# THE LONDON
# MERCURY

## Edited by J. C. SQUIRE

May 1925

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THE LONDON
# MERCURY

*Editor*—J. C. SQUIRE *Assistant Editor*—MILTON WALDMAN

Vol. XII No. 67 May 1925

## EDITORIAL NOTES

ONE of the difficulties with which every age has to contend is that of how to adjust the conflicting claims of the needs of the moment, of the legacy from the past, and of the hopes of the future. The two last are, perhaps, more nearly allied than, at first sight, they may seem ; for forethought is merely the act of seeing that future ages shall succeed to a worthy inheritance, in which what is now the present moment must be but one speck in a long vista of retrospection. So that, when we treasure what past ages have left us, and when we are slow to sacrifice to the need of an instant that which it has taken centuries to create, we are, in so doing, safeguarding the joys and amenities of our heirs. The difficulty is to know when something that we have inherited has become a permanent burden upon the race, and when it only offers an obstacle to a transient whim. The past must not be allowed to retard the progress of a nation, or of the world, but it is mere foolishness to burn down a yew tree in order that a cartload of hay may be driven over its site. It is a question of perspective and of commonsense ; a matter of being able to project ourselves forward in imagination, and of considering thence how our action appears. An age of low sensibility and culture destroys the past without thought and without comment. It is therefore probably a sign of grace in us that this always difficult adjustment is so constantly in our minds, and that public discussion is so frequently aroused upon the real quality of this or that alleged "improvement" and the sacrifices it involves.

THESE reflections have been called forth by several events of the last month. First of all there has been the announcement that the Royal Society, in order to raise money for the purchase of modern scientific works, has decided to sell by auction, on May 4th, certain of its books. This proposed sale—it is perhaps even now not too late to hope that something

may be done to avert it—raises several important points of principle, and we, being laymen, should even have thought that points of law might also be raised. The majority of the books in question were given to the Society by Henry Howard, afterwards sixth Duke of Norfolk, through the intervention and good offices of John Evelyn, the diarist. Howard's grandfather, the Earl of Arundel, had been ambassador to Vienna in 1636, and had brought many of them back to England when he returned. Henry Howard did not, apparently, care greatly for his books, and it was to save them from dispersal that Evelyn persuaded him to present them to the Royal Society. The first point that arises is, therefore, how far a corporate body is bound, in accepting a gift, by the wishes of the donor. That, in itself, is a matter of some importance, especially since it is clear that, in this instance, the donor intended these books to find a permanent home in the Royal Society's library, for he made a stipulation that, if the Society should ever come to an end, the books were to be returned to Arundel Castle. It is obvious that the Society had a perfect right to refuse the books, or to accept them on its own terms, but it is by no means so obvious that it has any moral right, having accepted them on the conditions which are recorded, now to dispose of them. It is true that most of the books are of no " scientific value " (in a restricted sense of that phrase), and it is also true that the Royal Society is now a purely scientific body; but some respect is surely due to the obligations which its history has laid upon it. This is still further evident when it is considered that, as *The Times* pointed out in a leading article, at the time when Evelyn persuaded Howard to make his donation, presentation to the Royal Society was the nearest equivalent, then available, to presentation to the nation. Had the transaction been a modern one, taking place, that is to say, since the foundation of the British Museum, it might be fair to argue that the books were presented to a particular Society, and that that Society was free to do with them as it would; for it might well be said, then, that if they had been intended as a gift for the nation they would have been presented to the British Museum. The matter standing as it does, however, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that these volumes, which it is proposed to sell, are, morally speaking, national property, and that they should rightfully be transferred to Bloomsbury. The Royal Society, indeed, about ninety years ago, went some way towards recognising this, when it allowed the British Museum to purchase certain valuable manuscripts from the same collection. Full recognition, of course, would have involved handing them over without receiving payment, and we are not sure that this might not, logically, if not legally, be claimed.

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THE books which the Royal Society wishes to sell are not, it has already been admitted, of present day " scientific value "—though one might imagine that a scientific society might allow itself to be sentimental enough

to retain on its shelves the first printed edition of Euclid. It may even be admitted that the Royal Society is not, to-day, their most suitable custodian, and that they are probably not much appreciated in their present surroundings—though, when one remembers the wide culture and humane interests of so recent a President of the Royal Society as the late Sir Archibald Geikie, one may begin to feel doubtful of this. Many of them, however, would be highly valued in our national collections. There is, for example, a French sixteenth-century edition of Livy in a fine binding bearing the arms of Mary, Queen of Scots, its one-time owner. There is a second folio of Shakespeare, with the title-page in a state (probably early) which has not hitherto been recorded by bibliographers. There is a magnificent series of sixteenth-century tracts by Luther. Moreover—and, from the point of view of monetary value, most important of all—there is the only known copy of the first edition, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1664, of John Eliot's translation into the Massachusetts Indian language of Richard Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*. Great Britain is, at the moment, comparatively poor, and it is useless to expect that these and other treasures can possibly be bought for the nation at public auction. It is, therefore, all the more exasperating to find that the Royal Society regards them only as a means of raising money. On what, moreover, will this money be spent? On the purchase of modern scientific works which will, most of them, be out of date in a few years, and valueless. Surely future generations will look back on this sale (if it takes place) with sorrow, and will accuse us of being bad economists and unfaithful custodians.

ANOTHER instance of the way in which the same problem keeps confronting us is in connection with a bill, promoted by a company, which is at present before Parliament. This bill seeks power to construct certain roads for motorists in southern England, and the proposed routes cut right through some of the most beautifully secluded and rural parts of Surrey and Sussex. It is no part of the function of this periodical to take part in political controversy, but this particular Parliamentary bill is not a party matter and touches a question of national æsthetics. We therefore feel at liberty to comment upon it, and to express the hope that it will not become law unless it is made very much more evident than it now is that the true progress of our nation demands the sacrifice of beauty which these motoring roads would entail. Is it not possible for motorists to moderate their speed to the decency which the use of existing roads demands? Moreover, the motor-car already has a possible rival in the aeroplane, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in a few years all travelling to which a high speed is essential will be through the air, and that, if these motoring roads have been made, they will be found to have ruined, all for nothing, some of the last remaining deeply rural country within easy reach of London.

A MORE hopeful way in which this same difficulty (that of caring properly for the past, or the future—which you will) has been discussed during the past few weeks has been in a correspondence in *The Times* on the preservation of our wild flowers. Our birds have long been protected, with varying degrees of success, and now the thoughts of lovers of England have turned to the flowers. Their case is not so desperate as that of many birds and beasts. It is comparatively seldom that a species is in danger of total extermination, unless it happens to be both showy and rare—not an invariable combination, by any means. Where a species has actually been exterminated, it has usually been because it existed only in one place and its sole habitat has been destroyed by the spread of a town or the draining of a fen. The botanist has probably done comparatively little damage, and has to-day a livelier conscience than some of his predecessors. A few rare and beautiful plants—some of the orchids, for example—are, however, certainly in danger of extinction and these might well be protected even from the professional and conscientious botanist. The greatest danger to our flowers comes from the tripper and the amateur gardener, who have, between them, succeeded in depriving certain localities of some of their most beautiful plants. The Royal Fern has gone entirely from some places where thirty years ago it was common. The lovely shrub, *Daphne Mezeream*, has been almost completely transplanted by gardeners from its native woods to the grounds of suburban villas. In some districts, even, the primroses and the sweet violets have all been rooted up and carried away. Anything that can be done, by legislation, or by education, or by the creation of nature reserves, to ensure that our descendants shall have as lovely blossoms to look upon as we ourselves rejoice in, will be all to the good, and may do something to balance those inheritances which, from necessity or from negligence, we have in our time sacrificed.

# LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

JOHN SARGENT, R.A., who has died at the age of sixty-eight, was one of several American artists—including Whistler and Abbey—who came to Europe as students in the second half of the nineteenth century and made this country their home: an earlier exemplar being Benjamin West. Mr. Sargent, in his prime, was perhaps the most sought-after portrait painter since Reynolds, not excluding Lawrence. He had the name of being ruthless with his sitters. Certainly he told the truth, and the truth must often be cruel; as it is in the Wertheimer series which now overpower the visitor to the National Gallery. But given a sympathetic subject he did not caricature, and many of his early portraits of women, whether separately or in groups, are delicious: while the country-houses of England are strewn with delightful portrait-drawings by him. Late in life he announced that he would paint no more portraits and he painted no more, his more recent work (what there was of it) consisting mainly of brilliant oil-sketches of rock and water and of a few symbolical and decorative paintings. Whether he had enough depth to rank with the great painters is doubtful; but he was a brilliant technician, had a keen eye for the superficies of character, and never became mechanical even when he was most fashionable. He was, personally, a modest and direct man, very much liked by his friends. Had he been willing he might have been P.R.A., but he shrank from the public duties. His reminiscences would have been very interesting, but we do not think that he wrote them.

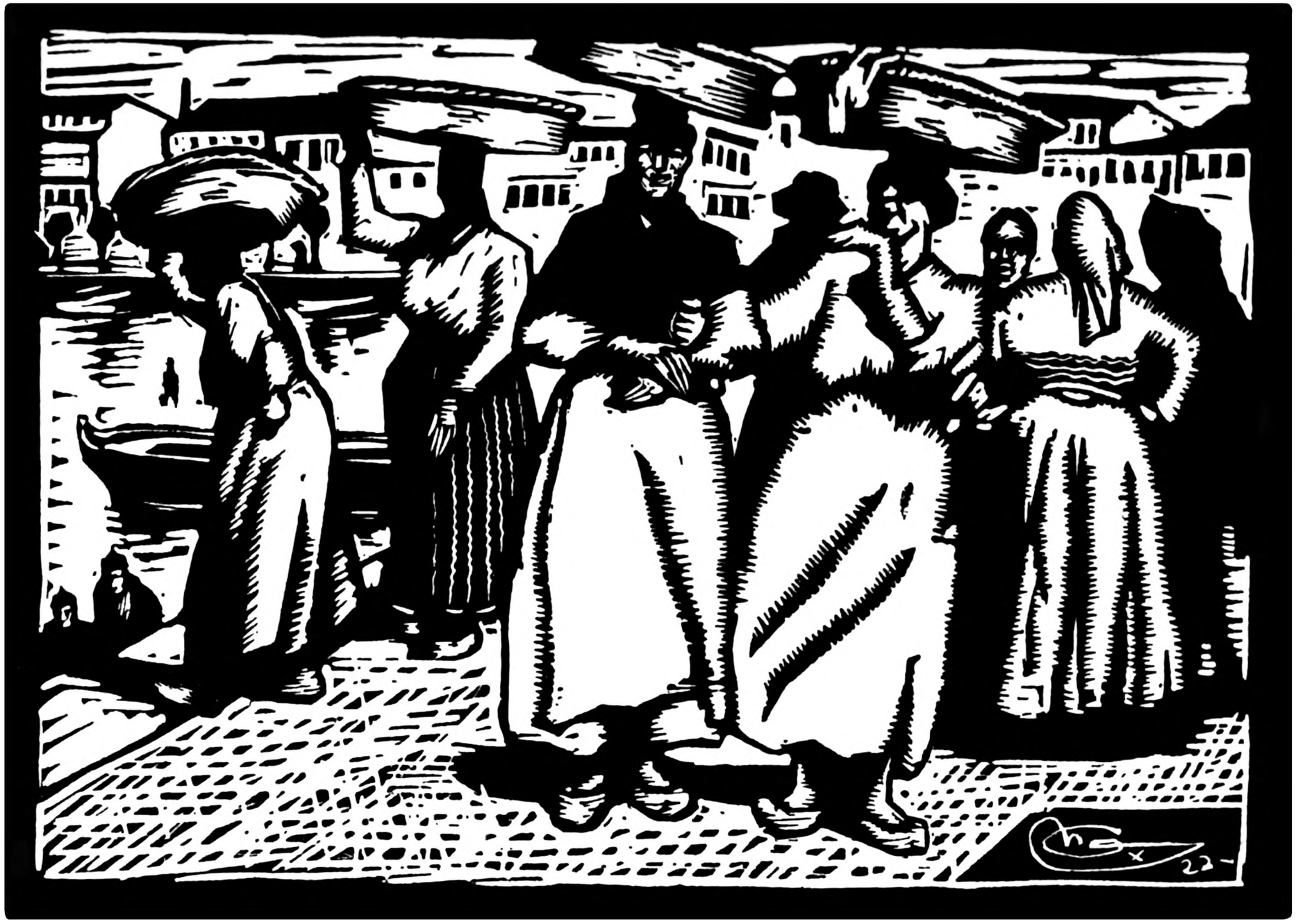
THE Stage Society's production of *The Colonnade*, by Stark Young, settled several points that the reading of the play had raised. It proved, for instance, that what was clear in the book was, on the stage, merely inarticulate. Mr. Young failed, in fact, to convey plainly a sincere emotion, and he allowed his main idea to be overwhelmed by what should have been a background. The action of the play is confined to the past and the future. There is therefore very little on which we can base the sympathy that we are so evidently intended to feel for the hero. John Dandridge returns from the deathbed of his mother, who died two days before the play begins, to the stagnancy of his southern home. When this, and incompatibility with his father (over a matter also earlier than the play), proves too much for him, he goes out—into the future, to write, " to manage somehow," as these heroes say, in New York, and we are reduced to feeling as though we were in a waiting-room, listening to the private conversation of a family party. It is, indeed, a "literary" play, and not enough action occurs to justify the four acts. The first is full of remarks only to be accounted for as " clues," which we pick up, to find, as we listen to the after-meal conversations of the following acts that they are inconsequent—no doubt symbolical in their inconsequence. Irrelevancies are all very well in their way, but when they are further supposed to be significant we can only welcome Evelyn Dandridge's remark, " He seems very tiresome to me." As for the acting, the part of John was unfortunately cast. Surely if there is any actor who can act (which must to a certain extent include, *look*) a young man of twenty-four, it is Mr. Tom Douglas. We suppose, however, that he is condemned to wrestle with his accent (which would here have been an advantage) in Hungarian dramas and French farces. Be that as it may, Mr. Oscar was altogether too much of the

old school. His changes of tone and his movements were both in the traditional, red-light-for-anger style. Shrieking altercations with his father were constantly springing up and before we quite knew why, father and son were apologising—" I'm sorry, sir, I'm all over-wrought."—" That's all right, son." The aunts, too, were disappointing. But Miss Stella Turleigh was very good. She made Evelyn Dandridge, John's wife, a figure that had all our sympathy. Mr. McKnight Kauffer's setting for the Dandridge house had dignity and charm ; the suggestion of heat, the light slanting in from the shutters were excellent.

SOME thirty years ago a first effort was made, on the initiative of the Elizabethan Literary Society, to honour the genius of Christopher Marlowe by erecting a monument to his memory in his native town. Owing to lack of funds, the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury was left incomplete. The design provided four niches in the pedestal to be filled by statuettes of Marlowe's chief tragic heroes. Three of these niches remain empty ; and a Committee has been formed to collect funds to finish the memorial. It is also suggested that tablets should be erected at Marlowe's school and college, King's School, Canterbury, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Marlowe in his plays gave an imperishable gift to English literature, and the Committee earnestly hope that a generous response will be given to their appeal for completing a fitting memorial to one who, despite his brief career, ranks with the great poets of the world. It is estimated that £1,500 will be required. Sir Sidney Lee has undertaken the office of Treasurer, and donations may be paid either into the account of the Marlowe Memorial Fund, Midland Bank Ltd., 69, Pall Mall, London, S.W., or to the Honorary Secretary, Miss Joyce Brown, 33, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1

THE Cambridgeshire Festival of Music was held in Cambridge at the end of March. The programmes consisted of competitions for String Quartets, Brass Bands, Church and Chapel Choirs, and Choral Societies, all from villages in the county. After the competitions had been decided, an attractive and interesting concert was given by the winners and entrants. The next day there was a concert by a massed choir of 400 children, and demonstrations of singing and dancing by children. The county of Cambridge is clearly fortunate in the encouragement that the study and practice of music receive, and it owes this to the Cambridgeshire Council of Musical Education, who undertook the organisation of the festival, which it regards as one of the first steps to this end.

THE first number of the *Europäische Revue*, under the editorship of Prince Karl Anton Rohan, made its appearance during the past month. The editor's foreword declares that the purpose of the paper is to make known the spiritual unity of Europe, a programme which includes in no way, however, the sentimental doctrine of universal brotherhood. Contributors to this number include Hugo Von Hofmannsthal, Francesco Nitti, Ignaz Seipel, Guglielmo Ferrero, André Gide, Ernst Robert Curtius and Karel Capek, the non-German authors appearing in translation. The offices of the publication are in Leipsic.



FISHWOMEN
*Woodcut by* H. GLINTENKAMP.

# POETRY

## *The Passing of the Farmer*

"WHAT caused the breakdown, do I think ?
Undoubtedly," the ox cried, " Drink,
That first of all the reason dims
Then staggers trunk and limbs."

At this the Ass informed the Cow
" There's little hope for Master now.
Since Sunday night he's grown so weak
He scarce can sip or speak.

" But grief ? Of us four-footed, though
Our disillusion has dawned slow,
I doubt there's one can dare pretend
Grief at this dodderer's end.

" He has done no good about the farm
These fifteen years but plenty harm.
For all his use," the old Ass said
" He might have long been dead.

" Our hopeful forbears at his birth
Proclaimed the reign of Heaven on Earth.
Now Ox and Ass (you, sir, and I)
Confess that view a lie.

" Still, to ensure domestic peace
We inform the turkeys, ducks and geese
' He rules, he rules, serene and great,
Proof-armoured against fate.'

" ' Granted,' we say, ' he's no more seen
Tending fat sheep in pastures green
Or scattering at the break of morn
Largesse, profuse, of corn,

" ' Master must be assumed to know
Where best his favours to bestow.
He has left us (caring for us still)
To cultivate free-will.

" ' Himself, from some grand inner room
Directs the cowman, steward and groom,
Makes up his ledgers, page by page,
In joy or solemn rage.

" ' Our feeding and our water-time
Our breeding and our slaughter-time,
The dyke, the hedge, the plough, the cart
These thoughts lie next his heart.'

" The simple birds believe this true,
What now, poor poultry, will they do,
Stunned with confusion, when the glum
Gloved undertakers come,

" Tilting the coffin past the pond,
The ricks, the clamps, the yard beyond,
Skirting the midden-heap with care
Then out, they know not where ? "

" And I deplore," the Stallion said
" The passing of this figure-head.
A farm-yard moving masterless
Alarms me, I confess."

" Tut," the cow answered " when he's gone,
They'll find that farm-life still goes on.
Routine, be sure, ran much the same
Long years before he came.

" Though interregna, history shows,
Are fruitful of alarms and blows,
New masters always seem supplied
In place of those who have died.

" Truc, the same headstone marks them all
' His rise was better than his fall,'
But if this next reign too starts well . . .
Hush, now ! the passing-bell ! "

ROBERT GRAVES

## *Garden Plans*

I'LL have the primrose grow in grass,
Held up in hands of soft, green moss.
If in twelve months no green moss grows
On that large stone, then out it goes.
Above my window-top there'll be
A creeper that grows wild and free ;
Until so many leaves have grown,
They'll make a curtain halfway down.
In that round corner place shall grow
A holly tree, for Winter's snow ;
There shall the Robin Redbreast sing,
Till snow—that feathers everything
That has no life-blood pulsing through—
Would feather his warm feathers too !
This lime, now old, I'll slowly kill
With creeper-sucker leaves ; until
The leaves that grow around its bole,
Makes it a child all beautiful—
When with her naked knee that's brown,
She stands with half her stocking down.
A lovelier death no man shall see—
Than seen in my half-strangled tree.

W. H. DAVIES

## *The Grasshopper and the Ant*

(*La Fontaine, Fables*, I, i)

A GRASSHOPPER the summer long
Sang her song,
And found herself when winter came
Without a morsel to her name—
Not one scrap of worm or fly
Had the careless thing put by !
So she took her tale of want
To her neighbour, Mistress Ant,
Begging for a small advance
Of the needful sustenance
Till the spring came round next year.
" I'll repay you, never fear,
Interest and principal,
Sure as I'm an animal."

The Ant has many faults, I own
But being too ready with a loan
Is not among them. " Well, my dear,
Tell me how you spent the summer."
" Night and day, to every comer,
Please you, ma'am, I sang my ditty."
" Singing, were you ? very pretty !
Now's your chance,
Mistress Grasshopper, to dance."

EDWARD MARSH

## *Sonnet*

GIPSY (Gipsy was alive then) and I
Lay down lost one night up on the high moor
Near Killiecrankie. We had meant to lie
Until the moon came up for I was sure
To find a bearing then ! The moon was up
When we awoke, I and the Gipsy pup.
And for a long time we sat still up there
Watching the moon go up and up, until
We fell asleep again. We didn't care
Much where we slept then, scarcely felt the frost
Crackling the heather, nor the stinging chill
In the moor wind, and less, that we were lost.
She snuggled into the crook of my knees—
I felt her there and was at perfect ease.

GEORGE DICKSON

## *Across Europe*

*German frontier Post on the Salzburg Road.*

On each side,
Pine forests climb right up to the sky,
And a double rainbow low over the road :
Oh land of fairy tales !

*Linz.*

Grey-green and deep and wide and very rapid,
Ice cold from glaciers in the high Alps.
We stand at last on the bank of the Donau,
Cradle of the Goths.

*Schönbrunn.*

And it rained, and it rained
On those mostly empty cages in the Tier-garten,
And the grey lakes and paths, and the chipped stone work,
And it dripped
From the trees,
In all the clipped, wet, matted alleys in the Schönbrunn.

*Northern Hungary.*

The thin crops patching the plain,
The long mud villages,
White geese and grey geese, hundreds of flocks of geese,
And a belled filly dancing over the road !

*Strbske Pleso.*

Come and walk with me
Through the flowering woods, the pine, the larch, the scattered [rowan,
Never out of hearing
Of some clear, rushing stream,
Never out of sight,
Of some high, sunny, lonely peak between us and Poland.

*Krakau.*

I.

In the moonlight
The still air swells with fantastic shapes of buildings,
Churches and towers budding into the sky.
Eastwards . . . eastwards. . . .

II

There are so many dead kings,
And live Jews,
And monks and nuns and soldiers ; and filth in the streets.
But what is Poland ?

*Brnno.*

Go through the dullest part of the town
To a dullish square,
With a plain red church, and a big, railed cabbage garden,
And lay your wreath
At the stone feet of Mendel.

*Hildesheim.*

Under the high, beautiful, jutting houses,
All carved and gilded by long dead master craftsmen,
They pass up and down, up and down, and look at one
With sullen eyes. . . .

NAOMI MITCHISON

# *Don Quixote*

ARMOUR and helm unlaced, the lean old knight
Dreams, between sleep and waking, of the days
When first he rode out seeking adventure bright,
To bring a decadent world to nobler ways.

Himself he sees at halt upon a hill,
While Rosinante crops the sunburnt grass,
And Sancho grumbles, scratches, swigs his fill
—And thinking on honour and his peerless lass.

He sees the windmills stride across the plains,
And armies in a haze of dust, bright spears,
Priests, damsels, students, prisoners in chains,
Mambrino's golden helmet . . .
Then he hears
Homebound, outside his doors, a flock of sheep.
" Sancho ! " he calls ; forgets, and falls asleep.

DENIS VINCENT

# *Limericks from Atalantis*

'NEATH root of a shadowless tree
In lost Atalantis lies she,
Ah, how long ago
Adored—To and fro
Flit the shadowless shapes of the sea :—

Fish on the roads that we roved
In that age-ago time when there loved
A queen and a king !
Our love was like spring
E'en so short, e'en so lovely it proved,
So sweet and so fleeting it proved.

White, like a moon-beam she lay
In these arms. Did my counsellors gray
Cry " O King, now arise ! "
Did mine enemy's spies
Surround me to plot and betray ?

I cared not for these nor for those. . . .
I am dead. She is shed as the rose
Whose petals are torn
Of a tempest. Forlorn.
Under ocean the place of our woes,
The world of our glory and woes.

Peer down from your ships as ye pass
Now above us. The sand of Time's glass
Ran on and was split
E'er your cities were built
Which again shall be green with the grass·
Quiet and lost in the grass :

Or lost in the waters that creep
To cover such lovers as sleep
'Neath a shadowless tree ;
Forgotten as we
In lost Atalantis drowned deep.

Yet was she not tender as night ?
And fierce as the shaking of light
That follows the thunder
And taketh its plunder
Of life in its passionate might ?

O sweeter than honey that drips
From the combe was the taste of her lips.
Her touch was as flame—
Ye know not her name
Nor care, O ye sailors of ships !

Ye have loves of your own, and To-day,
Haste ye to kiss while ye may !
Yet spare ye a sigh
For the love that must die
And the glory that passeth away :—
*For the glory it passeth away*.

F. W. HARVEY

# *The Angler's Legacy*

HIS rod, his creel, his parchment book :
These were his loved companions then,
What time his single way he took
Remote from anxious haunts of men.

Mark well his rod : its lissom strength
Plays to the bidding hand once more,
But who could cast his wondrous length
And yet so fine as he of yore ?

His well-worn book : with reverent care
The pages turn and, see, how trim
The motley flies are ordered there
In shining coils as left by him.

These deemed he likeliest when the sun
At noon rode imminent on high,
And those when earliest hours had run
Or gathering clouds possessed the sky.

His osier basket ! Furnished still
As he would fish again to-day—
Ah, mourn with me the frustrate will,
The harmless purpose gone astray !

No more the willowed stream beside,
With changing art as change the hours,
He lingers now till eventide,
Half-hid in affluent water-flowers ;

No more with laggard step and slow
He wends his homeward way when fades
From field and stream the sunset glow
And ghost-moths fleck the musky shades ;

Nor lifts the latch, nor sees within
The cheerful board, nor tells his tale—
What monsters failed he just to win !
How bright the sun, how fierce the gale ! . . .

Belike, in some far other sphere,
  His tribute paid of praise and song,
He, should'ring now celestial gear,
  With good Saint Peter goes along

To net the sapphire sea ; or roves,
  With joy at heart no words can tell,
At dawn, the amaranthine groves,
  The dew-drenched fields of asphodel ;

To find at last the crystal brook
  And see, with unexpectant thrill,
Old Isaak watch with steadfast look
  The endless hours his patient quill.

* * * * *

Doubt not that whereso'er he be
  And what his fate he still doth find
In angling joys, tranquillity,
  Contentment for the simple mind.

CECIL HARMSWORTH

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# A VIEW FROM A HILL

By M. R. JAMES

HOW pleasant it can be, alone in a first-class railway carriage, on the first day of a holiday that is to be fairly long, to dawdle through a bit of English country that is unfamiliar, stopping at every station. You have a map open on your knee, and you pick out the villages that lie to right and left by their church towers. You marvel at the complete stillness that attends your stoppage at the stations, broken only by a footstep crunching the gravel. Yet perhaps that is best experienced after sundown, and the traveller I have in mind was making his leisurely progress on a sunny afternoon in the latter half of June.

He was in the depths of the country. I need not particularise further than to say that if you divided the map of England into four quarters, he would have been found in the south-western of them.

He was a man of academic pursuits, and his term was just over. He was on his way to meet a new friend, older than himself. The two of them had met first on an official enquiry in town, had found that they had many tastes and habits in common, liked each other, and the result was an invitation from Squire Richards to Mr. Fanshawe which was now taking effect.

The journey ended about five o'clock. Fanshawe was told by a cheerful country porter that the car from the Hall had been up to the station and left a message that something had to be fetched from half-a-mile farther on, and would the gentleman please to wait a few minutes till it came back? "But I see," continued the porter, "as you've got your bysticle, and very like you'd find it pleasanter to ride up to the 'All yourself. Straight up the road 'ere, and then just turn to the left—it ain't above two mile—and I'll see as your things is put in the car for you. You'll excuse me mentioning it, only I thought it were a nice evening for a ride. Yes, Sir, very seasonable weather for the haymakers: let me see, I have your bike ticket. Thank you, Sir; much obliged: you can't miss your road, etc., etc."

The two miles to the Hall were just what was needed, after the day in the train, to dispel somnolence and impart a wish for tea. The Hall, when sighted, also promised just what was needed in the way of a quiet resting-place after days of sitting on committees and college-meetings. It was neither excitingly old nor depressingly new. Plastered walls, sash windows, old trees, smooth lawns, were the features which Fanshawe noticed as he came up the drive. Squire Richards, a burly man of sixty odd, was awaiting him in the porch with evident pleasure.

"Tea first," he said, "or would you like a longer drink? No? All right, tea's ready in the garden. Come along, they'll put your machine away. I always have tea under the lime-tree by the stream on a day like this."

Nor could you ask for a better place. Midsummer afternoon, shade and scent of a vast lime-tree, cool, swirling water within five yards. It was long before either of them suggested a move. But about six, Mr. Richards sat up, knocked out his pipe, and said : " Look here, it's cool enough now to think of a stroll, if you're inclined ? All right : then what I suggest is that we walk up the park and get on to the hill-side, where we can look over the country. We'll have a map, and I'll show you where things are ; and you can go off on your machine, or we can take the car, according as you want exercise or not. If you're ready, we can start now and be back well before eight, taking it very easy."

" I'm ready. I should like my stick, though, and have you got any field-glasses ? I lent mine to a man a week ago, and he's gone off Lord knows where and taken them with him."

Mr. Richards pondered. " Yes," he said, " I have, but they're not things I use myself, and I don't know whether the ones I have will suit you. They're old-fashioned, and about twice as heavy as they make 'em now. You're welcome to have them, but *I* won't carry them. By the way, what do you want to drink after dinner ? "

Protestations that anything would do were overruled, and a satisfactory settlement was reached on the way to the front hall, where Mr. Fanshawe found his stick, and Mr. Richards, after thoughtful pursing of his lower lip, resorted to a drawer in the hall-table, extracted a key, crossed to a cupboard in the panelling, opened it, took a box from the shelf, and put it on the table. " The glasses are in there," he said, " and there's some dodge of opening it, but I've forgotten what it is. You try." Mr. Fanshawe accordingly tried. There was no key-hole, and the box was solid, heavy and smooth : it seemed obvious that some part of it would have to be pressed before anything could happen. " The corners," said he to himself, " are the likely places ; and infernally sharp corners they are too," he added, as he put his thumb in his mouth after exerting force on a lower corner screw. " What's the matter ? " said the Squire.

" Why, your disgusting Borgia box has scratched me, drat it," said Fanshawe. The Squire chuckled unfeelingly." Well, you've got it open, anyway," he said.

" So I have ! Well, I don't begrudge a drop of blood in a good cause, and here are the glasses. They *are* pretty heavy, as you said, but I think I'm equal to carrying them."

