to go for a long walk in the country, Dulwich way? And the next night he would assuredly go home to his mother's.

The professor had considerably turned away, for a few moments. Now he returned. "You are tired, Mr. Haydon," he said. "I think we have given you too long a sitting. I won't bother you with any questions to-night. You'd better get away home."

"Thanks. I am rather sleepy," said Haydon. "I was talking in my sleep, you say? A fine lot of nonsense, I expect."

"Oh, nothing much! Something about having your memory made to work forwards—whatever that may mean—so that you could prophecy things, you said. We're not quite equal to that, you know."

He smiled as he shook hands.

"Heaven forbid!" said Dicky Haydon, piously.



SEA SHINE.

A mist is brooding, like a veil which hides
A fair bride's blushes, where the sky and sea
Meet in such warm embrace; but in the south
The steadfast and insufferable sun
Is shining, while a belt of burning light
Lies on the level ocean. From the shore
It widens outward, its remotest breadth
Is kindled into auburn and the waves—
Those long, unvexed, deliberating waves—
Uplift it gently, as the wind will lift
With hands unseen a silken curtain's folds.



There is a certain satisfaction in wasting the time wilfully, but circumstances waste it for most of us, and it is only a poor consolation to know that it is not our own fault.

A DAY'S WORK OF AN EXPLORER IN EGYPT



OUTSIDE the comparatively small number of Europeans permanently employed in the many government departments which regulate life in the land of Egypt, I suppose there can be but few who have seen the Nile in flood time, or have followed the windings of a desert wâdi under the burning rays of an Egyptian summer sun. Yet, I make bold to say that no man who has not seen these things can truly say that he has seen Egypt.

The great river does not reach its lowest ebb until the month of June, but even at Christmas its banks are walls of brown mud, too high to admit of more than an occasional glimpse of any distant view, unless that view be mountain.

I have few memories more pleasant than those of the days I have passed upon the Nile in flood, running southwards before the cool north wind, that wind the old Egyptians prayed to be allowed to breathe in Paradise. The vessel rises and falls to the gentle heave and splash of a summer sea, at one time sailing through channels between islands covered with dark groves of date palms, or acacias laden with bloom, the channels themselves sometimes so wide that one only discovers they are channels when, rounding some bend, one finds oneself sailing out as from a river mouth into the wide rough Nile's main stream, or at another time moving under limestone cliffs as steep and rugged as our English south-west coast, where the waves dash and spout in the cracks and hollows like the sea. Then the other bank will be in the blue distance, with

here and there a white mosque, its minarets showing above a brown mud-walled village, with a little grove of dates and acacias, and far away, pale against the sky, low down in the west, can be seen the rocks and dunes at the border of the western desert, the great Sahara.

Sometimes a Government steamer passes, ploughing her way to the north; if the day is rough her bows will be smothered in foam; but the days are not often rough, and when the sun is setting it is possible nearly always to find smooth water for the nightly anchorage.

One evening, towards the end of August, we let go the anchor in a back-water skirting the site of the ruins of the city of Ikht-âten, now called by the Arabs Tel Amarâni, or, Tel Beni Amaran, "the mound of the Sons of Amaran." Amarâni is possibly a corrupted reference to the people of Assyria, so closely connected with Tel Amarâni.

Being explorers, we had some work to finish in the desert, and Tel Amarâni was the most suitable landing place for our purpose, more especially as we had determined to visit the then newly-discovered tomb of Amenhotep IV., the heretic Pharaoh who founded Ikht-âten in order to establish a centre for the worship of the disk of the Sun, a religion brought into Egypt by means of a matrimonial alliance with Assyria.

In Egypt there is but a short tropical twilight; therefore our sails were hardly furled before a messenger was dispatched in the ship's boat to find the local sheik, for the purpose of making arrangements concerning camels, escort, guide, water

and all those necessary things which could only be procured from the natives. Meanwhile camel trunks, instruments, photographic apparatus, weapons, blankets, cooking utensils and stores were packed and ranged on deck, ready for transport in the morning. Only when all the preparations were complete did we sit down to our evening meal and finally turn in for the last comfortable sleep we should get for some little time.

The first thing on the programme next morning was a dip in the river, for which purpose a sixty-foot alpine club-rope, one end made fast to a thwart and a large knot bent in the other, was coiled in the stern sheets of the dinghy. The latter was well secured alongside, and the process of bathing was to throw the coil overboard, take the rope loosely in both hands—jump into the water and let the current carry one away, while the rope slipped easily through the hands until the knot was caught—then to take a good grip and haul in, hand over hand, till one had drawn oneself up to the stern of the boat again—for it is quite useless to attempt swimming against the stream. This process may be repeated two or three times; then we scramble on board again, rub down and dress, if donning the kit which we usually employed when out of sight of civilisation can truly be regarded as dressing. Anyhow, before the process is completed breakfast is ready, consisting of scrambled eggs on toast, Greek bread with jam, and tea.

As we had no intention of starting much before noon, we spent an hour or two among the ruins of Ikhut-àten and visited the hut erected by Professor Petrie over the painted pavement on the site of the palace of Amenhotep, which had then recently been excavated.

A little before midday, our three camels being loaded, our guide and escort ready, the expedition set out. Heading eastward we passed over a plain of gently undulating sand for about an hour and then struck the outer bluffs of the rocky desert, soon afterwards to enter a typical desert wâdi. Imagine a perfectly flat, hard, sandy road, as wide as Oxford Street, but sinuous and winding as a maze,

thinly strewn with boulders of all sizes—from that of a cottage down to a few ounces—rendering the passable track even more devious than it was by Nature's original intention. These desert roads are walled in by limestone crags, broken in every direction, and rising from the level sand to a height of from fifty to a hundred and fifty-feet. Sometimes they form a gentle slope, sometimes one quite precipitous, cut into by narrow gullies, now falling back from the road to form a bay, and again split by cracks through which it is often possible to find a path to the top. There is every variety of form, but every wâdi is alike, and over all, whether rock or sand, is the same pale yellow brown, the result of countless ages of daily burning sunshine. It is all pale brown rock, pale brown sand, and here and there the pale brown ruins of the Shyia bush, a kind of sweet-scented desert gorse which in the early spring dots the wâdi with green, and sometimes bears a small sky-blue flower.

The general trend of our wâdi being east and west, the north wind could make no cooling breeze in its shadeless depths. The camels dragged their flat feet wearily, and their riders swung and bumped and gasped in the stifling heat of an oven. Gradually we became indifferent to all things, even to the fact that one of our escort chose to march close on my right front, thus unintentionally arranging that I should have a more or less permanent view of the inside of the long barrel of his flint-lock. Tradition, I believe, says that these flint-locks have been known to be fired by the heat of the sun.

It was, therefore, a relief when our guide suddenly turned aside into what at first seemed to be one of the many blind alleys branching out from the main track, and brought us, in a few minutes, face to face with the solitary tomb of a king who had realised in his lifetime that Egypt loved him not, and, therefore, that he might rest in his grave in peace, he hid that grave from the knowledge of his people, forming it in secret in this lonely valley of the desert.

Descending from the level of the sand,

a short flight of steps cut in the rock brought us to the iron gate set up by the Department of Antiquities a short time previously, when the tomb was discovered.

The Government gaffir, or local antiquity policeman, whom we had brought with us so far, opened the gate, and we entered. In summer time in Egypt nothing is cold, not even a tomb, but it was a good thing to find a place which was at least comparatively cool, being hidden away from the sweltering sun of the windless wâdi. There was not much to see; the limestone does not seem to be very good there, and the bas-relief representations of the worship of the disk were in a very dilapidated condition; what there was left, however, was extremely interesting, more especially the characteristic portraits of the Pharaoh himself, whom, by the way, some have believed to have been a woman.

Having completed our examination, we sat down in front of the tomb to make a mid-day meal, and then remounting our camels took leave of the gaffir, who returned to Tel Amarâni alone, and led by our guide proper we pursued our way into the desert.

He, thinking that the wâdi of the tomb would be quite as good a road to our destination as that from which it branched, led us along it for nearly an hour, when one of those little adventures befel us which are by no means unknown to travellers by tropical rivers, but are hardly dreamed of in connection with the desert by those who have not travelled there.

Had we been making our way up an unknown river we should have been warned by a distant roar that there was a cataract ahead; as it was, we were unexpectedly brought face to face with what Nature had evidently intended to be a waterfall with a fine series of rapids above it, only the water was absent. Nothing but the bed was there, silently waiting for the water that comes perhaps once in ten years and turns these valleys into shallow rivers, only to revert in a few hours to their normal state of sun-dried rock and hard yellow sand for ten years more.

The difficulty which had to be faced was how to get the camels up. A canoe can be hauled passively, but there was no possibility of knowing how the ship of the desert would take being hauled over a portage. However, the difficulty was partly solved by the discovery of a gazelle track, and the camels, without their riders, were led up it. One often hears of the sure-footedness of cats, chamois, Scotch ponies and other animals; one hears people talk of the performances of beasts of burden in Switzerland and other places, as being extremely remarkable; now, of all the animals I know, the camel has always appealed to me as being unspeakably awkward; but to see these baggage-laden creatures dragging their long, thin, clumsy-looking legs, and planting their great flat feet, without hesitation, apparently without any consideration of the subject at all, upon a path scarcely so wide as those same feet, very uneven, and with a swift descent of forty feet below them, in the case of a slip, was enough to make one reconsider the whole subject of animal sure-footedness.

The gazelle track brought us out above the main fall, but we soon found our difficulties were not over, and finally we had to unload the camels, when, having carried up the baggage, each animal was taken in turn to the easiest place; then, by dint of hauling in front and pushing behind, he was forced on to the higher level, and the journey was continued.

Now, every yard brought us higher and nearer to the summit of the desert, so that, as the hour of sunset approached, the range of our view was limited only by the distance which our sight could carry; in every direction yellow rock and sand, bright on the summits of the craggs, reddened with the level rays of the sun, dark and gloomy in the wâdis which the sun had left for the night.

The valley we had come from was narrow and tortuous, and we now found ourselves about to descend into another, which, however, was one of the greater wâdis, one of the ancient caravan tracks, though now used only by a few Bedoui smugglers. This valley was, perhaps,

two miles from side to side, its broad middle way being free from all obstacles and perfectly flat.

As we commenced to descend, the sun went down, but on this night we were not left in darkness, for as it set the full moon rose over the desert and prolonged the beauty of one of the most gorgeous sunsets that it has ever been my lot to see. In low and delicate tones every colour of the rainbow was reflected from sky to desert and from desert back to sky—purple, violet and pale blue, delicate tints of green and yellow, orange and red extended across the whole sky from east to west, to be reflected again in the sand and rock of the desert. The moon, taking her tint from the colour of the Eastern sky, painted a track of silver across the sand, and as the colours slowly faded into night the stars shone out so brilliantly that the hard sand reflected from each luminary a broken line of light.

This great wâdi is called by the Bedoui the Durab el Amarâni. Here our route turned southwards, and here, partly because he was somewhat weary of the peculiar bumping swing of the camel's motion, and partly because our guide, never having entered the Durab el Amarâni by this route before, was somewhat at a loss as to our whereabouts, my partner in the exploration dismounted and went ahead with the guide on foot, he having been that way about a month before, while I was at work on the edge of the desert, some miles further to the north. For myself, however, I preferred to stick to the evils that I knew already, so I kept to the camel, well knowing that to find any particular side track on the desert is hard enough by day, and how long it would take by night, even with a full moon, was an uncalculable quantity, involving the introduction of the elements of accident and infinity.

Sticking to the camel meant keeping with the main body, and our advance guard was in due time out of sight. We

plodded steadily onward over the hard sand hour after hour; the moon rose higher and higher in the sky, culminated, and commenced her descent towards the west, before we spied at last a little black patch upon the sand ahead of us, which gradually resolved itself into the figures of an Arab and a European—our guide and my companion—waiting for us to come up with them. They were not yet quite certain of our position, but believed that the wâdi in whose mouth they were was the right one, and accordingly we turned into it, but concluding not to pursue our journey further until daylight, we came to a halt. I had been on my camel then for about fourteen hours, twelve without a break, and dismounting therefore meant rolling off as soon as my beast came to his knees. I could not stand, far less walk, for some minutes.

When I had pulled myself together we made some tea, my companion contenting himself with a hunk of bread to eat with it, but I determined to poach myself an egg, so I emptied the tea-leaves from the pannikin as soon as they were done with, and filling it with water from a skin set it on the spirit-lamp. The water looked a little dark even by moonlight; still, I must confess to surprise when I broke the egg into it, to see it utterly disappear from sight. I waited, nevertheless, until I considered that the egg should be done, and then fished carefully so as not to break the yolk. I found the egg, I landed it on a plate, but it was as black as the water, coated with slimy mud, which I carefully peeled off and then completed my supper. After supper to scrape a hollow in the sand, carefully adjusted to one's hip bones, was the next care; then a native blanket and a pipe of strong tobacco, and so to sleep, with the moon to keep watch till dawn, and the north wind roaring steadily in the clefts of the rocks; and one day's work of an explorer in Egypt was over.