" Ready ? " said the Squire. " Come on then ; we go out by the garden."

So they did, and passed out into the park, which sloped decidedly upwards to the hill which, as Fanshawe had seen from the train, domin-ated the country. It was a spur of a larger range that lay behind. On the way, the Squire, who was great on earthworks, pointed out various spots where he detected or imagined traces of war-ditches and the like. " And here," he said, stopping on a more or less level plot with a ring of large trees, " is Baxter's Roman villa." " Baxter ? " said Mr. Fanshawe.

"I forgot; you don't know about him. He was the old chap I got those glasses from. I believe he made them. He was an old watch-maker down in the village, a great antiquary. My father gave him leave to grub about where he liked; and when he made a find he used to lend him a man or two to help him with the digging. He got a surprising lot of things together, and when he died—I daresay it's ten or fifteen years ago—I bought the whole lot and gave them to the town museum. We'll run in one of these days, and look over them. The glasses came to me with the rest, but of course I kept them. If you look at them, you'll see they're more or less amateur work—the body of them; naturally the lenses weren't his making."

"Yes, I see they are just the sort of thing that a clever workman in a different line of business might turn out. But I don't see why he made them so heavy. And did Baxter actually find a Roman villa here?"

"Yes, there's a pavement turfed over, where we're standing: it was too rough and plain to be worth taking up, but of course there are drawings of it: and the small things and pottery that turned up were quite good of their kind. An ingenious chap, old Baxter: he seemed to have a quite out-of-the-way instinct for these things. He was invaluable to our archæologists. He used to shut up his shop for days at a time, and wander off over the district, marking down places, where he scented anything, on the ordnance map; and he kept a book with fuller notes of the places. Since his death, a good many of them have been sampled, and there's always been something to justify him."

"What a good man!" said Mr. Fanshawe.

"Good?" said the Squire, pulling up brusquely.

"I meant useful to have about the place," said Mr. Fanshawe. "But was he a villain?"

"I don't know about that either," said the Squire; "but all I can say is if he was good, he wasn't lucky. And he wasn't liked: I didn't like him," he added, after a moment.

"Oh?" said Fanshawe, interrogatively.

"No, I didn't; but that's enough about Baxter: besides, this is the stiffest bit, and I don't want to talk and walk as well."

Indeed it was hot, climbing a slippery grassy slope that evening. "I told you I should take you the short way," panted the Squire, "and I wish I hadn't. However, a bath won't do us any harm when we get back. Here we are, and there's the seat."

A small clump of old Scotch firs crowned the top of the hill; and, at the edge of it, commanding the cream of the view, was a wide and solid seat, on which the two disposed themselves, and wiped their brows, and regained breath.

"Now, then," said the Squire, as soon as he was in a condition to talk connectedly, "this is where your glasses come in. But you'd better take a general look round first. My word! I've never seen the view look better."

Writing as I am now with a winter wind flapping against dark windows and a rushing, tumbling sea within a hundred yards, I find it hard to summon up the feelings and words which will put my reader in possession of the June evening and the lovely English landscape of which the Squire was speaking.

Across a broad level plain they looked upon ranges of great hills, whose uplands—some green, some furred with woods—caught the light of a sun, westering but not yet low. And all the plain was fertile, though the river which traversed it was nowhere seen. There were copses, green wheat, hedges and pasture land : the little compact white moving cloud marked the evening train. Then the eye picked out red farms and grey houses, and nearer home scattered cottages, and then the Hall, nestled under the hill. The smoke of chimneys was very blue and straight. There was a smell of hay in the air : there were wild roses on bushes hard by. It was the acme of summer.

After some minutes of silent contemplation, the Squire began to point out the leading features, the hills and valleys, and told where the towns and villages lay. " Now," he said, " with the glasses you'll be able to pick out Fulnaker Abbey. Take a line across that big green field, then over the wood beyond it, then over the farm on the knoll."

" Yes, yes," said Fanshawe. " I've got it. What a fine tower ! "

" You must have got the wrong direction," said the Squire ; " there's not much of a tower about there that I remember, unless it's Oldbourne Church that you've got hold of. And if you call that a fine tower, you're easily pleased."

" Well, I do call it a fine tower," said Fanshawe, the glasses still at his eyes, " whether it's Oldbourne or any other. And it must belong to a largish church—it looks to me like a central tower ; four big pinnacles at the corners, and four smaller ones between. I must certainly go over there. How far is it ? "

" Oldbourne's about nine miles, or less," said the Squire, " It's a long time since I've been there, but I don't remember thinking much of it. Now I'll show you another thing."

Fanshawe had lowered the glasses, and was still gazing in the Oldbourne direction. " No," he said, " I can't make out anything with the naked eye. What was it you were going to show me ? "

" A good deal more to the left—it oughtn't to be difficult to find. Do you see a rather sudden knob of a hill with a thick wood on top of it ? It's in a dead line with that single tree on the top of the big ridge."

" I do," said Fanshawe, " and I believe I could tell you without much difficulty what it's called."

" Could you now ? " said the Squire. " Say on."

" Why, Gallows Hill," was the answer.

" How did you guess that ? "

" Well, if you don't want it guessed, you shouldn't put up a dummy gibbet and a man hanging on it."

"What's that?" said the Squire abruptly. "There's nothing on that hill but wood."

"On the contrary," said Fanshawe, "there's a largish expanse of grass on the top and your dummy gibbet in the middle; and I thought there was something on it when I looked first. But I see there's nothing—or is there? I can't be sure."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Fanshawe, there's no such thing as a dummy gibbet, or any other sort, on that hill. And it's thick wood—a fairly young plantation. I was in it myself not a year ago. Hand me the glasses, though I don't suppose I can see anything." After a pause: "No, I thought not: they won't show a thing."

Meanwhile Fanshawe was scanning the hill—it might be only two or three miles away. "Well, it's very odd," he said, "it does look exactly like a wood without the glass." He took it again. "That *is* one of the oddest effects. The gibbet is perfectly plain, and the grass field, and there even seem to be people on it, and carts, or *a* cart, with men in it. And yet when I take the glass away, there's nothing. It must be something in the way this afternoon light falls: I shall come up earlier in the day when the sun's full on it."

"Did you say you saw people and a cart on that hill?" said the Squire incredulously. "What should they be doing there at this time of day, even if the trees have been felled? Do talk sense—look again."

"Well, I certainly thought I saw them. Yes, I should say there were a few just clearing off. And now—by Jove, it does look like something hanging on the gibbet. But these glasses are so beastly heavy I can't hold them steady for long. Anyhow, you can take it from me there's no wood. And if you'll show me the road on the map, I'll go there to-morrow."

The Squire remained brooding for some little time. At last he rose and said, "Well, I suppose that will be the best way to settle it. And now we'd better be getting back. Bath and dinner is my idea." And on the way back he was not very communicative.

They returned through the garden, and went into the great hall to leave sticks, etc., in their due place. And here they found the aged butler Patten evidently in a state of some anxiety. "Beg pardon, Master Henry," he began at once, "but someone's been up to mischief here, I'm much afraid." He pointed to the open box which had contained the glasses.

"Nothing worse than that, Patten?" said the Squire. "Mayn't I take out my own glasses and lend them to a friend? Bought with my own money, you recollect? At old Baxter's sale, eh?"

Patten bowed, unconvinced. "O, very well, Master Henry, as long as you know who it was. Only I thought proper to name it, for I didn't think that box'd been off its shelf since you first put it there; and, if you'll excuse me, after what happened. . . ." The voice was lowered, and the rest was not audible to Fanshawe. The Squire replied with a few words and a gruff laugh, and called on Fanshawe to come and be shown his room.

And I do not think that anything else happened that night which bears on my story.

Except, perhaps, the sensation which invaded Fanshawe in the small hours that something had been let out which ought not to have been let out. It came into his dreams. He was walking in a garden which he seemed half to know, and stopped in front of a rockery made of old wrought stones, pieces of window tracery from a church, and even bits of figures. One of these moved him curiously: it seemed to be a sculptured capital with scenes carved on it. He felt he must pull it out, and worked away, and, with an ease that surprised him, moved the stones that obscured it aside, and pulled out the block. As he did so, a tin label fell down by his feet with a little clatter. He picked it up and read on it: "On no account move this stone. Yours sincerely, J. Patten." As often happens in dreams, he felt that this injunction was of extreme importance; and with an anxiety that amounted to anguish he looked to see if the stone had really been shifted. Indeed it had; in fact he could not see it anywhere. The removal had disclosed the mouth of a burrow, and he bent down to look into it. Something stirred in the blackness, and then, to his intense horror, a hand emerged—a clean right hand in a neat cuff and coat-sleeve, just in the attitude of a hand that means to shake yours. He wondered whether it would not be rude to let it alone. But, as he looked at it, it began to grow hairy and dirty and thin, and also to change its pose and stretch out as if to take hold of his leg. At that he dropped all thought of politeness, decided to run, screamed and woke himself up.

This was the dream he remembered; but it seemed to him (as, again, it often does) that there had been others of the same import before, but not so insistent. He lay awake for some little time, fixing the details of the last dream in his mind, and wondering in particular what the figures had been which he had seen or half seen on the carved capital. Something quite incongruous, he felt sure; but that was the most he could recall.

Whether because of the dream, or because it was the first day of his holiday, he did not get up very early; nor did he at once plunge into the exploration of the country. He spent a morning, half lazy, half instructive, in looking over the volumes of the County Archæological Society's transactions, in which were many contributions from Mr. Baxter on finds of flint implements, Roman sites, ruins of monastic establishments; in fact, most departments of archæology. They were written in an odd, pompous, only half-educated style. If the man had had more early schooling, thought Fanshawe, he would have been a very distinguished antiquary; or he might have been (he thus qualified his opinion a little later), but for a certain love of opposition and controversy, and, yes, a patronising tone as of one possessing superior knowledge, which left an unpleasant taste. He might have been a very respectable artist. There was an imaginary restoration and elevation of a priory church which was very well conceived. A fine pinnacled central tower was a conspicuous feature of this; it reminded Fanshawe of that which he had seen from the hill, and which the

Squire had told him must be Oldbourne. But it was not Oldbourne; it was Fulnaker Priory. "Oh, well," he said to himself "I suppose Oldbourne church may have been built by Fulnaker monks, and Baxter has copied Oldbourne tower. Anything about it in the letterpress? Ah, I see it was published after his death,—found among his papers."

After lunch the Squire asked Fanshawe what he meant to do.

"Well," said Fanshawe, "I think I shall go out on my bike about four as far as Oldbourne and back by Gallows Hill. That ought to be a round of about fifteen miles, oughtn't it?"

"About that," said the Squire, "and you'll pass Lambsfield and Wanstone, both of which are worth looking at. There's a little glass at Lambsfield and the stone at Wanstone."

"Good," said Fanshawe, "I'll get tea somewhere, and may I take the glasses? I'll strap them on my bike, on the carrier."

"Of course, if you like," said the Squire. "I really ought to have some better ones. If I go into the town to-day, I'll see if I can pick up some."

"Why should you trouble to do that, if you can't use them yourself?" said Fanshawe.

"Oh, I don't know; one ought to have a decent pair; and—well, old Patten doesn't think those are fit to use."

"Is he a judge?"

"He's got some tale: I don't know: something about old Baxter. I've promised to let him tell me about it. It seems very much on his mind since last night."

"Why that? Did he have a nightmare like me?"

"He had something: he was looking an old man this morning, and he said he hadn't closed an eye."

"Well, let him save up his tale till I come back."

"Very well, I will if I can. Look here, are you going to be late? If you get a puncture eight miles off and have to walk home, what then? I don't trust these bicycles: I shall tell them to give us cold things to eat."

"I shan't mind that, whether I'm late or early. But I've got things to mend punctures with. And now I'm off."

* * * * *

It was just as well that the Squire had made that arrangement about a cold supper, Fanshawe thought, and not for the first time, as he wheeled his bicycle up the drive about nine o'clock. So also the Squire thought and said, several times, as he met him in the hall, rather pleased at the confirmation of his want of faith in bicycles than sympathetic with his hot, weary, thirsty, and indeed haggard, friend. In fact, the kindest thing he found to say was: "You'll want a long drink to-night? Cider-cup do? All right. Hear that, Patten? Cider-cup, iced, lots of it." Then to Fanshawe, "Don't be all night over your bath."

By half-past nine they were at dinner, and Fanshawe was reporting progress, if progress it might be called.

"I got to Lambsfield very smoothly, and saw the glass. It is very interesting stuff, but there's a lot of lettering I couldn't read."

"Not with glasses?" said the Squire.

"Those glasses of yours are no manner of use inside a church—or inside anywhere, I suppose, for that matter. But the only places I took 'em into were churches."

"H'm! Well, go on," said the Squire.

"However, I took some sort of a photograph of the window, and I daresay an enlargement would show what I want. Then Wanstone; I should think that stone was a very out-of-the-way thing, only I don't know about that class of antiquities. Has anybody opened the mound it stands on?"

"Baxter wanted to, but the farmer wouldn't let him."

"Oh, well, I should think it would be worth doing. Anyhow, the next thing was Fulnaker and Oldbourne. You know, it's very odd about that tower I saw from the hill. Oldbourne church is nothing like it, and of course there's nothing over thirty feet high at Fulnaker, though you can see it had a central tower. I didn't tell you, did I? that Baxter's fancy drawing of Fulnaker shows a tower exactly like the one I saw."

"So you thought, I daresay," put in the Squire.

"No, it wasn't a case of thinking. The picture actually *reminded* me of what I'd seen, and I made sure it was Oldbourne, well before I looked at the title."

"Well, Baxter had a very fair idea of architecture. I daresay what's left made it easy for him to draw the right sort of tower."

"That may be it, of course, but I'm doubtful if even a professional could have got it so exactly right. There's absolutely nothing left at Fulnaker but the bases of the piers which supported it. However, that isn't the oddest thing."

"What about Gallows Hill?" said the Squire. "Here, Patten, listen to this. I told you what Mr. Fanshawe said he saw from the hill."

"Yes, Master Henry, you did; and I can't say I was so much surprised, considering."

"All right, all right. You keep that till afterwards. We want to hear what Mr. Fanshawe saw to-day. Go on, Fanshawe. You turned to come back by Ackford and Thorfield, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I looked into both the churches. Then I got to the turning which goes to the top of Gallows Hill; I saw that if I wheeled my machine over the field at the top of the hill I could join the home road on this side. It was about half-past six when I got to the top of the hill, and there was a gate on my right, where it ought to be, leading into the belt of plantation."

"You hear that, Patten? A belt, he says."

"So I thought it was—a belt. But it wasn't. You were quite right, and I was hopelessly wrong. I *cannot* understand it. The whole top is

planted quite thick. Well, I went on into this wood, wheeling and dragging my bike, expecting every minute to come to a clearing, and then my misfortunes began. Thorns, I suppose; first I realised that the front tyre was slack, then the back. I couldn't stop to do more than try to find the punctures and mark them; but even that was hopeless. So I ploughed on, and the farther I went, the less I liked the place."

"Not much poaching in that cover, eh, Patten?" said the Squire.

"No, indeed, Master Henry: there's very few cares to go—"

"No, I know: never mind that now. Go on, Fanshawe."

"I don't blame anybody for not caring to go there. I know I had all the fancies one least likes: steps crackling over twigs behind me, indistinct people stepping behind trees in front of me, yes, and even a hand laid on my shoulder. I pulled up very sharp at that and looked round, but there really was no branch or bush that could have done it. Then, when I was just about at the middle of the plot, I was convinced that there was someone looking down on me from above—and not with any pleasant intent. I stopped again, or at least slackened my pace, to look up. And as I did, down I came, and barked my shins abominably on, what do you think? a block of stone with a big square hole in the top of it. And within a few paces there were two others just like it. The three were set in a triangle. Now, do you make out what they were put there for?"

"I think I can," said the Squire, who was now very grave and absorbed in the story. "Sit down, Patten." It was time, for the old man was supporting himself by one hand, and leaning heavily on it. He dropped into a chair, and said in a very tremulous voice, "You didn't go between them stones, did you, Sir?"

"I did *not*," said Fanshawe, emphatically. "I daresay I was an ass, but as soon as it dawned on me where I was, I just shouldered my machine and did my best to run. It seemed to me as if I was in an unholy evil sort of graveyard, and I was most profoundly thankful that it was one of the longest days and still sunlight. Well, I had a horrid run, even if it was only a few hundred yards. Everything caught on everything: handles and spokes and carrier and pedals—caught in them viciously, or I fancied so. I fell over at least five times. At last I saw the hedge, and I couldn't trouble to hunt for the gate."

"There *is* no gate on my side," the Squire interpolated.

"Just as well I didn't waste time, then. I dropped the machine over somehow and went into the road pretty near head-first, some branch or something got my ankle at the last moment. Anyhow there I was out of the wood, and seldom more thankful or more generally sore. Then came the job of mending my punctures. I had a good outfit and I'm not at all bad at the business; but this was an absolutely hopeless case. It was seven when I got out of the wood, and I spent fifty minutes over one tyre. As fast as I found a hole and put on a patch, and blew it up, it went flat again. So I made up my mind to walk. That hill isn't three miles away, is it?"

"Not more across country, but nearer six by road."

" I thought it must be. I thought I couldn't have taken well over the hour over less than five miles, even leading a bike. Well, there's my story : where's yours and Patten's ? "

" Mine ? I've no story," said the Squire. " But you weren't very far out when you thought you were in a graveyard. There must be a good few of them up there, Patten, don't you think ? They left 'em there when they fell to bits, I fancy."

Patten nodded, too much interested to speak. " Don't," said Fanshawe.

" Now then, Patten," said the Squire, " you've heard what sort of a time Mr. Fanshawe's been having. What do you make of it ? Anything to do with Mr. Baxter ? Fill yourself a glass of port, and tell us."

" Ah, that done me good, Master Henry," said Patten, after absorbing what was before him. " If you really wish to know what were in my thoughts, my answer would be clear in the affirmative. Yes," he went on, warming to his work, " I should say as Mr. Fanshawe's experience of to-day were very largely doo to the person you named. And I think, Master Henry, as I have some title to speak, in view of me 'aving been many years on speaking terms with him, and swore in to be jury on the Coroner's inquest near this time ten years ago, you being then, if you carry your mind back, Master Henry, travelling abroad, and no one 'ere to represent the family."

" Inquest ? " said Fanshawe. " An inquest on Mr. Baxter, was there ? "

" Yes, Sir, on—on that very person. The facts as led up to that occurrence was these. The deceased was, as you may have gathered, a very peculiar individual in 'is 'abits—in my idear, at least, but all must speak as they find. He lived very much to himself, without neither chick nor child, as the saying is. And how he passed away his time was what very few could orfer a guess at."

" He lived unknown, and few could know when Baxter ceased to be," said the Squire to his pipe.

" I beg pardon, Master Henry, I was just coming to that. But when I say how he passed away his time—to be sure we know 'ow intent he was in rummaging and ransacking out all the 'istry of the neighbourhood and the number of things he'd managed to collect together—well, it was spoke of for miles round as Baxter's Museum, and many a time when he might be in the mood, and I might have an hour to spare, have he showed me his pieces of pots and what not, going back by his account to the times of the ancient Romans. However, you know more about that than what I do, Master Henry : only what I was a-going to say was this, as know what he might and interesting as he might be in his talk, there was something about the man—well, for one thing, no one ever remember to see him in church nor yet chapel at service-time. And that made talk. Our rector he never come in the house but once. ' Never ask me what the man said ' : that was all anybody could ever get out of *him*. Then how did he spend his nights, particularly about this season of the year ? Time and again the

labouring men 'd meet him coming back as they went out to their work, and he'd pass 'em by without a word, looking, they says, like someone straight out of the asylum. They see the whites of his eyes all round. He'd have a fish-basket with him, that they noticed, and he always come the same road. And the talk got to be that he'd made himself some business, and that not the best kind—well, not so far from where you was at seven o'clock this evening, Sir.

" Well, now, after such a night as that, Mr. Baxter he'd shut up the shop, and the old lady that did for him had orders not to come in ; and knowing what she did about his language, she took care to obey them orders. But one day it so happened, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the house being shut up as I said, there come a most fearful to-do inside, and smoke out of the windows, and Baxter crying out seemingly in an agony. So the man as lived next door he run round to the back premises and burst the door in, and several others come too. Well, he tell me he never in all his life smelt such a fearful—well, odour as what there was in that kitchen-place. It seem as if Baxter had been boiling something in a pot and overset it on his leg. There he laid on the floor, trying to keep back the cries, but it was more than he could manage, and when he seen the people come in—oh, he was in a nice condition : if his tongue warn't blistered worse than his leg it warn't his fault. Well, they picked him up, and got him into a chair, and run for the medical man, and one of 'em was going to pick up the pot, and Baxter, he screams out to let it alone. So he did, but he couldn't see as there was anything in the pot but a few old brown bones. Then they says, ' Dr. Lawrence 'll be here in a minute, Mr. Baxter ; he'll soon put you to rights.' And then he was off again. He must be got up to his room, he couldn't have the doctor come in there and see all that mess—they must throw a cloth over it—anything—the tablecloth out of the parlour ; well, so they did. But that must have been poisonous stuff in that pot, for it was pretty near on two months afore Baxter were about agin. Beg pardon, Master Henry, was you going to say something ? "

" Yes, I was," said the Squire. " I wonder you haven't told me all this before. However, I was going to say I remember old Lawrence telling me he'd attended Baxter. He was a queer card,.he said. Lawrence was up in the bedroom one day, and picked up a little mask covered with black velvet, and put it on in fun and went to look at himself in the glass. He hadn't time for a proper look, for old Baxter shouted out to him from the bed : ' Put it down, you fool ! Do you want to look through a dead man's eyes ? ' and it startled him so that he did put it down, and then he asked Baxter what he meant. And Baxter insisted on him handing it over, and said the man he bought it from was dead, or some such nonsense. But Lawrence felt it as he handed it over, and he declared he was sure it was made out of the front of a skull. He bought a distilling apparatus at Baxter's sale, he told me, but he could never use it : it seemed to taint everything, however much he cleaned it. But go on, Patten."

" Yes, Master Henry, I'm nearly done now, and time, too, for I don't know what they'll think about me in the servants' 'all. Well, this business of the scalding was some few years before Mr. Baxter was took, and he got about again, and went on just as he'd used. And one of the last jobs he done was finishing up them actual glasses what you took out last night. You see he'd made the body of them some long time, and got the pieces of glass for them, but there was somethink wanted to finish 'em, whatever it was, I don't know, but I picked up the frame one day, and I says : ' Mr. Baxter, why don't you make a job of this ? ' And he says, ' Ah, when I've done that, you'll hear news, you will : there's going to be no such pair of glasses as mine when they're filled and sealed,' and there he stopped, and I says : ' Why, Mr. Baxter, you talk as if they was wine bottles : filled and sealed—why, where's the necessity for that ? ' ' Did I say filled and sealed ? ' he says, ' O, well, I was suiting my conversation to my company.' Well, then, come round this time of year, and one fine evening, I was passing his shop on my way home, and he was standing on the step, very pleased with hisself, and he says : ' All right and tight now : my best bit of work's finished, and I'll be out with 'em to-morrow.' ' What, finished them glasses ? ' I says, ' might I have a look at them ? ' ' No, no,' he says, ' I've put 'em to bed for to-night, and when I do show 'em you, you'll have to pay for peepin', so I tell you.' And that, gentlemen, were the last words I heard that man say.

" That were the 17th of June, and just a week after, there was a funny thing happened, and it was doo to that as we brought in ' unsound mind ' at the inquest, for barring that, no one as knew Baxter in business could anyways have laid that against him. But George Williams, as lived in the next house, and do now, he was woke up that same night with a stumbling and tumbling about in Mr. Baxter's premises, and he got out o' bed, and went to the front window on the street to see if there was any rough customers about. And it being a very light night, he could make sure as there was not. Then he stood and listened, and he hear Mr. Baxter coming down his front stair one step after another very slow, and he got the idear as it was like someone bein' pushed or pulled down and holdin' on to everythin' he could. Next thing he hear the street door come open, and out come Mr. Baxter into the street in his day-clothes, 'at and all, with his arms straight down by his sides, and talking to hisself, and shakin' his head from one side to the other, and walking in that peculiar way that he appeared to be going as it were against his own will. George Williams put up the window, and hear him say : ' O mercy, gentlemen ! ', and then he shut up sudden as if, he said, someone clapped his hand over his mouth, and Mr. Baxter threw his head back, and his hat fell off. And Williams see his face looking something pitiful, so as he couldn't keep from calling out to him : ' Why, Mr. Baxter, ain't you well ? ', and he was goin' to offer to fetch Dr. Lawrence to him, only he heard the answer : ' 'Tis best you mind your own business. Put in your head.' But whether it were Mr. Baxter said it so hoarse-like and faint, he never could be sure. Still

there weren't no one but him in the street, and yet Williams was that upset by the way he spoke that he shrank back from the window and went and sat on the bed. And he heard Mr. Baxter's step go on and up the road, and after a minute or more he couldn't help but look out once more and he see him going along the same curious way as before. And one thing he recollected was that Mr. Baxter never stopped to pick up his 'at when it fell off, and yet there it was on his head. Well, Master Henry, that was the last anybody see of Mr. Baxter, leastways for a week or more. There was a lot of people said he was called off on business, or made off because he'd got into some scrape, but he was well-known for miles round, and none of the railway-people nor the public-house people hadn't seen him; and then ponds was looked into and nothink found; and at last one evening Fakes the keeper come down from over the hill to the village, and he says he seen the Gallows Hill planting black with birds, and that were a funny thing, because he never see no sign of a creature there in his time. So they looked at each other a bit, and first one says: 'I'm game to go up,' and another says: 'So am I, if you are,' and half a dozen of 'em set out in the evening time, and took Dr. Lawrence with them, and you know, Master Henry, there he was between them three stones with his neck broke."

Useless to imagine the talk which this story set going. It is not remembered. But before Patten left them, he said to Fanshawe: "Excuse me, Sir, but did I understand as you took out them glasses with you to-day? I thought you did; and might I ask, did you make use of them at all?"

"Yes. Only to look at something in a church."

"Oh, indeed, you took 'em into the church, did you, Sir?"

"Yes, I did; it was Lambsfield church. By the way, I left them strapped on to my bicycle, I'm afraid, in the stable-yard."

"No matter for that, Sir. I can bring them in the first thing to-morrow and perhaps you'll be so good as to look at 'em then."

Accordingly, before breakfast, after a tranquil and well-earned sleep, Fanshawe took the glasses into the garden and directed them to a distant hill. He lowered them instantly, and looked at top and bottom, worked the screws, tried them again and yet again, shrugged his shoulders and replaced them on the hall table.

"Patten," he said, "they're absolutely useless. I can't see a thing: it's as if someone had stuck a black wafer over the lens."

"Spoilt my glasses, have you?" said the Squire. "Thank you: the only ones I've got."

"You try them yourself," said Fanshawe, "I've done nothing to them."

So after breakfast the Squire took them out to the terrace and stood on the steps. After a few ineffectual attempts, "Lord, how heavy they are!" he said impatiently, and in the same instant dropped them on to the stones, and the lens splintered and the barrel cracked: a little pool of liquid formed on the stone slab. It was inky black, and the odour that rose from it is not to be described.

" Filled and sealed, eh ? " said the Squire. " If I could bring myself to touch it, I daresay we should find the seal. So that's what came of his boiling and distilling, is it ? Old ghoul ! "

" What in the world do you mean ? "

" Don't you see, my good man ? Remember what he said to the doctor about looking through dead men's eyes ? Well, this was another way of it. But they didn't like having their bones boiled, I take it, and the end of it was they carried him off whither he would not. Well, I'll get a spade, and we'll bury this thing decently."

As they smoothed the turf over it, the Squire, handing the spade to Patten, who had been a reverential spectator, remarked to Fanshawe : " It's almost a pity you took that thing into the church : you might have seen more than you did. Baxter only had them for a week, I make out, but I don't see that he did much in the time."

" I'm not sure," said Fanshawe, " there is that picture of Fulnaker Priory Church."

# WIRELESS

By ETHEL ROLT-WHEELER

## I

*" The Broadcasting Company claim the indulgence of their clients should any interruption occur in the Broadcasting to-night. A series of experiments is being conducted which may interfere slightly with the Programme. Subscribers having the new-power sets are asked to adjust them to their greatest sensitivity."*

EVERYTHING was perfect : but Edmund Faulkner could not respond. With eyes half-closed he considered the delightful scene, mentally visualising himself the centre of his surroundings. The air came in warm puffs, sometimes soft and sweet-pea fragrance but more often pungent with the honey-strong scent of sweet alyssum ; the picture remained with him of sun-steeped landscape stretching afar, of intense clumps of colour near at hand, where groups of hollyhocks bordered the crazy-paved garden, or geraniums flared over stone vases, or the rockery plants made a cascade of yellow and purple foam. Behind him lay the half-timbered house he had built for himself, perfect in size, perfect in design, perfect in aspect ; he saw in imagination the delicate harmony of its interior—the bowls of Iceland poppies, so happily arranged, so rightly placed, enhancing perfection ; he heard soft voices, woman and child—a trill of child's laughter—and yet, and yet. . . .

He sat upright in the white wooden chair—a long man of about forty-five. The skin was dark and thin, and drawn rather tightly over his face ; his eyes, now suddenly open, were deep blue. He passed a hand through his brown hair streaked with grey. " *Have I not deserved it all—this peace* ?" he reflected, looking into past memories for justification. Those unspeakable years in Mesopotamia ! and before that, the continual fret, the ugliness of his life at Dalston. True, Amy had been with him then—his first wife—tenderness passed over him as he thought of her, so gentle, so sweet, so frail : the struggle had worn her too, and she passed away soon after the War, leaving him with their little girl Clare, still only a baby. Then the unexpected legacy, the meeting with Lucilla, his second marriage a year ago, the opening out of a life of leisure, of opportunity. . . . He had believed that his gift for writing, so long repressed, would flower at last, but he had not accomplished much so far, in spite of the great space of ease and tranquillity about him.

Curious that this realisation of perfection, of the attainment of all the fair things of life, brought with it a spur of dissatisfaction. Was this the

urge of fresh inspiration—the first pains of that creative impulse that should at last evolve something of real worth and beauty? Or was there on the landscape what the Irish call a "glow of omen"—a loveliness so beyond experience that it foreshadows disaster?

Lucilla strolled out on the terrace and laid a light hand on her husband's shoulder. "What a lovely afternoon," she said.

Faulkner rose slowly and stood looking at his wife. She fitted in exactly to these pleasant surroundings. Vigorous health showed in her glowing cheeks, abundant gold hair and bright eyes, and you felt she would change very little as the years went by; the flesh was so firm, age would have much ado to cut wrinkles on it, and the hair would obstinately refuse to go grey. She was strongly built, and wore a peacock-coloured dress, beautifully embroidered by herself: she had proved to Faulkner how admirably efficiency may be combined in one person with the artistic temperament. She so ordered everything that their life ran on the smoothest wheels; in her very orderliness there was beauty, but she had also the sense of arrangement and colour, and was extraordinarily quick in seizing and applying new ideas. Faulkner had to admit that the success of house and garden, its precise accordance to their needs, was much more due to Lucilla's nimbleness of intellect than to his own poetical ideals.

"They don't seem to be broadcasting to-day," continued Lucilla casually.

Faulkner winced. Only once had he and his wife come near a quarrel, and that was on this very subject. Faulkner had resisted the introduction of Wireless into the house. He hated all such mechanical devices. Lucilla, however, had made up her mind. The items broadcast were often excellent—they lived a country life isolated from the interests of the town—they must not be too superior—and so forth. Of course Faulkner yielded. It is not easy to resist efficiency and the artistic temperament combined. Lucilla enjoyed the Wireless; it kept her "in touch," she said. Faulkner generally retired to his study when it was on. They had a loud speaker, and the sounds followed him.

"I read something in the paper this morning about Broadcasting experiments," said Faulkner, "an apology for interruptions."

"Ah, that explains. I couldn't understand why we heard nothing after connecting." She peeped through the drawing-room door, which opened into the garden; then smiling, and with a finger on her lip, beckoned Faulkner to look inside.

Clare was sitting on the sofa as one rapt. The child was seven years old, rather dark in complexion like her father, with his thin skin, but with the black hair and black eyes of her mother. Lucilla, with her sense of colour, had dressed the child in dark red. Clare's eyes were now sparkling with excitement, her whole body was tense and still, except one foot, that was beating rapid time. There was something strange and elfin in her appearance—a rigidity that frightened Faulkner. "What is it, Clare, sweetheart?" he asked, crossing the threshold.

Her eyes remained fixed, and she waved him aside. " Hush, hush ! I'm listening ! " she whispered, " O, such wee squeaky pipes—like a bat squealing—and tap, tap, tap, tap—little feet pattering, and drums—rap, rap—it's going away now—coming back—and funny, funny little voices . . . "

" Do you hear anything ? " Lucilla asked her husband in a low voice. He shook his head, and she went towards the child. " You're dreaming, darling," she said, " come and have a game in the garden."

" Don't touch me, don't touch me ! " cried Clare, fiercely. " I want to hear ! I want to dance ! I must dance ! "

She sprang into the middle of the floor, a wild little figure. Her movements were so rapid, her feet twinkled so quickly, that it seemed as if some mysterious force had taken possession of her. There was something dreadful in her activity, as if she were driven beyond her will, obeying some exterior power that she could not shake off, and Faulkner hesitated to wake her out of this possession too suddenly, for fear the shock might hurt her. For a moment he stood watching her with something like terror. Then " Disconnect ! " he whispered hoarsely. The child stopped dancing immediately, the light went out of her face—she swayed—then panting, sobbing, fell into her father's arms.

The sobs became fainter and fainter ; she was exhausted ; very soon she fell asleep. So sudden a sleep seemed to Faulkner unnatural. He carried her upstairs, and she did not rouse while he undressed her, as he had often done in past times. Lucilla saw that her husband was almost as agitated as the child had been, and that he could hardly control his trembling. She did not offer to help. She felt the little occupation would soothe him. Clare half-woke as he tucked her into the cot. " It *was* the fairies, wasn't it, Daddy ? " she murmured, and fell asleep again. There were rings about her eyes and the little face was tear-stained, but the breath came quietly. Faulkner knelt by the bedside and put his cheek against the small brown hand. " My wee treasure, my rosebud," he murmured.

Lucilla, holding a clinical thermometer, stood surprised at this demonstration. Edmund had never shown any intensity of affection for Clare. He had been extraordinarily sympathetic, he had entered into the child's play as if he had been a child himself, and had loved her—so Lucilla thought—as one loves a darling child, as she herself loved Clare. Lucilla had almost forgotten the blood-relationship until she saw the two together that night, so like yet so unlike, and heard that passionate outburst. But Edmund must not over-excite himself ; she did not forget that he had suffered from shell-shock. She called him softly. He rose, looking dazed, and went over to the window. " I have been thinking such foolish things," he said in a low voice, but smiling a little, " of children who have been lured away by the fairies—of little Bridget whom they stole for seven years long, of Kilmeny, of Mary Rose. There's a good deal of heartbreak in those stories. But seriously, Lucilla, there was something

abnormal in the child's dance—as if she were trying to keep time with a tune intended for smaller creatures."

" Did she really hear anything, or was it only fancy ? "

" I think she heard something. She stopped dead when you disconnected. She's very highly strung—more so than you or me. In many ways she's like her mother."

Lucilla never remembered hearing her husband mention his first wife before. " You said the Broadcasting people were making experiments to-night," she remarked, " you know those new-power sets like ours are tuned to receive enormous wave-lengths. Do you think sounds from a different order of creation could get through ? "

" You're not actually suggesting fairies ? " said Faulkner, looking at her startled. It was not surprising that Clare's wild dance should have brought to his imagination—sometimes out of control—old legends of fairy tunes that for ever haunted those who had once listened to them, and of fairy shoes that made the wearers dance on and on and on till they fell exhausted. But that Lucilla, sensible, matter-of-fact, should calmly put forward such a conjecture !

" O, not fairies necessarily," replied Lucilla airily, " though of course it's quite scientific, let alone fashionable, to believe in fairies nowadays. What with Yeats and A. E. and Conan Doyle and the Theosophists. . . ."

Faulkner reacted at once against her careless assumption with its incongruous jumble of witnesses. As he looked out at the growing twilight over the lovely landscape he thought of Poe's lines about fairyland—

> Dim vales, and shadowy floods,
> And cloudy-looking woods ;
> Whose forms we can't discover
> For the tears that drip all over

—and the association of this enchanted region with the vulgarity of broadcasting disgusted him. " You'll be telling me that the next item on the programme is *Band of Elfin Pipers*, or *Chorus of Mermaids*," he said.

" Why not ? " she asked, " After all, many people believe they have received messages from Mars."

" It's too preposterous ! " exclaimed Faulkner, " Is no realm to remain inviolate ? "

" We needn't worry yet," said Lucilla comfortably, " you and I heard nothing."

" Yes, but Clare—I don't feel at all happy about Clare," Faulkner remarked.

" She will probably have forgotten everything by to-morrow," Lucilla replied.

## II

*" The Broadcasting Company again claim the indulgence of their subscribers for further trials to-night. The experiments last night were not wholly without result, as we have heard that in several cases children were able to distinguish sounds. These little reporters all agree on one point—that it was dance-music they listened to. We have not yet been able to ascertain whence the sounds proceeded."*

The next day was close and thundery. Faulkner could not settle down to anything. He wandered from his study to his workshop. Then he began hoeing the garden beds. He watched Clare, released from lessons with Lucilla, mooning about the garden. She was tired and spiritless. As he followed her aimless movements an overwhelming desire came over him to protect her, to save her from all the dangers of this world, and perhaps—he shivered slightly—from the dangers of other worlds. His emotion was so strong as to be almost anguish.

Suddenly her whole little being quickened. She began to pirouette tentatively. " Daddy, daddy," she cried to him, springing up and down and waving her arms, " the funny tune's come into my head again ! It makes me want to jump ever so high, to twirl round and round. . . . "

She began to spin about the lawn. He caught her up in his arms. She twitched convulsively. " Let me go, let me go ! I want to dance, I tell you ! " she cried struggling. He held her firmly. " Listen, listen, sweetheart," he urged, " that tune is not for little girls to dance to, but for wee tiny fairies—as high as my finger—little men in red coats and green caps who never get tired, but can keep on night and day, night and day, because they are fairies. Girls like you are much too big for that sort of music, and if you hear it you must try and fix your thoughts on elves dancing in a fairy ring. Can't you see them, pettikins, with pipes that are grass-stalks, and for drums, hollyhock flower-leaves stretched over acorn-cups ? "

Clare snuggled down into his arms. He had distracted her for the moment. " Tell me more," she whispered. He carried her to one of the garden-chairs, and sat down racking his brain for soothing fairy-lore, fearing to leave a pause lest the melody should rise again in her memory, and the urge of wild movement seize her limbs. All the while he was fighting to banish the unsuitable stories that thronged to his mind—the Pied Piper and Goody Two-Shoes, the Sirens, La Belle Dame sans Merci ; trying to reject these insistent figures for kindlier creatures, Fairy Godmothers and Slaves of the Lamp. Had the child really listened to music perilous for a human being to hear ? Would she all her life be liable to this disturbing element and these terrible automatic convulsions ?

Clare was put to bed early that evening. In the drawing-room after dinner Lucilla said : " Shall we listen-in to-night ? "

" It hasn't done Clare any good," said Faulkner.

Lucilla thought he was fussing unnecessarily. Clare's temperature and pulse were normal. " But *I* should like to hear the fairy music—it can't harm us," she said, and she made the connection.

The room was very still ; the silence grew oppressive. After a while, Lucilla rose impatiently. " We're wasting our time ! " she exclaimed, and then stopped as if petrified.

A voice, tense, low, thrilling, rang through the room : " My beloved."

How explain ? It was a human voice, and yet it was not human. It appeared to come from a long way off, but it was quite clear. It had a quality that seemed to tear at the heart's strings ; it raised an emotion that was almost suffocating. Even Lucilla felt sharp tears suddenly prick her eyelids. " Beloved, I am near you. I love you, I kiss you, I bless you. Kiss me and love me and bless me."

Faulkner half rose from his seat, his eyes wild. " Amy ! " he whispered.

Lucilla was terrified. Surely the dead could not speak—surely the dead could not come back ! She tried to summon her reason—it gave her no support. The familiar room—her own creation down to its smallest detail, where she had always felt so safe—seemed slipping away from her, melting. All the limitations that upheld her, that uphold us all, crumbled. She was drawn out of herself into an amplitude not to be borne. . . . Half-fainting, she fell into a chair.

Through the blur over all her senses she heard Edmund crying loudly, wildly, " Amy ! " and again that low voice came thrilling out of infinite depths, bearing some intonation that our mortal voices lack. " Beloved, I am always with you. I love you, I bless you, I kiss you."

" Amy ! "

Silence. Ominous, heavy, lasting.

Lucilla seemed to herself to be swimming back out of a far distance. The walls about her wavered—grew solid. She saw the gleam of copper against the canvas-coloured hangings, the faint stir of poppies in the blue bowl. But everything looked unnatural. What had happened ? Edmund . . .

He was standing upright. His face was absolutely bloodless, and pinched. The eyes, very wide open, were staring, expressionless. The mind seemed concentrated, withdrawn into the recesses of being, leaving the body a mask. It was almost like death.

Lucilla tried to speak, to rise from her chair, and found herself unexpectedly weak. At last she managed to get up and take his hand. It was ice-cold. A long shiver went through him. He whispered, " You heard ? "

" O yes, I heard," she replied, summoning all her forces, trying to speak naturally, though her lips were dry, " wasn't it eerie ? It gave me what the maids call ' a turn.' I don't think it's quite legitimate of the Broadcasting people . . . "

" I believe it was the voice of the dead."

" O no, surely not," said Lucilla.

" It was Amy's voice."

" No, no, no ! " cried Lucilla. She must not allow this terrible fancy to take hold of him. Amy had been to her so far as blurred and vague as the yellow faded photograph on the smoking-room wall, which suggested something anæmic and inefficient, nugatory, belonging to a remote, unimaginable past. Lucilla had put barriers of beauty and comfort between Edmund and the old life. She knew Amy had become to him no more than a faint memory—and now he stated that her voice—Amy's living voice—had resounded through the drawing-room, challenging her supremacy, claiming her husband's love, bringing ruin, devastation, into her life.

" No, no, no ! " she repeated, " Edmund, sit down. We're both a little upset. Some actress with a very moving voice. . . . "

" My dear, you're as shaken as I am. Why should we pretend that this was something quite ordinary ? "

" But it was, it was ! Think ! That voice will have been heard in thousands of homes—that same voice—how could it have been the voice of your first wife ? It was so simple a message—there are few who could not have taken it to themselves. Just a message of love—it might have come from any mother or wife or child. Nothing individual, nothing you could identify. . . . Surely, Edmund, this proves to you it was a trick—a not very excusable trick." She was talking almost at random. She must not let the obsession take root.

" To me it was Amy's voice," replied Faulkner quietly, " perhaps my own consciousness endowed the voice with personality. Perhaps in a thousand homes the same voice may have seemed that of the wife or mother that was dead. But need we discuss it, dear, just now ? I don't think I can argue. . . . "

" No, no—not argue—but how could the dead possibly speak . . . here . . . in this room ? It's fantastic—absurd ! "

" Reason isn't much use against the witness within." He spoke calmly, but he was still trembling. He could not tell Lucilla that the voice had been more than a voice—that it had been a revelation. The image of Amy had indeed been getting dim—had it ever vitally impressed his life ? Her sweetness, her sympathy, had seemed so much a matter of course—and he had been so occupied with sordid cares, and his escapes into poetry. But this voice, Amy's voice, suggested a strength of emotion that he had missed, a harmony and beauty that had been blurred to him : the pale worn face swirled in black hair rose before him with a new poignant meaning. He seemed suddenly to realise all that he had overlooked. The old life rushed into memory with an overwhelming power and richness. Inessentials dropped away—and the little petty worries, the scruples, the disappointments, seemed no more than surface disturbance over a profound ocean whose depth he had only just plumbed.

" Surely the dead are at rest ? " pursued Lucilla. It sounded conventional even as she said it. But she must fight the matter out here and now, and use what weapons she could find.

" We know so little," he answered, " words are so inadequate."

She tried another argument. " Edmund—are we wise to meddle ? Are we strong enough. . . . "

He saw that she was greatly moved. " You are right," he said, after a short pause, " it's too agitating for us. One forgets that the Past is still alive. Better perhaps to forget—if we can."

She could not leave it at that. " But listen, Edmund," she continued insistently, " I don't want you to go on thinking that you heard a voice from the other side. Dear, be sensible."

" Spiritualists believe that the dead are very near to us, that they speak through mediums at *séances*, and materialise, and guide the hand in automatic writing. . . . "

" Supposing that were true—don't you see that a *medium* is required—an instrument through which they can manifest ? Who ever heard of a disembodied voice ? "

He did not wish to wrangle. He wanted to be alone. Lucilla was dulling the intensity of his experience with all this futile questioning. Could she not realise that she was intruding on ground that was sacred to him and Amy—on private ground ? He answered gently however. " Remember, wireless is something quite new : every day fresh experiments are being made on powerful sets with increasing wave-lengths. If it is true that the dead are longing to communicate with us, won't they know how to use this opportunity ? "

She gave the old cry—" O, haven't they anything better to do ? "

" Some of them, yes : but some of them are held to earth by intense human love, the love for husband or wife or child—earth-bound, the mystics call it—"

" As to being earth-bound—I thought it was drunkards who were drawn back here by their love of drink—and sensual people generally by their love of sensual pleasures."

" That too : but they would not be so anxious to communicate." (As a matter of fact, there was a report that some hoarse cries of " Drink ! Drink ! Drink ! Drink ! " had been heard by wireless later that same night.)

She saw that at the moment he was not to be moved. She did not think him mad. She herself had been carried away at the time, and believed that the voice was abnormal. But she must bring things down to the everyday level, or life would be impossible.

" Dear old boy, I think we're making too much of a trifle," she said, " we've heard a voice broadcast that isn't on the official programme, and we're building up the most fantastic inventions ! What it is to be married to a poet ! "

" But suppose there *is* an open door," said Faulkner gravely.

And as he spoke, the same low thrilling voice sounded again through the room—" My beloved. . . . "

Lucilla rushed to the battery and disconnected. " I can't bear it ! I can't bear it ! " she cried.

## III

*" The Broadcasting Company beg the patience of their subscribers for one more evening's experiment. The results of last night were not quite definite, though one woman's voice was clearly audible, coming from an unidentified station. Certain listeners report also intercrossing voices, male and female, but no exact words could be taken down."*

Lucilla woke with a sense of disaster. The life she had so gaily, so carefully constructed for herself, lay shattered in pieces. Amy, the forgotten wife, had spoken aloud, if not in her drawing-room, at least in her husband's mind, and now he would never be able to forget her living presence. . . .

This was sheer Midsummer madness ! Lucilla sprang out of bed, early as it was, and plunged into a cold bath. She must regain her balance, her sense of proportion. She had always been able to deal so calmly with all the difficulties and problems of life that her loss of grip in this case frightened her. She felt herself for the first time battling against unknown forces.

Refreshed by the cold water she dressed, threw on a wrapper and opened a window to the vivid morning. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, vivid as the morning in her peacock blue wrapper, with her cheeks glowing and her golden hair over her shoulders. She smiled involuntarily, and then a kind of doubt crept into her mind. Was there not something aggressive in her health—rude—almost common ? Was she the right person to deal with these subtle obsessions, these mental preoccupations ?

She went over to the bed where Edmund lay asleep, his fine delicate face clear-cut on the pillow. She noticed with a pang its extreme thinness. She was not of an emotional nature ; she was very fond of Edmund and her marriage had been a most happy one ; but now for the first time a flood of intense feeling surged up in her. She felt for the first time that her whole life—that the whole world—centred in this man. A kind of mother-love had been predominant, when, broken with over-work and the War he had given himself into her capable hands—but to-day something that seemed even more exquisite arose within her, a sense of romance, a glamour that transfigured him. He was more than the dear husband—he had become the Dream, the Ideal, the Hero, and she felt herself foolish and helpless as any silly girl brooding over the Fairy Prince of her imagination.

The ordinary tired man whom she had loved in the ordinary conventional way became suddenly to her infinitely precious—her love infinitely poignant ; the pleasant everyday path promised a succession of dizzying heights and divine interspaces ; her whole being seemed suddenly to take flower, to bask in light, and she murmured as she had never done before, " My beloved."

Edmund moved in his sleep, and she thought as she bent over him that his lips formed the word, " Amy."

She shrivelled ; the light dimmed. Amy had come between them at this moment of her exultation ; Amy stood before the gates of her new world ; Amy lurked at every turn of the Future's path. Could she never escape her again—this Phantom, this Ghost, this mere handful of dust,who had not existed for her until yesterday, and who was now so terribly real, since she had heard her voice ?

Her voice ? Reason again denied this, but the inward conviction would not be put down. Had Amy taken possession of his dreams, of his thoughts? Was his old life to be lived over again in memory in that haven built to shut it out ?

It was a day of torment. Edmund looked drawn and ill. He started when Clare's voice was heard on the staircase. " There is a likeness—you recognise ? " he said. So even the child was to be drawn away from her into the Past, and to be made a stumbling block to her happiness.

After lunch Edmund said he was going to his study to sort out a number of old letters he had not looked at since his marriage. Amy's letters, she divined—Amy's letters, because Amy had suddenly become alive. But for the experience of last night he might never have remembered that old box. Now he would fancy that Amy stood beside him, that she whispered to him, perhaps that she stooped and kissed him. Lucilla pressed her hands against her forehead. She had not known that life could hold such pain. It did not matter whether Amy was there in reality or only in imagination. The result was the same. She had lost Edmund.

But he would come back ! Amy had faded once out of his memory—she would fade again. The Wireless should be removed, and she and Edmund would go on a long journey—perhaps round the world. They had often talked over future travels when Clare should be old enough to come too, but both had felt they must be happy a long time first in their new home. Things had changed however. It was wiser not to wait. Clare was quite old enough to go to boarding-school—in fact the child wanted companionship—she was growing difficult and fretful. Lucilla could do nothing with her that day—Clare had irritated her, she had spoken sharply and there had been tears. Lucilla was as a rule even-tempered, but her nerves were on edge ; she felt she would be glad to get rid of Clare for a time, as Edmund would always be finding the mother in the child.

She foresaw opposition. There would be a tussle of wills—how hateful ! Opposition . . . quarrelling. . . .

" Mummy, Mummy ! I want the Wireless ! I must have the Wireless !"

" You can't have it ! " said Lucilla shortly.

" But the fairy tune's hurting me. It's at the bottom of my head, and I can't get it out ! It keeps pressing and pressing and pressing. . . . I tell you it HURTS ! " The child shouted the last word, and went towards the battery.

Lucilla seized Clare rather roughly and gave her hand a sharp slap. Such a thing had never happened before, and the child was too surprised

at first to feel the pain. " You must learn to mind what I say," said Lucilla, ashamed that she should have been capable of this impatience.

The child threw herself on the sofa and burst into a fit of crying. Edmund entered the room just then and glanced from one to the other. There was a hardness in his wife's face that he had never seen before. He took the child up in his arms.

" Clare is naughty," said Lucilla.

" The fairy tune is hurting so," said the child. " It's at the bottom of my head, and it's pressing, and I can't get it out. Do let it play, Daddy, and then it will go away."

Edmund looked very grave. " Never mind the fairy tune," he said, " I'm going to tell you a long story about poor Dog Tray."

At the end of the story the child looked up and said : " My head still hurts."

Edmund put her on the sofa and began pacing up and down the room. " Good God, what are we to do ? " he muttered, " that old idiot, Pinner—in any case, any doctor . . . who'd believe the child's haunted ? who's going to exorcise that sort of thing ? "

" O Edmund, do stop ramping about like a caged tiger ! " cried Lucilla exasperated, " you're driving me frantic ! "

He stopped at this outburst, surprised as the child had been. " Don't you see she's ill ? " he said. " What had we better do, Lucilla ? "

" I'll take her to bed, and give her some arrowroot." She went towards the child, who rushed to her father. " No, Daddy come, Daddy come ! " said Clare.

The scene distressed Edmund. Clare had always hitherto shown affection for her stepmother. Lucilla's expression hardened.

" I'll carry her up, if you don't mind," said Edmund, " she's really ill."

" Good God, what are we to do ? " Lucilla repeated to herself, half-ironically. Then came a more terrible shattering than that of her carefully constructed life. For one dreadful moment her conception of herself—the last stronghold of us all—fell in, to dust. The sensible, efficient, cheerful, wise woman that she had believed herself to be—that she had proved herself to be—was gone—and a shrew with bitter words on her tongue, vindictive, cruel, jealous of a dead woman, jealous of a child, stood in her place. For one dreadful moment she saw into the abysses of self, saw the hideous slope she might descend, the life of hell at the bottom. The moment of insight passed, but her confidence in herself was shaken. She felt bewildered, lost.

They were silent at dinner. Faulkner was perturbed about Clare's health, perturbed about her agitated flight from Lucilla, shocked at Lucilla's want of sympathy. These recent happenings had distracted him for a time from his absorption in the old letters—Amy's, as Lucilla had divined—letters that had been carelessly received, carelessly read, but that on re-reading had aroused poignant emotion. As dinner went on, Faulkner fell once more under the sway of memories. He had been living

so deeply in the past that the present was shadowy, and Amy was more real to him than Lucilla. The long-ago years had been years of energy, of suffering, of exaltation : they had cut deep into his being, but they had been overlaid by the dust of little unimportant things. It was as if a cleansing draught had been blown through the recesses of his personality, clearing away its indefiniteness, restoring to him something of the vigour of his youth. Lucilla sat watching him, fretting under his aloofness, feeling herself an outsider. Not till dessert was on the table did Faulkner shake himself free of his abstraction.

" You must forgive me—I'm afraid I'm rather a glum companion to-night," he said, noticing her listlessness.

" It doesn't matter," she replied.

" I'll just run up and see that Clare's all right—and then what shall we do ? Take a stroll to the top of the hill ? There's a thunder-storm coming, but it's some way off yet. Or would you like a game of billiards ? "

She was grateful to him for avoiding mention of Wireless. She felt she could not sit in the drawing-room. She would all the time be dreading that voice, clear, low, thrilling. . . . " My beloved. . . . " The room would never again be secure to her, but always haunted, always on the verge of a new and terrible revelation.

" Let's go for a stroll," she said. She longed to be out of doors. It was safe there at present. But would out of doors be safe, if creatures of another world, of another being, learned to capture the waves ? If no wires, why not in time no transmitters, no receivers ? She tried to imagine our world beseiged by the sounds of every imaginable Kingdom of Space. " We should all go mad," she thought. O, the blessed silence, the blessed limitations that hem us in ! How foolish, how fatal, to press, through our scientific curiosity, into an Unknown so dangerous, so full of fears ! But for these experiments in broadcasting, she and Edmund might have been walking to-night as they had walked two days ago, care-free, gloriously happy, with the world shining before them.

They went to bed early, and she fell into a very deep sleep. For a long while through her sleep, and then through her dreams, she heard with a sense of disaster the thunder rolling, and at last a terrific crash startled her wide-awake. The clock struck two. Edmund was not beside her. Alarmed, she put on a warm wrapper, lighted a candle, and looked into Clare's room. He was not there and the child was fast asleep. Could he be in the drawing-room, listening to the Wireless ? The thunder seemed to be prowling all round the house as Lucilla stood at the top of the staircase, summoning her courage to go down. The candle bent in the wind, which made curious noises, and came in sudden gusts, as if it would blow in the windows. Lucilla was neither nervous nor imaginative, but she had gone through many emotions during the last twenty-four hours. The whole house seemed to her to be alive with presences—both wind and thunder were laden with voices—there were shouts in the air, and laughter, and trumpets blown. The storm was increasing but the noise seemed thickest near the

drawing-room, and she stood for a while paralysed, grasping the banister rail, unable to move. Then her fear was swallowed up in an overwhelming desire to be with Edmund, to feel his comforting presence, to be folded in his arms. She rushed down the stairs into the lighted hall.

. . . Edmund had not slept. He had lain for an hour with eyes wide open. And then he had thought that Amy was calling him—calling him very faintly from very far away. Perhaps if he connected the Wireless he would hear her voice quite close to him—low, clear, thrilling—he would hear again those exquisite words of love—she would call him again " My beloved. . . . " with a note of emotion that would live with him to his dying day. And he would answer her, and perhaps she might hear him, " My beloved, I love you, I kiss you, I bless you." Softly he had stolen from Lucilla's side. The storm was rumbling afar. He turned on the light in the hall, which made a faint illumination in the drawing room. Then he made the connection.

Music filled the room. Was it music ?

At first Faulkner heard it as one hears sound—but sound so exquisite, so transcending in purity every sound on earth, that the very body seemed as if it must dissolve away. The silver clash of water, the clear note of a bird, the soft swish of leaves growing to a multitudinous thunder in the gale—all the noises of nature, so poignant in separation, were now combined in a unison far exceeding in intricacy and emotion man's utmost comprehension and scope. The soul seemed drawn out of the body, rapt in ecstacy, by the piercing sweetness—then overwhelmed, lost, in a rush of stupendous harmonies appalling in their volume.

For the sound came from beyond the region of inspiration which pours its almost untranslatable loveliness into the heart of poet and musician : it came from beyond the exquisite adjustments of celestial motion, silver-clear and crystal-clear, the music of the spheres : it came from even beyond those visionary shores whence strains of holy compassion come to comfort and uplift the lonely ascetic and worshipper :—it came from beyond all these, because for one moment man was endowed with an instrument, more powerful than his hearing, tuned to tremendous issues, and his soul was driven to heights where it had never been able to press before. Heights where all sensations, hearing, seeing, feeling, were indistinguishable, merged ; heights that held the expectation of some impact too terrific to be borne—as if God's voice were to speak suddenly out of a cloud.

Mortal flesh could not survive this too sudden experience of a Transcendence that no words can describe, that no mind can conceive—of a Divine Light that blinds, of a Divine Fire that consumes, of a Divine Darkness that annihilates. . . .

Lucilla, as she reached the last stair, saw a great sheet of flame, and there burst over her the roar as of a thousand guns. The aerial had been struck by lightning.

She rushed into the drawing-room, switching on the light. Edmund lay on the floor, dead.

44

# THE SMOKING LEG

By JOHN METCALFE

## I

THE lascar fellow whom Geoghan, the up-country "doctor," had tended so assiduously was lanky and long, but otherwise not remarkable. He had come hurtling into Geoghan's little compound one afternoon with bloodshot eyes and intermittent yells, and then had fallen conveniently down the saw-pit at the side of the verandah.

Geoghan got him out and pinched him carefully all over to see where he was hurt. When he pinched his knee the lascar shrieked. "Ah," said Geoghan, "Tummy-ache, eh? Is it very bad?" He pinched the knee again and this time the lascar summoned strength to spit at him.

"I don't like the look of him at all," said the doctor to his man, Mohamed Ali. "That spitting was a bad symptom; it's so unusual in lascars. We'd better take him inside."

Now Geoghan had the reputation of being mad, but of this, of course, the lascar could know nothing, and by the time that he had spent ten days beneath the doctor's roof, drinking his *soda pani* and sharing his *curry-bât* he had formed quite a strong attachment for his protector. As lascars go he was really a very nice lascar, and after all he was little more than a boy. His name was Abdullah Jan.

His affection for Geoghan, however, was somewhat severely strained when on the eleventh day the doctor tied him securely down upon a sofa, spread a white sheet underneath him, and opened out a large, black-leather case of glittering knives.

"No," stammered Abdullah Jan, who was by profession a *khalassi* and could speak a little English, "Ah, no!"

"Now, don't fuss," Geoghan commanded him. "It only worries me. And I don't suppose it'll hurt much at all." He removed the splints and bandages in which he had encased the lascar's right leg, and then left the room only to return almost immediately with a large metal cash-box, which he placed upon a low table next his case of instruments. By this time Abdullah Jan was shrieking.

Geoghan tapped him smartly over the head with the butt of his twelve-bore and the shrieking ceased.

When Abdullah Jan recovered consciousness the white sheet was smeared with blood, a strong smell of whisky filled the room, and the cash-box lay open and empty upon the floor. The injured leg had been bound up again but was hurting violently in a new place just above, and slightly on the inner side of, the knee. Geoghan was rinsing his knives.

"Good boy," said the doctor, looking up and eyeing his patient. "Feel comfy?"

The lascar's eyes goggled with the intensity of feelings he was unable to express and presently a low but vicious grunting sound issued from his throat. When Geoghan, to silence him, stuffed some bandage in his mouth, Abdullah tried to bite.

The doctor then took a seat by the side of the couch, poured himself out another glass of whisky, and began to chat.

He told the lascar boy that in about a month his knee would be so well that he could take to sea again, supposing, of course, that the private reasons which had impelled him so forcibly up country had by that time ceased to operate. It would be necessary, however, for Abdullah Jan to get his leg overhauled on arrival in London, and to that end Geoghan himself would give him the address of a competent surgeon to whom in addition he had already posted an explanatory note.