M. W. B.



THE SHADOW OF THE EAGLE

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE

RICHARD BLENNERHASSET IN THE FOLLOWING OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON

By Ladbroke Black and Robert Lynd

VI.

THE WORKMAN OF ST. QUENTINS.



I AM a man who must laugh. It is there; it is in the blood, and as the humour of an incident strikes me, no matter how tragic it may be, I cannot restrain my laughter. Indeed, I earned many reproaches from Louis' supporters who stayed carefully at home, when I returned to London after our adventure at Boulogne. I can see the long faces that they pulled even now when I told my tale of the glorious muddle that we had made of everything. Yes, I laughed; no man could help laughing, but none the less was my grief sincere at the misfortunes which had fallen upon my Prince. It is an old truth that no proper estimate of sorrow can be obtained from words. I was still content to be considered a turncoat and a time-server when I was in London, because it helped me to what I ever had at heart, the rescue of Prince Louis.

Immediately after the Court of Peers pronounced their brutal sentence "Imprisonment for perpetuity," I worked unceasingly to find some means of circumventing that old *bourgeois*, Louis Philippe. I knew I was watched, but that was natural. It was common knowledge that I had been an intimate

associate of the Prince for years. It was known, too, that I had crossed with him to Boulogne and, therefore, the French authorities in London were at no little expense to keep their eyes upon what I did, and their ears upon what I said.

At that time, Louis Philippe was discovering that the load of a constitutional monarchy in France was not a light one. The revolution of July was a *bourgeois* revolution, and I have always held that England is the only country where the opinion of the *bourgeois* is the opinion of the people. That old man was placed upon the throne because nobody else offered, and it was held that few alternatives could be worse than Charles Xth. But it was not the choice of the people, and I am a firm believer in the Napoleonic theory, that a contented and permanent government in France must rest upon the wishes of the people as a whole. Louis Philippe realised this. He understood that his throne was unstable, and the thought made him frightened. The attempt at Boulogne gave him more anxiety than he cared to express. It showed how possible a revolution was. After Strasbourg, we were laughed at; after Boulogne, we were feared. And that is the reason, I am convinced, that they surrounded Louis with 400 men in a damp, worm-eaten fortress in the unbearable dreariness of the Somme dis-

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strict. Under ordinary circumstances it would not be easy to rescue anybody from such a guard, but when, to these few difficulties we had to add the force of the Royal fears, and the consequent nervous suspicions of all those in the pay of the Orleanists, the task that the true friends of Louis had at heart was one of enormous difficulty.

Now, thought I, the best thing to be done in my own case is to allay all suspicion, and I, therefore, went about for ever laughing at the comedy at Boulogne, until indeed Louis himself was informed that I had forsaken his cause and was a traitor to his interests. This letter Louis was very careful should reach the eyes of the Commandant, for he knew me too well to doubt my honesty of mind, and he concluded rightly that if I was making fun of his cause I was doing so with a purpose. By this means I managed to disassociate myself from the noisy and wordy pack of partisans who limited the risk that they were prepared to run to moral support and the pressing of their claims to acknowledgment should the Prince prove successful. By this means, too, I escaped the somewhat irritating attentions of the French Embassy, and within four years, after a visit to my relations in Ireland and America, I was able to change my name and cross into France without the slightest risk of being arrested.

But though I can set it down lightly here, the task was a difficult one. It may be true that death speedily swallows up the memory and recollection of all such persons as myself. The ease with which people forget the dead is one of the hard but necessary conditions of life. I could have vanished at any time from the ken of the official Orleanists and the intriguing Bourbons in London had I chosen to commit suicide, but to disappear and yet remain alive was another matter. There were many people who knew me too well. Le Comte Léon, who declared himself to be the son of the great Emperor, had never forgiven me for the part I played in that affair at Wimbledon Common in the March of 1840. Although I never let the matter come to the ears of Louis himself, it was I who was

responsible for the stopping of that duel; for I held that my master had no right to risk himself in combat with such a man, who had brought about the duel for the sole purpose of destroying the legitimate head of the Bonaparte family. To the Count, it was a matter of congratulation that the attempt at Boulogne had failed. It left the field open to himself. His possibilities of success were, of course, *nil*, but he was an ambitious man with a vast capacity for self-delusion. Like a true Bonaparte, he held that the fact that the Church had never blessed the union of his father and mother was a matter of no importance. He believed implicitly in those two characteristic dictums of his late father, "*Je suis un ancesstre*" and "morality was not made for me." But although this man was harmless in reality, he proved sufficiently annoying to myself, and the frequent occasions on which I met him in Piccadilly, convinced me that he was taking too great an interest in my movements. Perhaps I was altogether too suspicious, but when one is gambling for an Empire one clothes oneself in an atmosphere of suspicion. At any rate, I know this, that, whether intentionally or not, Comte Léon opposed me in the matter of Prince Louis' ring. The affair was after this manner.

Before the attempt at Strasbourg, Louis had paid a fleeting visit to his mother, and received from her hands, as a talisman, the wedding-ring of Napoleon and Josephine. This ring he regarded with almost sacred affection, and believed implicitly that it would ward from him all troubles and all difficulties. I do not know how it happened; but, by some strange chance or other, Louis left London for Boulogne without this ring on his finger. Whether it had dropped off his hand or not I cannot say, but it is a fact that it was found in his house among the other effects which he had left instructions were to be sold by Christie and Manson. He was depressed at the loss. The absence of this talisman of his mother's clouded his mind with forebodings, which were so unhappily realised. I had discovered that the ring was in the hands of the

auctioneers previous to the sale on August 21st, and had determined, no matter what the cost, to purchase it for the Prince. Fortunately, neither Mr. Bernall, the great virtuosi of those days, nor any of the other men present at the sale, with the exception of the Comte Léon and myself, knew that the ring was of any special value. But the Comte knew, and when the ring came up for sale, we had a pretty bid against each other. Fortunately, the Comte was not a rich man—neither, in truth, was I—but all I had I was willing to risk, and, though we carried the bidding up well beyond £1,000, I steadily raised him, until at last, with a muttered curse, he gave in; and not too soon either, for I had but £1,500 in the world, and £1,350 was my last bid.

As I passed out of the sale room the Comte came up to my side. "Mr. Blennerhassett," he said, "I shall remember this. The servants of Louis Verhuel cannot insult me lightly with impunity."

Now, although the recollection of this brutal scandal always fired my anger, I thought it best, seeing that our star was so much in the descendant to control my feelings—no easy matter, I promise you.

"It is easy to insult the unfortunate, Monsieur," I said, turning to him, "but I am merely doing you a kindness in purchasing this ring. It is not good for bastards to be ambitious."

With that I left him, to avoid a quarrel. For I knew that the man was ambitious, and I knew he would not forget, and my meeting with him in Piccadilly, and the fact that I had seen him on more than one occasion coming out of the French Embassy, convinced me that I had better disappear until such a time as I could reopen correspondence with my unfortunate master.

Louis, in after years, always told me that he believed me to be dead, and that it was one of the greatest griefs of his imprisonment. But believing that I could best serve him by obliterating my personality altogether, I kept silent until the December of 1845. I let my beard grow, and when I finally returned to France I would have defied anybody

to recognise the Richard Blennerhasset of 1840. Indeed, I hardly recognised myself when on a cold winter's day I, as Jacques Decque, dressed in the blue jacket and trousers of a common workman, strolled with a bag upon my back into the town of St. Quentin. The Prince had then been imprisoned for five years, and in spite of the fact that he had ironically asked the Court of Peers at his trial as to what perpetuity meant in France, there seemed little likelihood of his ever leaving the fortress of Ham alive. His father, the old King Louis of Holland, had sent a request to the King that his son might be allowed to visit him upon his deathbed, but Louis Philippe had refused unless Prince Louis recognised his generosity, forsooth. That of course was the last thing that Prince Louis would have degraded himself by doing, and so he was still a prisoner in that damp, worm-eaten fortress, and was likely to remain a prisoner unless I could help him.

I do not know what had given me the idea of putting on the disguise of a workman. It was an inspiration, one of those rare inspirations by which we are able to achieve the object which we have in view, however difficult and impossible it may seem. My object, of course, was to try and obtain work in the fortress. I knew that the protests which Prince Louis had lodged respecting the shocking condition of his rooms had taken effect, and that repairs were being considered. Needless to say, I did not hurry myself to obtain employment. I had taken one small room above a cabaret, and in the evenings I would sit below in the dirty parlour and listen to the workmen talking. I can tell you that I was popular with those honest, hardworking men, though I was careful not to spend money too freely for fear of arousing suspicion. I let it be understood that I had come all the way from Dieppe because I had lost my wife and child, and the loss had made my old home unbearable to me. I tried to show by my recklessness that life had but little interest for me, and that my great sorrow had made me a devil-may-care fellow: by such means I got myself well into their comradeship and heard many stories

of the prisoner at Ham. So, too, I met the man who unconsciously was the aider and abettor of Louis' escape. This man was a little, silent fellow, called Berton, a man who talked little if he was sober, and was; in addition, cursed with a pretty wife, who kept him absolutely under her thumb. It was only after five glasses that he became garrulous, then he would say what I wished. It seemed that for his silence, which is always mistaken for trustworthiness, he was employed regularly at the fortress whenever there was any work to be done, and I heard from him with anger and indignation of the damp and disrepair in which the apartments were that the Prince occupied. I made that man my friend. I think I was the only comrade that he had ever had, and when we walked down the street together people would turn round and smile at the disproportion in our sizes. Finally, such good friends did we become that he made a proposition to me, a proposition which helped me to what I had in view.

We were sitting in the cabaret one night, and I, who seemed no nearer my goal, was telling him that I could find no work, and that unless I could get a cheaper lodging than the one I at present occupied I must go elsewhere. With that, he turned to me and asked what I was paying for my room. "Five francs a week," said I. "Ah, my good Jacque," he said, "You should come and live with me, we have one room that we let to workmen like yourself, for three francs."

"Ah, but my good Berton," I replied, "what will your wife say?"

He had had his fifth glass and he was brave.

"My wife," he said, with dignity, "will do as I tell her." And there and then we fixed the matter up; and though Madam Berton at first refused to allow me to enter their establishment, I soon made her alter her mind, for I have always had a happy way—and I say it without undue pride—with women. Indeed, I behaved shamefully to poor Berton, for I made violent love to his wife, as pretty a young woman as I have seen anywhere, with rosy

cheeks and dark black eyes, and a pair of as rosy, petulant lips as any man ever kissed. She became devoted to me, so much so in fact that I often found myself in an awkward predicament, fearing that Berton would take his five glasses and come back and bid me begone. If there were any suspicions in his mind she kissed them away, and sent him off to his work with a happy and confident heart.

But, while this domestic comedy was taking place, I seemed no nearer my object. Although I had been in St. Quentin's for nearly a month, I had held no communication with anyone in the fortress. I knew the Prince's valet, Thélín, lived in the town; indeed, I had seen him; but so distrustful and suspicious was I that I cared to take no risks until I got my foot inside the fortress as a workman. The hints I gave to Berton were of no avail; the little man would have been glad enough to have obliged his comrade, but the Commandant was very strict, and required to be fully satisfied as to the integrity and character of every man he employed. Berton being, therefore, useless, I had to look about for some other means of putting my object into execution. Day after day I puzzled my brains to think of some means; but my brains were useless, and once more it was my good fortune that helped me. It happened in this way.

I chanced to be lounging outside the cabaret where I had stayed on first coming into the town, when Thélín passed me. I looked at him curiously, and with something of a feeling of home-sickness in my heart, for the sight of him brought back the memory of my poor Louis shut up there with that restless ambition and eternal hope in his heart. Thélín had gone a hundred yards ahead, when another man passed me—no less a man than the Commandant himself. I do not know how I thought of the scheme, but, on the spur of the moment, I put my hand in my pocket, and felt there the ring that Napoleon had given to Josephine on the day of their marriage. I saw Thélín turn sharp round to the right, and disappear down a side street. I waited until I had

watched the Commandant go some way up the narrow street; then I ran after him. Coming up to him, I touched him on the arm. He turned round with a thick frown.

"What do you want, my good fellow?" said he.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," I said, taking off my cap and making a bow. "I find I have made a mistake. I thought you were the gentleman who had dropped this ring," and I held it up to him, "but I see you are not."