When the doctor had told his patient all this he told it him again, and as soon as the second recital was completed he recommenced a third time, more earnestly and in a slightly higher key, but if anything rather less distinctly. Before each repetition he swallowed a glass of whisky, and at the end of the ninth his throat became so hoarse that he desisted and suffered Mohamed to carry him to bed. Abdullah Jan remained strapped to the couch.

During the next fortnight the lascar boy's arms were kept tied together behind his back lest he should scratch the healing wound, and each day Geoghan would sit beside him and chant his original remarks, to which, however, he made from time to time additions in order to sustain the interest.

But through all the ravings of the whisky-sodden little maniac there ran as a constant burden or refrain a single theme—the visit which the lascar must one day pay to that surgeon far away in London. "Don't you let any lousy sea-cook of a ship's doctor start his monkeying with you, Abdullah, my boy," he would shout with his yellow eyes aflare. "That knee of yours is *jādu*. Get me? There's a bad spirit in it, and there's only one man in the world can take it out, and that's my old chum Freddy Shaw." Now Mohamed was unable effectively to act as an interpreter, and owing to Geoghan's comparative ignorance of the *bāt* and his patient's slight acquaintance with English the communication of ideas was a lengthy process, but the constant iteration took effect at last, and when one night Abdullah Jan developed a raging fever and approached so nigh unto the gates of death that he shouted Shaw's address in his delirium the doctor could hardly contain himself for joy.

In a couple of days Geoghan's *protégé* was out of the fever, and a week later was so much better that he was able to lie still and roll his eyes appreciatively when Mohamed and his master knelt by his couch and proceeded to unbind his arms.

When the lascar's hands were freed the doctor placed in them with much solemnity a two-foot manilla envelope sealed with a green wax and decorated with a pink ribbon. Inside this envelope, said Geoghan, was a

letter of recommendation which would secure for his patient a berth on the *Burmah Queen* at Rangoon. He further observed that as the ship was not due to sail till the year after next Abdullah Jan would have ample time to bid an affectionate farewell to his unmarried aunts and then to proceed down river in a sardine-tin which would be lent him for that purpose.

To these remarks Abdullah Jan made no effective response, but as soon as Geoghan, who had sat up all night drinking whisky, staggered out of the room to fetch some more, a faint and anticipatory smile flickered for an instant about his face.

He waited until Mohamed had withdrawn to superintend the cooking of the midday rice, and then, turning the key upon him as softly as he could and cautiously removing from its hook upon the wall a long and ugly-looking *kris*, limped silently after his benefactor with the weapon in his hand.

Now Geoghan, when the lascar came upon him, was bent low over a demijohn at the end of a narrow passage, and was so intent upon his work that until the *kris* entered between his legs he was completely unaware of Abdullah Jan's designs. As the knife travelled up his body, however, in a course roughly parallel to his spine, he uttered shriek upon shriek, and it was not until the point of the long spear issued at last through his mouth in a sudden froth of blood that the appalling outcry ceased and with a final convulsive shudder he lay still.

Abdullah Jan, who had no quarrel with Mohamed, then fled from the house as quickly as his lameness would allow, and by the time that the first buzzing *machār* had settled upon Geoghan's corpse had already placed some two hundred yards or more of tangled forest between the little compound and himself.

Presently, being satisfied that his escape had been made good, he sat down in a little thicket, and, glancing downwards at his injured leg, suffered himself to weep a little.

Suddenly his sobs ended in a gulp of terror and dismay. A sharp, throbbing pain twisted his features into a grimace and by a strange instinct of fear he covered his knee with both hands, dreading to look upon the wound.

Before long the throbbing grew less violent, and then Abdullah Jan became able to take note of a new and appalling characteristic in the discomfort which it still produced. The pain was *round*, perfectly round, with a complete and superlative roundness such as he could never have imagined.

Trembling, he removed his hands and gazed. Above the right knee and on the inner side of the leg was a raised area of livid flesh, and its outline was as absolutely, as consummately circular as is the edge of a rupee newly minted or the full moon on a chilly night.

Gasping in mingled anguish and affright the lascar struggled to his feet and cast himself once more into the shadows of the forest with a wild and reverberating yell.

## II

Three months later a seedy, troubled man in a worn solano suit sat swinging his legs at a desk in a little freeboard shanty somewhere on the coast near Chittagong.

He was Lloyd's agent, and behind him, also at a desk, sat the other seedy, troubled man who acted as his clerk.

" Talking," said the agent, " of ocean mysteries and all that, it's my belief, Watkins, that they come in waves, if you get me, like an epidemic."

" Yes, Fellowes, I quite agree with you," said the clerk, who was much too tired to be brilliant.

" Look at all these mysterious disappearances of ships. Quite a crop of 'em. No less than six in half as many months and all more or less in the same place. Let's see, there was the *Bombay Star*, the *Ocean Queen*, and the *Josiah C. Pratt*—no, I'm wrong, I should say the *Leonidas*—and two or three more. The *Mohican*, she was the first, I think."

" No," said Mr. Watkins with a weary shudder. " The old *Rosy Dawn* was the first. I remember it because of that mad lascar fellow out of the jungle who was so keen on signing out for England. No skipper would have him because of his gammy leg."

" What happened to him ? " enquired Fellowes languidly.

" I think he got aboard as last as a stowaway. Carfax, skipper of the *Mighty Hurry*, met the *Rosy Dawn* one day out and told me something about it when he dropped in the other day."

" You intrigue me, Watkins," said the Agent, displaying animation, " even to the point of giving me an idea about it. There was that rummy signal from the *Leonidas* off the Maldives—the last we ever heard of her. Surely you haven't forgotten. Said they'd sighted a ship to the nor'ard—on fire. Only managed to save one lascar, raving mad. Didn't give his name. Pity, that. I wonder if he was the same Johnny. Might have a mania for setting fire to things you know."

" I wonder," said Mr. Watkins.

The agent yawned and swung his legs again.

## III

Once more the scene changes, and to the jungles of Bengal and the lonely Agency near Chittagong succeed the snowy decks and glittering brasswork of the liner *Elgin City*.

The strange events which took place aboard this vessel are recorded in the private log of its second mate, one Burrows, and occurred within the space of some sixteen hours, commencing with the portentous advent, and closing with the hardly less prodigious passing of a mysterious lascar, rescued in remarkable circumstances from drowning.

To this lascar, otherwise unnamed, the romantic Burrows has given a title which supplies the heading, in neat block capitals, of his five closely written pages—" The Man with the Smoking Leg."

It was, says the second mate, on the eighteenth day of May and at precisely 10 a.m. that to the incredulous and horror-stricken gaze of well-nigh every soul aboard there was presented a phenomenon, a bewildering miracle, monstrous and incredible.

In a scrupulously calm sea a vessel steaming two miles to westward of the *Elgin City* and bearing on flag and funnel the familiar emblem of the triple dolphin was observed to pitch and toss as if caught suddenly by a hurricane, to shoot up a huge column of smoke amidships, to burst furiously into flame and almost the next second, with a final lurch and stagger, to dip her bows beneath the water and disappear from sight. Amongst the floating wreckage that marked the scene of the catastrophe a single human form was descried a quarter of an hour later clinging to a hencoop. It was a man—a lascar, and apparently the sole survivor.

Hoisted carefully on board he subsided in a faint, and it was then, whilst he lay prone upon the deck, that his astonished rescuers noticed the condition of his right leg. It was swollen, of an angry reddish hue, and marked about the knee with curious lines and circles.

In response to the warm brandy forced between his lips, Abdullah Jan, for it was he, presently recovered, sneezed and spoke. The interpreter who bent his head to catch the words shuddered with dismay. The prostrate man, it seemed, was beseeching them on no account to touch his leg because it smoked. A little later he broke into a sort of low, appealing, chant-like cry with a constantly repeated burden or refrain of which the import could not then be ascertained. Meanwhile it was decided that he should be got below as soon as possible on the main ground that his language and behaviour generally spread alarm and despondency amongst the crew.

They bundled him into a vacant cabin next to the second mate's, set a guard at the door and retired to discuss the situation.

During the next few hours, says Burrows, excitement steadily increased and the wildest explanations of the morning's happenings were advanced, considered and abandoned, only to be replaced by theories more fantastic still.

Towards evening the ship's doctor, Saville, appeared at the first saloon bar with a face exhibiting every sign of nervous strain.

The curiously demented lascar, it appeared, was progressing favourably save for the unaccountable condition of his leg. So far he had stubbornly refused to speak of the foundering of his ship or to give any detail of his own escape. The words, however, which formed the burden of his constantly repeated cry had been identified at last. " It's a name," said Saville, " and an English name. He keeps on calling out for ' Freddy Shaw ' . . . "

A little after midnight, Burrows, in his watch below, was roused by sounds of singing and excited voices in the lascar's cabin. Springing from his bunk he entered hastily upon Abdullah, the interpreter and Saville.

A faint moon shone upon them through the port and showed the rescued man in a half sitting posture. His chant-like cry had for the

moment ceased abruptly, and his mouth was still agape, but as Burrows closed the door behind him the singing recommenced. . . .

Hardly three-quarters-of-an-hour later the doctor and second mate had run whimpering and giggling from the little cabin. Only after they had swallowed a couple of stiff brandies each could they tell Willoughby, the captain, their amazing tale.

The lascar, it appears, in a state of quasi-delirium, had first narrated the entire Geoghan episode, with the exception of the murder, and then gone on to relate adventures of storm and shipwreck, fire and horror, so incredible and wild that the interpreter himself had finally been fain to stop his ears and beg him to desist. And at the end of the appalling recital, when Saville had accidentally brushed against the leg, it had emitted authentic smoke and flame.

" If Geoghan's had a hand in it anything may happen," said the doctor. " I know him well. We were at Bart's together—qualified same day. Then, seven years ago, he went whisky mad and went to live with the man-devil people up in the jungle."

The captain was concerned as to whether the leg had been extinguished.

" It burnt for a time, Sir," Burrows told him. " There was quite a lot of heat and flame, but it didn't seem to set anything alight. It went on burning till we sang to it."

" You sang to it ? " asked Willoughby appalled. " In heaven's name, what for ? "

They told him then with the utmost conviction that Geoghan had bewitched the leg and that, to calm and placate it, it was in fact necessary to sing to it, but that even this was very dangerous because the singing of the wrong song infuriated it utterly. The matter had been badly bungled on five or six ships as it was. The first two or three had fired astern and gone down with all hands ; another, as they gathered, had " exploded," and the captain had himself seen what happened to the last. In each case it was remarkable that the lascar, after bringing destruction on his shipmates, had himself escaped.

Willoughby stroked his beard.

" And now, of course," concluded the evidently almost frantic Saville, " the story's got amongst the native crew, and you'll see there'll be trouble in the foc'sle."

Willoughby remarked that that would be a pity.

Now the captain was a man of prompt decision and determined action. From Tilbury to Rangoon, Southampton to Calcutta, his favourite and constantly repeated motto had given him the name of " Stitch-in-Time Willoughby." Judgment of him must in any case be qualified by consideration of his sense of duty to passengers and crew.

He proceeded forthwith, still stroking his beard, to the cabin of Abdullah Jan, remained there some five minutes, and then emerged looking perhaps a little haggard, but if anything more determined still.

It was at breakfast time next morning that he informed the first saloon of the fate which had befallen the unfortunate Abdullah Jan. He had set up such a disturbance in the night that it had been decided to remove him to a bunk for'ard. In course of transit he had escaped from his attendants and jumped overboard. Raving mad of course. The worst part of it was that the other lascars who had seen him drop had not given the alarm. . . .

"Why not?" asked everyone.

"They thought he brought bad luck," said Willoughby. "A kind of Jonah. They didn't want him to be rescued . . ."

"Perhaps he was pushed over," one suggested. "If they thought he was unlucky. There may have been foul play."

"No," said the captain steadily. "Oh, no. I shouldn't think there was foul play."

But both the doctor and the second mate remarked a certain bleakness in the eye of Willoughby.

And there, so far as Burrows' log can carry us, the amazing episode was abruptly ended. The Man with the Smoking Leg had come amongst them as a mystery. He had left them shrouded in a mystery greater still.

But Stitch-in-Time Willoughby, when he dropped anchor at Southhampton, found that the extraordinary sinkings had continued, for now the tale of vanished ships had risen to thirteen.

## IV

Mr. Frederick Shaw, M.B., was a bachelor in middle life and failing health. His doctor's plate which once had beamed refulgent in a West-end square, now hung in gorgonzola-tinted turpitude upon the railings of a block of tenements near Shepherd's Bush. Behind it Mr. Shaw was stained and dingy too. His instincts had become increasingly crepuscular, his means of livelihood distinctly subterraneous. His neck was creased and wizened like a piece of perished rubber, and the collar which encircled it extremely dirty. Around his otherwise bald head there ran a scanty ring of rufous hair.

He was sitting in his dismal little living-room with Geoghan's months-old letter in his hand and a look of consternation on his face.

"Good Lord!" he whispered thickly to himself, and then again "Good Lord!"

He drained a glass of whisky. Whisky accounted for a great deal in the life of Mr. Shaw. It accounted for Shepherd's Bush and for his dirty collar. Presently it would undoubtedly account for Mr. Shaw himself.

Now the letter on arrival had interested him but mildly. It showed, of course, that Geoghan was far madder than had been supposed, but as for giving ground for serious and personal concern. . . . He had dismissed

the matter with a raucous laugh and stuffed the letter underneath a pile of others waiting to be burned.

And now, this evening, he had fished it out again with trembling hand and read and re-read every word with eyes that goggled in amazement and alarm.

The trouble was that Geoghan's ravings had come true.

An hour had passed since in this very room Abdullah Jan had told his frantic tale of shipwreck and distress, had bared the horror of the Smoking Leg and then implored his aid.

Three days ago the lascar had been wrecked upon the Cornish coast. The sole survivor, he had been conveyed to London and placed within a Seamen's Home. There he had spent one night, to sally forth next morning on his quest for Freddy Shaw.

It was absurd, ridiculous. Mr. Shaw's world, such as it was, fell about him in confusion as he thought on what had happened. There, in that old armchair of faded greenish plush he knew so well, the lascar boy had sat and told his tale. Then, stretching out his leg and resting it upon another chair, he had unwound the bandages that swathed it.

The thing had shone. Mr. Shaw was still quite unable to deny that it had shone. It had not burnt or smoked but simply shone. It had shone with a clear and lemon-coloured glow that seemed to fill the room.

His recollections of what followed were confused. He had collapsed, he supposed, upon his chair. Very probably he had fainted. When he recovered the lascar had considerately rewound the bandages about his leg. He had seemed hurt, however, on being asked to leave.

By dint of threats, entreaties, promises, he had been banished for a time, but he would certainly return. That was the trouble. The man was going to be a downright nuisance. To what an ebb would Mr. Shaw's already somewhat dubious reputation sink when niggers with effulgent nether limbs were daily at his door ?

For the hundredth time at least he conned the words of Geoghan's merry note.

" The jewel and the amulet are sewn up side by side. The jewel was an idol's eye. It is a ruby and worth at least £2,000, but precious queer in its behaviour. It's given me a lot of trouble in its time. The amulet is worth nothing except for its luck. I popped it in to give the chap a sporting chance and keep the jewel quiet. Wonder how the two'll hit it off together. Mind which you take out first. Well, there you are, old horse ; don't say I never did you a good turn."

Mr. Shaw groaned aloud.

For several moments he sat lost in troubled thought, but presently his eyes reverted from the squalor of the faded parlour to the letter in his hands.

" Two thousand pounds," he murmured wonderingly.

Once more he groaned, but less emphatically : a dubious, one might almost say a pensive, groan.

## V

Ten days have passed. The scene is still the doctor's dingy sitting-room, the hour half-past seven in the evening. Upon a couch, his eyes revolving in expectant dread, is stretched Abdullah Jan. In the opposite corner Mr. Shaw is steadying his nerves with another glass of whisky. Besides these two the room contains the usual sinister properties—sponges, a roll or two of lint, basins and towels, and, spread beneath the recumbent figure on the couch, a sheet of which the horrific and precarious whiteness might cause the stoutest heart to quail.

It had come at last to this. It had come to this as Mr. Shaw had known it would. And, after all, what else could he have done? Send the man packing to some hospital against his will? Impossible. Call in some prying surgeon to nose about officiously in his affairs? Still more impossible. Mr. Shaw was conscious of certain features in the conduct of his practice which to a pharasaic mind must seem irregular. . . . Besides which, Wimpole Street would certainly appropriate a ruby when it saw one. He had gone so far indeed a few days ago as to procure Barrymore's opinion in the case. Barrymore lived callously dispensing squills and orange-tinted tonic for the kidneys from behind the counter of a dubious druggist's shop near Leicester Square. Together they had viewed the Leg and it had mocked them. It had lain doggo and assumed an air of guileless innocence. It was not even angry or inflamed, and as for shining. . . . Its absolute normality was touching. Barrymore had cast a sneering eye upon the tantalus and gone out huffed.

And now the stage was set and all prepared for the enactment of the final scene. Mr. Shaw stood with his back towards his patient, spurring his failing courage to he knew not what.

He was about to operate upon the leg which Geoghan had bewitched, to plunge his impious knife into the flesh that he had seen to shine as pure gold. After all, had it shone? Ten days ago he could have sworn it; but latterly the thing had been so quiet. . . . Quite possibly he had only imagined that it shone. He was given to imagining things, he knew. Rats with pink tails—niggers with golden legs. Anyhow he must do something, or the man would drive him mad. Just one more nip to steady one, and then—here went!

He administered the anæsthetic. Trembling, he made the first incision.

He paused a moment, half looking for some dire and shattering phenomenon. The perspiration broke upon his forehead.

Then, feverishly, he proceeded with his task. He had stipulated with himself that at the slightest hint of anything untoward or abnormal he would at once desist, but now a strange excitement gripped him. For a couple of minutes he worked in furious haste. . . .

Suddenly he stopped and with a startled cry gazed wonderingly at what his scalpel had revealed.

There, sure enough, they lay within their prison-house of human flesh, the jewel and the amulet of Geoghan's letter. The ruby that was once an idol's eye, and by its side the jade-green charm that held its thwarted fury on the leash. Surely no stranger treasure ever slept in stranger *cache*.

For several seconds Mr. Shaw remained transfixed. Then he began to tremble. The curious excitement which till now had buoyed him up was ebbing fast away and in its place a stealthy terror grew upon him. He seemed to feel the imminence of some obscene and ghastly happening, the sudden menace of some deadly peril. . . .

With starting eyeballs he gazed down upon the wound his knife had made. In no describable particular could he distinguish any change, but yet the thing was *nasty*—nasty with a peculiar and utter nastiness at which his soul revolted and his senses swooned. For a moment he had turned away to flee, but something wheeled him in his tracks and brought him back. Within his easy grasp there lay the costly gem. Its glitter chained his eyes. Half whimpering, he stretched forth his hand above the place, then sickly paused.

Which of those warring powers should he first remove—the blood-red jewel or the amulet ? For several seconds he remained irresolute, his soul the battleground of fear and avarice. Then, with a half-smothered cry of terror, he thrust his fingers deep within the wound.

Unckecked by thought of Geoghan's warning words they closed about the crimson-shining stone and drew it forth.

There was a blinding flash. A choking volume of black smoke debouched upon the room. A rosy column of devouring light sprang upwards to the ceiling. An awful wail of anguish rent the air.

Then, echoing that fearful and despairing cry, Abdullah Jan awoke.

He rubbed his eyes and gazed. He could see nothing of the column of rosy light. He could see nothing of the rolling clouds of smoke nor of that terrible and searing flash from which they sprang.

He could see nothing of that hapless wretch on whom the suddenly unfettered power of the stone had wreaked at last its will.

He could see only a few curling wreaths of quickly fading vapour that marked the place where Mr. Shaw had stood.

But, chuckling in the rifled storehouse of his knee there gleamed in kindly benison the jade-green amulet.

# THE MELANCHOLY HUMOURIST
## And his Friends*
## A VICTORIAN SCRAP BOOK

By Lieut.-Col. C. B. THACKERAY, D.S.O.

### III

The Carlyles were, as is well known, on terms of the closest intimacy with the Brookfields. The correspondence and diaries of the latter are full of amusing references to their meetings, and there are many entries such as, "To Carlyle's. I sat two hours in great enjoyment." Brookfield's style of humour appealed to the Scotsman, who would chuckle and burst into guffaws the whole evening over some of his stories. Mr. Brookfield used to meet the exiled Italian patriots at Carlyle's house at Chelsea, and Mazzini's signature finds a place on one of the pages of the Album, together with that of Alessandro Gavazzi. There are two contributions from Carlyle, who appears in the appropriate characters of a dyspeptic and an arbiter of Hero-Worship.

(1) Dear Brookfield, I was nearly killed last night; if I dine *again* without pause—Good Heavens!

Well, if I possibly can or dare, I will nevertheless:—and unless you hear something from me about 4 p.m. expect me, you sinful being.

T. CARLYLE,
Chelsea, Monday morning.

(2) An almost illegible scrawl, sent to Mr. Carlyle, who forwarded it to Mr. Brookfield. A note is made by the latter:

This is an anonymous letter written in the Athenæum to Mr. Thomas Carlyle, as a member of the Eyre Testimonial and Defence Committee. The decipherings in blue are Mr. Carlyle's handwriting. W.B. Sept. 1866.

The incident referred to is the case of Governor Eyre of Jamaica, who was recalled for ruthlessly suppressing a revolt of the natives. There was a great public outcry on this occasion, and the incident recalls that of General Dyer in India in 1920. Carlyle took up the cause of Governor Eyre with great zeal. He was, indeed, President of the Eyre Committee. The anonymous writer urges Mr. Carlyle to press the Government to

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* The author's thanks are due to the owners of copyright, and to the literary executors and relatives of writers of the letters, etc., which are included in this article—Mr. John Murray, Messrs. J. and M. Dent & Sons, the Marquess of Crewe, Mr. W. M. Meredith, Lord Tennyson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Mr. J. Sabine, Mr. W. A. Spencer, Dr. Joachim, Mr. A. Carlyle, Mr. A. Wedderburn, Colonel Brookfield, Mr. W. T. D. Ritchie and Miss Hester Ritchie, and many others—who have kindly given their consent to publication, and to the reproduction of sketches; also to Mrs. Charles Brookfield for permission to quote from *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle*.

make Mr. Eyre a G.C.B., " or a *Peer* for his services, having saved the Island of Jamaica." He inveighs against the Press (" D— it," interpolates Mr. Carlyle) and goes on, with sublime inconsequence :

> In former days a man was hung for killing a horse on Lord Berkeley's Estate, which is stated in Grantley Berkeley's book. . . . Many Generals and Admirals were created G.C.B. and K.C.B. who were never in action with the enemy. The Order of the Bath is so prostituted like the Legion of Honer. . . .

" *Ach Gott !* " interjects the Sage, underlining the " e ".

At this point Carlyle (whose blue pencil corrections and jottings are almost as illegible as the hieroglyphics of his irate fellow member of the Athenæum) notes what looks like " Can't any further, try *you* ! " meaning presumably Brookfield. The blue pencil makes a ring round the head of Minerva, on the Club note paper, with " written in the Athenæum then ? No signature ;—hand so exquisite, and sense ditto ; it makes none."

Carlyle outdoes Tennyson in his concern over the Brookfields' visit to Madeira. In another letter, in his best oracular style, he urges his friend—

> . . . with your eye on the eternal pole-stars (which do still shine to those that have eyes,) step quietly along, quietly and manfully as heretofore, bating no jot of heart or hope. . . .

Most honoured among the musicians, whose letters appear in this collection, is Joseph Joachim. The prospect of an interview with the Sage of Chelsea fills him with pardonable apprehension, and Brookfield, too, seems anxious to send his son as a deputy.

> I thank you very much for your kind offer to take me to Carlyle on Thursday . . . if you will give me a glass of wine before starting I shall be fortified for our walk, drinking your and your family's good health ! . . .

At the foot of the letter there is a pencil note in Brookfield's handwriting, " If Charlie could go in my place I should much prefer it. But if he cannot I will."

* * * * *

Two letters from Lord Gifford on board his yacht, *Fair Rosamond*, contain invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield to a cruise to Corsica and Sardinia. In one of Lady Dufferin's letters she sends Mrs. Brookfield, who did not accompany her husband, a letter from Lord Gifford during the cruise, giving news of Mr. Brookfield—" tho' it does not represent him as being in the most sentimental or satisfactory position." Another letter is from Nice in '57, to Brookfield.

> *Vision* is so much flattered by your desire to take leave of him that he begs me to say—with an expressive wag of his tail—that he will have returned from a meeting of orthodogs dogs between four and five if you will honour him with a visit. His mistress joins in his expression of gratitude.

A letter from Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton, during the same cruise, may be quoted here. It is given at length in *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*. He had gone to Nice with his family, and describes the people he found there :

> . . . Poodle Byng younger than anybody, Mrs. Poodle younger and more foolish than ditto, Lord Ely more sensual looking in face and protuberant, if not dropsical, in abdominal formation than anybody. Lady Ely more good-natured, pretty and pleasant-looking than ditto.
>
> Lord Dufferin [Lady Dufferin's son, the future Viceroy] amiable and interesting ; Lady Dufferin of the enchantress order. Then there were flippant but witty and amusing Elchos with gazelle-eyed wives ; and Gifford—very much altered from what he was as Preacher's assistant at St. James's [of which Mr. Brookfield had once been incumbent]—and now member for Totnes and owner of the Yacht under whose hospitable—but at present motionless—deck the writer presumes to pen these feeble observations. Lord Gifford—on the arrival of present writer at Nice—invited him to join in the trip to Corsica and Sardinia for two or three weeks. Yachts of commodious arrangements and ample larder with agreeable and accomplished skippers are not at the feet of P. W. every day of the week—and he closed with the noble Lord whom he has at this moment in his eye (fast asleep on an easy chair with his feet upon the stove). . . .
>
> As for Nice I like it not. And yet it is genial and in many respects likeable. On the whole I must say of it as her Grace of Sutherland said of some lady not entirely correct, " For a person that's not quite nice she is so very nice."

At the time of writing he did not mention the subject of this maliciously feminine observation. Some twelve years later he notes in his diary :

> The late Duchess of Sutherland said of Mrs. Norton, " She is so nice, what a pity she is not *quite* nice ; for if she were quite nice she would be so *very* nice."

We have already seen, in some of Mrs. Brookfield's observations, that Mrs. Norton did not enjoy favour with her own sex.

The letters to the Brookfields from Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton bring to mind the three sisters, the lovely and witty Misses Sheridan. The third became the Duchess of Somerset, who was Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament, given in honour of the young Queen Victoria. Lord Dufferin has told the romantic story of his mother's marriage to Lord Gifford, whilst he lay dying, from injuries received in a gallant and successful effort to save some workmen from being crushed under falling masonry. The Honourable Mrs. Norton led a stormy and unhappy life, marred by an unfortunate marriage. Her poetry and novels were popular in their day, and she contributed towards the amelioration of the laws affecting the social condition of women.

I am indebted to Mrs. Herbert Paul for the following graphic little scene :

> Mrs. Norton's dazzling qualities naturally attracted many admirers. Sidney Herbert was one of the most devoted until his happy marriage broke the spell. Mrs. Brookfield used to describe their first encounter after the event, when at an evening party in some great house Mrs. Norton entered and advanced radiantly

towards him. But no meeting took place, for his wife, with a quiet grace, laid her hand on his arm and drew him gently but firmly to the other end of the room.

Mrs. Norton was the original of *Diana of the Crossways*—that is to say her character inspired George Meredith enough for him to preface his novel with the following disclaimer, which may be taken to refer to the narrative alone :

A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty, the daughter of an illustrious Irish House, came under the shadow of a calumny.

It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of Diana of the Crossways is to be read as fiction.

George Meredith's letter, from Milan, on his way to Paris, is addressed to Mr. F. Chapman, the publisher :—

I have been a month in Vienna, two weeks in Venice, a week here. . . . Italy is in a bad condition. . . . Venice is starving, and if there is further delay and any irritation of the bad feeling a row is probable. The Austrians, officers and soldiers, are as conciliatory as can be. . . .

I have heard from Morley and Tom Taylor, and none other. I suppose Vittoria is hopelessly damned by you all. I met Sala in Venice and Layard at Vicenza. They and hundreds troop to see the Italian occupation of Venice, for which I don't think I can wait. Correspondent's work when there is something expected and nothing happening is heavy, and worse to him than to his readers if you'll believe it. . . .

* * * * * *

It is in a facetious vein that John Ruskin writes :

. . . I quite forgot an appointment I had with some ghosts on Wednesday morning—and if I don't keep it and they evaporate or show any fleshly and unghostly tempers on the subject—I should be so vexed.

Ruskin took an interest in ghosts. In fact, in a letter to his father, in 1870, he gave, very seriously, a graphic description of a meeting, almost an assignation, with one. She was the "Black Lady" of Chamonix, a harmless and friendly spirit, on excellent terms, it seems, with the children of the place, who were not at all disconcerted by her trick of vanishing.

George Eliot writes to Mrs. Brookfield from the Priory, Regent's Park, in '67 :—

It would give Mr. Lewes much pleasure to see his old friend Mr. Brookfield, if in these busy days it were easy to come so far North.

Hospitality was not, in the nature of things, a characteristic of the peculiar George Eliot-Lewes *ménage*, which formed so disconcerting a contrast to the accepted ideas of Victorian propriety. In a letter of Miss Kate Perry's to Brookfield, written from Lady Minto's, she is full of admiration for her hostess " for entertaining a large company day after

day, and never getting a-weary, and wishing herself hung to a doornail, as George Lewes once told me he should do, had he to make people happy in his own house." So portentous a lady as George Eliot would naturally not be in close touch with a circle that took itself less seriously. Lady Ritchie, writing about an *interview* with, rather than a *visit* to, her, describes her as something impersonal—a good and benevolent *influence* rather than a friend.

* * * * *

Sir Frederick Leighton, who was created Lord Leighton of Stretton the day before his death, was President of the Royal Academy from 1878 to 1896. No matter what may be said of his art, he filled that office with outstanding dignity. Whistler said of him, "Ah! Leighton! Delightful fellow. Such a brilliant speaker. Such a handsome President. Such a gallant soldier." (He was Colonel of the Artists' Rifles.) "Paints a bit, too, doesn't he?" He must have sacrificed a quill pen every time he dashed his tremendous signature.

There is a characteristic reference to Leighton in Mr. Brookfield's diary. He had been staying at Crewe Hall, where an old gentleman had been much put out by Brookfield's attracting the attention of the company away from himself to an eclipse of the moon that was proceeding. He refused to look out of the window, drawling, "No, I don't care for an Eclipse, *excepting it's annular*." "Almost as impossible to render," says Brookfield, as "Leighton's, on Mrs. Sartoris saying at dinner, 'Oh, there were yourself and two or three other good-looking men,' '*Oh, Mrs. S. . . .*'"

In two of his letters Leighton excuses himself on the grounds of attendance on Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) for whom he had a very great admiration and affection. Thus he writes to Miss Brookfield:

> I own I was neither "unavoidably prevented" nor unfortunately "indisposed"—but, as you know Mrs. Sartoris was in town, and I am sure you will forgive me. I wish you retrospectively many happy returns of the day. . . .

Those greatest of great ladies, Mrs. Sartoris and her sister Mrs. (Fanny) Kemble, who had taken London and the capitals of Europe by storm in their youth, by their personality no less than by their singing and acting, were among Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield's most intimate friends.

Another letter from Leighton is a scrawl saying,

> I shall be exceedingly huffed if you do *not* come, my dear Miss Brookfield.

Millais sends an equally brief pencil scrawl to Miss Brookfield:

> got 3 engagements this evening—imposs, otherwise charmed.

Sir John Millais succeeded Leighton in the Presidency, but died the same year (1896). He told Lady Ritchie that the honour came too late in life to give him any pleasure. It was too like putting a top hat in the

coffin with a corpse. Lord Leighton's last honour was even nearer the mark. Thackeray was a true prophet. In '52 he had met young Leighton at Rome, and saw the studies for his first important picture. On returning to London, says Mr. Rhys, and meeting Millais, he prophesied gaily to that ardent pre-Raphaelite, then marching on from success to success : " Millais, my boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the Presidentship."

* * * * *

Sir Henry Taylor was among the oldest and dearest friends of the Brookfields. There was something large and imposing in his character and presence—a something which now and again called forth the friendly raillery of his intimates. There is a splendid photograph of him by Mrs. Cameron, an Olympian Jove, almost incredibly imposing, with flowing beard. Tennyson said of him that there was a touch of the godikin about him. Brookfield, writing to Lord Lyttelton, described him among the guests at the Grange, Lord Ashburton's, one Christmas :

> A woman-worshipped and so far rather spoiled Philip van Artevelde, but very good and true, loyal and to be loved.

The others are so amusingly sketched with a few touches, that I am tempted to repeat more of this typical letter of the Melancholy Humourist :

> Present, an atrabilious prophet and perplexed and not too happy wife ; a dusky laureate, craving stronger port, and coarser flavours generally than the Baronial stratum of Sociological formation is wont to furnish ; a frank, cheery-mannered Bessborough, with child-loving but childless Lady— A slow and sure Spedding, imperturbed unless you touch his Bacon. An inflexible and prepossessed knowledge Mill. Right good, witty, and humorous notwithstanding Venables. Gentle, observant Dicky Doyle. Ursa Major of Coventry, very kindly and universally liked and liking. Lady Sandwich. An able engineer, Fairbairn, of whom a whisper was put about . . . that it was Dr. Taylor, Analytical Chemist, and devoutly believed. Since which his portmanteau was found to be of offensive enteric odour, and his hatbox believed to contain a jar of disinterred stomach. . . .

A letter from Sir Henry, dated 1866, to Mrs. Brookfield, refers to a novel of Mrs. Brookfield's, *Only George*, of which he writes :

> In my youth, if I had read such a book I should have been possessed with it for many a day and able to talk about nothing else. In the tameness of latter day life, it still dwells with me more or less. . . . There is one point on which, if you care for Alice's [Lady Taylor's] indignation, you must be prepared to confront it. She cannot endure that a man, be he Duke or be he Doctor, should be represented as having his pockets full of women. I do not know how this is in actual life, but I should certainly imagine that it is a man's own fault if he is troubled with more than one or two at a time.

It would appear, then, from Mr. Brookfield's remark, that Sir Henry only had himself to blame.

> I should like to hear, and I expect to hear that the book is flying far and wide thro' the land, captivating the fancies of the young and lighting up a live glow and glimmer in the place where the fancies of the old lie buried. . . .

After receiving a pair of gloves he writes: "Many thanks from these unworthy hands. You will come in a happy hour for us whenever you come. God bless you."

* * * * *

Kinglake, writing of Brookfield, said, with characteristic irony:

> Men may rail against the Church, but dear Brookfield, at all events . . . was never in the least demoralised by taking Holy Orders. . . .

This was a view of his friend that he was fond of taking. In one of his letters, dated '51, he refers to an offer of a living at Combe Temple, which he had made to Brookfield:

> . . . Combe Temple is a beautiful place, and I had a pleasant vision of my old friend (in his usual quaint clerical disguise) and of a Madonna and child in the long low-roofed library. If this could have been brought to pass, it would have been soon remarked that Mr. Kinglake had begun to show a deep "attachment to his native county" . . .

Aubrey de Vere's strictures on the poetry of '58 may be worth noting. He is sending Mrs. Brookfield an Anthology, for which he apologises, as he had intended to confine it to the "dear old" early poets. . . .

> (an arrangement from which, as non-paying, the Publishers revolted). . . . Some years hence perhaps your lovely Magdalene, now too young to understand it, though fair enough to be the object of Poetry, may interest herself also in the book.

He continues in the same stilted phrases:

> . . . Young people are now fed upon fourth-rate Poetry, though in reality no poetry is so suitable to them as that the high merit of which makes it suitable to all of us.

We wonder what he would have had to say about the suitability of Georgian poetry for the young.

John Kenyon, the poet and philanthropist, was a special friend and benefactor to the Brownings, and other men and women of letters. He spent his life in society, travel, dilettantism, and dispensing charity. He presses Brookfield to come "at punctual ½ past 8 on Tuesday next":

> I will give you tea and iced water and the Procters and Landor and Browning and his wife and my own warm welcomings and affectionate thanks. I write and ask Tom Taylor also.

No doubt a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but otherwise it sounds a chilly repast.

Magdalene Brookfield, with an eye to her scrap book, saved many of these little trifles of her parents' correspondence from the waste-paper basket. Among them is a letter from Robert Browning regretting inability to attend a party at the Brookfields'.

> There is hardly any chance,—but should the chances favour me you know what I will do—but they are chances indeed !

Mrs. Procter was a delightful correspondent, but her letter is missing. There is a note with a present for little Magdalene from Adelaide Procter, the poetess, and two letters from her father B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall) to whom Thackeray dedicated *Vanity Fair*. One is an invitation to dine on his birthday :

> . . . at ¼ before 7, men only. " May I hope to see the Revd. W. H. B. amongst them. Say yes."

Another letter, to Mrs. Brookfield, deserves to be inserted at length. His *Lamb* had just been published. Brookfield was at Somerby in Lincolnshire : and his unwonted migration from London to the pastoral scenes of rural life seems to have evoked much merriment among his friends.

> Many thanks for your letter—for your active support of Charles Lamb—and for all your kindness. I regret your suggestions that I should not write to you. I see that you are afraid of " The Parson of the Parish "—whom however I shall hope to elude. Altho' he professes to like your present on his birthday—I yet see that he is a little uncomfortable that you should retain any regard for poor Lamb. I shall therefore proceed very cautiously, and shall express nothing at present, beyond the gratitude and pleasure your note has given me.
>
> You will read all this, as a mere joke, my dear Mrs. Brookfield, from a dashing young fellow rusticated from London. But wait !—see what time will produce. How—when London shall " loom " upon me as well as on the Zealander, I hope to tell you some day, personally, how pleasant and sunshiny your letter was. Everybody as far as I know has been good-natured to the poor book. Everybody liked Lamb, and I do not conceal from myself that much of what has been said is out of regard for the *subject* of the book, rather than for the author.
>
> (My hand is so old that I can scarcely form the letters.)
>
> Are you very pastoral in Lincolnshire ? Do you feed the lambs there ? Have you a Good Shepherd ? Innocent sheep ?
>
> I waive all answer to these queries on condition that you and the Rev. W. H. B. keep (as I hope you now are) well and happy. Believe me very sincerely your obliged,
>
> B. W. PROCTER.

Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) a frequent correspondent, also writes in the same strain, commiserating the absent cleric :

> Now that you are free from duty and from pleasure it is possible that you, either in singularity or plurality, might be able to come here next Tuesday, Nov. 16th, for the week. I direct this to Babylon, not knowing your address among the beasts of Lincolnshire.

* * * * *

Reference has already been made to the friendship that existed between the Eltons and an earlier generation of men of letters. Mrs. Brookfield's grandfather, Sir Abraham, chaplain to the King of Hanover, was the friend and correspondent of Hannah More and Maria Edgeworth. His son, Sir Charles, after serving in the army, made a name as a poet and scholar. Lamb, Wordsworth, Landor, Southey, Coleridge, Turner were among his friends. Landor, a severe critic, writing to Southey of Elton's Elegy, *The Brothers* (referred to by Mr. Hallam, on a previous page), says that he read and re-read the poem.—" Tears were in my eyes the first time, the second time, and the third time."

Walter Savage Landor kept up his friendship with the Brookfields to the end of his life. He and Southey used to visit the Eltons in Somerset-shire and at Southampton, where they were living, before Sir Charles succeeded Sir Abraham at Clevedon. It was at Southampton in 1838, when Brookfield became engaged to Jane Elton, that Landor wrote some lines which find a place in her daughter's album. On the same sheet, written on both sides, are two sets of verses: *To Wordsworth*, signed W. S. Landor: and *The Power of Sound*, unsigned, dated March 13th, 1838.

The first is a simple, not to say crude effusion, which cannot be taken seriously. The confession of his early jealousy of Wordsworth is a little pathetic, but there is an ingenuous friendliness about some of the lines that disarms criticism, in spite of bathos—a touch of Wordsworthian simplicity, unlike Landor. In his desire to make amends to Wordsworth, Landor does himself less than justice. Presumably he intended the couplets as a mild and good-natured parody of Wordsworth himself. It is interesting to compare these lines with others that he addressed to Wordsworth, and which have appeared in his published works. There is always a reservation, sometimes a slightly patronising friendliness, sometimes a tinge of envy, in his praise or criticism of Wordsworth—a genuine, but a qualified admiration.

### TO WORDSWORTH.

If youth had starts of jealousy, let age
Rest with composure on another's page,
Take by the hand the timid, rear the young,
Shun the malignant, and respect the strong.
Censure's coarse bar, corroded, crusts away,
And the unwasted captive starts on day.
Another date hath praise's golden key,
With that alone men reach eternity.
He who hath lent it, tho' awhile he wait,
Yet genius shall restore it at the gate.
Think kindly for our coming years are few,
Their worst diseases mortals may subdue;
Which, if they grow around a loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are smitten, leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our distrust,
Cling to our name, and sink not with our dust.

Like Peers and paupers is our flesh and blood
Perish like them we cannot, if we would.
Is not our sofa softer when one end
Sinks to the welcome pressure of a friend ?
If he hath raised us from our low estate
Are we not happier when they call him great.
Some who sate round us while the grass was green
Fear the chill air, and quit the duller scene ;
Some unreturning through our doors have past,
And haply we may live to see the last.

W. S. LANDOR.

I venture to offer some interpretation of these rhymes. The handwriting is difficult. "*Unwasted*" captive might almost read "*unwashed*." But I had regretfully to reject this rendering. I presume that the poet means to imply that the captive was none the worse for his imprisonment, and, in spite of not having, metaphorically speaking, lost condition, managed to squeeze through the prison bars. The poet is fond of "starts," which appear three times in the two poems. I take his meaning to be this. The youthful captive, imprisoned behind Censure's vulgar bars, has fits and starts of jealousy. Having, like the Prisoner of Chillon, grown old (but unlike him, fat) in captivity, the bars conveniently rust away, and he emerges, with a start, or startled, into the daylight—"starts on day," in fact ! Or does he, like a ticket-of-leave man, make a fresh start ? Or why, or how, does he start ? The sofa too, is a delightful touch. A fat poet at each end—a "great" one at one end—of the pre-Victorian horsehair. The original of Dickens' Mr. Jarndyce was, naturally, a big, hearty man, and he seems to be somewhat obsessed by bulk. Do modern Georgian poets, I wonder, sit beside one another on sofas, hand in hand ? And finally, in the concluding simile, the weighty friend, very justifiably bored at having to sit out of doors on the damp grass (he would have preferred the sofa) and listen to the dull vapourings of his host, gets up, goes away, and bangs the door behind him,—"unreturning." The last line is rather obscure, but it almost seems to hint, somewhat inconsequently, that the writer hopes he has seen the last of his friend ! "Peers and paupers" remains a mystery to me.

An amateur study of the handwritings of Landor, Southey, and Wordsworth in this volume has the usual bewildering result—one detects a resemblance in all three ! It seems probable that both these poems are by Landor and that he wrote the *Power of Sound*, his own fine and impressive rendering of Wordsworth's theme, and then added the lines addressed to Wordsworth. But I must leave the question of authorship to others. Here is the second poem, hitherto, so far as I know, unpublished :

THE POWER OF SOUND.

When I have listened to the dreamy sound
Of happy music—it was sad to think
That those sweet tones should pass away and cease

In blank and desolate stillness—then I felt
The pain of momentary change—I felt
How all is passing—words and pleasant sounds
And all fair things still vanish from our sense—
  The air is still unmoved, those tones are dead
But yet one touch and they once more shall come
In breathing melody such as we loved—
Thoughts that die not, and feeling that had slept
In the deep silence of the spirit rest
Thus to start up as in forgotten days !

Pure and unchanged, the everlasting Stars
Have looked upon our birth as they shall look
Upon our grave—and what have they not seen ?
The ancient dead have walked beneath their light,
And all that I have loved, have watcht those stars,
Yet even in their bright tranquillity
They cannot shake the calmness of our mind,
They cannot so bring back our happy days
As all familiar and melodious sounds.
And oh ! thou wild and ever wandering wind,
Tossing the weary waves till all the air
Is tremulous with sound, what can so wake
Our passionate desires—what else oppress
With sense of all unfathomable things !
The soul thirsts to possess—to feel, to know,
And visible beauty is a dream—and truth
And life and perfect love are yet unseen.

March 13th, 1838.

Southampton.

* * * * *

Wordsworth himself, whom Brookfield met occasionally, is represented by little more than his autograph. Wordsworth's personality did not always impress his contemporaries. Carlyle has described the dullness of his conversation. The poet sat at the opposite end of the Cheyne Row sofa. But Carlyle, unlike Landor, did not find it the softer for the " welcome pressure." In fact, he seems to have been much bored by the visit. Brookfield, in his Diary for 1845, relates how he met Wordsworth at dinner. Describing his gracious reception by the Queen, at a State Ball, the Laureate said :

" I daresay it was *my years*, most likely she had not read many of my works . . . " He added that he had stipulated with the Lord Chamberlain, that he should not just pass through the crowd, but should be noticed. I remarked that the Queen had done herself good by her reception of him, and that he could not have bestowed his patronage on a more depressed cause than that of Queendom—unless the Clergy . . . which raised a great laugh. I, however, begged to amend my

speech and to express my gratitude for his patronage of the Clergy. He said he was quite content with my first compliment.

A letter from Charles Lamb is addressed to the Editor of the *Athenæum*, Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, who gave it to Mrs. Brookfield.

(Date 1833).

Dear Sir,

My address is no longer "Enfield"; but "Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton": so you see I mean to remain your obligee for pleasant Athenæums; my poor Sister is very bad with her old illnesses.

In haste and trouble,

Yours,

C. LAMB.

He died in 1834. The reference to the tragedy of his sister, Mary, and the little touch of pathos, courage and humour even in these few lines, is very characteristic of Elia. The address is of interest in view of the concern shown by the public when the sale of Lamb's last home was announced the other day.

* * * * *

Finally, outliving all their contemporaries and carrying us back to the middle of the eighteenth century, come notes from wonderful old Samuel Rogers, and the Miss Berrys, as they appear on their card.

Mary and Agnes Berry were the friends, and, later the literary executors of Horace Walpole, before the eighteenth century drew to a close. Mary began her own "Journals and Correspondence" in 1783. When they ceased to live at Strawberry Hill, bequeathed to them by Horace Walpole, they came to London. On their card, scrawled in pencil, is a pathetic little message for Mrs. Brookfield.

Pray come to poor old
MISS BERRYS
weak things and bring
CURZON STREET,
with you something more
No. 8.
agreeable.

Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, though he was then 82, sends, in the neatest and most youthful handwriting, an invitation to one of his famous breakfasts. At the age of 87 he declined the Laureateship, vacant on the death of Wordsworth, which was then conferred on Tennyson.

(22nd April, 1845).

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

Please pray come on Wednesday, the 30th at 10¼ for I cannot let you escape.

If the devastation was great perhaps you can spare me a Lock. I need not say how highly I shall value it.

Yours sincerely,

S. ROGERS.

In a letter to his *fianceé* in '41, Brookfield describes his first invitation (through Monckton Milnes) to Rogers' select breakfast-table.

> On Thursday morning next—oh, where is Caroline, I breakfast,—where ? ? ? ? ?
> At the Burlington ? No. At Lord Lansdowne's ? Pooh ! With Jno. ? Pshaw !
> Upon Perigord pie and *omelette aux fines herbes ?* Du tout ! With Lord John ? Whew ! Bishop of St. David's ? Nein. With Prince Albert ? Pish ! With ROGERS ? I can hardly frame my guessing lips to utter—Yes !
> I hope that he will " behave well "—that is that he will not pick his teeth with my fork, etc.

For the Brookfields this was the first of a long series of these famous breakfasts. Mrs. Brookfield wrote of one of them,—a party *named* by Mrs. Gladstone, at Rogers' request :

> His stories were invariably lengthy, and did not always possess a point though they did generally contain a moral ; but his histrionic skill was so great that nobody perceived this want—his keen and vivacious manner kept everybody always intently interested until the last word had been spoken.

And Mr. Brookfield, on another occasion, says :

> On coming away he shook me with both hands and said " Good night, I am much obl*ee*ged to you." What for ?

At a later date, when Rogers was well over 90, Mrs. Brookfield said :

> It was a tremendous effort to be armed *cap-à-pie* for brilliant conversation at 10 o'clock in the morning.

* * * * *

An outline of the rest of this epistolary patch-work must suffice.

Mr. Gladstone writes a sprightly note to Lady Theodora, asking about an imaginary frost-bite, whilst his brother, Robertson, sends the Prime Minister twelve pages, heavily jocose, on the supply of beer at the coming Exhibition. Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, and on the staff of *Bentley's Review*, asks Mr. Brookfield to contribute an article on Education,—on account of his amusing style of writing ! Nearly a dozen Prime Ministers, from Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel onwards, with whom Brookfield was at one time and another more or less distantly associated, contribute their handwritings, together with whole Cabinets of contemporary statesmen. Lord Chancellors and Judges by the dozen adorn the pages.

The Duke of Manchester recommends a baker to Mrs. Brookfield, and Lord Lansdowne, a friend of many years, sends her an engraving of Tennyson—" it gave me the hope that beautiful art would not be extinguished, as I began to fear it would be, in photography". The Duke of Wellington's signature appears, and elsewhere Mr. Brookfield comments with trenchant humour on a meeting with the Duke.

Kingsley declines, politely but firmly, to preach for Mr. Brookfield, as he dislikes smart London congregations. Manning—Archdeacon, not yet

Cardinal—forgets a bag and a hymn, and sends an invitation to dine at the wrong house. The list of Archbishops, Bishops and Deans reads like a Convocation ; the roll of Court physicians and fashionable surgeons like the General Medical Council. Half a dozen P.R.A.'s have a large and varied following of Victorian artists, from Landseer to Holman Hunt and Rossetti ; whilst music and the stage are strongly represented by Doctor Joachim, Jenny Lind, Helena Fawcitt (Lady Martin), Mrs. Sartoris, Mrs. Kemble, Macready, Wigan, and many others ; science by Darwin, Herschell and Faraday, to mention the most eminent.

A few distinguished foreigners walk in and out of the pages. So do Queens Victoria and Adelaide. George IV, however, remains outside on the door step, that is the fly-leaf, having, presumably, no immediate connection with Mr. Brookfield. But the Duke of York gets in with an able memorandum to the War Office on the time-honoured theme of the inadequacy of our forces ; and the young Prince of Wales (Edward VII) with the end of a letter in German, seemingly desirous of impressing a relative with the arduous nature of his duties in the House of Lords. It was in his position as Chaplain to the Queen that Brookfield came in touch with these exalted personages.

For the rest, the pages bristle with the names of writers and people of note—Matthew Arnold, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Harrison Ainsworth, Ouida, Lecky, Florence Nightingale, Froude, Anthony Trollope, are a few of the remaining figures in this miscellaneous gallery, among whom Mr. Brookfield stalked with his " excessive gravity," his " inimitable wit," his melancholy humour, and Mrs. Brookfield moved with her urbane smile. The young Twentieth Century has not yet produced a company more notable.

* * * * *

The old " Album", which I now put aside, lay little noticed for half a century. Perhaps in another half-century it will emerge again from its obscurity, and these early Victorians may meet with a fresh resurrection at the hands of some curious post-Georgian. But the present age has no time or use for Letters (with a big L), and its posterity will have to get the material for its studies of our times from Who's Who, newspaper paragraphs, the books of Lady Oxford and Asquith and Colonel Repington, or the bulky apologias of our public men. The latter will give them lots of material ; they are becoming almost a periodical issue. But the task of the post-Georgians will be less enviable than ours.

I have chosen only a few of the two hundred and fifty odd letters and scraps in Magdalene Ritchie's book (few indeed of them can be dignified as Letters). They make a mere patch-work, with tags of her father's jottings woven in among them, tinged with his humorous melancholy. Such slight material does not make a finished tapestry ; but perhaps

it may just recall the picture of a world which had little in common with modern society.

Like that of Mr. Brookfield himself, many of the names in his daughter's collection are now remembered only by a few. Yet the character of an age can be gauged as accurately by its personalities as by its solid achievements. It is not only wars and Acts of Parliament, books and music and pictures that count. You must go further afield than Hansard and histories, and dive into old letters and memoirs, often forgotten as soon as they are published. You will be rewarded with glimpses into the thoughts and outlook of a period, not always otherwise apparent, you can sum up its characteristics, and the characteristics of its men of mark, by knowing who were whose friends, what they were like, what they thought and wrote to one another, and what was thought of them by their contemporaries. The study gives you a more intimate and familiar acquaintance with the times. Sometimes you will find that an age which seems totally different from your own, is not, at bottom, so very different after all. Sometimes some essential divergence stares you unexpectedly in the face. People now say that it is quite impossible to imagine the atmosphere in which Dickens and Thackeray lived. It may be that we are only out of sympathy with it, and do not try. A little random delving into old letters and papers is often not unprofitable ; it is always pleasant.

# THE BOOKPLATE IN RELATION TO THE BOOK-ARTS

By JAMES GUTHRIE

## I

YOUR bookman, curious about books for their literary value, would seem to lack a whole-hearted love of them if he does not also possess some knowledge of the several arts which go to their making. His mind is awakened by the word, and the word alone, perhaps, and is only dimly conscious of print when it hinders, or of decoration as an unnecessary flourish taking place somewhat beyond his sphere of interest. The weight of his opinion has, therefore, raised legibility to the rank of a fetish, although it might easily be held that the great masters have always flouted legibility, or at least sacrificed nothing to it, fearing that their art ran some risk of being esteemed too lightly by scholars, or of becoming more popular than any intricate and difficult art ever should. At all events their attitude was distinct from that of the bookman whose tendency has always been to glorify the word for what it means rather than for how it looks.

A letter is a hieroglyphic, and as a hieroglyphic it remains in the eyes of the craftsman, unless he has deteriorated so far as to become a slave of that separate art which literature creates in among signs and symbols. This being so, it follows that the art of printing is concerned with the harmonious arrangement of certain shapes upon a given space. Ornament and the use of colour are to the same purpose, having no necessary connection either with the intention of the words or the speed with which they may be read. No artist can, therefore, take the recommendations of Committees on the subject of legibility without being aware from the beginning that a hopelessly philistine view of the book-arts is involved, knowing how desperate is the case for soundly-designed lettering when it is wholly left to the judgment of type-founders and commercial experts. He may even suspect the calligrapher himself of occupying a niche somewhere in the Middle Ages, and of a disinclination to adventure beyond simplicity, despite his beautiful parchment, his raised gold, azure and vermillion.

But the best description of one art in the terms of another must appear to labour under the difficulty of a foreign idiom. Or, on the other hand, the tardy discoveries of enquiry and experiment may be parted with for too small a reward, affording clues the value of which is only slightly disguised by a thin garment of dispute.

There is no doubt, whatever may have been written on the subject to the contrary, that to Morris as to Jenson a page of print was first and

chiefly a decoration, free to deal with and set forth any text whatever, from a Bible to a sum in arithmetic, so long as that text might be made into an orderly logical pattern of black on white. And, being decorators, their appeal was to the healthy interested eye, the eye which finds more excitement in the nice disposition of words than in a blank page, and more pleasure in exuberance than in barrenness. The bookworm, the man-of-letters, and the many other kinds of readers who are bored, or whose sight has been affected by learning or literary curiosity, may also claim some share in books ; but it is not their conception of books which ever has or ever will result in the fine achievements of this art. Tale, treatise or tract alike demand the same invention and arrangement of mass and variety of effect ; emphasis and enrichment set off against delicate passages of " colour," and those in their turn against carefully-planned areas of white. It is, in view of this artistic principle, just as absurd to talk of books in terms of simplicity as in terms of elaboration. The rule is in the principle, not in the example ; so that when printers reduce their practice to standardised styles and old arrangements they have already decided against their own art. Elaboration brings more to bear upon the task, but it is as logically built up as a simpler scheme. And simplicity is from plentifulness rather than the result of that restraint which admires its own paucity of ideas ; for there is a vast scope for effect between overflowing enrichment and the austerity of lettering trusted with its ancient capacity to describe and decorate thought at the same time.

In the face of noble work done in the past, imitation has stood in the place of anything explicitly expressive of the present. A healthy artistic condition would be more curious of what happens in the workshop than of what museums or galleries display, because while finished examples are easily copied, the principles upon which they have been constructed are themselves more infinitely fertile of new varieties. Other arts have undergone courses of drastic experiment, greatly to their advantage ; but modern printing, despite its enterprise in certain directions, largely confesses the absence of lucid principles which would render progress regular and deliberate and certain.

## II

The peculiar and indefinable change of character which the book-arts undergo when they are drawn together into one service demands some enquiry. Various opinions have been given, and many theories explored without resulting in any remarkable unanimity among those most concerned. Each of these arts has, in fact, shown a disposition to develop an independent existence and throw off the shackles which their association with type imposes. Calligraphy, it is true, has had some effect upon modern type-faces ; but on the whole less than might have been the case. The art of the engraver, once intimately connected with book-printing, and that of the illustrator, after an excursion of some duration in the open, need the

chastening which a reunion would bestow upon them, every bit as much as the craft of printing needs a new artistic impulse to render it more efficient by increasing its technical resources. Upon whatever plane the re-assembly of these several arts might take place, decisions reached by that means could be absorbed only in general practice, when they would dispel the illusion of old styles and the innocence which seeks originality apart from constructive knowledge. These book-arts afford in their division too many different angles of vision, too many peculiarities and distinctions. Their actual relation to the press and to the limits implied both by monochrome and a succession of colours establishes a practically indestructible basis, a similarity of method, which must always tend to draw even the most pictorial kind of print within the orbit of the book. At the moment, however, wood-engraving, line engraving on metal, etching, lithography, and the more serious kinds of draughtsmanship are very little aware of control such as their application to books instantly suggests. It is often the methodicalness of colour-printing which recalls the feeling for decoration, because in planning his work for graver and for press, the artist has to accept some theory about colour division comparable with that which is embodied in the three-colour process, but without the literalism of photography. His art is, in fact, correct where the three-colour process is apt to be wrong, if the true lineal connection with type-matter may be taken as the ruling factor where books are concerned, as it surely may. The arts which make use of the press each involve particular considerations and call for some test in order that they may be wrought into a real affinity with the book again. They must accept a share, a proportion ; they must be amenable to the other elements, harmonious, of a piece with the book as a whole. The principle which makes line the broad basis of all book-art must be sustained, even if a flat area of colour should be the nearest equivalent. For, whatever germ or potentiality may exist in loose and haphazard arrangements of type and half-tone blocks, no serious student admits them within the realm of orderly design, although he may have some lingering suspicion that severe formality is often the refuge of those who have no new motion in their blood where printing is concerned. Great talents have been applied to the improvement of type-faces. Founders vie with each other in producing material for display founts, mainly variants upon some existing design, which they recommend as possessing the qualities of this or that " old style." And men like Goudy and Dard Hunter have explored the same field in America with much success and honour.

The material at hand for efficient and varied printing in all departments was never greater in quantity and quality than at the present time. Other conditions have not favoured a complete grasp of the subject, illustration and decoration having suffered from a lack of co-ordination with the more obvious usages of type and from the absence of a clear idea of those limitations implied by the presence of two different elements together in the same place.

## III

A multiplicity of examples would, perhaps, in course of time, demonstrate what was the truth. One good solution here and there might eventually wear through the general discrepancy of knowledge and have an effect. But such a cumbrous method could hardly have the same control which there is in grasping the problem frankly and as frankly setting up a standard or applying a simple test by which the problem may be resolved.

For this purpose no better unit for the study of book-decoration could be employed than the bookplate. Itself originating among the arts in which books were born, and having all the natural affinity with the formality of arms, it has persisted and kept alive a principle, despite the somewhat casual interest of bookmen and the ill-fortune which has often tended to deteriorate and put it to wrong uses. The signal and warrant of taste, delicately-proportioned and adjusted, a finishing touch given to the possession of books which is not so utterly necessary as to place it in the order of a commodity, nor so extraneous that it can be ignored, the bookplate has attracted many serious minds and done something towards the training of those who care for beauty and fitncss. The modern bookplate has taken some share in the attention of engravers whose connection with the book-arts would otherwise for the time being be of the slightest, and has, indeed, provided a ground from which the technique of relief and intaglio engraving and printing might be studied without more complication than its few conditions make necessary. The very smallness of area and of edition is an advantage, similar to that which gives the handpress an ascendancy in the creation of patterns when it is kept within its proper sphere. The bookplate art has leave to go where the trade printer may not tread ; the more, therefore, is it capable of setting the pace, as in its sort, a unit of the book-arts, many valuable decisions are embodied and even fresh ideas promulgated. Having a significance larger than there is in any local use, the art at once absorbs all sorts of different methods and attracts experiment. Being purely artistic in character, and devoted to one particular purpose, it at once reflects the mind of the artist, rendering his attitude towards book design evident in plain terms, a test which is much needed in these days of pictorial literalism.