He looked at the ring with considerable interest, for it was one of no little value.

"Did you say that you saw a gentleman drop this?" he said.

"Yes," said I. And then I described with great accuracy the figure and features of Th  lin, taking good care not to overdo the description lest he should be suspicious. "I saw something drop as he passed," I went on, "but I paid no attention to it until he had gone by, and then I picked it up out of curiosity."

"Ah, that was Th  lin," he said to himself. And then turning to me he said, "I will give this ring to its owner. You are an honest man. What is your name my fine fellow?"

"Jacques Decque," said I, "and I lodge with the workman, Berton."

"Ah, yes, I know Berton, and you shall hear from me."

With that he turned on his heel, leaving me with cap in hand, smiling to myself, for so far everything had gone well. I had opened up communication with Louis through the very man who would have moved heaven and earth to prevent me, had he only known it.

I said nothing to Madam Berton when I returned home that morning. But that evening Berton came back in in a state of wild excitement.

"Ah, my brave comrade," he said, taking my hand and shaking it vehemently, "I have great news for you, good news. The Commandant has sent for you. Your fortune is made. He said to me, 'Berton, you have an honest man staying in your house; tell him to come here to-morrow morning—there is

somebody who wishes to speak to him.' I did not understand. I was too joyous. I said to myself, 'my good comrade will be happy.' And so you will have work at last, honest Jacques."

I thanked the good little fellow as well as I could, but his wife who seemed none too pleased that she should lose my company, asked, "How comes it that Monsieur le Commandant sends for Monsieur Jacques. How does he know him?"

And then I explained my interview of the morning.

I remember well the excitement of that evening, not only my excitement, but the excitement of poor little Berton. I have never seen a man better pleased at another man's good luck. He was for ever shaking my hand and patting me on the back, and he insisted on taking myself and his wife to a second-rate caf   where we drank third-rate wine to celebrate the occasion.

You can imagine that I slept little that night, and I was glad when in the darkness of the early morning I heard Madam Berton descend the creaking staircase, denoting as the sound did that it was time to get up. We set out together, Berton and I, across the dreary country to the gloomy and depressing reaches of the Somme. In the sombre half-light I saw the fortress rise up before me, and in a few minutes we were standing at the prison gate. It was well guarded, that gate to the fortress; immediately outside, a post of 30 men were stationed; beyond was a sentry; then, as we entered into the shadow of the gateway we passed in succession a turnkey and a sergeant, and finally, at the wicket of the gate itself stood an orderly. Berton explained who I was, the wicket swung open, and I found myself within the fortress that was my Prince's prison. As we passed into the courtyard, Berton nudged me and pointed up to a window.

"That is where Prince Louis is," he said.

"Indeed," I replied, in an apathetic voice, while my heart beat wildly. I looked up to the high tower and the walls of the fortress with a wild hope in my heart. The first step was over. I

was inside. But the great problem had yet to be solved. I would have given the world to have been able to see through those bricks and hold communication with the prisoner beyond.

Just then a sergeant came up to me, and said in a gruff voice, "Are you the man, Jacque Decque?"

"I am," said I.

"Then you will wait here. The Commandant will be pleased to speak with you in a few minutes."

So I waited, leaning up against the wall, while Berton entered the prison, waving a hand to me as he went, with a smile on his honest face.

As I waited I took good notice of all about me. There were soldiers on duty everywhere. A warder stood guarding the entrance to the staircase which led to the Prince's apartments. The difficulty of the situation was borne in upon me, depressing me not a little. It had seemed so easy without, but now that I was inside I understood the danger of the whole business. My thoughts became gloomy. It seemed to me that the Prince would have to lie there for many years more. It was apparently hopeless, this plan of mine—or, rather, lack of plan—for I had thought of nothing for getting into communication with Louis. Just then, with this feeling of discouragement closing round me, I heard a voice singing the stirring song of "*Partant pour la Syrie*." I recognised the voice, and never did Richard I. hear with more delight the song of Blondin than I the voice of my imprisoned master.

I looked up quickly at the window which Berton had pointed out to me, and there I saw a face that made my heart beat quickly. It was Louis. He had grown older and more serious looking, and I could see the signs of his imprisonment on his face. He was very pale, and deep lines had formed about his eyes. He looked down at me, but there was no recognition in his look, and I dare not make my presence known. But that appearance taught me something, for as he stood there, I saw that one of the sentries on duty looked up at him, and as he looked up at him, the Prince stroked his moustache. The

sentry drew himself up and folded his arms. And then with something of a smile, Louis left the window. It was a pretty little piece of bye-play, but I guessed the meaning. Some of these soldiers in the fortress had not forgotten the glorious memory of the great Emperor, and I rightly surmised that this exchange of signs implied that they were of the Prince's party, and were willing, if need be, to die for him.

But I had no further time for thought, for at that moment the Commandant stepped out from another doorway and came towards me. As he approached me I stood up, and taking off my cap, made him a low bow, such as any workman might make who hoped for a job. He looked at me for a second as if wondering who I was, and then, recollecting, he turned to me and said:

"Oh yes, you are Jacque Decque. Thélín wishes to thank you."

With that he called to an orderly and gave him a message in an undertone, while I stood there, bare-headed, wondering what was going to happen. I had not to wait long, for in a few minutes the well-known figure of Thélín came from the Prince's apartments and advanced towards me.

"Thélín," said the Commandant, turning to him. "This is the honest fellow who returned you that ring."

With that, he turned on his heel and left us alone.

It is clear that Thélín did not recognise in the dull, bearded man with the workman's suit, the old Richard Blennerhassett. That he was suspicious of something was evident by the way that he eyed me.

"I have to thank you for returning the ring," he said, hurriedly, and with evident nervous excitement. Then in a lower tone he added, "Where did you get it from, man?"

"I picked it up, Monsieur," said I, in a quiet voice.

He looked at me, carefully, straight in the eyes.

"What is your name?" he said, suddenly, "I have forgotten it."

"Jacque Decque." Then in a lower tone I added, "Where I come from they used to pronounce it Dick."

He started. "Mr. Blennerhasset!" he exclaimed.

"Silence, for Heaven's sake, man," I said; "I live with Berton. I am to get employment here. You must not know me or speak to me too often or my presence will be useless."

Just then, the Commandant returned, and Thélín, quickly putting his hand into his pocket, drew out two louis and put them into my hand. "You are a very honest man and I would not have lost that ring for much, I can tell you. Please accept this as a token of my poor thanks."

I made a clumsy bow and muttered something incomprehensible about the kindness of Monsieur.

Thélín turned to the Commandant. "I am obliged to you, Monsieur le Commandant, for allowing me the opportunity to thank this man." Then without another word he turned away and entered the staircase which led to the Prince's apartment.

"Where do you come from?" said the Commandant to me as my eyes followed the disappearing figure of Thélín. "Do you belong to St. Quentin?"

"No, Monsieur le Commandant," I replied, "I come from Dieppe."

Then I told him the story that I had told to Berton, how my wife and child had died, and how I in despair and grief had left my native town with my savings in my pocket determined to seek forgetfulness elsewhere. I must have told my story well, for the Commandant was impressed; at any rate, he concluded our conversation by telling me that he would find me employment within the fortress. Then, calling a sergeant he told him to conduct me to where Berton was engaged in removing tiles in an inner courtyard.

It was fortunate that I was put on to such work for it required no skill and no experience, and though the work to me, unaccustomed as I was to such labour, was somewhat trying, I was too happy with the recollection of the morning's doings to concern myself overmuch with any physical weariness. In the evening I returned with Berton, and every day I worked with him in one part of the fortress or another.

And so the days went by, and January slipped into February, and March sped quickly by until April ushered in the spring, but still I had heard no word from Thélín. Every morning as I passed the window where I had seen Louis, the Prince looked out but I dared not take any notice. And, then, one day I saw Thélín standing behind pointing with his finger. Louis waved his hand to me, but I never looked his way except out of the corner of my eye, and passed on.

I can promise you these days were anxious days indeed, for I could not understand at the time why I had no communication from Thélín. One would have thought that now the Prince had a friend within the fortress who had free access within and without, he would have made use of the opportunity which thus presented itself. The fact was that I had not realised the strictness with which the Prince was guarded. That old bourgeois King in Paris was getting more and more frightened for the safety of his throne as the days of '48 approached. His popularity had waned, and it was only because he had the machine of Government in his hands that he retained his position; and this nervousness resulted in a still closer surveillance of the Prince and his entourage. Thélín was shadowed everywhere he went, and it would have spoilt all our chances if he had been seen speaking to me. Every morning I saw the Prince at his window but never a communication was I able to open with him. I had begun to despair when one morning in leaving Berton's house I almost knocked down a man who was walking along the pavement. He stumbled and would have fallen had I not caught him round the waist. As I did so, I felt him press a piece of paper into my hand, and looking at the man, I saw that it was no other than Thélín himself.

I rolled up the paper in my palm and took off my hat and made the very humblest apologies while Thélín rated me soundly for my clumsiness. All that day I had no opportunity for reading the slip of paper that had been handed to me. It was not until the evening

when I was safely in my bedroom that I was able to take it out and spread it on the table reading the words penned there in the hand that I knew so well.

"My dear Dick" it ran, "Thélin cannot communicate with you under the present conditions, the Commandant watches too closely. If we are to do anything you must betray Thélin to the Commandant and gain his consent to your acting as a spy. I know you will understand. Destroy this carefully. Your unhappy and affectionate friend, Louis."

At first this letter gave me cause to think. It did not err on the side of lucidity. But I thought that I gathered what Louis meant, and future events proved that I was right. In order to communicate speedily with Thélin I was to go to the Commandant with some cock-and-bull story as to how the fellow had attempted to bribe me to act as a go-between for Prince Louis. More than likely, the Commandant taking me for a simple fool would engage me to learn what I could from Thélin, and then communicate with him. It was a simple and obvious plan and I did not think it would be difficult to carry out.

The very next morning I asked for an interview with the Commandant. The sergeant to whom I had made the request at first laughed at me, but I insisted that what I had to say to him was of the utmost importance, and that I must see him privately. At first the man told me to go about my business, but finally, grumbling, he consented to take my request to the proper quarter. In about ten minutes he returned and conducted me into the presence of the Commandant.

The Officer was seated in his office engaged in writing letters when I entered, the sergeant at my side. He looked up with a frown and said in a sharp voice, "What have you got to say, Decque?" I fumbled with my cap after the manner of a workman, and looked with bucolic nervousness at the sergeant. The look was enough; the Commandant bade the man begone and we two were left together. Then he said again, "What have you got to say? You must be quick, I have not any time to spare."

I looked suspiciously round the room, and especially at the door, and then in a gruff voice, I said, approaching nearer the desk, "Monsieur le Commandant, you have a prisoner here of importance. Is that not so?"

He looked up at me sharply, "What has that got to do with you, my man?"

"It is no business of mine, Monsieur," I said, hesitatingly, "but I thought it my duty, as Monsieur has been so kind to me, to inform you that there is a plot on foot to secure his escape."

This time the Commandant was really interested. He moved some papers aside and took a new pen in his hand.

"What do you know of this?" he said, in an imperative voice.

"I know little," I said, "except that I was approached by Mons. Thélin to assist in a plan for your prisoner's escape." Then I sketched out to him the most absurd and ridiculous plan that the mind of man had ever conceived under such circumstances.

The Commandant was interested; that was the chief point. When I had finished he turned to me and said, "You are certain you have told me all?"

I scratched my head as one deep in thought.

"All, I think, Monsieur le Commandant—except that he asked me to see him to night in the cabaret in the Rue des Fontaines."

The Commandant rested his head on his hands for a minute or so, as one lost in thought, while I stood there with as blank a look as I could get on my face.

Then, suddenly, he looked up at me. "You are to be trusted, Decque?" he said, questioningly.

"Yes Monsieur," I said, not knowing what other reply to make.

"Well, my man, this is a service you must do for your King and your country. You must show yourself faithful and trustworthy. You will keep your appointment with Thélin to-night, and at any other time he may appoint, and anything he may say you will inform me of. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Commandant," I replied.

"If you do your duty well," he said, "I shall take care that you are rewarded. And now you may go."

With that I bowed and retired, with a great laughter in my heart to think how easily I had fooled the man and laid out the way for planning, without suspicion, the escape of Louis.

That same evening, on my way home with Berton, I met Th  lin. And telling my comrade to go on in front, I told the valet to meet me in the cabaret in the Rue des Fontaines that evening. We met, and we were able to hold free converse together at a table in the shadow of a corner. He had much to tell and I had much to listen to. I had to hear of those five long, dreary years of imprisonment, and of the consideration and kindness of the Prince under his terrible sufferings—of his brutal treatment by the Government—how he had suffered from acute rheumatism that nearly crippled him, owing to the damp of the fortress. And then, further, we had to talk over our plan for his escape. It seemed that they had already formulated some scheme or other in which I was to play the principal part. It appeared that the staircase which had fallen into disrepair was the one that led to the Prince's apartments, and it was at last going to be put into proper order, and several workmen were going to be employed. Among this number he counted that I should be. The date on which these repairs were to begin was not known, but he expected that the workmen would be brought in about the middle of May. Prince Louis, dressed in a workman's blouse and carrying a plank, was to come out of his room and walk boldly down the staircase into the courtyard, and so out into freedom. There a carriage was to be waiting, and he was to drive to Cambray. From there he could take train into Belgium.

The only drawback to this scheme was that the workmen themselves might recognise Louis, or, if they did not actually see his face, discover that their number had been mysteriously added to—a chance that had to be avoided.

For that I had a plan. I would keep Berton away from work on some pretext or other, and Louis could take his place. We talked the matter over fully, weighing every detail, counting up every chance of success, until we had the whole scheme at our finger ends.

Two days before the attempt was to be made, Th  lin, it was arranged, should give me a signal, by waving a handkerchief from the window. Then I told him of my interview with the Commandant, at which the good fellow laughed heartily, and, to satisfy further the soul of that gallant officer, we arranged a bogus plan of escape which was to be discovered.

The following day, accordingly, I again had an interview with the Commandant. When the door had closed behind me, he looked up questioningly. "Well, what have you heard?" he said, peremptorily.

"An attempt is to be made on May 8th, Monsieur le Commandant. He has asked me to assist him. In the early morning the prisoner is to make a rush down the stairs into the courtyard, and down the long passage, followed by Monsieur Th  lin and Monsieur le Docteur. I am to assist by knocking down the sentinel on duty at the wicket."

The Commandant laughed. "What is the date you say, my good man?"

"May 8th, Monsieur le Commandant."

"And what is the signal to be of this brave scheme?" And he laughed again.

"The Prince is to throw a handful of his flowers into the courtyard."

"Good," said the Commandant, a smile playing about his lips. "And now you must learn from the valet as much more as you can, and bring me word. And here is the first part of your reward." And he handed me a note for fifty francs.

I made suitable expressions of gratitude, and once more bowed myself out.

There is no doubt that this little subterfuge of ours helped us considerably, for the Commandant was so pleased at having discovered the supposed plot that he relaxed his attentions considerably afterwards. We gave him all the

amusement we could. When May 8th came the Prince threw the flowers into the courtyard, and immediately he had done this fifty soldiers turned out to guard the exit at the foot of the staircase.

The Commandant made no reference to the Prince, so I heard afterwards, of his supposed plot, beyond telling him that evening that he was sorry that on such a beautiful day he had been unable to take a walk in the country.

"Yes, it was unfortunate," replied Louis, biting his lips in pretended annoyance.

After that little matter had been settled, I still continued to meet Th  lin in the cabaret in the Rue des Fontaines, and learnt from him everything that was going on. Many a kindly message did he bring me from Louis. At last we named the day on which the great attempt was to be made.

The Commandant had given orders for the workmen to be employed to repair the dilapidated old staircase. There were twelve of us, two of the number being myself and Berton. We were carefully watched, at least, the others were, for the Commandant had the greatest confidence in myself. Every morning when we were starting work this inquisitive officer paid us a visit, although the hour was an early one, and he superintended the whole work with a vigilance that was more than annoying. Fortunately, however, this unusual early rising of his brought on a severe attack of rheumatic gout which prevented him from looking after us before 8 o'clock. By this means we had three whole hours to ourselves, and when I heard the news from the sergeant, with whom I had made great friends, I knew that the day of the attempt would be soon at hand.

Every morning when I walked into the courtyard, I looked anxiously up at the Prince's window for the signal. On the 22nd May my watching was rewarded for I saw a white handkerchief wave for a second behind the bars.

That night on my return home I made more violent love than ever to Madam Berton. The woman had grown devoted

to me, and I knew, had I wished it, she would have left Berton's side at any moment to fly with me. But that was hardly what I wanted. Besides, I should not have liked to injure the little workman who was so good to me. But still, when one is gambling for an Empire somebody has to suffer, and for my victim I chose pretty, rosy-cheeked, petulant Madam Berton, knowing that she would speedily recover. Although I had been in the house some months, I had never allowed the friendship which existed between the woman and myself to grow to any greater intimacy. It was clear to me that she was in love, for she always placed my interest and comfort before Berton's. I say this without vanity for it was a fact, a fact upon which I traded, for I had to secure by some means or other Berton's absence on May 25th.

The night of the 22nd I returned home, to find Berton was away drinking at the cabaret. I stayed at home. Madam Berton was busy mending the stockings of her husband. I sat in a chair smoking a cigarette.

"Ah, Madam Berton," I said, nerving myself for the effort, "it is a miserable world, is it not?"

She looked up at me quickly. "What does Monsieur mean?" she said.

I sighed deeply. "It is miserable because one finds the woman one loves mated to a man she does not love and will not leave."

A deep flush suffused her pretty face, and I saw that her hands were trembling.

"Monsieur Decque," she murmured, pretending to be busily engaged with the stocking. "I don't understand."

"Let me teach you?" I said, and rising from my seat I went up to her and put my arms round her and kissed her on the cheek.

She dropped her work hurriedly and rose to her feet, gasping.

"Monsieur Decque . . .," she began.

"Jacque," I said, pleadingly.

"Well, Jacque."

"Ah, that is better, my pretty bird," and putting my hand out and taking no notice of her weak attempt to disengage herself, I drew her to me and

kissed her again and again. This time she made no resistance.

"Julie," I said, "you love me, don't you?"

For answer, the poor silly girl kissed me on the lips, and I returned her kisses. Empire building is not always unpleasant. Perhaps I was a brute, but, in the end, neither she nor Berton had any reason to regret my brutality for Louis was ever generous. At any rate, I dragged a simple confession from her lips, and then all was plain sailing. I persuaded her to fly with me.

We would go away back to my native home, on the 25th, so I told her. I had a house, a little property where we could live, standing on a hill overlooking the sea, and I drew a beautiful picture of the happiness that would be ours. She had a wonderful imagination, had Julie, and was easily satisfied, and she agreed to my arrangements with an ease which did not reflect much credit on her faithfulness as a wife. But then there was the difficulty of her husband, I said; how were we going to get rid of him? We talked of many plans, until at last I put forward the one I had under consideration. I would get some simple medicine which he would swallow the evening before. That would keep him in bed all the 25th, and to make it more certain, I would take away his clothes so that there would be no chance of his following us.

The next morning I went to a chemist and procured the necessary drugs, and on that day, the 24th, Madam Berton mixed them with his wine. The medicine was quite harmless, but it, unfortunately, immediately made Berton feel unwell, and it preyed on his feelings to such an extent that he really believed himself to be dying. We got him into bed instantly, and when he was safely ensconced between the sheets, Madam Berton slipped out with his clothes in a bundle which she gave to me. Telling her that I would drop them in the river, I hurried round to the cabaret in the Rue des Fontaines, where Thélín was waiting for me, and delivered them into his hands. Then, we finally talked over the great event of the morrow.

The valet had arranged that a carriage should be waiting behind some trees on the St. Quentin's Road, which was to drive us to the outskirts of the town. From there, we were to walk on foot, and once across the town, a post chaise would be waiting for Cambray, and from there to Valenciennes, and so, through Belgium to Ostend.

Ah, I shall never forget that night. I could not sleep from excitement, for I had nightmares in which we were all discovered just as the Prince was on the point of securing freedom, and the Commandant was ordering us all to be shot. I was glad when the night was over and I heard Madam Berton's steps for the last time on the creaking stairs. I rose immediately, and dressing myself with impatience, hurried downstairs. I bade Madame Berton good-bye, kissing her for the last time, telling her that I would return at mid-day, when we would set out. She came out into the road-way to watch me depart, and as I disappeared into the distance, the last thing I saw was the little house where I had lived as a workman, and the pretty figure of Madam Berton waving her farewell.

I was in the fortress at five, with my fellow-workmen, and we set about as usual with our daily task of repairing the old staircase. Several questions were asked me as to where Berton was, but I told each questioner that he had walked in with me as usual in the morning and was engaged by the Commandant's orders in doing some temporary repairs elsewhere.

The minutes dragged by. Six o'clock struck, and still there was no sign of the Prince. I was afraid that at any moment the Commandant might appear. Fortunately, the work I had to do was that of moving a wheel-barrow containing *débris* from within to outside the fortress. At about seven o'clock, as was our invariable custom, we knocked off work to partake of an early morning dram at the canteen. And this was the time, thought I, that the Prince would make his attempt, so, consequently, I avoided following my comrades, and began to wheel my barrow down the long passage that led

outside, stopping to rest at a spot which commanded a view of the bottom of the staircase and of the country-side beyond.

There I sat down with my barrow, and taking my pipe from my pocket, began to smoke with as much calm and equanimity as I could muster, trying to keep my eye away from that fatal staircase.

All of a sudden I saw a man with a plank on his shoulder emerge. In spite of his disguise, in spite of the paint on his face, and in spite of the fact that his whiskers and moustaches were shaved, I had no difficulty in recognising Louis. Without any signs of nervousness he walked slowly across the courtyard. He had passed the warder at the foot of the stairs in safety, and as he was nearing the first sentry, and I was watching with my heart almost ceasing to beat from excitement, I saw to my horror, the workmen coming out of the canteen. Acting on a sudden impulse, I walked towards the sentry with my pipe in my mouth. The Prince carried his plank in such a position that it shut off the sight of his face from the workmen, but just as I reached the group, I heard one of them, a great, tall lout of a fellow exclaim, "Who the devil is that?"

"You must keep away from the dram shop, Pierre," I shouted, "you are getting too thick-headed, you cannot even see straight."

"Yes, that is all very well," said Pierre to me with something of a scowl, "but, who the deuce is that?"

"Comrades," I shouted to the other workmen, "you should have let Pierre have more brandy this morning, for his sight is so dull after last night that he cannot even recognise my little comrade, Berton."

By that time the Prince had his back to them, and dressed in Berton's clothes and Berton's hat, and a figure almost exactly the same size as Berton's, he looked the part of my comrade of the last five months to the very hair.

The other workmen laughed good-humouredly at Pierre, while the Prince came up to the first sentry. As he approached him, he dropped his pipe from

his mouth, and with that wonderful nerve which I always admired, he stooped down and picked up the fragments, all the while, however, keeping the plank as a screen between himself and the soldier. I followed him trembling, and picking up my barrow began to wheel it after him. He was now almost within sight of freedom. He had only the guard at the gate to pass. As he neared them, I saw them look at him in surprise, and I almost feared that they were about to stop him. I hurried up quickly behind and said in a loud voice, "Hurry up there, Berton, my good fellow, I have got work to do if you hav'nt."

The soldiers laughed and opened the wicket, and we passed out together. We were outside the fortress at last, and the Prince was free. I allowed him to precede me by several yards, following behind with my barrow till we came to a clump of trees, and there I left my barrow, and Louis dropped his plank, and we took to our heels. Down the St. Quentin's Road we ran, until, suddenly, Thélín, with a cry of joy, appeared among the trees. Without a word we hurried on until we reached the carriage which Thélín had engaged. We jumped in and drove furiously towards St. Quentin's. On the way the Prince divested himself of poor little Berton's clothes, changing his disguise completely. On the other side of the town a post chaise was in waiting which Thélín had engaged on pretence of a drive to Cambrai. We all got in, and proceeded without any difficulty to Valenciennes, crossing by railway from there through Belgium to Ostend.

Once on the Belgian frontier, my excitement could contain itself no longer. I gave a great cheer as we steamed out of the station, the cause of which must have made the officials wonder. But the next day they realised its import, for, on the morrow, all the world knew that Prince Louis Napoleon had escaped from Ham.

Once more we found ourselves in London. It was like old times to be by the side of Prince Louis again. We had much to talk about, much to tell each other, for a deal had happened during

those long, dreary days spent at Ham. We were content then, content with the fact that Louis was free.

Louis himself said that he was content, and that he had no more ambitions, no more desires. All he wished for was to live a quiet life in England.

Ah! perhaps it would have been better so. But the Shadow of the Eagle was over us all, and I knew for one that when the call came, the old fire would

come into the Prince's eyes, and he would go forth to seek the Imperial Crown which he claimed.

All the world knows now that two years after he came out of the fortress of Ham dressed in little Berton's blue blouse and trousers, he was installed in the Elysée as President of the 2nd Republic, with his foot on the first step of the Imperial Throne. Fortune, in truth, is a strange jade.

THE END.