Lip-service is so often given to the ideal book that even among ambitious examples there is a sensation of having been fobbed off with pleasant schemes carried out in standardised foundry material. A consciousness of being in the presence of a dignified kind of craft has, that is to say, done less with the opportunity than is warranted by the amount of spade-work which has been done in the lean neglected intervals these last twenty years or so. And what is now wanted is the will to place the work of the artist, as distinct from that of the commercial typographer, upon an equality which alone will endow the book-arts with the vigour of construction and the attraction of beauty.

# A PHILISTINE CRITIC OF LITERATURE

By STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

A SINGLE sneer in the nineteenth century injured Macaulay more than all his own suicidal faults as a critic of literature. In half-a-dozen scornful phrases Matthew Arnold branded him, so that we enjoy Macaulay's literary criticism warily—slightly distrustful. Arnold reminded us that he was second-rate. It does not suit our dignity to take pleasure in anything that is officially second-rate. This would never do. That story of the Australian settler who read his Bible, his Shakespeare, and his Macaulay would make any aristocratic reader suspicious. But we could not help thinking the other day how Matthew Arnold had spoiled things. We were reading Macaulay's letters to Napier, and Trevelyan's selections from the marginal literary notes of his uncle. Somehow Macaulay's comments on *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* seemed very happy, and his love—no weaker noun will serve—for Jane Austen very beautiful. Until, of course, we recalled that he was inferior. Matthew Arnold said so, very plainly. His words keep ringing in our ears: "A style, brilliant, metallic, exterior; making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping in a robe of rhetoric the thing it represents; not, with the soft play of life, following and rendering the thing's very form and pressure." Who wishes to confess that he likes—yes, admires—the literary criticism of an "honest rhetorician," the "Prince of Philistines"?

I do, for one. Macaulay has long been pigeon-holed as a historian and as a poet. Everyone knows what he did. School-boys thumb the *History of England*, and declaim, with many an evil pun, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. School-teachers admit in class that Macaulay was a statesman, that he went to India, that he was fond of his sisters. (I once suffered a horrid reprimand for misspelling his name; *ey*!). His style, his eloquence, his memory are boringly proverbial. In the straightforward drama of Macaulay's life we are all behind the scenes. But, curiously enough, as a critic of literature he is partly unexplored. The continents and mainlands—*videlicet*, the *Byron*, the *Milton*, the *Dryden*—have been investigated, and pronounced critically barren, but the *loca remota*—and *amoena*!—are singularly trackless. No one has mapped all of Macaulay's literary criticism, and evaluated it as a unified whole. This would be worth doing. The richest soil is not always found in the most populous regions. It might be remembered that the Garden of Eden has lately been rediscovered—in Alaska. Much of Macaulay's most striking literary criticism lies hidden in his letters and his extraordinary marginal annotations. Here is Matthew Arnold's warning: that "a reader who wants criticism will be disappointed." Possibly so. But something may still be said for Macaulay as a critic of literature.

L

One reason for disregard of Macaulay in the role of literary critic is that he belonged to the school of wicked Tamburlaine. He is a furibund critic. He beheads his victims. There is no better way to realise what has happened to literary criticism in a century than to read Macaulay's crucifixion of Croker's *Boswell*, and then turn quickly to the Literary Supplement of the London *Times*. Both types of critic, like Charles Lamb, love a fool, but in Macaulay's day the cruelty was not yet high-bred. Macaulay cannot sneer like the angels in heaven. He has instead "a thousand with red, hissing spits come hissing in upon 'em." A frequent sequel of review in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly* was a cudgelling, or a duel. The consequence of a sharp review to-day is milder—though perhaps more deplorable—merely another review. The first weapon of the reviewer was a battle-axe; his present one a toy rapier. The former used abuse; the latter innuendo. So delicate a paragraph as the following, quoted from a recent review of Professor Smith's book, *nominibus mutatis*, would have seemed like a caress to the horse-whipping reviewers of the 'forties:

> This book will be unlikely to injure Shelley, for Shelley is dead; it cannot injure Professor Smith, for he is unknown. The only party likely to be damaged by this book is Kent University, with which Professor Smith seems to have some connection.

A zealous bureau sends the clipping to Professor Smith. This gentleman replies malignantly in the same diaphanous manner, and the incident is closed. Macaulay's obliteration of the poems of Robert Montgomery would to-day be printed privately and mailed anonymously. Even in Macaulay's day his malisons on Croker were thought too ardent. "It might," said Lockhart, "have been done in the style of a gentleman." Macaulay's reviews are literary pugilism, and cannot be altogether appreciated by an age which has turned the ringside into a tea-party. One might as soon expect a Quaker minister to sympathise with the marriage technique of the Sabines, or a Lord Chesterfield to exult in the etiquette of the Druids.

Brutality defaces many pages of Macaulay. Few have forgotten—one might add, forgiven—the volley of slurs on Johnson. The accumulation of defaming words in his picture of Boswell is inexcusable. Characteristic Macaulayese it is, like Gloucester's subterfuge to Regan "cunning—and false."

> That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humour, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings.

The mood of unqualified damning is the same in the verdict on Horace Walpole; the same acid tone, the same frantic exaggeration:

> He had not a creative imagination. He had not a pure taste. He was not a great reasoner. There is indeed scarcely any writer in whose works it would be possible to find so many contradictory judgments, so many sentences of extravagant nonsense.

Stout indeed must have been the hides which could bear such thumpings. Macaulay's tuck was always about someone's shoulders. Croker's *Boswell*,

full of " monstrous blunders " is " ill compiled, ill arranged, ill written, and ill printed." He beats Southey to a scarecrow :

> Now in the mind of Mr. Southey reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave. He does not seem to know what an argument is. He never uses argument himself. He never troubles himself to answer the arguments of his opponents. It has never occurred to him.

—and so on, till we experience the exotic emotion of wishing to defend the poetry of Mr. Southey! Likewise the wretched Montgomery. He is deleted, that is all. No trace remains.

Macaulay as a critic is fistic. Nothing is truer. He either delivers his subject a knockout, which is Montgomery's fate, or he will not fight, and embraces him, which is Addison's. But he has estranged himself in more vital ways. Macaulay thought apparently that a critical essay should be a discourse on the nature of things ; *allerleiwissenschaft*. He interrupts himself with all manner of observations on life. Many of these are irrelevant, and all of them are long. The most intrusive is Macaulay's passion for biography. When this sharpens into racy anecdote, as in the story of Wycherley's town life, or in the vignettes of Fanny Burney's home, he gets somewhere, but the account of Addison's father is an instance of his sitting by the roadside. The fact is that Macaulay thinks first of the man, and secondly of his work. Lancelot Addison may explain the existence of Joseph, but he had little to do with the *Spectator* papers. *Addison* and *Madame D'Arblay* are pocket biographies with inferences on literature. And the inferences are too few, the dates too plentiful. These short, encyclopedic biographies are delightful, but their method is extended to essays which cannot be called biographies. Macaulay says one or two memorable things about the *Dramatists of the Restoration*, but these remarks are almost crowded out in the chatter of tavern gossip about Wycherley and Congreve. So busy indeed is the author in reckoning up the several devils' names that are the lackeys of these gentlemen that he forgets what he is come about ; he leaves no time for Farquhar and Vanbrugh, a sin we cannot condone.

Nor the original sin, either. Brilliant as these transcripts of eighteenth-century life are, the poet's writings, now and always, are the thing, and not his adventures. The place for biography is not in critical essays, but in books of reference. Later criticism has noted this, and has avoided biography as if it were the devil. Right or wrong, tastes have changed. Imagine a criticism of the *Idylls of the King* steeped in a Farringford background. Macaulay is alien to us as a critic partly because of his fondness for biography in critical essays.

Alas ! the interruptions are not only biographical. Macaulay avoids his subject in many ways. He is half-through the essay on Dryden before he comes to the poet himself. After fifty pages of another essay Macaulay says to his wandering reader : " We now turn from the life of Madame D'Arblay to her writings." It is high time, Mr. Macaulay. He rests at a dozen inns before he sets out on the main road. Politics is a persistent

will o' the wisp. The classics take him into forgotten paths of learning. The critique on Bacon provokes a fierce attack on idealistic philosophies, and that on Byron a biting arraignment of British public opinion.

Much of our impatience with Macaulay as a critic is begotten of this digression. We simply have not time, if we are studying literature, to rehearse his jejune politics, or to hear him descant on Boileau and the classics. Like Henry Ward Beecher's impromptu lecture on oysters, it may be captivating, but it is not what we are after. What Macaulay says of Byron's characters is excellent, but the substance of the criticism is so slight that the passage has the air of an *arrière pensée*. The acute judgment on the Restoration playwrights, an annihilating *riposte* to Charles Lamb's dreamy evasion of the issue, is that they are *hard-hearted*. But this is all. The rest is the pageant of Restoration society. No one will think it strange that our age, whose writing, we are told, is mechanically perfect, will shy at Macaulay's Chatauqua essays. Macaulay's style and paragraphs astonish us, but a modern editor would be likely to write him one of those courteous notes on his " unity of exposition." In spite of his deserved fame as a stylist, Macaulay does not always keep his eye on the ball. So that this biographical twist, this diversion from the poetry or prose considered, has made us look askance at Macaulay as a critic of literature. He seems rather an artist painting the portraits of eminent men of letters. For pure literary criticism we are apt to turn to Arnold, to Swinburne, or even to the second-rate critics who swarm over the cosmos.

Besides, Macaulay's literary criticism, whenever he gets round to it, is elementary. Of all nineteenth century critics he is the most naïve. As in his history he uses two colours, black and white. There is nothing else 'twixt heaven and hell. Like the debutante's father we may well wonder what language would be without the superlative degree. Suggestion for a ten years' doctoral thesis : a list of superlatives in Macaulay's prose. He is the pioneer of popular lecturers ; he can tell you the *best* and the *worst* pieces of literature between any given dates. (*Why* is another matter.) The lily or the cypress ; angel or devil ; after all, it does simplify literature. Thus in the essay on *Machiavelli* : " The Divine Comedy [is] beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which has appeared since the poems of Homer." In *Bacon* we read of the biographer of Cicero : " Never was there a mind keener or more critical than that of Middleton " ; in *Dante* : " Othello is perhaps the greatest work in the world " ; in *Addison* : " Pope's *Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot* is as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the Essay on Criticism." Observe this bit of critical rhodomontade, that a certain scene in *The Absentee* is " the best thing of the sort since the opening of the Twenty-second book of the ' Odyssey '."

Macaulay never tires of ranking the poets. Plato is " one of the five first-rate Athenians." Lucan is " the most extraordinary man that ever lived." He loves to meditate on their " points," and rate them properly

in an orderly list. The women's championship is awarded as follows: First, Madame de Staël ; second, Miss Edgeworth ; third, Miss Austen ! In a letter he is distressed about the precise allocation of Euripides among the Greek poets. And this passage from *Addison* is typical : He has left us " some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's." Doubtless Macaulay, with his immense learning, could have conscripted an army of authors, making proper assignments of rank. He would have carefully adjusted all gradations. Possibly Dante would have been a lieutenant-general. Certainly Southey would not have been a lieutenant—hardly ! And stripes bestowed on N.C.O.'s like Robert Montgomery would have been exact to the last millimetre.

This is a quaint pastime of Macaulay's, but it is not literary criticism. It reminds one of elections to Phi Beta Kappa on 89.9 ; or a graduate school discussion as to whether Henry Bugg belongs to the major or minor Australian novelists ; or the ancient award of the Portuguese for bravery : Order of Valour, Third Degree. Sometimes his madness for comparison and contrast leads Macaulay to much chat, often unprofitable, about one or two figures selected, it would seem, at random from the world's literature. As a means of heightening this trick is not to be despised ; it has the blessing of greater critics than Macaulay. A pleasant dodge, and stimulating. But for Macaulay it is a workaday method. Basil Montagu and Dr. Middleton ; Cowper and Alfieri ; Addison and Boileau ; Bunyan and Shelley—Macaulay's subjects are likely to be twinned at birth, nobody can say why. The marvellous current of anecdote, contrast, and illustration carries the reader along, till it suddenly lands him again where he started, at Keswick with Southey, or at Genoa with Addison, or in the Queen's chamber with Fanny Burney.

And these faults—for they are faults in a critic of literature, however magnificent in a painter of portraits of the past—look back to a single cause. Macaulay lacked analytical power. Everyone knows this ; it is unnecessary to dwell on it. For this reason the inner vision of Dante is " absurd metaphysics." For this reason Bacon is the supreme philosopher. (One bird of Bacon's feather, Macaulay thinks, is worth a whole covey of Platos.) And for this reason Worsdworth is an eccentric phenomenon. In the literature of the most profound idealism Macaulay has little interest. He did not understand it. Certainly he left no analytical criticism of it. Where in Macaulay's literary criticism are there passages of sustained and powerful analysis ? Not in the essays on Byron, on Milton, on Johnson, or, indeed, anywhere else. The judgments on Shakespeare are less critical than appreciative. We echo them, saying, not as when we read Coleridge, or some of the critics whom Macaulay scorned, " How original," but " True—of course." Macaulay proclaims what we know, the obvious, the external. He flatters because he shares our own commonplaceness. He is the most reassuring of critics, for he confirms our own fancies. One can guess how Macaulay would have hated the over-analysis

of the twentieth century. I should like to read his marginalia on a modern novel, or a poem, say of the Witter Bynner school. What would he have thought of A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* ? Of Pater on *Style* ?

What Macaulay cared for was not analysis of literature, but portrayal of its outer life. His was a romantic canvas, a cyclorama of stirring scenes in literature. His art lay in arresting us before a picture not by its subtlety of thought but by its dramatic moment and colour. We pause not to analyse the face of a Rembrandt, but to enjoy the brilliance of a Rubens. Bacon at the trial of Essex ; or in his garden ; Fanny Burney with Mr. Crisp ; Addison in Paris ; Byron at Missolonghi—these are immortal frescoes and Byron's literary portraits are stereoscopic. The trick of comparison and contrast makes each picture double. But as we read we see a single image etched into high relief.

Macaulay's letters reflect his boyish delight in the popularity of his style. As a historian he wove deliberately a gorgeous tapestry of the past. As a critic he could not help using the same loom, but he felt that it was inadequate. In brief, he realised that he lacked the power of analysis. Of this circumstantial evidence exists in his avoidance of subjects which demanded the fullest use of such a power. Macaulay lived until 1859. He saw the growth and sweep of romanticism. He must have contrasted the introspective moods of nineteenth-century poets with those of his beloved eighteenth. But there are no critical essays on Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, or others of the new faith. On the whole he disliked the new poetry. Such a romanticist as Rousseau he detested ; one can guess his " hatred for the fellow." Even the essay on Byron, though great in some respects, is a meagre addition to the *critical* literature on that poet. Romantic literature demanded far greater analytical powers than Macaulay's. The real proof of his weakness occurs in his famous confession to Napier. This is well-known, but will bear repetition. On June 26, 1838, he wrote :

> I tell you what I sincerely think when I say that I am not successful in analysing the effect of works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated ; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, " I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's *Laocoon*, such passages as the criticism on " Hamlet " in *Wilhelm Meister*, fill me with wonder and despair.

Yes, a remarkable avowal, revealing not only modesty, but a fine sense of literary honour. I myself find much in the passage worthy of study ; it reveals Macaulay both as a man and as a critic of literature. It is severe self-criticism—rigorous in the extreme. Some have tried to prove it too rigorous. Perhaps. But the admission concerning the critical faculty is true. What remains, then ? Can a writer be a great critic of literature

without the gift of analysis ? I never dared maintain that Macaulay was a great critic. But I dare aver that he has been under-rated, that his literary criticism has not been considered in its entirety, and that in certain respects he is unique. All this in the face of his critical faults : his absurd superlatives ; his rhetorical antics ; his historical digressions.

Macaulay's first distinction as a critic of literature is this : he knew his subject. Mark Pattison remarked conservatively that his command of literature was " imperial." Macaulay was in the amazing position of knowing enough to warrant him in criticising literature. Later Matthew Arnold was to lay down a precept, which he himself followed feebly, to " know the best that has been thought and said in the world." Macaulay knew the best, and the worst, too ; and knew it by heart : that " portentous memory"—such was Thomas Hardy's phrase in the *Cornhill Magazine*. That Macaulay could repeat *Paradise Lost* is one of the things that " every school-boy " is supposed to know. Of course " every school-boy " does not know this, and few of his elders remember the extent of Macaulay's prodigious power. Recall it. Macaulay was capable, though many would not regard this as a benefaction, of rewriting *verbatim* the whole of *Sir Charles Grandison*. He told the writer of the *Greville Memoirs* that he had read the book fifteen times. I select at random instances of Macaulay's powerful memory. " I walked in the portico," he writes in October, 1857, " and learned by heart the noble fourth act of the ' Merchant of Venice.' I made myself perfect master of the whole, the prose letter included, in two hours." This is appalling. But diaries of the period warn us against *cum grano salis*. " Anything may be believed," Tom Moore declares, " so wonderful is his memory." Let me quote again from the *Greville Memoirs* :

> If ever Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer, it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory . . . unequalled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the Bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek : besides this his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books which in discussion he pours forth with incredible facility.

If we remind ourselves further that this power was not a freak memory (there are village idiots who can quote Shakespeare) but merely incidental to boundless reading, we see that Macaulay possessed one qualification of the critic, to wit, knowledge. Macaulay's learning is sometimes embarassing. A humble reader is occasionally overwhelmed by allusion. What, pray, in the *Colloquies of Southey* are " the Domdaniel cavern, the Swerga, or Padalon " ? But more often the allusions are rivets which fasten his arguments. They appear in profusion, as in the account of literary sycophancy in *Robert Montgomery's Poems* :

> Horace invoking Augustus in the most enthusiastic language of religious veneration, Statius flattering a tyrant, and the minion of a tyrant, for a morsel of bread, Ariosto verifying the whole genealogy of a niggardly patron, Tasso extolling the heroic virtues of the wretched creature who locked him up in a madhouse.

*All* learning, to adapt a figure of Boccaccio's, was to Macaulay " a bean in the lion's mouth." He was insatiable. So that our customary shrewd speculations about a critic's sources, his actual mastery of material, and the like, are uncalled for in the case of Macaulay. " Good Lord," said a student of mine, as he looked over the comments on literature in the letters, " Macaualay has *read* these books ! " Macaulay's remark on his essay, *Bacon*, is thus true of all that he has written :

> My opinion is formed, not at second hand, like those of nine-tenths of the people who talk about Bacon, but after several very attentive perusals of his greatest works, and after a good deal of thought.

Such a power, I think you will agree, is worth something in a critic of literature. Not only is Macaulay a first-hand critic. The scope of his criticism seems without limit—almost as boundless as college courses we have taken in philosophy. Nothing written is too obscure for Macaulay to read and to criticise. " The greatest marvel about him," says Lord Carlisle, " is the quantity of trash he remembers." Macaulay made an intricate study of the novel, *Santo Sebastiano*, computing the number of fainting fits in the five volumes. (Julia de Clifford was first with eleven ; Lady Delamire and Lady Theodosia were tied for second place with five each.) " Why do I read such trash ? " Macaulay once cried out. The essays are few, but in his letters he gave out endless observations on Greek literature, Indian poetry, the reviews, the latest novels.

It was Macaulay's habit to reply to authors in pencil in the margins of their books. He approached the letters of Miss Seward and the plays of Shakespeare with equal alertness and equal fecundity of comment. In his letters to Napier, and to everyone else, are a myriad pungent flings at writers—always caustic, always terse, and always inspiriting. Diaries and journals from 1830 to 1870 multiply the number of such criticisms. To use a rustic metaphor, Macaulay's mind is rather like a silo. Into the grinder travel the ears of corn, large and small ; prize ears and nubbins ; kernels and husks. Out they come, in an instant's time, cut by contact with that sharp master ; not ground slowly as in the boring mills of the gods. Omnivorous reading and omnipresent comment—this is the Macaulay of the letters and diaries. Such a mind has its own quality. Greater criticism, like Swinburne and the Elizabethans, focusses sharply on a period, but it is something to see all literature, if in fragmentary form, through the eyes of Macaulay. In informal criticism he took all literature for his province.

Trevelyan's privilege cannot be everyone's : to follow Macaulay through his books ; to read, scratched in the margins, his retorts to the great minds of the past. Reading was his solace ; his strength. One of the noblest passages in literature on books is Macaulay's in his essay on *Addison* : " The old friends who are never seen with new faces ; who are the same in wealth and poverty, in glory and obscurity." But it is still possible to look over Macaulay's shoulder. Trevelyan tells us that Macaulay was

careful in his essays not to give way to prejudice. The delight of inspecting his private criticisms is that prejudice is triumphant. Quaintly indeed—as Macaulay reads he thinks—he praises, blames, sneers, laughs, denounces, all with invincible candour. It is honesty unalloyed. Somehow one would not exchange it for the oratory on Milton and Byron.

There follows an extreme specimen of this criticism, less valuable in substance than in suggesting Macaulay's keen reactions. The passage was offered by the *New Quarterly Review* on August 8, 1874, *re* some books of Macaulay's :

> The most characteristically marked is Lord Orrery's Letters to his son, Hamilton Boyle, on Swift's Life and Writings. . . . Lord Orrery begins by giving a character of Swift from his own reminiscences, and Lord Macaulay has written on the margin, " this seems a fair character." This is the only civil remark he makes. At the end of the first chapter he writes, " Wretchedly written." Lord Orrery begins one letter to his son, " My dear Ham," and Macaulay annotates, " One would think this was a letter from Noah." . . . Again, " wretched pedantry," " Trash," " Folly," " Shame-shame," " May the Lord help thee, thou art a great fool." He writes opposite the narrative about Stella : " A good story made ridiculous by Lord Orrery's way of telling it." . . . On one page he scribbles, " Really this book makes one ashamed of being a human being." . . . Macaulay writes against one acute remark, " Stolen." On another passage he says, " This is so well said that I can hardly think it was Lord Orrery's own thought."

Who would like to be Lord Orrery? This is too petulant. But such naïve criticisms stripped of japannish rhetoric, concerning all writers from Shakespeare to Mrs. Meek, open our eyes. They make us see more clearly than a hundred orations on Addison Macaulay's bent as a critic of literature. What was said negatively, that Macaulay lacked powers of analysis, may now be phrased positively : his is the criticism of taste and feeling. He judges neither by fixed standards, like Matthew Arnold, nor by contemplation of a writer in relation to his age, like Taine, nor by any kind of analysis ; but by the way literature affects his emotions or his imagination. Thus these private opinions form a strange record of loving and hating, laughter and tears. " With what delight and horror," he writes, " I read the *Ancient Mariner*." He flies into a passion at Coleridge for his remarks on syntax. Jane Austen is a " wonderful creature." *Joan of Arc* is a monstrous play. He weeps over countless books. He is overcome by pity for the broken-down author in *Masks and Faces*. " I finished," he says, " Manzoni's novel, not without tears." Dickens' *Hard Times* has an " excruciatingly touching, heart-breaking passage." On January 1, 1839, he writes in his *Journal* :

> In my journey through the Pontine Marshes I finished Bulwer's *Alice*. It affected me much, and in a way in which I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering they produce is to me a very real suffering.

Writing of *Dombey and Son* he adds : " There is one passage which made me cry as if my heart would break."

Sometimes he is carried away by the latest novel, and then he writes to Hannah More in this fashion :

> But why plague ourselves about politics when we have so many pleasanter things to talk of ? *The Parson's Daughter* : don't you like *The Parson's Daughter* ? What a wretch Harbottle was ! And Lady Frances, what a sad worldly woman ! . . . There is a regular coze over a novel for you ! But, if you will have my opinion, I think it Theodore Hook's worst performance ; far inferior—the inevitable comparison—to *The Surgeon's Daughter* ; a set of fools making themselves miserable by their own nonsensical fancies and suspicions.

Is all this without charm ? I admit the fault. It is, you say, like the criticism of an enthusiastic school-boy, who has somehow read everything. True, but youth is refreshing, and to find it in the literary criticism of the most widely-read man of the century is refreshing, too. To return to Cervantes for the fiftieth time, to proclaim again its wonder ; to be unable to leave Shakespeare ; to find Pepys an " inexhaustible " delight—this—Well, as I turn the pages of modern criticism, and infect myself with its weariness, I sometimes think that it does no harm to re-read Macaulay on the Greek poets, Macaulay on Jane Austen. Thought did not become a disease in this robust life and criticism was not introspection. Literature was ever new, ever young. Macaulay knew to the end of his life the joys, if not the subtleties, of *appreciation*.

All this links easily with what we know of Macaulay as a man, but which we sometimes forget of him as a critic of literature. His mental life had its origin in the eighteenth century. He was always praising, to the disgust of Matthew Arnold, the nineteenth century, but his belief in its progress was based on an instinctively drawn contrast with the earlier age. He was brought up in their statesmanship, their civilisation—and their literature. " Macaulay's youth," says Trevelyan, " was nourished upon Pope, and Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, and De Foe. . . . He had Prior's burlesque verses and Arbuthnot's pasquinades . . . completely at his fingers' ends." We can infer much concerning his attitude towards the new generation of poets, and all this is confirmed by examining his informal criticism. In his formal essays he omits Carlyle, Wordsworth, and their kind. In his letters he commits them frankly to perdition. Macaulay's zest for literature is wrapped up in externals. So were the tastes of the eighteenth century. If one may hazard a guess, the circle of Addison, or of Johnson, revisiting the upper air, would have christened nineteenth century romanticism, lyricism, mollycoddleism, just what Macaulay thought it—moonshine.

Everywhere in the letters, as far as literature is concerned, Macaulay appears as a belated Augustan. Even in his own century he is fondest of those who are least characteristic of it, notably Jane Austen. Trevelyan rightly laments his indifference to the great contemporary literature springing up around him. He read everything, of course ; even Wordsworth's *Prelude* and *Excursion*. But he loved best that which had the approval of the earlier century. He read, for example, unremittingly in Sterne, Fielding, and

Smollett. A reading list which he framed *currente calamo* is significant: Bacon's *Essays*, Hume's *England*, Gibbon's *Rome*, Robertson's *Charles V*, Robertson's *Scotland*, Robertson's *America*, Swift's *Gulliver*, *Robinson Crusoe*, Shakespeare's Works, *Paradise Lost*, Milton's smaller poems, *Arabian Nights*, Park's *Travels*, Anson's *Voyages*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Johnson's *Lives*, *Gil Blas*, Voltaire's *Charles XII*, Southey's *Nelson*, Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. England was not a poetical desert in 1836, but in this year Macaulay wrote to Ellis: "The English poetry of the day has very few attractions for me. *Van Artevelde* is far the best specimen that I have seen." And in another letter he declared: "I know no more of Scott than I know of Dryden or Addison, and not a tenth part so much as I know of Swift, Cowper, or Johnson." Macaulay thought Samuel Rogers a greater poet than Samuel Coleridge. And in 1854 he wrote: "Read some of Swift's *Polite Conversations*, and Arbuthnot's *John Bull*. One never wearies of these excellent pieces." One never wearies of anything quite so much! The following superlative is consistent: Jefferies "I think more nearly a universal genius than any man of our time." In 1851 he consoles himself, among others, with Lord Campbell and Miss Ferrier. "Absalom and Achitophel is the greatest satire of modern times; Burke is the greatest man since Milton." So it goes. English literature must have ceased in 1800.

Meanwhile he damns the literature of the century in which he himself was somewhat inappropriately born. Southey's latest book is "trash, if there ever was trash in a bookseller's shop." For Scott he cares little. "As to Carlyle, he might as well write in Irving's unknown tongue at once!" The thought of Macaulay reading Newman is fascinating; he did, and barely survived the ordeal. On October 14, 1850, he notes in his *Journal*:

> Among other things I read Newman's *Lectures*, which have just been published. They are ingenious enough, and, I dare say, cogent to those people who call themselves Anglo-Catholics; but to me they are futile as any Rabbinical tradition. One lecture is evidently directed at me, though not by name, and I am quite willing that the public should judge between us.

Wordsworth has "unutterable baseness and dirtiness," and is, for good measure, "a bore." One may let sweet fancy conceive what Macaulay thought of the other Victorians.

That Macaulay was a great critic of literature, once more and finally, no one will contend. By tradition and temperament he was shut off from the unseen world. He lacked, said Carlyle, "the roots of belief" in the invisible. Half—and the deeper half—of life went by, not unheeded, as some would say after reading the dreadful panegyric on Baconian philosophy—not unheeded, but unanalysed. Macaulay was interested in the puzzles of life, but not in its mysteries. He is distinctly not, what Lord Acton calls him, "the greatest of all writers and masters." But when all his judgments on literature are put together there remains a critic who more than any other of the nineteenth century *knew* and *loved* literature.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## ENGLISH MADRIGAL VERSE

(*To the Editor of* THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Philip Heseltine's interesting—if somewhat disquieting—letter in your issue for April, the late Mr. A. H. Bullen, I believe, was the first to issue a *complete* collection of Campion's Works, other than the technical treatise entitled *A New Way of Making Four Parts in Counterpoint*.

I have a privately printed copy of this edition, issued by the Clarendon Press in 1889.

Mr. Bullen's various collections of Elizabethan Lyrics—of which Mr. Heseltine mentions one only—were all compiled, I believe, from original sources, and have the advantage of being accurate ?

Mr. Bullen would seem to have had access to Morley's *First Booke of Aires*, inasmuch as he included three poems from that book in his second volume—*More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*.

Irritating as it may be to think that the only known copy of Morley's *First Booke of Aires* is in America, it is not quite clear why its present resting place should be described as a "New York *lumber-room*," a word usually associated with old and useless furniture. However, perhaps this Depository—like Major Ponto's Library (which to the casual observer consisted chiefly of boots) possesses the virtue of being "small but select."—Yours, etc.

HUGH M. BAKER.

Nutbourne Manor, Pulborough, Sussex.

## AN R. L. S. PORTRAIT

(*To the Editor of* THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In Mr. J. A. Steuart's recently published work *Robert Louis Stevenson—Man and Writer*, issued by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., an error occurs on page 233 of the second volume relative to the portrait of R. L. S. by Count Nerli.

The author says :

> One such visitor was Signor Nerli ; the Italian artist who painted Stevenson's portrait and was himself made the subject of a set of comic verses.

In a footnote he says :

> The Nerli portrait came into the possession of Mr. J. R. Tyrell, of Sydney, who sold it to the late Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart.

and that :

> It was recently sold at the Stuart Sale in Sydney.

and :

> It is now in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

These extracts from Mr. Steuart's book are incorrect. The Nerli portrait of R.L.S. mentioned above was sold by the artist himself to Messrs. Angus & Robertson, of Sydney, some 25 years ago. It then passed into the possession of Professor Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart, of the Sydney University, from whose widow I purchased both the portrait and the journal of the artist containing the verses written by R.L.S. about Nerli.

These are still in my possession. The picture is a finished life-size portrait in oils signed by the artist and sitter both, and is not to be confused with another in Scotland which I believe to be a water-colour and much smaller, reproduced as a frontispiece to Mr. Steuart's second volume.

I should be pleased if you would publish this correction, as I intend forwarding this portrait by Nerli to Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge during the coming year, and much misunderstanding may occur through the error.—Yours, etc.

F. A. MALCOLM.

Gilmour's Bookshop, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Australia.

# BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

*Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.*

## GENERAL NOTES

THERE is always a peculiar charm and fascination about a Miscellany. The reader has a delightful feeling of freedom, a permit, so to speak, to roam where he will in the book, omitting what he chooses, and, if one author bores him, flitting on, without offering any excuse, to another. The volume which prompts me to utter these remarks is one entitled *Bibliographical Essays : a Tribute to Wilberforce Eames*. This has recently been published by subscription in America, but one hundred copies (price fifteen dollars each) have also been issued for sale to the general public, and may be had from Mr. Lawrence C. Wroth, Box 1168, Providence, R.I. Mr. Eames, who has been for many years on the staff of the New York Public Library, and was formerly librarian of the Lenox Library, is one of the foremost American bibliographers ; and to this tribute to him many well-known American writers on bibliography have contributed, including Mr. V. H. Paltzits (of the New York Public Library), Mr. G. L. Kittridge (of Harvard University), Mr. George Watson Cole (Librarian of the Huntington Library), Mr. George Parker Winship (Librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener Collection), and Miss R. S. Granniss (Librarian of the Grolier Club). All the essays, I think, deal with books and bibliographical problems of American interest. One that pleases me especially, because of its subject, is Mr. Percival Merritt's paper on *The Royal Primer*, one of John Newbery's children's books—issued first, of course, in London, but sold, and later also separately printed, in America. Some of the verses quoted from this little book are very pleasant. I like, for example, this :—

He who ne'er learns his A, B, C,
Forever will a Blockhead be.
But he who to his books inclin'd,
Will soon a golden Treasure find.

I like that, I say, yet I am a bit doubtful about the " golden "—but perhaps the subject is, to those of my readers who are also writers, too painful to be decently pursued. Let us turn to another verse, therefore :—

Children like tender Oziers take the Bow
And as they first are fashion'd always grow ;
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone,
In age we are by second Nature prone.

There is no doubt about the truth of that—at least I, as a parent, hope not. Another interesting essay is that by Mr. G. L. Kittridge on *The Ballad of Lovewell's Fight*, an affecting poem of which the earliest printed text appeared in 1824, but which celebrates a fight with Indians which took place on May 8, 1725. This piece is in the real " come-all-ye " style, which seems to have travelled (as collectors of folk-song know) wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has gone. One verse is too good for me not to quote it here :—

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieutenant Robbins and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain, he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

The "good young Frye" seems to have been a mild-mannered young ecclesiastic truly. One very small point I notice, on which, possibly, I can give one of the authors a scrap of information. Mr. V. W. Crane, in *The Promotion Literature of Georgia*, writes :—

> The Reverend Samuel Wesley has been credited with the poems which were published together in a fine folio of 1736 : "Georgia, a Poem. Tomachachi, an ode. A copy of Verses on Mr. Oglethorpe's Second Voyage to Georgia." The first is among many contemporary eulogies of Oglethorpe—"Stranger to Repose"—and of the Trustees—"Lovers of Virtue, Friends of Human Kind." The second is one of the most striking expressions in eighteenth-century English literature of that enthusiasm for the "noble Savage" which was voiced by so many European writers from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth.

Of the first poem and the third, I know nothing. They may well have been by Samuel Wesley, though neither of them is in either the 1736 quarto, or the 1743 duodecimo, edition of his *Poems on Several Occasions*, amongst which are two other pieces addressed to Oglethorpe. But *Tomachachi, an Ode* is not by Wesley, but by a close friend of his, and a colleague on the staff of Westminster School, the Reverend Thomas Fitzgerald (1695 ?-1752). Or rather it will be more correct for me to say that Fitzgerald wrote a poem with the title *Tomo Chachi : An Ode*, which may well be that referred to by Mr. Crane. The poem I am speaking of was printed in the 1781 edition of Fitzgerald's poems, but whether it was in the earlier editions or not, I am not certain. It begins thus :—

> What Stranger's this ? and from what Region far
> This wond'rous form, majestic to behold ?
> Uncloath'd, but arm'd offensive for the War,
> In hoary Age and wise Experience old.

It is only fair to Fitzgerald to state those four lines are by far the worst in this ode, which rises in places to considerable heights of eloquence ; and perhaps, since I am writing of a book of *Americana*, I may be allowed to quote two stanzas from *Tomo Chachi* :—

> Whate'er of Empire underneath the Sun
> Time through revolving Ages has survey'd,
> First from such manly Discipline begun,
> And Merit summon'd Fortune to its Aid.
> And hence, when opening Scenes of Fate make known
> The long-determin'd Purpose of the Skies,
> Shall *Georgia*, to a mighty nation grown,
> In Arts and Arms and glorious Actions rise ;
> And stand renown'd upon the Western Shore,
> When *Europe's* Fame shall cease, and *Britain* be no more.

> Renown'd shall *Georgia* stand, its own short Hour ;
> For soon must all that's Human pass away ;
> Fix'd are the gradual Dates of earthly Power
> To rise, to grow, to flourish, and decay.
> Still the Effect must follow from the Cause,
> And every Work of mortal Man must fall,
> And Kingdoms change, by Nature's stated Laws,
> For ever round the habitable Ball :
> All must in Turn the self-same Tenor run ;
> All rais'd by honest Toil, by Licence all undone.

My quotation has been a long one, and I have strayed, I fear, a long way from the delightful Miscellany from which I started. Moreover I have now no space to say more of *Bibliographical Essays* than that they contain many hours of agreeable browsing for any person who loves books.

I HAVE received a copy of the *Index Bibliographicus*, *Repertoire Internationale des sources de bibliographie courante* (*Périodiques et institutions*), which is edited by M. Marcel Godet, Director of the Swiss National Library, and is published at Geneva by the Committee on Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations. Messrs. Constable publish the book in England, and its price is four shillings. It should prove a useful tool to students of any particular subject, though it perhaps has (at first sight) its usefulness limited by its rule of referring only to periodicals which give, or attempt to give, complete lists (either general or special) of books published. This rule is, however, obviously necessary, when so large a number of countries (between thirty and forty) is dealt with, and when there is no limitation of subject. Moreover the publications which give selected lists, and occasional articles of importance, can always be discovered by reference to such publications (which are, of course, included in this *Index*) as the *Subject Index to Periodicals* and the Modern Humanities Association's *Bibliography of English Language and Literature*—to mention only two examples. The *Index Bibliographicus*, it must also be stated, is not an antiquarian publication, but deals only with current books and periodicals.

THE most recent part (the third of the twenty-first volume) of *Book Auction Records* has just reached me from Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, of 39, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Some 5,500 records of books sold in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, during the period from March to June of last year, are given. Mr. Henry N. Stevens contributes some personal reminiscences of the foundation and early days of the International Association of Antiquarian Booksellers.

FROM the Oxford University Press I have received a copy of the *Spanish Bibliography* compiled by Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly for the Hispanic Society of America. I cannot pretend to any particular knowledge whereby to criticise this book, which is, of course, not a complete bibliography of all Spanish books, but a compact and handy account of the chief works of reference, and of the best editions of all books of importance, in connection with Spanish literature. All I can say is that the book appears (to an ignoramus) to cover the ground well, to be well arranged, and to be likely to be extremely useful to students. The contents are divided into the following sections: I, *Bibliographies*; II, *Works of Reference*; III, *History of the Theatre*; IV, *Collections of Texts*; V, *Anthologies*; VI, *Works of Reference on the Early Period of Spanish Literature*; *and* VII, *Editions and Commentaries*. The volume is of pocket size, contains about 400 pages, and cost twelve shillings and sixpence.

THE continuation of the Bibliography of Christopher Anstey's first editions must be held over until next month.

## NOTES ON SALES

TWO sales of books from the Britwell Library were held, last month, by Messrs. Sotheby & Co. The first of these, which lasted from March 23rd to March 26th, contained books of which the interest was primarily literary, and realised a total of just over £15,000. The second, from March 30th to April 3rd, consisted chiefly of early English books on the arts and sciences, and realised over £52,000. The chief buyer, as at most of the Britwell sales, was Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York and Philadelphia. In the English literature sale much the highest price was £3,800, which Dr. Rosenbach gave for the only known copy of " T. H.'s " *Oenone and Paris*, quarto, 1594, a plagiarism of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. This enormous price was reached despite the fact that the book lacks its title page. The identity of " T. H." is not known, though the suggestion has been made that *Oenone and Paris* may be a very early work of Thomas Heywood, who is, however, not known to have published anything until 1598. This book fetched sixteen shillings at the Caldicott Sale in 1833—and last month the opening bid was £700. The next most important book in this section of the library was *The New Nutbrown Maid*, a four-leaf black-letter poetical tract printed by John Skot in about the year 1535. The copy is possibly unique and fetched £760 from Dr. Rosenbach, who also gave £460 for *The Picture of a Wanton*, a quarto tract printed in London in 1615, and based on a Colloquy of Erasmus' *Adolescentis et Scorti*. What is apparently the only copy of *The Song of Songs, Which was Solomon's*, " metaphrased " by " R. A." (who may have been Robert Aylett or Richard Argall), quarto, 1621, was bought by the same buyer for £620. In the later portion of the library the highest price—£1,550—was given not for a single book but for a collection of the grammatical writings of Robert Whittington and of John Stanbridge, all printed early in the sixteenth century by Wynkyn de Worde. The book to fetch, by itself, the highest bid was the only known copy of *The Boke of Demaundes. Of the Scyence of Phylosophye, and Astronomye, Betwene Kynge Boctus and the Phylosopher Sydracke*, 8vo, printed in London by Robert Wyer about 1536. This sold for £760. Both these prices were paid by Dr. Rosenbach.

ON April 6th, at Sotheby's, Dr. Rosenbach added yet another fine book to his list of captures—an uncut copy, in the original blue-grey wrappers, of the Kilmarnock Burns of 1786. This came from Mr. Alexander Miller's library and fetched the record price of £1,750, the previous price highest being £1,600 paid two years ago for Lord Carysfort's copy. Mr. F. Sabin was the runner up, and he also purchased, for £610, on the same day, a copy of the first issue, 1751, of Gray's *Elegy*. Another remarkable price, realised in the same sale, was £380, paid by Dr. Rosenbach for a copy of the first issue of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, 1865, from the collection of Mrs. A. Cardew.

ON April 7th the famous Cardigan manuscript of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was put up for sale, also at Sotheby's. Bidding started at £500, and went up to £2,700, at which price the Manuscript was bought by Mr. Hartley, who, it is understood, was acting on behalf of the owner. It is said that the reserve price was not reached, and that the Manuscript will return to its home at Deene Park. It is somewhat strange, though one cannot help feeling a trifle relieved at the fact, that there were no higher bids from American collectors for this famous volume. It is to be hoped that some Chaucerian scholar may have an opportunity of editing and publishing the Cardigan text, which, since it dates from about 1450, is far too important to remain unknown to the world at large.

# ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

GREAT names figure in Catalogue No. 8 of Mr. D. Webster, of Kentish Mansions, London Road, Tunbridge Wells, for he offers one hundred and sixty-five books from the Library at St. Anne's Hill, the seat of the Fox-Holland family. These include presentation copies to Charles James Fox and books from the library of Edward Gibbon. Most of them, however, are more interesting for their associations than intrinsically important ; but any decent-minded person, I presume, would be glad to possess a Cicero, a Tacitus, or a Virgil with Gibbon's bookplate in it, and all three are here at prices ranging down from three guineas to thirty-five shillings.

ANOTHER interesting "association book," which, upon looking through a bundle of miscellaneous catalogues, I notice, is Robert Burton's copy of Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1613, with Burton's signature and corrections and markings. This is offered for £35 by Mr. Frank Redway, of 9, Thornton Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19, in his twenty-eighth list, in which there is also (price £25) a copy of the 1877 edition of Tennyson's *Works*, presented by the poet to Dean Farrar. A set of twenty-five first editions of books by Conrad, including *Almayer's Folly*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and the 1913 *Chance*, is marked £170.

FROM Mr. James F. Drake, of 14, West 40th Street, New York, I have received his list number 168. This contains first editions of modern authors, and it is interesting to note that Mr. David Garnett's *Lady into Fox*, published in 1922, is priced $7.50. More expensive items are a presentation copy of Dickens' *American Notes*, 1842 ($900), and the proof of R. L. Stevenson's *The Charity Bazaar*, 1868 ($450).

I. A. WILLIAMS

# BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

## EARLY CONTENTS PAGES

I AM writing these notes in the North of England, where it has lately been my good fortune to spend many pleasant hours with the Spencer collection at the John Rylands Library and also amongst the early printed books here at Stonyhurst. To a printer the interest of these books lies not only in their rarity but even more in the types and methods used in printing them ; and he will search them for any suggestions they may offer for his own work. They may teach us a good deal, for instance, about such things as contents tables and indexes. These are apt to be the weakest and worst pages of a modern book. The contents pages, although they are likely to be consulted by the reader of the book again and again, and indeed give him his first impressions and earliest information about its matter, are sometimes the most carelessly set of any in the book, as though their mere usefulness were a reason for caring nothing about their looks. Rather, that should be a reason for treating them with special care. Besides, the preliminary pages present a welcome opportunity for breaking away from the drab uniformity of the text.

As a rule the early printers made much more of their " table " than we do. Something like the special care which we give to our title-pages they gave to the table ; and they had no notion of setting it in small, mean type, such as is often thought good enough to-day. They generally set it in the same type as the text of the book ; and so might we. Moreover, the early printer sometimes made his table the occasion of elaborate decoration. At the John Rylands Library, for instance, there is a fine copy of Ratdolt's Appian of 1477 in quarto ; and its table is decorated with a rich capital letter for the contents of each chapter.

## COLOURED WOODCUTS IN EARLY BOOKS

IN the John Rylands copy of the Appian the capitals have been illuminated after printing ; and they set me wondering whether Bernardus Pictor, the senior partner in Ratdolt's press, who is sometimes believed to have furnished his books with their characteristic borders and capital letters, did not mean his wood-blocks to serve merely as keys for the illuminator. I do not know whether any copies of the Poliphilus have come down to us with the woodcuts coloured. Printed books of Hours of about the same date and even a good deal later are, of course, often found with the woodcuts coloured. We should much rather have them plain ; but I am not sure whether they were not cut for the purpose of bearing colour. Printed keys were used at Venice as early as 1471 for the richly illuminated borders which it was usual to put on the first page of a text, often with the owner's arms, for which the shield was left in outline. In the John Rylands Library there is also a unique copy of Windelin de Spira's Bible of 1471 with the first chapter of Genesis illustrated with coloured pictures : the colours are believed to have been put on over printed keys. Other copies of the same Bible have blanks only in place of the pictures.

## MR. GOUDY'S NEWEST TYPE

ONE'S interest in the specimen of Mr. Goudy's " Italian Old Style," under which name the Lanston Monotype Machine Company of Philadelphia issues Mr. Goudy's newest type, is divided between the type itself and the admirable and ingenious way in which Mr. Bruce Rogers presents it. Since the beginning of printing

few types can have been quite so fortunate in their *début*. Mr. Bruce Rogers is able to play pranks with type and typographical material which any less versatile printer would be unable to achieve, even if he would, and would hardly dare do even if he could. In his " Printer's Note " Mr. Rogers playfully suggests that if he were ever to be cast away on a desert island, he would like to be shipwrecked in company with a Monotype caster

*and a select assortment of ornamental matrices. The fascination and amusement—and the occasional happy result—that can be got out of the almost numberless combinations of a few simple units would enable me to cast away for an indefinite period with great contentment.*

BRUCE ROGERS.

He goes on to show what he can do by a wonderful display of typographical acrobatics, devising ruled and panelled title-pages, decorated initial letters reminiscent of those of Aldus and other Venetians, colophons, and a great number of lesser ornamental details, all made out of ornaments and letters furnished for use on the Monotype, and seasoned with a few astronomical signs cast on the same machine. The chief part of the pamphlet is an extract from Dibdin's *Decameron*, extolling the work of those Venetian printers who have inspired Mr. Goudy in his very successful work as a type-designer. But instead of printing Dibdin's long notes in our humdrum way at the foot of the pages, where Dibdin himself placed them, he has set the text in large type as a little island surrounded on each page by a sea of commentary set smaller.

Mr. Bruce Rogers says of the new type that

> though showing the study of several of the best early Italian faces, [it] reminds me most strongly and admirably of Ratdolt's fine Roman.

Mr. Goudy's A, for instance, is capped with a sort of flat mortar-board, like Ratdolt's, instead of finishing in a pointed peak like Jenson's. Like Ratdolt, too, he gives us a very wide D ; but his lower-case o does not reproduce the peculiar inclination to the left which Ratdolt gives it ; and there are other notable differences. As in the " Kennerley " type Mr. Goudy does not continue the second stroke of W to the top of the letter, but cuts it short where it meets the third stroke, giving it rather the look of a battered letter. An admirable feature which the new type shares with the Kennerley is the closeness with which the letters fit into one another. That is a feature which he has recovered from the early printers : it notably helps clear reading. The type has no small capitals ; but that presents no difficulty to Mr. Rogers, who supplies their place by making the capitals of the 8-point range with the lower-case letters of the 12-point. Mr. Goudy has designed italics which are excellent except for some of the upper-case letters. They are of a weight and width to accord with the roman, unlike most italic founts, which are derived from the thin and narrow italics of Aldus, who never meant them to be used with roman letters, as we use them nowadays for emphasis or distinction. For most sizes of this type, I am glad to see, " non-ranging" arabic figures are shown, giving the traditional shapes of the ascending figures 6 and 8 and of the descenders 3, 4, 5, 7, 9. The specimen of the 24-point, however, shows figures which range monotonously with the upper-case letters.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

# CHRONICLES

## MUSIC

### NATIONAL OPERA

THE publication of a fourth edition of R. A. Streatfeild's *The Opera* (Routledge, 8*s*. 6*d*. net) with a continuation by E. J. Dent to bring the third edition (1907) up to date is opportune. It is perhaps a third of the length of Gustav Kobbe's *Complete Opera Book* (Putnam), reprinted last year, but it manages to say a great deal in this shorter space. The lover of opera will get both books, the latter for its copious facts, the former for its careful selection of what is worth saying.

They are opportune because thoughts about opera and the visions of its possible future in this country in which we have been indulging in the present century, and especially during and after the war, have just been brought to a head by the formation of a National Trust, which proposes not only to ask for public subscriptions but to organise its collection on a scale not hitherto contemplated. We may have the greater confidence in the promise of this scheme that it does not spring out of nothing. Sir Thomas Beecham's fine gesture, his musical enthusiasm and perseverance, have made their mark. The "Old Vic." has let no grass grow. The Carl Rosa has stuck to its guns. The British National Opera Company has accepted its risks and worked hard to turn them to advantage. Something has been done to organise victory if we may not command it. The lesson of Purcell's career, that rare plant that sprang up and withered for lack of suitable soil, has not been quite lost upon us. We are not quite unready for genius when it appears.

We have learned another lesson from the short career of the masques, by which the aristocracy and the Inns made a bid for popularity, in spite of Dryden's protests and in defiance of taste. Half a million is just fifty times as easy to waste as ten thousand. And the expense of Italian opera, which in the next century succeeded the masques, may best be explained by that trait in human nature—which Sam condensed in a generalisation so apt that Mr. Pickwick determined to transfer it to his notebook at the very next place they stopped at—that "poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

But the chief short-coming of Italian opera was—rather, perhaps, than "is"—that it came to be an excuse for singing, just as the oratorio and cantata came to be an excuse for composing: excuses, not reasons. The musical instinct of the audience, too, played second fiddle to its social instinct at the one and its religious instinct at the other. There are, of course, many exceptions. Mozart wrote on the one hand, and Jean de Reszke sang on the other, the kind of music we call Italian, and there are people of taste and discrimination in every audience. But the tendency has been to like opera and oratorio for the sake of something else, not for what they are and ought to be, two arts made one. Thus "Ritorna, vincitor" is known to many people who have heard nothing particular in the Nile scene, just as "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones" was, till lately, hawked about at every recital without any inkling of the way it becomes a kind of talisman in the opera. The two ways are typified in the two books we have mentioned; Kobbe is most careful not to omit anything that has been discovered and talked about in the operas; Streatfeild is more interested in what there is to discover and confident that it can be found.

An opera is, in fact, not primarily a mine of quotations. Those who regard and value it as that will never understand opera. They will continue to talk of the absurdity of going about in real life singing ; they will mock at the " ensemble of perplexity "—the quintet in the Meistersinger, the finale of Don Giovanni—just as they will jeer at a fugue as the place " where all the parts fly from one another and the listener from them all " ; Bayreuth will mean to them merely Van Rooy as Wotan, Parsifal merely Kirkby Lunn as Kundry, or the keen senses of youth will shout down the judgment of age in their apotheoses of Niemann and Sims Reeves. An opera is not a succession of places where you listen and places where you talk—or, since we no longer talk, sit bored with a glazed eye—but a closely woven fabric of contrasted moods. We cannot all rise to this height, and when we pick up our ticket and opera-glasses, we must slip a little idealism into the same pocket. We now take a cigarette-case instead of the white gloves we used to wrestle with in the hansom ; but there was something besides swagger in them too ; they had a way of putting the mind on its best behaviour.

This " two arts made one " and this " fabric of contrasted moods " is easy to talk about but very difficult to get : indeed, half a million will not necessarily get it, any more than the Trust will necessarily get half a million. But let us suppose that the British public does make up its mind, and make it up as firmly as the nobleman did vith the perivinkle, how, if we get the second, should we try to get the first of these difficult things ? We will pick out first a few salient facts about our worthy selves. We have made our Empire and run it by chartered companies, that is, by individual effort. We are bad planners but good organisers. We are slow to take up and slow to drop a thing we like. We rather fancy ourselves on poetry, especially lyrical, and have a drama with a past, possibly a future. Composers have come to us in the past mainly across St. George's Channel, rarely over the Tweed, frequently, with the conductors, across the North Sea. Dancers have dared the Channel crossing. Singers, like the bales on the Limehouse wharves, come from anywhere, and our own adopt a foreign brand in order to find a market. Taste is spread thin, or is apt to be lumpy. We cannot comfort ourselves with the thought of any long musical tradition. We are good judges of a song and a joke, but do not react much to atmosphere. We believe in games, and often play them rather well.

Well, since we are not planners, it is of no use forecasting what the Trust will or will not do. But organising is just driving a nail where it will go, and enough of them to make up for the places where it won't. We know very well we shall go on as before, like Thucydides's hero, and " improvise what is wanted." We shall let a man take his risks, and if he fails, be sorry, but drop him ; if he succeeds, pat him on the back and put a shoulder to the wheel that is stuck in the mud. That is merely the porridge of prudence stirred with the spoon of wisdom, as Hassan would say. The question of taste is not so awkward as it looks. We have plenty of taste on a cricket pitch, in the hunting field, in the garden that we love, in anything that we really know something about, and our lack of it in music is due to inexperience. No one can grow taste without first trying the flavours ; youth will like all the " wrong " things and eld the " right " ones ; we begin with Chopin's Funeral March and end with Beethoven's Cavatina, and that with a quite surprising unanimity.

But these more practical questions—the foreign singers and conductors and composers—what is to be done about them ? The first idea was Protection : don't let them land or, if they do, tax them out of existence—anything but let them take the bread out of the mouths of the British workman and his family ! In fact the Minister of Labour was so over-worked that he thought seriously for a moment whether he should not apply for some such sinecure as that of a censor of plays, or a football

referee, or even a musical critic. But in the meantime the politicians decided emphatically, with what Mr. Holst calls the " noisiest negative," against Protection, and the musicians have been obliged to follow suit.

The first thing to do is to root out of the heart of the singer the thought that he can learn his job in one year, or two, or three. The reason he cannot so learn it is because he has a body as well as a mind. The body is said to renew itself in seven years, and at any rate it takes quite that for a singer to get rid of his bad habits, or lack of habits. The great singers have spent that time, or more. Again the singer's instrument is inside his body, and that is full of nerves, and those are dependent on his general health. Therefore he must live a more regular life than his friend the fiddler actually need. Opera, if that is what he aims at eventually, wears the voice more than any known occupation, because he must sing continuously, when he is tired or below par as much as when he is fresh, and because others will choose what he is to sing and the choice will not primarily depend on what suits his voice. But his mind will benefit too by the seven years, not to say ten. Singers are sometimes thought of as stupid. They are no stupider than other people, but they have insufficient musical experience. A repertory of half-a-dozen operas and fifty songs is too small. The singer may need no more for public performance, but he will not know his fifty as they should be known unless he has sung through five hundred. The gist of it all is that for the successful prosecution of opera in this country some plan will have to emerge by which singers are sequestrated, dedicated one might say.

Then the conductors. Broad and large the foreign conductors are better than ours, and for two reasons : they come from a land with a longer musical tradition, and they have specialised more and do not improvise so much. The Trust contemplates several operatic centres—about ten, I think. That means at least opportunities, the opportunities for which the native conductor has always sighed. Cathedral organists become the fine musicians they are much as their friends at the bar become " learned brethren," by doing a good deal of the less important work for their seniors. Ought not some such system to be adopted with students ; and the " popular " programme, for instance—all those old war horses the conductor is heartily sick of—be handed over to a younger man, for him to make or mar them—and himself ?

A composer no one knows how to make. His is not a case of nerves to control or muscles to train, and though he must know a good deal about men he is not often called upon to handle them. He is just born. But an operatic composer is more than a little made. His is distinctly the genius that floats in midstream and not the talent that breeds in backwaters. He composes not for himself alone—the days for a fine gesture with Cuzzoni are past—but is subject to stresses of all kinds, and has to keep his head and his temper among many distracting claims, at least if he is aiming at " two arts made one." What he needs more than anything is to hear the effect of what he writes, and the constant rehearsal which anything on the stage demands will do that far better than a solitary performance by the Patrons' Fund or the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Also we ought not to read, as we do, that nine out of ten operas were damned by their libretti. The average librettist ought to work as hard as a few conscientious ones do, and on the whole the composer should persuade him to a course which will bring them both fame ; and when persuaded, he should be rewarded.

One welcomes this Trust not so much for the operas which may result from it, as for the way it may pull the music of this country together as nothing has since the Church was the focus of music. But there ! that is doing the very thing we complained of earlier—liking opera for some other than its own sweet sake !

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

# ARCHITECTURE

## WATERLOO BRIDGE

IT will be remembered that the Chairman of the Thames Bridges Committee advised the London County Council that Waterloo Bridge should be removed and a new one made of a different design. Soon after this advice was given a deputation waited on him and he then said that no stone of Waterloo Bridge would be touched until July. He gave the deputation to understand that if it could bring conclusive evidence to show that the existing bridge could be economically and permanently repaired, the demand for increased traffic facilities at that crossing of the river would take a second place.

The Societies which are allied to resist any interference with the bridge are seven, namely, The Royal Academy, The Royal Institute of British Architects, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, The London Society, The Town Planning Institution, The Architecture Club, and a group of Civil Engineers formed *ad hoc*. By the courtesy of the London County Council these societies have been supplied with all the information at the disposal of that authority. This information has been studied by some seven distinguished engineers, and when their opinion has been considered by the societies they will present it to the London County Council together with a strengthened statement as to the architectural and historic value of the bridge. The societies hope that this evidence will be so formidable that an independent tribunal will thereafter be appointed to hear evidence, by means of a public enquiry, as to the possibility and desirability of preserving the existing bridge. A public enquiry is essential. Until this has been held the citizens of London must feel with apparent, and perhaps real, justification that the case for preserving the bridge has never been fairly laid before the London County Council or the people of London as a whole. The allied societies are confident that if a fair hearing is accorded to them they will be able to show that no difficulty greater than those that are met by English engineers almost every day will have to be encountered in the work of repair. And as a consequence the doubts on this matter will for ever be silenced. This time last year when the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings first instructed Mr. Dalrymple-Hay to advise it as to the repair of the bridge, the public were so much impressed by the statements made by the London County Council that there was then the greatest difficulty to get the support of authoritative public men. The general opinion has so far changed now that it is difficult to find any who believe that the bridge is worn out. And although there are still a number who have yet to be convinced that a great saving of public money will accompany the strengthening of the bridge, there is no doubt that that number is rapidly decreasing. It is not too much to say that if the underpinning proposals had been adopted a year and a half ago, there would have been no need for the ratepayers to bear the cost of the temporary bridge, much less the rebuilding which the London County Council still officially contemplates.

It is unnecessary again to describe the beauty and value of the bridge. That has been done in various places as well as in past issues of THE LONDON MERCURY. It is, however, desirable to write a word or two in answer to those who, while they appreciate the fine qualities of the bridge, have somehow come by the idea that the societies which are opposing its demolition are die-hard obstructionists. That

suggestion must be dismissed at once. It is not the work of an obstructionist to attempt to preserve a building which adds so much grace, dignity and mystery to a view of London that is so fine. It is not the work of an obstructionist to stand for the protection of a comparatively narrow bridge at a crossing of the river where no one, now, would propose to build newly, had the present bridge never been built. It is not the work of an obstructionist to urge that the right place for a new bridge is at that crossing of the river where converging traffic most requires it, namely, at some place not far from the present Charing Cross railway station. On the other hand it is the work of an obstructionist to lead to the present rather awkward crossing of the river an increasing quantity of traffic and still to draw thither daily all that which already overcrowds the roadway. It is also his work to hinder the fulfilment of a piece of town planning which will ease the life of the citizens of London and at the same time preserve for their proud enjoyment a building which may justly be numbered among the wonders of the world.

# PUBLICATIONS

THE ART AND CRAFT OF HOME-MAKING. By E. W. GREGORY. T. Murby & Co. 15*s*.

THE ART OF TOWN PLANNING. By H. V. LANCHESTER. Chapman & Hall. 21*s*.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Constable. 33*s*. 6*d*.

THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By ROGER THYNNE. Kegan Paul. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By LESLIE WATERHOUSE. Batsford. 6*s*.

OLD COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND TASMANIA. By HARDY WILSON. English publishers: The Medici Society.