The man who is in such a hurry that he cannot call his soul his own is probably parting with it too cheaply.



A jest is an idle word unless it has a heart of earnestness, and a cynicism is intolerable unless there is good will at the root of it.



SURRENDER

He who hath made it can mend it,
 He who began it will end it—
 Leave it to Him!
 Weary and poor thou art,
 Weak of purpose and frail in heart—
 Thy hopes are vague and dim.
 Stretch forth thy hand and try
 If thou canst touch the sky;
 Lift up thine eyes and see
 How far 'tis over thee—
 Beyond thee far!
 Leave it—the hour is late—
 Leave it to Him, to fate;
 Great may take care of great,
 And star of star!

MAURICE ELSPETH.



It is better to fall into the hands of the great angels—even into those of Samaël, the angel of death—than into those of Nature.

THE SACRAMENT OF NIGHT

A NOCTURNE

THE sunset has smouldered to ashen white;
The browns and the greys their tones commingle;
The waves are tipped with a dusky light,
And the boats lie black on the shingle.

All veiled and mystic, the hills afar
Fade from the sight in a filmy vapour,
Till out of the darkness drops a star
That glows like a votive taper.

Then the first long beam from the moon aslant,
Like the light from a painted pane, comes stealing
Across the dark to the sea's low chant
And the note of the buoy-bell pealing.

And light wells upward, and light is spilled
In blue-green floods and in purple lustres,
Till the mighty cup of the night is filled,
And beaded with stars in clusters.

D. GOW.



However inconsiderate or even vicious, there comes a time when most of us are weary of kicking against the pricks—when we would pay a high price to be at peace with conscience and the greater law.



The priest is difficult to tolerate, and more difficult to dispense with.



Life is an essay in hermeneutics, a science of interpretation, and that is why the views of it are so various, for each construes in accordance with his own gift, while all constructions are at best approximations only.



WORLD MUSIC.

We know that ever from the birth thereof
Both earth and sea are consciously alive
And in the cosmic harmony perform
A willing part, to holy law conformed,
And strike at times an individual note
Conceived within them through the starry hymn
The whole creation raises.

J. BYARD.



Let us be patient with those who talk of reality during the crises of a nightmare.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET

W. H. Koebel



NESTLING dreamily amid its poplar groves; displaying coy glimpses of its verandahed houses and light, wooden colonnades, slumbers the small township. To its front heaves gently the grey, dawn-hued ocean, rolling placidly in the bay; inland, the ground, rising slowly, imperceptibly, undulates gently to a point where the massive hills pile themselves abruptly, boldly, as a towering background. Save for the low moan of the sea and the gentle rustling of the morning wind through the branches, the hush is over all, but far away on the horizon where the waves and sky embrace, the grey grows slightly tinged with pink, the shades of the background and the colourings of the township, discarding their neutral tints, assert themselves in warmer tones; the pink deepens and brightens to a ruddy gold; then, as the sun rises clear from the ocean, the waters, transformed, leap exultantly in his fire.

From the chimneys of the township misty columns of smoke ascend; another day has commenced and the life thereof. A vessel under sail is standing in with the morning breeze, her brown, discoloured sails shining with the gleam which the early sun rays have lent them, and from the wharf come the sounds of bustle and preparation. Inland, from the rear of one of the tallest hill crests, mounts a light haze, which, thickening to a dense column of dark smoke, rolls sullenly, heavily, soiling the blue of the heavens above. Bush is being burnt, and beneath the vapour lie tens and hundreds of acres of glowing, blazing timber whose reflection can be discerned in the undermost masses of smoke. Then from the township comes the sound of creaking wheels, and along the white road lumbers an ox team, plodding easily along before an empty wagon.

The teamster, his long whip held rifle-wise across his shoulder, walks slowly at their side, contentedly blowing clouds of plug tobacco-smoke into the fresh morning air. Stolidly the team rumbles past, wending its way towards the distant hills, and, for a lengthy space after its disappearance, the gleaming surface of the tortuous road remains untrodden. Then at an easy amble, comes a rider, straw-hatted and in blue serge, a townsman, evidently, early bound for his office. After his passing, the stream of wayfarers grows more constant, and the road is seldom long without an occupant. The next arrival clatters swiftly along, a widely different stamp of horseman to the last, a station-hand in all the unmistakable paraphernalia of his calling. At his saddle hangs a massive stock whip, its long hide coils curled in a neat circle; a tether line similarly treated, bearing it close company. His bridle, mended in several places, displays appurtenances of flax and string that, notwithstanding the incongruity of the materials, do credit to its owner's handiwork. He, himself, deeply tanned by the sun, in rough, soil-stained, check clothes, worn leggings, much used spurs and soft felt hat cocked at a picturesque angle, sweeps along, part and parcel of the rough-paced nag he rides. Hardly has he gone by than there is a clatter from among the poplars of the township, and the buggy, with the up-country mails, dashes out, the driver whistling cheerfully. All is well with him this summer morning as he rattles over the lights and shades that intersect the firm road. But, perhaps, as he whistles he thinks of other days—winter days of rain, when he will labour toilsomely through the clinging, deep mud; when the waters of the swollen rivers will snatch longingly, viciously at the bold intruder in their stream; and when the road itself, turned traitor, prepares

its treacherous ambushes of slips that bring him to a standstill, if not to grief. Remembering this, perhaps, he presses forward the more gaily to deliver his missives and parcels to the far-away, expectant bushmen. A couple more townsmen pass by, and then appears a rider, better and more showily mounted than any of his predecessors, on a horse that shows "blood," and curvets along proud of himself and of his owner. The costume of the latter, from his stock to his well-fitting boots, is neat and workmanlike, proclaiming him indubitably a sporting station owner. The thoroughbred, as he views the houses of the township, dances along more restively, with nervously pricked ears, but a warning touch of the spur settling his doubts, he plunges forward and is lost to sight.

Not long after he has passed, from round the turn of the road advances a dog, pacing forward slowly and sedately. He appears care laden, this dog; his eyes are intent, his mien is important, his head is turned anxiously at frequent intervals for a hurried glance backwards. Then, at his heels, appears a compact formation of nervous-eyed, timid looking sheep. The front ranks pass, then the main body, squad after squad, column after column. To their right and left march more guardian dogs, who eye the moving flock with wary, gaol-like eyes; a dust-covered horseman passes on the near flank of the column, then another on the further side. Still the procession streams along, when there is a halt, a quick pattering of feet and the sheep crush up helplessly, gazing around with quick, startled glances. Hoarse shoutings and repeated volleys of barks sound from the front and from the rear, the pressure eases bit by bit and once more the mob moves steadily onwards. Here is the tail at last, and more horsemen and a rearguard of dogs move slowly behind the last batch—the weakest and most footsore stragglers who stump along laboriously and with difficulty. At last they are gone and the white dust settles slowly, reluctantly down in their wake. After them comes a "swagger," walking with a swing, but handicapped by the pack upon his back,

whose footsteps quicken, whose eyes brighten as they sight the township. Then follows a burly Maori, singing lustily and mounted on a wizened pony that struggles pluckily beneath his weight, and thereafter a mob of angry-looking cattle who thunder sullenly past to the accompaniment of their own bellowing, and the resounding crack of the stock whips. Last of all a train of pack horses, heavily laden with the weighty "pockets" of wool, toil meekly past, comforted by the thought that their backs will soon be eased of their obnoxious burden.

The sun rises high in the heavens, circles westward, then, sinking, hovers over the distant hills, turning their crests to molten gold, in vivid contrast to which loom the columns of sombre smoke that still rise from the burning bush. The ultramarine is fading slowly from the sky above, and, as it pales, the shrill cries of the minah birds die gradually away. From the township, where the gaps in the poplars permit them, the windows glow in sympathy with the final rays of the setting sun. With a deeper rumble the ox-wagon, loaded to overflowing with hewn logs, drags its way slowly homewards. The shepherds, freed from the care of their hindering flock, dash gaily in company with the station hand towards the golden hills; the cattle drivers, on their tired horses, follow at a more sober pace. In company with a couple of men, evidently his prospective guests, the station owner returns, and, as the party pass by, there is a talk of boundaries, fence lines and flocks. The Maori, singing still but with more emphasis and less coherence than before, swings along at a smart canter, his rolling in the saddle steadied by a precautionary grasp of his pony's unkempt mane. The mail driver returns not, he will sleep far up-country to-night: the "swagger," too, is missing, for his kind have little object in retracing their steps.

A few more figures—strangers, other than the acquaintances of the morn—move to and fro on the darkening road. The light has fled from the windows of the township, the gold has gone from the hill-tops, and the sun has set.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

By Mrs. Chan Toon



It was a hot still Eastern night by the Irrawaddy river.

There was hardly a ripple on the moon-bathed waters, while the air was charged with damp exhalations: the great leaves of the betel palms hung like giant hands against the sky and far away on every side stretched the vast beautiful jungle.

A man leant over the verandah of his bungalow and let his eyes rest languidly on the scene: it was far too warm to sleep and the mosquitoes were unwearied in their attentions: not the faintest breath of wind blew off the river; all things were as motionless as if carved out of stone.

The rays of the wide white moonlight showed up the country for some miles, while the little huts in the village below looked like patches of silver against the soft shadows of the trees.

Now and then an owl flew through the air, or the cry of the *tuc-too* and the subdued voices of the servants in the compound below broke the lonely stillness. To the man all these sounds were familiar; they were part of the glowing tropical night; to him every inch of the place was known. He knew how the little village wound its zig-zag way under the bamboos until it lost itself in the long *kine* grass at the further end. He knew all the *dhunni* houses that stood on piles and who dwelt therein, with all the pleasures and the pains that went to make up their daily lives. He knew how the little brown children played in the shade of the pumpkin creepers; how the Burmans squatted round and laughed and smoked the sultry days away; how the yellow *padouk* flower bloomed by the old Pagoda, with its fantastic curled roof.

He knew every mile of the river, hidden now save where the moonbeams made a flickering, radiant path, just visible through the palm branches. But his thoughts were not of these things: his eyes only saw, as it were, painted on the radiance of the night, visions of the future—a future that was close at hand—filling his mind with dreams of what the onward years would bring to him and his; those exquisite dreams that are so seldom realised, but which are so sweet in the dreaming.

After awhile, he roused himself from his reverie, and, shaking the ashes from his half-smoked cheroot, went within and walked through the rooms that led from one to the other, their shuttered casements showing the star-studded sky without.

Lifting the embroidered *purdah* of a door to the left, he entered, and, standing, looked round, while a faint, happy smile crept slowly up about the tired corners of his mouth. Everything was white, even to the big satin bow that tied the mosquito net; while the orchids that filled the Burmese silver bowls were of pale, creamy tones. It was all his own idea, and he felt quite proud as he once more surveyed the result.

What a lot of time and thought that room had cost him! Nothing had pleased him, nothing had seemed good enough, but now at last he was satisfied; crossing to the dressing-table, he lingeringly re-arranged the pretty filigree trays and boxes with which it was strewn.

Overhead hung a carved *punkah* and in front of the glass was a wicker chair with a white satin cushion on which was painted a peacock: on a round table in the corner some incense was burning, he had put it there to take away the smell

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of mould that so often pervades the rooms in Burmah: on the jail-made chest of drawers were some books and an ivory crucifix, while the bare painted walls were covered with a few coloured prints in white frames: the moonlight filtered through the shutters and he saw himself reflected in the long mirror. . . . "Would she be pleased," he wondered anxiously for the hundredth time, "Would this strange, far-off country smile to her? Could he compensate her for all the ties of home and old associations?"—A terrible misgiving and doubt seized him, and yet—why not? Other women were contented, why not she? So he shook off the momentary feeling of depression and gave one last lingering look round, noting every detail, then went softly back to his own room and after awhile fell asleep to dream of the bride that the morrow would bring.

Long before the grey, cool mists of the dawn had lifted, John Darrell was downstairs, helping the boy to lay the breakfast table and put out the sugar-basin and milk jug in Benares work that had been so carefully wrapped in tissue paper and locked away in the almirah.

Four or five times he altered the places, uncertain as to where she would like best to sit, whether at the top, or the end, or the side, all of which most unwonted interference on the part of the sahib being the reverse of appreciated by Ramasawmy, butler.

It seemed so strange to Darrell to see two places laid and to reflect that for the future it would be always so—what a delightful prospect to have a girl's fond eyes glancing across at him at every meal!

The room itself was really charming, with many doors that gave on to a large hall and the compound beyond, with its waving plantain trees and tangle of flowers and of shrubs; the bungalow stood on a slight hill; a wide open verandah ran all round and commanded the loveliest views of land and water; such light! such colour! such trees and

birds! there were pictures for more than a year in that place.

At length when the table had been laid and relaid and was pronounced finished, John went and stood at the entrance and looked out.

It was a little past seven o'clock and the white heat haze was lifting, the dew sparkled on every leaf and blade, the crows cawed noisily, the sun which was rapidly gaining strength showed rose and gold through the dense leafage and danced in quivering patches of light on the sinuous stretch of broad bright water beyond: a sampan with two men in it shot out from the shore; two squirrels chased each other merrily along the wire railing; a paddy bird, graceful and snowy, made a dainty silhouette against the opaline sky; the dhobi, arrayed in scant and airy garments, was hanging out clothes to dry near the godowns, while the scarlet glint of an ayah's dress showed through the thin hedge that skirted the drive; the pony knocked his hoofs impatiently against the stable, and a long faint trail of blue smoke curled upwards from the handful of huts by the riverside. Everything was the same as it had always been, except for the suppressed air of excitement indoors and the happy expectancy visible in the sahib's bearing.

For seven whole years past John Darrell's eyes had rested on that same scene in all seasons, at all hours, but never before or after with the same sense of intense contentment and peace as on that morning.

Presently he went within and glanced at the clock; the river boat could not arrive for at least two hours: he wondered how he could live through them, he, who had lived all these years always alone.

It was too early to dress so he went upstairs and flung himself into a long chair by the open window, through which he could just catch a glimpse of the zinc roof of the little church which in a few hours would be the scene of his marriage: what a quiet wedding it would be! There were only five Europeans in the Station including himself—but after all what did that matter, he thought, as he lay with half

closed eyes and went back in memory to that day two years ago when he had first seen her who was coming up the river to him now? He remembered that it was on a dull November Sunday in Brixton—a November day in Brixton is not suggestive of romance, even to the most imaginative mind, and yet strangely enough all the romance that John's big, brave, kindly heart ever held began and ended there.

In memory he saw the small, shabby drawing-room of her home, with its hideous ornaments and its cheap pictures, and the prim little garden that bordered the dull uninteresting street; he saw his host with a worn, worried expression seated in the only chair with any pretensions to comfort that the room held; he saw the faded, thin face of the wife who sat opposite, and heard her plaintive, fretful tones crossed by the deep voice of the eldest son—a friend of Darrell's—and the noisy chatter and the occasionally silly giggling of four daughters whose ages ranged from eleven to fifteen. He remembered how utterly bored and wretched he had been feeling when the door opened and there entered a girl with the fairest face his eyes had ever rested on, a face that was destined to haunt him with its changeful beauty to his life's close—so from that time forth, during the entire period of his leave in England, a day hardly passed that did not take him in the direction of Brixton; he was not a rich man and yet compared to her people he appeared so; it had, therefore, been in his power to brighten her life considerably with flowers and books and all the little attentions that women delight in, and gradually he had grown to care for her with a love that was at once terrible and pathetic in its greatness and intensity. And now in an hour, or even less time, she to whom he had given all that was best of himself and his life would actually be beside him! He could hardly realise it—he questioned if man was ever so blessed before.

Then he fell to planning where he would take her, how he would amuse her. They would go up the river first in his launch and stay at the dâk bungalow;

they would drive and talk and dream together; and then towards the close of the year, if he could get leave, they would go to Calcutta and on to the ancient cities of India. How delighted she would be with all the strange glowing Eastern pictures that he would show her! What a glorious time it would be! The days would pass like a poem, a song,—suddenly he broke off, they had come to tell him that the boat was steaming up the river. He dressed hastily with trembling fingers; his heart beat to suffocation; but he was whistling like a boy all the while, and the world-worn look upon his face had somehow slipped away; he fastened a white flower in his coat and then went with rapid, happy footsteps down the tree shaded path to the landing stage. All the villagers were there, a glittering noisy throng awaiting the event of the week; he did not even see them, he passed them without a nod and stood with all his heart in his tear-dimmed eyes gazing down the sunlit water. The heat was quite appalling but he did not feel it.

Like a black floating speck the approaching steamer seemed at first: then slowly it assumed shape, coming as it were out of a golden mist, nearer and nearer, its flat decks well filled with gaily colored figures watching the shore. At last after what seemed an interminable space it came alongside, and the passengers who were of different nations and many degrees of colour pressed eagerly forward, but in all that throng of dusky faces there was but one white one, and that—the Captain's.

Such a clattering of shoes on the sunbaked earth and shrill voices and talk and noise of all kinds ensued, but at the first chance Darrell jumped on board,—she of course must be down below, weary of the journey and the glare. He wished that he could still the quick, heavy, uneven throbbing of his pulse.

"No, there is no lady passenger—all natives," they told him: his brain reeled, all things grew blurred and misty. As if in a dream he heard the Captain say, "This letter was sent on board at Rangoon for you."

She had written then; perhaps she had only been delayed or she was ill or—but in his heart was a sickening sense of despair that told him more convincingly than words that she would not come on that day or on any other in any after time.

He sank down on a deck chair and wrenched open the envelope with trembling fingers; then when the light and noise were blotted from his sight and the mist from his eyes he read—

Evershed's Hotel,
Rangoon.

"Dear, dear John,

"I am so very, very sorry that I cannot come to you—you will be so grieved, I know; but once you said you would not mind at what cost to yourself my happiness was secured, so it may be some small consolation to you to know that I am very happy now and always shall be. I was married this morning to some one I met on the ship coming out—forgive me John, I could not help it; he is rich and he loves me. We go home to England next mail; but please send me one line before then to say that you are not angry."

There were a few more lines of regret added, and that was all.

There in the hot, hard, cruel glare John Darrell went twice straight through its brief contents before he quite understood what it meant; then slowly the full horror of what had happened seemed to dawn on him; he knew that for two whole years she had filled all his life, and now it was worse than if she were dead.

Mechanically he folded up the note and placed it in his breast pocket—all the light and colour had faded from his face for ever.

"No bad news, I hope," said the Captain, as he leant against the hand-rail and wearily wiped his pallid brow."

"No, not particularly," answered John, as he rose, and his voice sounded in his own ears like a death knell; then, without more words, quite blindly and feebly, he made his way back and up the road; that road which he had trodden so lightly only an hour ago. It did not seem somehow possible that so short a time could hold so much of pain, yet so it was.

All his dreams of the future, all brightness, all hope had gone from him; they were buried in the same grave as his lost youth and his empty heart, and of the pall covering them it were best never to lift one corner in the after time.



The man to whom every other man is hail-fellow-well-met, is bound to be popular; and this is where he differs from a woman, who is apt to become unpopular by being amiable to all other women. For women are prone to suspect each other.



Sober views of life are generally drab ones. This accounts for poetry and the National drink bill.



BENISONS.

Blest be this undergrowth! May rain and dew
Increase it still! And blest this tranquil breeze
Which after cooling showers has crept across
Those dark, rich downs that ring the country round!
And blest this sky of June, like April's seen—
Glory of sapphire blue, glory of cloud!

S. R.

THE PATH

BY WINTHROP FLEETWOOD

SEEING that all which lives beneath the sun
 Is, in the last resource, explained by One;
 That every will which works or star which sings
 In fine goes back into the source of things;
 That by a final gathering of force
 The soul of man shall, to complete its course,
 With a great rush return from whence it came;
 The last and first can differ but in name,
 And there is one beginning and one end.

How then these varied interests defend
 Which now distract and dissipate the soul,
 And take it daily further from the whole
 Wherein we know there lies our only good?
 Ah, we have heard and have not understood!
 From the confessions of our lips the heart,
 Untouched and unconvinced, has stood apart,
 So that mere words have tricked us over long.

Now, when the soul is searched, the soul proves strong;
 Zenith and Nadir and the sacred hill,
 Show nothing keener than the human will
 Directed wisely unto wisdom's term.
 Let us be therefore bold, and here affirm
 That one strong wrench and that alone man needs
 To set himself apart from evil deeds;
 And if in ceasing utterly from these,
 The true Path lies, then are all mysteries
 So well within the circle of his days
 That if in truth there sounds a seraph's praise
 About the white light of a central throne,
 Not to the end shall angels serve alone;
 His voice with theirs may join, he stand with them,
 Nor fail at last of any diadem
 Which can crown souls in any place afar,
 Or—if the stars have thrones—lose throne and star.

All this, however, is but mystic speech—
 Our lip-confessions show what man must reach;
 The soul its origin from One discerns,
 And the soul's rest is when the soul returns.
 But up that steep incline which once we trod,
 When we came down—we know not why—from God,
 We also know that none to climb begin,
 Or can do, till they cast away their sin.

Now, is it hard for man to sin no more?
 To say that all which drew aside before
 Henceforth for him is of its might bereft,
 And to go upward is the one course left?
 Bear with me, friends, if what I know full well,

Of all evasions free, for once I tell :
 This is not hard to any heart resolved,
 But in the soul's bent is a change involved,
 A simple reconstruction of the will;
 Then from the soul shall pass the lust of ill.

Think that outside our end all toil is vain;
 Think that who wills can to the end attain;
 Know that what does not to the end belong
 Is folly always when it is not wrong.
 Fix this before you, and you shall not err;
 Nothing shall tempt you, nothing shall deter.

These are plain words, but they comprise all heights;
 They give the lesser and the greater lights;
 And from a complex to a simple mode
 Transmute the soul, so that it knows its road,
 And, sealed with all simplicity, discerns
 How what was many to the One returns.



The secret of getting on in the world is that of passing quickly through it.



Few people have time to think at first hand, but derived opinions are good enough for most subjects.



It is difficult to insist on sincerity in the ordinary relations of life, but we can at least preserve it for use in the greater interests.



If there were not so much vacancy in the universe there would not be room for so much mere wind.



Sorrow is the spade which breaks up the hard earth of the soul and fits it to receive the seed of life.



Liberty, equality and fraternity—these three, and the greatest of these is verbiage.

ASPHODEL

A ROMANCE OF FAËRIE

By Oliver Raymond



BENEDICTUS *qui venit.*
 So you see that after all our meeting miscarried, at which I promised to tell you of certain high consecrations which open the gates of Fairyland, not only bringing you to the threshold, but enabling you to pass beyond it, and to dwell at least for a time in that blessed country. But I say blessed, as you must know, not for what it is in itself but for all that it may haply lead to for those who know that there is something beyond dreaming, and that mystery is enclosed by mystery. Have you not remarked how difficult it is to tell secrets, even when you are face to face, and that you end either by saying something less than you first intended or something altogether different? It would have been the same if we had actually encountered in that hollow vale at moonrise, when I failed to come to the tryst. To speak the truth fully, I am pledged to keep certain secrets, because it has been written that no one can give the mystery to another. Or, if I am not pledged I am prevented, which is the same thing, and this also is why I was kept from the tryst.

But now the divided disc of the early moon, looking motionless in the zenith, casts no beam of light on the pale silver of the sea, which itself seems to diffuse a faint and ghostly radiance, prolonging the twilight westward after a broad, unbroken cloud has closed over the fading splendours of the departed sun.

The wind whispers strange passwords of initiation, and in the half-tones and remote reverberations of the tide, as it slips slowly outward, there is the suggestion of the doctrines which have been kept secret through the centuries. It is an hour of romance, of recollections and revelations. I feel that I can speak to you in part, and that you can listen wholly and in part understand. But it is granted that I must speak in images, for which reason I shall give you a parable, not of my own invention but as nearly as I read it myself in a stained parchment, containing the Book of Truth in the Art.

The Masters say that you can change the common metals into gold by means of Lunaria, since the Herb Moon has such virtues; but this I commend to your interpretation, because this herb is sacred to phantasy, which has a strange power in alchemy. There are also other plants which, albeit they are themselves perishable, will confer the gift of immortality on men and women. I have met with these great elixirs, and have drunk these juices of the amaranth, and it is therefore not without some personal knowledge that I cite here for your illumination so much of the history of Asphodel, a young spirit of the age, as may seem profitable to my judgment, and shall be possible in the elusive nature of things; for it is evident that I cannot give you the whole of his history, seeing that it is not my own, and of my own, even, I remember only a part—some heads of the later chapters, with

many breaks and intermissions. Moreover, all stories are endless.

They called his name Asphodel in the old fable, because he was both mortal and immortal, as you are also, or may be, if you are truly a child of wonder. I should have written of him in verses, except for the hardness of the time and its dislike of decorations in alphabets. It is said that he was beautiful, like a palm tree painted on the door of a great temple; and I know that he had many gifts, among which was that particular gift of wonder, without which you can receive no favour of the fairies. But you have been told already in your own books, and I do not seek to deceive you, that this endowment and those favours do not make for happiness, as we commonly understand it. The fairy gifts, more especially, produce an alteration in the heart like that of a man jaded by thought, for whom the first-hand enjoyment of the outside world is very nearly impossible. If you would share this imprescriptible prerogative of the birds and the other animals, among whom the natural man is included, I would recommend you, forsooth, not to go travelling in Fairyland, and to be careful how you turn the corner of certain streets, lest you get into strange places suddenly and find gardens where all the trees bring forth forbidden fruit.

I am not certain that Asphodel was a king's son according to the body, but there are also shadows of kings, and he may have come of this lineage; but it is enough that he was a child of wonder. This, you should know, was because he had a pure intelligence—in other words, one which was unsophisticated, direct and simple, simplicity being a great secret of wonder. Even as language is of the heart, so "wonder is of the soul," and is the soul in its first awakening. I would speak to you more fully on this subject if there were places for meeting in the universe, but we are walking on either side of a high wall which muffles our voices when sea and wind do not drown or carry them away. Well, the result of this simplicity was that Asphodel knew what he wanted, and those who know this will sooner or later learn whither they are going; for, maid

or man, wherever such an one would journey there shall a road be found. He was aware already that the forlorn mystery of enchantment lies on the other side of the hill: he thought of that land daily, and speculated whether it would be a good thing if a young neophyte or postulant might perchance enter it. He saw that it was veiled by many tears of heaven and many sighs of earth; he heard how the wind cries: "Waste, Waste!" about its borders; how the trees on the hither side answer: "The heaven for height and the earth for depth"; and how the sea in the live light from a distance shouts: "The heart of the King!" Sometimes his own heart responded vaguely the one word, "Unsearchable!" If you had asked him, he could not have said why before he went into Fairyland.

In the night-time, Asphodel found that he could get quite easily to the borders by thinking, but he could not get through the veil created by the tears of heaven and the sighs of earth, and, indeed, this barrier grew denser because of them, since earth and heaven have so much to mourn for in common. All men, however, have either been into fairyland, or are in course of going there, and the boy's turn was approaching. Those who have been acolytes at the altar will in time be advanced to the thurible, and after that we know that there are the great ordinations. I will tell you, therefore, what Asphodel did in his difficulty: desiring to know what hindered him, he put open the doors and windows of his house, says the fable. The reason is this, namely, that if the stars cannot come to a man it is certain that he must go to the stars; but in the last resource they come to him, as the moon did to Endymion. Now, it is a pity to go in search of that which will come itself and bring you. The secret is to be patient, wondering and watchful. You will have heard, even in this world, that it is right and a good custom to leave the departing spirit an easy means of egress; how much more, therefore, when you would welcome visitors from without, in which case it is certainly unwise to bar the doors, for there are few who will come in by the

windows. Outside these considerations, it is a salutary thing, at least, to pull up the blinds that the sun of glory may enter.

It fell at length upon a day that a stranger entered the house, and he consecrated Asphodel with a certain chrism—or *oleum dilucidum*—upon the eyes. The eyes of this stranger were all that could be seen by Asphodel, and his hands were all that touched him. And the stranger said: "Do not look outside your house for the treasure which is within doors."

That night Asphodel saw for the first time that the hill was quite near to his dwelling, so that the mountain does really come to the prophet. And he kept open the doors and the windows.

On the third day after, a second stranger entered and consecrated him on the ears and lips, as it seemed with another chrism—or *oleum translucidum*. The face of this stranger was all that could be seen by Asphodel, but the lips and the hands touched him, and the face was a face of vision. The stranger also said to him: "A man's dreams are things of his own household."

When the night fell Asphodel saw that his house stood on the slope of the higher side of the hill, and he had not been aware of this previously, yet things were vague in the mist. He heard also the murmur of many voices, with a few words distinguishable among them, and his own tongue seemed loosened, so that when one spoke he could answer. And he kept open the doors and the windows, yes, even from attic to basement.

He kept open house in this manner till the third day next after, when a third stranger entered and consecrated him on the forehead and on the feet with a very great and secret chrism—as it were, *oleum superlucidum ineffabile*. The entire stature and proportion of this stranger was then seen by Asphodel, like a soul of mournful and sublime mien after the passing of many purifications, and one unto another they gave and received a kiss of peace. The stranger also said to him, as one speaking from very far away: "To the opening of the gates; to the place of mournful gifts;

to see further; to feel more deeply; to know more truly; to hear what the world cannot listen to; to be conscious of the illusions and of that infinite which interpenetrates the illusion."

Thereupon Asphodel was aware that his house stood upon the crown of the hill, at which he was greatly astonished, because it had been unknown to him previously, and there was no need any longer to keep open the doors and the windows, seeing that no one could close them on account of the great company which ever went in and came forth of the first hierarchies of Faërie. At moon-rise that evening, Asphodel found that the mist had lifted, though it is certain that by reason of the tears of heaven and the sighs of earth, it was denser than ever on the other side of the hill, being the side which looks towards Egypt.

He remembered for the first time his early history, though the scene of it he could not remember. He knew that he was a child of mystery, and that he had been born into the place of a mystery. To his birth came a Fairy, who offered his father and mother a choice between two destinies—that the boy should be happy and not great, or great, but, after many manners, unhappy. And they made themselves the sponsors for this baptism of the spirit, choosing rather that he should grow up strange and illuminated in soul, but born to many ordeals of the greater infortunes. And the stars were dignified and afflicted, and set in the house of his life accordingly. He remembered that so far already his story had been very wonderful, but withal sad and haunted. Yet he did not doubt that if he should look back on it at the end of his pilgrimages, he would not repent the choice which had been made, because he also looked forward to victory. Then said a voice at his shoulder: "Be thankful that you have been kept from common things."

Asphodel was now a dweller in the Land of Faërie, which is also the Land of Wonder, the gift of wonder within him having become manifest without him. He saw that all Nature is enchantment, and, in spite of many wise men, that the world was made by magic,

which is the power of runes, rhythms, harmonies and secret measures. He saw also that there are many spheres of sorcery, and how men pass from one into another till they come at last where all bewitchment terminates; but of what follows no one sees anything in Fairyland, for it is far beyond all incantations.

I wish I could tell you properly of the great progress which this young neophyte made through the whole region, but, in the first place, the fable, as I read it, is unfinished, and, in the second, he is still on his journey, though it is now scarcely in Fairyland; and, lastly, I am oppressed too much with the many meanings that underlie all the stories I have met with not to lose sight of the narrative, or of what you would call the adventures, in the endeavour to explain its construction; and, therefore, I am an indifferent story-teller. In the same way, if I were asked to describe an opal I should begin to tell you its virtues and the scheme of symbolism which is contained in its colours. What is more, I do not wish to forestall your own history, in case you should understand me sufficiently and should yourself get into Fairyland. And I who love so well and know also in a measure those garden valleys, with all their wavering ways, assuredly hope that you will, as, indeed, I also believe it. As to this, I must tell you that a man enters Fairyland either by choice or necessity; if he is not born in it, he must get into it, just as the art of magic either finds a man holy or makes him so. I have already remarked that Asphodel is there no longer, and the reason for this is that no man ever stays there. I say this, confessing that I have sometimes questioned whether there is really a way out. I ask myself: Have we not all dwelt in it? Were we not born in it? Do we not die therein? The answer is, perhaps, that I have tarried a long time, and, indeed, in this respect, I have much to answer for, and to-day I am more self-weary than usual. Or perhaps those who have misused Fairyland become its prisoners and victims; for such misuse is possible. But all the great books

written by those who know, testify that, in the end, we come out of it; for, though it is a local habitation, it is not an abiding city. The old stories which we have all read in our childhood confirm this, though most of them deal with the borders. You will remember that the heroes always come back, which is true in its way, though what they do actually is to go forward.

Your adventures, when you reach it, will not of course be those of Asphodel, because every man maketh his own Fairyland, and his heart also comes to its own bitterness in doing so, as it fell out surely with him. But the heads of the stories are similar. Do you remember in the old, old fairy tales how the enchanted prince or princess, before they could be restored to their proper place and inherit their proper crown, had to be hurt, broken or wounded, after some manner, and were afterwards happy for ever. This is as much as they could say in the stories, which are like a man walking on his head, and what you must look to receive in Fairyland is a wound before you can be crowned; but with that hurt no one looks to live happily, however high he is throned, no, not till the ages of ages. They call it, I can scarcely say why, the orbicular wound: I have been suffering from it all my life, though it has never led me to Kingdom.

Before Asphodel got his own wound—in the first days of his sojourning—he had the experience of this suffering in others. There was the dolorous instance of a Prince of the Promontory, beyond which dwells the bound Lady of the Enchanted Rock, who is nourished by souls in the shape of clouds and birds. He had the fortune to love this lady, and was hurt grievously in the attempt to reach her. Of herself I can tell you nothing but that she would have loved him could he have saved her from that weariness. And now it goes hardly with him to save himself, for this kind of wound is hard of healing in Fairyland, as the old legends of the Morning Star might sufficiently tell you. Another instance was that of a young man of base birth who therefrom was endowed by his fairy with a miraculous gift,

namely, that the images of his mind became living things. It was these which turned to rend him. But the third—to make an end of these episodes—was that which befell a maiden. An evil witch out of malice decreed this curse upon her—that who ever did good to her should be the victim of evil fortune, but whoever loved her should die. There was one way to avert this destiny, and in the end she adopted it; that was to be wounded by one who loved her for one whom she did not love. I have never been able to learn why the tales of woman's trials in Fairyland are always so sad and heavy-hearted; but it is always and in every respect the land of desire, very far from the land of fulfilment.

You will begin to wonder why anyone should seek to enter it, and to weaken sensibly in your purpose. But the fact that you are wondering shows that you are already on the way, and, lest this should savour of a refinement, let me add that no man repents of his wounds or really desires their healing, except in the due time, and that this is the case with myself, though I shall never tell you how I came by the hurt which I have.

Now, Asphodel came by his own after the following manner:—Once in every hundred years, says the old fable, it was the belief of a certain people which was curiously enchanted, for there are nations, as you will know, in Fairyland, and strange and wild enchantments; it was their belief, as I say, that one man must take upon himself, for their expiation, the sins of the country, and that this sacrifice must be voluntary. Moreover, he must be a stranger, that is to say, one who had not participated in the sins of the people. It is not known in these chronicles what would have happened had no sacrifice been forthcoming at the required time; there had, in the course of the ages, been many terrible suspensions and uncertainties, but if not in advance, and occasionally, as one might say, out of season, then in the last few breathless hours, before the close of the epoch, the desire of the nation was manifested, the throng—bewildered and foreboding—gave up the

one who would save them, who took upon himself the sins of the nation, surcharged in a solemn rite, receiving a mystical wound, and being put forth, as one who is accursed, over the borders.

Long already as it seemed to him, had Asphodel sojourned in Fairyland when he reached these regions, on a night that was very far spent, and saw a pallid concourse surging madly about a ghostly temple, crying that the veil was rent, that the sacred fire was failing, and that the stars would fall in the night-tide, for no stranger had offered himself. I must not tell you with what words this young pilgrim in ecstacy showed himself on the high steps leading up to the door of the temple or in what rites he participated behind the black veil, amidst shrouded figures moving under darkened lamps in the cloud of their thuribles. But I know that he came forth as a man who has seen with his own eyes the sorrow that is at the heart of Fairyland, which of all things in the four known worlds is the weariest of its own sorcery.

This, as nearly as can be told, is how Asphodel came by his wound of Faërie, after which he saw many thrones and dynasties, many worlds of initiation, that is, of entrance into things held secret, until at length he came into his own domain, and found that which awaited him. Now, there are kinds of kingship which, though not always in the same sense, are invariably heritages of woe; but that which is sown in Faërie is also reaped therein, and, knowing this, he accepted the kingship which fell to him and all its mournful eminence. It would have been no otherwise had he refused, save the longer sorrows, as I have found by my own researches into the Laws of Royal Succession in Fairyland, and into the means by which a mortal may become king of that country. It is quite certain that, after the proper conditions have been fulfilled, you may be king for the asking in Fairyland—king over the people who cry: "Give us houses to dwell in!"—king over those who cry to escape from their houses—and no man wants for palaces. O strange abodes of the soul! In truth, any peg will answer to hang a crown on.

And Asphodel dwelt long in the Land of Faërie, as in the world of vision, the first sphere beyond the threshold, the place of prophecy and divination, of many changes and conversions. But as before the beginnings of his wanderings, so then, he kept open the doors and windows, and thus he came gradually to know of the prospects which were beyond his abode, so that in the end, he went forth out of Fairyland to be healed of his wound, though I know not the day nor the hour. And this is rightly the end of the story.

Now, if you ask me whether there is another way, I can say only that I knew a monk who was at his vespers, and a great gallery opened in the convent, which led into a great chamber that had never been seen by man, but beyond this chamber the holiest of all monks had no need to seek further. This shows, at least, that it is better to chant your *Pater* than to set a platter on the roof and expect manna from heaven to fall thereon, albeit I have known of bread not made with hands which came down upon strange places where no one had looked for it.

Do not ask me at this time to speak more plainly, for I can only remember the heads of a certain thesis which was once affixed by a travelling student to the gates of a college at Salamanca, as follows:—

“In respect of all that which has been affirmed, truly or falsely, of that which has been called Faërie, I, *Frater Peregrinus*, maintain against all comers,

1. It is the place beyond the threshold.
2. It is the sphere of an experience.
3. It is the desire for a star spiritualised.

4. It is the memory of home.
5. It is the place of the soul's wandering, not of its rest.
6. It is the approximation of utterance towards the inexpressible.
7. It is also a house of prayer.
8. It is not without any man.
9. It has other names.


But this student was taken, and lest I also speak freely, I will now make an end of these testimonies with certain observations by way of caution to those, and you among them, who may still persevere in their design to enter Fairyland. You cannot hear the sea without feeling that beyond the great world there is one that is greater still. Its signs and omens and messages are written on all created things. Yet Fairyland is not the place of the illumination, for if this world is like darkness unto light, the other is like phosphorous to light. It is for this reason that all the adventures of King Arthur took place in Fairyland, except the quest of the Graal. But seeing that the locust has not eaten its years, in the end you shall get what you want therein in the way that you want it, and hold it so that you shall not weary. And so long as you have not entered may you have good news by the throstle, for there are many voices, and a green heart of the winning summer through all the livelong day, till the world shall be put to rest in rosemary and lavender. And when you have entered Fairyland, may the stars and the fairies have you in their blessed keeping for the great things that are to come. Meanwhile, let us make the most of one another, for we know not—indeed we know not. *Ite, missa est.*



Manners are said to make man, both outwardly and inwardly, but it is not generally thought that they make for the blessed life; and yet after all there may be room for good taste, even in eternity.

A HOME COMING

By Ethel M. Goodman

“ PLEASE, Miss, he's come home with a parrot and not a shoe to his foot, and quite satisfactory!”

This was the message the widow Conquest brought me on a Monday morning in June, when she should have been washing.

She was wide enough to block out two tall spires of rose-coloured hollyhocks, as she stood in front of the row which divided the kitchen garden from the river bank. She had a neat wedge of grey tweed let into the back of the black gown which had been given her by a slim lady of my acquaintance, and a lilac apron which she was trying to turn round behind her, remembering too late that it wasn't manners to come to the Hall in working clothes. Her battered sailor hat surmounted a face scarlet with tears and triumph and the June sun.

For a moment I stared across the sunny garden in hopeless bewilderment; then remembered that “he” could be no other than Angelina Conquest's graceless son, who had been pitchforked into the merchant service three years before after fruitless efforts to get him to stay respectably at home, or to go into the Navy or Marines.

Once a week for these three years had Angelina formally thanked me for getting the boy off, and all the time, as I well knew had she hated me in her heart for not letting him go to the bad at home, where she could keep an eye on him. She had never set foot in my house since he went away, she welcomed me at her cottage door and glared furiously as I departed, in the plain hope of never seeing me any more. Nothing had been

heard of the boy Anthony, “an' a good job too!” her neighbours remarked. But now at the end of three years she was announcing the return of the prodigal and his parrot in the orthodox bare-foot wretchedness, as though she proclaimed an angel's visit.

Before I fully grasped what she was saying, a distant whistle reached her ears and mine, a few bars of a song popular three years before.

“That's him, that's Ant,” she called over her turned shoulder. “He's yon side the river, you can hear him what's whistlin'. I'll fetch him so's you can see him!” and she was gone in a mist of affection and vain glory before I had finished half a sentence of congratulations.

While I waited, I recalled a former home-coming of Anthony's, six years ago. He had run away to sea with three shillings earned as a butcher's errand boy, and no luggage; had tramped seventy miles to London Docks and disappeared from our ken; turning up some months later at Cambridge with a new suit of clothes, a pistol, and thirteen cartridges, and “no visible means of support.” The magistrates ascertained that he had paid for the clothes and weapons out of honest earnings, and telegraphed to his mother to fetch him home—a climax which spoiled the buccaneering flavour of his previous adventures.

Angelina would not try to find work for him, convinced that no one wanted a “bad boy.” Anthony sat at home in hiding lest his enemies should jeer at him for being “fetched home by his mammy.” I unearthed him when calling for Angelina's club money, standing

reflectively in Angelina's kitchen with his sister's "long-clothes" baby under his arm. He glared sullenly at me as at all the world in those days—a young Ishmael, whose solitude was cheered by "minding" that unattractive infant. It was evident that this was the only society in which he felt safe from jibes, and from being made to work. I thought I saw a cartridge in his jacket pocket; he was thin and overgrown and hollow eyed and sulky, and he looked up at me and recognised me in a grudging manner as a kindred spirit. He demanded without opening his lips that I should provide him with a career.

Then there was a year during which Anthony met me more times a day than I should have thought possible, demanding generally boldly with his sulky eyes, sometimes deprecatingly with hesitating voice, "whether I had found him a ship?"

Now the Manor of Slepe is a tiny inland town which knows nothing of the sea and little enough of anything beyond its own beautiful placid water meadows. It was some time before I found that I could send Anthony to the Navy Recruiting Office at Cambridge. He was pronounced fit and sent home to wait six months before joining his ship. The village draper was so impressed by the "character" I had wrung from the butcher wherewith to recommend Anthony to his grateful country, that he took him on as errand boy. Everything was *couleur de rose*; except that Angelina, though verbally grateful, obviously thought me a dangerous character, capable of supporting myself nefariously on a pistol and cartridges. She regarded me as Anthony's accomplice, whereas the rôle I had booked for myself was that of guardian angel.

Next day two boys rang the door-bell and demanded that I should "get them into the Navy." One was still at school when he wasn't stealing chickens, the other had no roof to his mouth, and had to write his request on my "engagement slate," before I could find what he wanted. Both were naturally incensed because I could not hold out hopes to persons of their years and attainments.

They were the advance guard of a battalion, who seemed to think the Navy an asylum for the unemployed.

But all poor Anthony's time "in the Navy" was spent at home carrying the draper's parcels. He went apple-stealing with some "good" boys, who by the grace of their virtue or their agility, escaped, while Anthony got "five shillings or a week." The draper did not know of another boy, and was a kind-hearted man of sorts: he offered to pay the fine. Anthony, with his usual wrong-headedness, refused. His mother could hardly make ends meet, prison cost nothing, it was he who stole the apples and not Mr. Timkins. Moreover Anthony felt at the back of a somewhat patchy and seared conscience that if Mr. Timkins had known who knocked down so many of his walnuts, he might not have been so ready with the five shillings. So Anthony went to prison for a week and lost his chance of the Navy, which if he had only known, would swallow stolen apples and a fine, but not apples and a week's gaol.

All this Angelina had told me on my return from abroad. Anthony was on my hands again, a worse boy than ever. I did not make much of a success in lecturing him on the apple episode, having read only that day a bishop's impenitent confession of stripping vineries in his public school days. And Anthony gave me no help, being neither cheeky nor contrite, only taciturn and pessimistic as usual.

After this I informed innumerable shipping offices of Anthony's length and breadth and height, and made confession to them of his ill-doing. They wrote polite and impracticable letters, or, if I called on them in remote dens in the city, they were effusively polite, but still relentless.

The Marines coquetted for a while with me and Anthony, each depot holding out hopes that the next might take him as a bugler; but it all came to nothing.

Anthony "went of errands" continually, looking a solid slab of misery. Angelina said that if he wasn't got away soon he would "do something dreadful," when at last a berth was found by a

ship-owning friend of mine. Anthony was packed off at a week's notice, and Angelina settled down with an immense weight off her mind. The boy was "got away out of mischief."

I don't know how long she really felt like that; she used the words continually for the three years of his absence. But before he had been gone three months she was quite convinced that the appointed prop of her old age had been torn from her, that the good smooth-headed little boys at school would miss the care of their elder and suffer all their lives from the loss of their second father. Anthony did not write, and Angelina gave him up for lost before his ship had reached Penang. And being among the departed he henceforth ranked as a saint, with Angelina's husband, who had even less claim to the title, and the married daughter's "long clothes" baby whose death in whooping cough would have been averted if "Ant" had not gone to sea.

But to me poor Angelina still kept her old attitude. Anthony had been a bad boy, Anthony was, thanks to me, out of mischief, and his mother was unendingly grateful. Poor soul, this was her loyalty; and the best I could do was to affect to take it as a real expression of opinion.

And now, my cakes unmade, my proofs uncorrected, my house keeping undone, I waited for Angelina to return with the prodigal. My character as a benefactress was no doubt restored, but Anthony was here again in the flesh, shorn of his halo of departed sainthood, but "quite satisfactory," and "with a parrot."

Before I had at all decided how to take the situation, Angelina came stumping triumphantly up the grass alley, her width quite concealing the returned sailor following in her rear. As they reached the house, she turned and disclosed him—the most astonishing figure as to clothes it has been my lot to see.

He made a bow with admirable dignity and gravity; then stood, hat in hand, regarding me with a kind of amused compassion.

"I wouldn't ha' come like this here, miss," he began; "doing you small credit for making a man o' me, with me lookin' the moral of a scare-crow an' all. But mother were that anxious to show you I worn't dead, she couldn't wait for me to be decent."

"I'm glad to see you back, Anthony," I said. "Do you like the sea?"

"I'll say nothin' agin it, ma'am," he answered. "If you'd a' known what I was goin' to, if I'd a' guessed half, I shouldn't a' gone; I'd a' been pickin' pockets in London. It's made a man on me, but it were an uncommon hard job."

Angelina stood looking at the handsome lad in his motley clothes; then suddenly screwed up her hard face and burst into tears. We understood her to say that it was gratitude to me and Providence which affected her. Anthony looked on good-naturedly, puzzled.

"It is'n't a many 'ud be grateful to have me back similar the same as a scarecrow," he said meditatively, when we were toasting the occasion in lemonade and cake. "Stands to reason to be grateful as you got me away. Lor'," he ejaculated, more in amazement than penitence, "I were a caution of a bad boy!"

In a future interview I asked Anthony, now smartly dressed in brand new sailor man's clothes, what it was about the sea which had made a man of him.

"Kicking," he replied briefly, but with a cheerful smile, obviously anticipating future voyages when he should hand on that blessing.

Anthony comes to see me now after every voyage, generally bringing a "curiosity" as a present, and thanking me formally for making a man of him. But a coolness has arisen between me and Angelina Conquest. I bar the way to her cherished fiction that Anthony was an aureoled saint from his babyhood up. I disturb the legend that the whole neighbourhood conspires to build around the handsome sailor; her stern eye accuses me of cherishing recollections of apples, pistols, police-courts and cartridges. She comes, indeed, as near to hating me as a woman of her placid temperament can attain. She lays to

my account the kickings that Anthony so cheerfully recalls, and reflects piously that it must be a hard-hearted woman that would get a boy like her "Ant" into the Merchant Service.

When I look back over a life moderately long, and, according to my friends, exceedingly ill-spent; Anthony is one of the most cheering objects in the landscape. He is still unfailingly grateful to me, not only for procuring the kick-

ings which "made a man of him," but for recognising years ago that he was not too bad to help; and yet more, that he is not now "good" enough for the hero of a tract, as his mother has persuaded the neighbours.

Angelina would rob him of all his past, if I was not there to remind him that he once stole apples. And Anthony is human enough to be half-proud of having been a "caution of a bad boy."



THE DEMAGOGUE

To his rostrum the demagogue boldly has leapt,
While the people, enraptured, his efforts acclaim;
The fire of Revolt, in his bosom that slept,
Now breaks into seeming unquenchable flame.

Small wonder his accents the pariahs lure,
Small wonder the starvelings respond to his call;
Oh, 'tis down with the Rich Man and up with the Poor,
With Liberty's banner to float over all!

Such thundering anathemas hurled on the street
Would breed insurrection in men and in gods;
Is it strange, that the Government shakes in its seat,
When smitten with such oratorical rods?

O Men in High Places! Not yet shall ye pass,
If with time-honoured wisdom your counsels ye grace;—
Though his lungs be of iron, his voice be of brass,
There's a cure for the demagogue. *Give him a place!*

JOHN FERRABY.



When a woman is the object of effusive cordiality from another woman, she at once concludes that she has in some way shown herself at a disadvantage.



Those kindly souls who are used as butts for the wit of their fellows are often avenged by Fate, for their complaisance tempts many an aspiring humorist to make a fool of himself.



A quite modern example of the *deux ex machina* is found in the factory-made idol designed for export to the heathen.