THE second edition of Mr. Gregory's book on the Art of Home-making will no doubt have a good sale, though the book is not one which gives me pleasure. The author lays down the law on all sorts of matters connected with a home. He writes as though the fashion of the period in which he absorbed his knowledge was the final end of art. In indication of this attitude one finds beneath the cuts the following texts and others like unto them: "Picture moulding in the wrong place," "A stylish type in mahogany or walnut," "Three arrangements of pictures . . . 'F' is the best," "A quaint sitting room, suggestive of an old country cottage," "A Tudor style of dining room." But in spite of these suggestions of the architecture of an Ideal Home Exhibition, the book is one which can be really useful to the householder who reads it with discrimination, remembering that there is as much to be said against many of the positive assertions to be found in it as for them. There is for instance an appendix entitled "Recipes and wrinkles" which may be useful to many.

Very few of us ever get a chance to influence the lay-out of a town, yet it is a matter in which we are all interested. *The Art of Town Planning* is a book which will give that interest a more vigorous life. And although it may never fall to our lot to command the making of even a single new street, the new streets which we get will not generally be those we want until the public as a whole knows what is good and insists on having it. Books on town planning, then, should be read by a much greater number of persons than those who are concerned with the preparation of new plans. It is indeed a duty to know about this scientific art, and with the acquiring of this knowledge there is much pleasure to be had both from a study of the history of the

past as well as from a consideration of the future. Mr. Lanchester's book is arranged in two parts of nearly equal length, the first devoted to the arrangement of old towns, and the second to the discussion of those of to-day and the future. It is easy to read, and is full of learning but not heavy with it. The author explains the difficulties of the science without being obscurely technical; he displays the pleasures of the art while he remains practical in the appreciation of them. The book contains seventy-eight illustrations for the most part showing plans of cities. The frontispiece is a sixteenth-century map of Rome, which of all towns of the Roman civilisation had perhaps the least Roman plan. It was a city that grew among the seven hills, and, like all old cities that have grown under economic pressure, it was not scientifically laid out, but was changed and adapted. The centre of the town happened rather than was planned: it grew from association with events sacred to the people. Tradition connected the Forum with the gods or with the heroes of the race, and the tracks that led thither became streets famous throughout the known world. In the same way grew those medieval towns which were not laid out new by some dominating power. The winding ways of Rome differed from the streets of the "colonies" as does the accidental plan of London from the squared arrangements of Salisbury and Winchelsea.

Rome of the Temples, Rome of a thousand statues became Rome famous for many churches and the shrines of saints and martyrs. It is then to this later city of the Popes that we now turn and from the work of Mr. Lanciani and Mr. Thynne discover that the people of a city are moved by many desires and impulses quite other than the respect for economic development or scenic display. I do not advise the amateur of archæology to read *Wanderings through Ancient Roman Churches*. Not because this book is dull but rather because it presupposes a much greater knowledge of the subject than most of us possess. To one who is a little learned in these ancient stories it is a matter of curious interest to enquire why the author has chosen to report just the facts he has given and why he has omitted many others that would clearly be of interest. It is easy to see that the work is full of new information and of new explanations of old difficulties.

It is pleasant to think of the early Christians going to the inn at the third milestone on the Appian Way and there, as they emptied the wine vessels, scratching on the plaster their prayers to the saints, " O Peter and Paul, bear us in mind who have come to this place to take refreshment in thy honour." Among the three hundred pages of the book are sixty-six excellent illustrations, reproductions of old prints, photographs of newly found statues, of the recently discovered second century frescoes of St. Peter and St. Paul from the crypts of the Viale Manzione, and many another subject. It is a valuable book and undoubtedly one of great importance to those whose archæological interest centres in Christian Rome. But as a guide book for less learned visitors to Rome, Mr. Thynne's *The Churches of Rome* will be found more convenient. It is an inexpensive book and fits the pocket.

*The Story of Architecture* by Leslie Waterhouse will be appreciated by those who, knowing little of the subject, wish to follow the development of this art from century to century, and from nation to nation.

The last book on the list that heads these pages is a work of art. It is beautifully printed and magnificently filled with really wonderful drawings. So delightful are these, so well chosen are the views, and so good is the composition of each picture that instead of claiming our admiration for the architecture of his country, Mr. Hardy Wilson makes us marvel at the powers of his pencil. It is only by deliberately discounting the maker of pictures that one can discern the lover of architecture, and through him the value of these buildings in the history of his country.

A. R. POWYS

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# FICTION

HARVEST IN POLAND. By GEOFFREY DENNIS. Heinemann. *7s. 6d.*

MY NAME IS LEGION. By CHARLES MORGAN. Heinemann. *7s. 6d.*

THE GOAT AND COMPASSES. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Jonathan Cape. *7s. 6d.*

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU? By HARRY LEON WILSON. The Bodley Head. *7s. 6d.*

MARTIN ARROWSMITH. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Jonathan Cape. *7s. 6d.*

ABISHAG. By ALEXANDER ARNOUX. Thornton Butterworth. *7s. 6d.*

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Cassell. *7s. 6d.*

TEN TALES. By AMBROSE BIERCE. The First Edition Club. *15s.*

*HARVEST in Poland* recounts the adventures of a young Oxonian who is led into a riotous trip across Europe into the bosom of a fascinatingly mad Polish family, as a result of his engagement to companion its heir. His only preparation for the astonishing situations, physical and intellectual, in which he finds himself has been a brief introduction to Spiritualism under the auspices of a maiden cousin. It is a merry, sparkling tale, delightful for its bizarre portraits and engaging sophistications. There are moments of anxiety lest the author's weakness for expensive automobiles and gay restaurants lead him into company greatly his intellectual inferior, but this danger he gracefully avoids.

Less than a fortnight ago, with the exigent day of going to press a mere matter of hours, I was despairing of this month's chronicle. The output of fiction seemed to consist chiefly of pot-boilers by popular novelists writing well within themselves, reprints and importations. The distinguished novel, of which every reviewer hopes to find one specimen every month, and feels confident he will discover in April and October, no matter how barren the rest of the year may be, seemed not to be forthcoming. Then all at once there arrived not one, but two, both of them first novels.

Mr. Morgan's *My Name is Legion* is an amazing achievement, a work to whose excellence even the publisher's laudatory matter does less than justice. The mood is that of Dostoievsky, saintliness in conflict with lusts, seekings and remorse of gigantic abandon. The heroine, a young woman whose mother had borne her in an ecstacy of hate against the environment in which she lived and in which the daughter is destined to move, manifests early a queer power over those about her, as well as a complete detachment from the desires and passions which actuate them. The outward story concerns largely the revelation to herself of the futility of this detachment when opportunities of major service arise—she sees her power turned to dust, to actual harm, when it seeks to succour those who in their agony perceive her virginal indifference to their temptations.

The subject, even allowing for my bald and inadequate outline, is a hackneyed one, the New Testament in the guise of a novel. The power of the book lies in its treatment of the characters surrounding the heroine and the situations in which they find themselves. Such scenes as result from the triangle of Fish, the superman of lust, his ill-treated wife and Natalya, the Russian dancer, or from the effort of the sordid and

worldly matron, Mrs. Trell, to marry her daughter to the disgusting Colching are of the finest dramatic quality. The scenic background is employed with certain effect, and the religious and mystic elements which are of the core of the book are reined in before they cross the danger line into hysteria. If Mr. Morgan's gifts remain with him in another and, preferably, different type of novel, he will be well on his way to the front.

Mr. Armstrong is already known to readers of THE LONDON MERCURY as a poet and short-story writer; *The Goat and Compasses*, his first venture into the novel, is a highly auspicious one. It is a quiet, sincere, workmanlike book, well-knit despite its episodic form. The setting is in a village on the South Coast, and a prosperous port, now awaiting its gradual extinction by the encroaching sea. The individual as well as the corporate life of the villagers is coloured by the knowledge of this inescapable doom; their past is bound up in their village, and no one of them conceives of a life apart from it. Hence all alike, young and old, share the common quality of age, the memory of a long past combined with the certainty of near dissolution. With delicate art the author weaves the subtle atmosphere into the loves, the hates, and the sins of the creatures in this obsolescent microcosm. He sets in motion a group of parallel and absorbing intrigues, and attains a tragic level of terror and beauty at the end by means of a fearful storm, when nature seems determined, by a foretaste of what she can, and some day will, do, to demonstrate to these puny struggling groups the insignificance of their affairs. The end sinks into an Aristotelian peace of exhaustion and reconciliation, a closing finely inevitable, and far removed from the factitious happy ending. Whatever criticism there is of the book must be directed against its narrow frame and episodic character; within these self-imposed limitations the author has succeeded most happily.

Mr. Harry Leon Wilson has dedicated himself, or has been dedicated by his leaning and his gifts, to the depiction of simplicity, and in this field he is the truest humourist now writing in the English language. In the present volume he makes a new departure; his hero is no longer a lovably simple youth, like Bunker Bean, Ruggles of Red Gap, Merton of the Movies or the melancholy hypochondriac of *Oh, Doctor*, but an equally adorable old fellow of fifty-nine, Algernon Copplestone, Professor of History in Fairwater College. This meek pedagogue, afflicted with a domineering and politically-emancipated wife, revolts and goes off to search for freedom and adventure in the company of travelling mountebanks, medicine-vendors, cardsharpers and the like. His naïveté renders each situation in which he finds himself delicious. He issues with greatly increased self-confidence, and puts down his tyrannical spouse in a manner to delight every right-minded reader. The narrative is told in the first person, the professor's personality choosing and arranging the words, but Mr. Wilson's knack of writing well no matter for whom he is writing adds to the pleasure of the reading.

Mr. Lewis is well and deservedly known in England as a chronicler of the novels of mid-western America; probably more Englishmen know of this section of the United States through *Main Street* and *Babbitt* than from any other single source. *Martin Arrowsmith* begins in the familiar milieu, but presently it is seen that the author's design is a different one, the criticism of many backgrounds rather than the presentation of one. Arrowsmith is a young medical student who comes for a time wholly under the influence of one of his professors, a savant in whom the flame of pure science burns unwaveringly. The student sets this master's ideal up as his own. But various distractions, other points of view, the need of gaining a livelihood, carry him away from it. He becomes in turn practising physician, assistant in a fashionable

clinic, health crusader, research worker, but eventually realises that the original ideal was truly his. In the face of various temptations he comes back to pure research, the quest of scientific truth independent of catchwords and of worldly reward.

The principal fault of the book is that of Mr. Lewis's other books, a pre-occupation with backgrounds rather than with character. The fault is more serious here, in that Mr. Lewis leaves the background in which he is an undoubted authority and wanders into spheres from which he is unable to issue original information. Few people in London or even New York know Zenith as Mr. Lewis does, a great many are as well-informed as he on the difficulties of scientists, on their sad necessity of " producing results." If the book is intended as a piece of popular pleading, as a popular exposition of these conditions, it goes far afield from the purpose of a novel. Furthermore, even in his treatment of Main Street and its habits Mr. Lewis has here lost some of his own urbanity, his attitude of scientific observer, and become harsh and bitter. The outstanding achievement of the book, to my mind, is the creation of Almus Pickerbaugh, Health Officer of Nautilus, a gem of satiric portraiture as vital as any in Mr. Lewis's Mid-Western gallery.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in a preface to M. Arnoux' *Abishag* refers to his own well-known conception of the mobilisation of a Gothic cathedral. M. Arnoux' cathedral does not mobilise, though it comes to life and is invited to do so. The Saracens have invaded the little town it served, and Melchior, the old bellringer, has had a dream urging him to call the cathedral to migrate with him to a distant shore and there begin anew. None of the various parts believes in him or his dream save the Bell and the tiny carved figures of King Solomon, Abishag, who was David's Shulamite wife, and a satyr. The last three cast off their stone forms, and come to life, following Melchior and his bell through a series of adventures until their quest is ended. M. Arnoux writes with a quiet, cultivated charm that gives his little romance a very special flavour. The translation, by Joyce Davis, is thoroughly satisfactory.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has an ingenious faculty for inventing plots, but her characters never quite seem to find themselves. In *The George and The Crown* this has unhappy results, since a really engrossing plot is solved half-way through, and the interest of the reader is with difficulty sustained to follow the hero, who is not so interesting as the plot he has left behind (only temporarily, it turns out). The authoress' fertility devises further complications, but none quite so good as the first three-cornered love-affair. For some reason or other Miss Kaye-Smith's novels just fail to come off when one is expecting that they are just about to do so ; I suspect that her obvious talents are, as yet at any rate, more suited to the more compact method of the short story.

I am very glad to observe that the First Edition Club is introducing a number of hitherto unprinted stories by Ambrose Bierce into their new and well-printed *Ten Tales*—unprinted in England, I mean to say. The volume is prefaced by an excellent brief essay on Bierce by Mr. A. J. S. Symons. Bierce is a curious phenomenon in English letters, a better story-teller than Poe in the Poe manner, though without the latter's genius for devising complications and ingenious mental exercises.

MILTON WALDMAN

# LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM

A STUDY OF THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. By EVELYN SIMPSON. Clarendon Press. 15*s*.

LES DOCTRINES MEDIEVALES CHEZ JOHN DONNE. Par MARY PATON RAMSAY. 2me Edition. Oxford University Press. 7*s*. 6*d*.

SIDELIGHTS ON ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By H. DUGDALE SYKES. Oxford University Press. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By G. B. HARRISON. Cambridge University Press. 5*s*.

OTHELLO AS THE TRAGEDY OF ITALY. By LILIAN WINSTANLEY. T. Fisher Unwin. 3*s*. 6*d*.

MASTER RICHARD QUYNY. By EDGAR I. FRIPP. Oxford University Press. 10*s*.

THE TWO DATED SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. A. FORT. Oxford University Press. 3*s*.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN. By ERNEST LAW, C.B. The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon. Oxford : Basil Blackwell. 2*s*. 6*d*.

COLLEGE PLAYS. By G. B. MOORE SMITH. Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.

IN the London Library there is a caricature of the presiding genius who is being snowed under by the accumulation of volumes that pour upon him from the invisible sky. Something of the same sympathy that we extend to him may perhaps be granted to the editor and critic on whose tables arrive, with the fatality of the seasons, a continuous stream of books upon literary sources ; each of which, however good, makes it easier for bad ones to germinate upon them. There are some figures who ever lure us ; of those in Elizabethan times the most fascinating, after Shakespeare, is John Donne. We used to think of him as a poet who preached sermons and became Dean of St. Paul's, a rather gloomy dean who suffered from a humour. Now his sermons and his prose are claiming a larger notice, though it still remains true that the poetry, which illuminated all sides of his character, contains the genius and the man at their characteristic best. To the many who forget that no living thing can be comfortably packed into a volume, and that contradictions are vital things themselves, Donne's character has always offered a superficial puzzle. His early life and verse are not a logical preparation for the pulpit, nor for the austere figure whose eloquence and sanctity were the admiration of his contemporaries in his old age. Mrs. Simpson therefore wisely asks us to reject the evidence neither of the verse nor of the prose if we would understand their wayward author. It is trite but true that great sinners have often made great saints, and there is nothing very remarkable in Donne's conversion, especially if circumstances influenced his ultimate choice of profession. Surely, and naturally, they did, and a man of his ardent temper, once ordained, would bring the wealth of his experience and eloquence as fully to his preaching as he had previously brought the subtilties of his sensations and his reasoning to the poetical analysis of love. If he had been metaphysical in his verse upon human passion, it is inevitable that he should have been passionate in his religious life. To the mystic consciousness the transition is easy, for it requires a change of emphasis and little more. Only because the mystic type is uncommon, does the change seem odd to other men. The flesh and the spirit are extremes, of which the mystic is the centre of indifference, where both meet. The wittiest of lovers

can thus become a subtle theologian simply by changing the idiom of his words. Thus Donne's love poetry is as unsatisfactory to some lovers as his theology is to some divines. I am not sure how far Mrs. Simpson realises that her following comment conveys the character of the man: "when he spoke of the love of Christ as manifested in the Incarnation or the Atonement, his words become full of a fire and a passion which were lacking in his treatment of some parts of the Christian faith. . . . Several of the Trinity sermons . . . are rhapsodies on the love of Christ." The reason is that the early poet survived in them.

The severe pleasure of textual criticism is the subject of Mr. Sykes' book, in which by its means he endeavours to trace the authorship of numerous Elizabethan and later plays to their proper writers. If we grant that, in the absence of direct evidence, such a method is the safest guide, then Mr. Sykes becomes a valuable accreditor. Only experts will dare to differ from him, and it is their historic privilege to disagree. If the general reader essays such books at all, he will always be converted by the last writer that he has read. One can say no more than that Mr. Sykes makes a good case, in particular for his argument concerning *Timon of Athens*. He gives reasons for believing that Shakespeare worked upon a previous play, and that this play was the product not of one but of two authors. These he identifies with Day and Middleton, and assigns, by comparisons with their acknowledged works, to each his respective share. The reader who is impatient with such work, should remember, in justice to the authors, that we owe the text of the older classics almost as much to the scholiasts as to the original writers.

Destined, no doubt, primarily for students in the classroom, or for those who would approach literature through assiduous lectures rather than through immediate love, this Story gives a simple clue to the drama of Shakespeare's age and a convenient sense of its development. We see Kyd, Marlowe, and Greene prepare the way while Ben Jonson stands somewhat apart in an orbit of his own. Shakespeare's own growth is studied in three phases with wedges of quotations from the plays. The illustrations of the New Inn at Gloucester and of a detailed model of the Globe enrich the text, and the concluding calendar of dates completes a useful introduction.

Miss Winstanley has a special quarry of her own, and the joy of having found it is that it can be pursued almost for a lifetime. She attempts to show that *Othello*, besides being the personal tragedy familiar to us all, is also an allegory of contemporary or recent history, in particular of the political relations of Venice with Spain. Apart from Spenser, she quotes many writers to prove that it was the custom of the time to personify rulers and states, and to use forests and storms to symbolise political situations. A wealth of illustration enables her to show that the Spaniards were identified with Moors, and Venice with the spirit of Freedom. In this sense, and with ingenuity, the tragedy of Othello is shown to include also an allegorical picture of Spain in the person of the Moor seeking to dominate Venice in the person of Desdemona, who shared her republic's fatal habit of being attracted by foreigners. Even the handkerchief is traced to an historical incident in the tragic relations of Philip II with his wife Elizabeth of Valois. A wealth of research is lavished on the argument, and, as an argument, we can acquiesce in it. How far it adds to our enjoyment is another matter.

Mr. Fripp, who has devoted much attention to the minutes and accounts of the Stratford-upon-Avon Corporation, here turns to the principal people whom they concern in the period of Shakespeare's lifetime, and, with the help of unpublished letters, allows us to see the town and the townsmen with unexpected intimacy. As anyone knows who has lived in a small country town, people who are described in

documents as tradesmen, shopkeepers or proprietors of inns, become much more important and interesting on personal acquaintance; when they occupy official positions they are as remote as can be from their equivalents in larger cities. Locally they are men of substance, with public responsibilities; therefore it is no surprise to find the Quynys, Parsons, Shirleys of this volume interesting. Inter-marriage links the group with Shakespeare's family, and the hero of these revelations was not only Bailiff of Stratford but the poet's friend. The merits of the book are its return to original sources, its strict limitation to fact, and the artful way in which, by following the order of the records with an occasional glance at the wider history of the time, it gives a continuous account of the controlling families in the borough. Latin passages in the letters are frequent: many people went from Stratford school to the University, and the entire place is seen in juster and more human proportion than before. Richard Quyny was a statesman in little, and his problems and endeavours illumine his own character and the standing of the class to which Shakespeare's father belonged.

Only the persistence of man's original virtue, curiosity, can explain the endless attempts to solve the problem of the Sonnets, a problem for the solution of which, as we all admit, no sufficient evidence exists. Since no one can retain a mass of inferential evidence in his mind, each new theory hardly bothers to concern itself with its predecessors. The latest pamphlet, carefully written and restrained in tone, has no fresh material beyond the further knowledge contained in Mrs. Stope's *Life of Lord Southampton*, and is therefore, I fear, no less inferential than the others.

The re-issue of Mr. Law's pamphlet is a welcome reminder of the progress made in the reconstruction of an Elizabethan garden at New Place. Even two years ago it was already beautiful, and on the way to become the most romantic old-fashioned garden in England. How a neglected corner has been transformed into a pleasant paradise is Mr. Law's story, and should encourage anyone who likes gardens to visit this one. As a memorial to the poet, an offering from all the gardens of England, the result is one which all can welcome who enjoy herbaceous borders, garden paths, and English flowers. Such a memorial as this is its own justification.

Though the performance of plays at Oxford and Cambridge is now a recognised part of University life, its present development is comparatively recent. The series of Greek plays began only in 1882, but by the aid of bursarial accounts Mr. Moore Smith traces back to its beginnings the cultivation of the drama at Cambridge. Before the Puritan influence made itself felt, the playing of classical comedy was a regular part of academic education. At set seasons "shows" were also given, and at one time it was the duty of a Fellow known as the Christmas Lord to produce dramas. The earliest record of a performance of Terence that has survived appears in the accounts for the winter of 1516-17 and concerns the undergraduates of King's, but before that we read of payments made as early as 1482-83 to the town-waits or to strolling players. Early in the seventeenth century moralities were revived, and before 1650 Queens' built itself a Comedy House. A few years earlier, the youthful Milton protested against the practice of candidates for Holy Orders "unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trincaloes, buffoons and bawds." The recent controversy over the opening of a theatre at Oxford reminds us that the Muses of drama have still a somewhat doubtful welcome. The reason is that they do not come alone. They bring with them all sorts of administrative problems in proportion to the interest that they arouse. All these books do more or less useful work in digging about the foundations of their subjects. That is well so long as none of us forgets that the foundations exist for the house, and not the house for the foundations.

OSBERT BURDETT

# BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THREE GENERATIONS. By MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT. Lane. 16*s.*

AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES. By FREDRIKA BREMER. In England: Oxford University Press. 11*s.*

THE RECEIPT BOOK OF ELIZABETH RAPER. Nonesuch Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE BYRON MYSTERY. By SIR JOHN FOX. Grant Richards. 10*s.* 6*d.*

MRS. ELLIOTT was the daughter of Samuel Gridley Howe, who founded the Perkins Institution at Boston for the treatment of the blind. An appreciative account of his methods will be found in Charles Dickens' *American Notes*. His great success was the famous case of Laura Bridgeman. It seems incredible that a blind deaf-mute could be taught to read and write and become " a happy and useful member of the human family." But this amazing result was achieved by the patience and skill of the author's father and yet, oddly enough, he was not a very patient person. Naturally of a restless roving disposition, when in need of rest he sought it fighting against the Turks for Greek independence. Six years old when the Civil War began, one of her earliest recollections was " a complete stranger running up to her father on Boston Common " and saying, " Dr. Howe, they have killed the President," and her story ends with the death of her life-long friend, Henry James, in 1916. She grew up among the groups of distinguished men—her mother's friends, as became the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, poets, philosophers and theologians—known to the children as " The Owls," and on the father's side statesmen, soldiers and militant philanthropists (including the unfortunate John Brown) whom they found more to their liking.

It is sometimes forgotten that modern Spiritualism was invented in America, that credulous land. Mrs. Elliott's Uncle Harper was a fervent believer and cherished scraps of dresses and locks of hair cut from spirit forms, his simple faith undisturbed by the fact that the dress material was recognised as coming from a Boston remnant sale, and the hair the wrong colour; and an amusing picture is given of the late Mr. Frederick Myers, President of the Society of Psychical Research as the dupe of a medium " the grossness of whose manifestations would not deceive the veriest child."

Mrs. Elliott's first visit to London was after her father's death in 1877 with her mother, and they found themselves at home in every camp. Charles Stuart Parnell, " tall, slender, distinguished," took them to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Biggar, perhaps not by her guide, was pointed out as the biggest " parliamentary bore." Browning took her in to dinner and shocked her by his knowledge of the best things to eat. *The New Republic* had just been published, and William Black was a best seller, while in art the Grosvenor Gallery had begun to disturb the complacency of the Royal Academy, and Mrs. Langtry was the reigning beauty. " Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, will the world ever again see anything like that London I remember?" By her next visit change was in the air. Mr. Henry James was thinking of deserting London for Rye, and the slums had just been discovered by General Booth.

In Rome she saw the funeral of Victor Emmanuel, and chief among the mourners

> Garibaldi old and ill. . . . I saw him pass lying back in a landau dressed in the traditional grey felt hat and red blouse. His bronze hair and beard were silver now but his eyes had still the look of a seer.

Marion Crawford, her cousin, was a tall, strong, handsome young man with no serious pursuit but the study of languages, so fortunately " he had plenty of time to devote to my mother and me," and Monsignor Capel " with a leg, very obvious in its long purple stocking," fresh from his capture of the Marquis of Bute, was still to be seen. Mr. Hare took her walking in the Forum and read Mark Antony's oration at the appropriate "location" and she heard the Abbé Liszt play the piano at the Villa D'Este.

With so much to recall it is venial that the author's memory should at times betray her. It was not Blücher who was pelted by Barclay & Perkins' draymen but the Austrian Marshal Haynau. Madame Rachel and not Madame Recamier made Victorian ladies beautiful for ever, and Mr. Disraeli and not Lord Beaconsfield created his Sovereign Empress of India. The book is so well written that one is not surprised to hear that Mrs. Elliott was the author of many successful novels. Few people can have had more entertaining matter upon which to draw or made better use of them.

In 1849 strange rumours reached Fredrika Bremer, a middle-aged Swedish spinster and novelist, " of the high regard in which American women were held by men," and so she crossed the Atlantic to investigate, and landed according to Hawthorne " the funniest little fairy person whom one could imagine " to take all America under her wing from Emerson to T. P. Barnum. Charles Dickens had just gone home to write his American Notes, which perceptibly widened the Atlantic, and it is curious to see what a different impression the United States made on two independent minds. Both were received with acclamation and observed the country under exactly similar conditions. *America of the Fifties* embodies her views, which were undoubtedly those of a shrewd observer with an agreeable sense of humour, who knew a bore when she saw one. Of the American she writes :—

> If I were to seek for one expression which would portray the peculiar character of the people of the New World I could not find any other than that of *beautiful human beings* just fit to inhabit among other idyllic spots the Valley of the Mississippi which recalls " the glorious Home of the Hesperides."

which Boz saw as " an enormous ditch . . . running liquid mud . . . a foul stream . . . That intolerable river. . . . " So with the Shakers. He left their village with a hearty dislike of the old Shakers and a pity for the young ones as being " the worst among the enemies of heaven and earth, who turn the water at the Marriage Feasts of this poor world, not into wine but gall," while Miss Bremer cannot tell us " how much she liked all she saw of their little community," and adds " The Shaker organisation is, admitting some small narrow peculiarities, one of the best small communities in the world and one of the most useful in the great commonwealth."

Miss Elizabeth Raper must have been a most attractive young lady. She divided her time agreeably between love and cookery, and embodied the receipts for both in a cypher which the fortunate industry of a descendant has unravelled. Her first affair was with Captain Richard Howe, R.N., the subsequent hero of the glorious 1st June. It was more than a youthful fancy—" dined at 5 and in the evening Mrs. Howe got the grand secret from me, cried and was pitied—what will come of it God knows "—but the gallant captain left for the Bay of Biscay in command of a squadron and Miss Raper turned oddly enough to Euclid for solace. It is not surprising that she found herself " a little dull about an angle." On his return the fickle sailor dallied in Town and in spite of Euclid she finds herself "damned mad in my mind and do not care three straws if I never see him again—damn all the sex," and then the fatal news arrived :

> Heard that Dick was married to a Miss Hartop—thought I should have died, cried heartily, damned him as heartily and walked about loose with neither life nor soul.

Still she remains human. Not long after we find a Mr. Saunderson squeezing her hand, while she hears " continually she is to be married to young Houblon," and there is also a Mr. Dunn who is very attentive. " Thought he would eat me up almost," and the next morning he sends " a billet doux before I was well up " but although much pleasant time is spent " eating, sleeping, walking, romping and kissing," it came to naught. Mr. Hotham was evidently smitten, and they got so far as discussing " what learning a wife should have," but either as she puts it, " Hotham and I jumbled not quite right," or he did not like her practical jokes :

> Miss Cleeve and I dressed up a Joan and put in his bed.

and again

> I repaired to Mr. Hotham's room, pinned down his pillow exactly opposite to what it should be, sewed up his night cap and got into bed soon after one.

He makes way for Dr. Dimsdale to whom she sung " Why heaves my fond bosom " not without effect, indeed he subsequently " kissed and hugged her," but alas, after a slight misunderstanding as to a Mrs. B.,—" I imagine he will never speak plain and hints can never come to anything "—the amorous doctor fades out of the story.

With Samuel Horsley it was a more serious affair. Miss Raper had expectations and Samuel was a careful man with a career. His attempts to reconcile his passion with a prudent consideration of " how much " was coming are told with a humour worthy of Jane Austen. When he rather shabbily backed out of the engagement, he advised her " to accept of any person that my friends approved and I thought I could be happy with " and " wished I might meet a man who loved me as much as he did." Miss Elizabeth was quite equal to the occasion and said " I thought his best scheme would be to marry some woman with *ready* money," upon which he " begged me not to give him more of my advice and seemed in great agitation." However, he survived to be a Bishop and Miss Raper consoled herself with Dr. Grant, and laid the foundation of a happy married life by composing an excellent book of cookery. When her daughter is born she desires the nurse to give the infant half a crown, and the following conversation takes place : " Does she grasp it ? " " Yes." " Then she is no fool," and if there is anything in heredity she was not.

The Byron mystery is much simpler than its exploiters would have us think. The astonishing thing is not that Lady Byron left her husband, but that they ever came together. A Lothario is never so dangerous as in his moments of reaction, and it was in one of these hazardous moods that Lord Byron became a victim of the strange hallucination that he would be happier as a married man. His wife was curiously unsuited to him. She had sufficient points to make many men happy but never her husband. " Do I bore you, Byron ?—Damnably ! " I believe is the simple explanation of the problem of so many volumes. Whether the tragic scandal about Mrs. Leigh had any foundation or not, it was not the reason of his wife's leaving him. She stayed with Mrs. Leigh shortly afterwards and remained on friendly terms with her, which would have been impossible had she believed the story. Some letters from Byron to Lady Melbourne recently published certainly support the scandal, yet if she knew, it is curious, to say the least, that she should have made the match between Byron and her niece, but the great Whig ladies of that era had a code of morals and conduct of their own.

CHARTRES BIRON

# THE THEATRE

THE ORGANISED THEATRE. By St. John Ervine. Allen & Unwin. *7s. 6d.*

THE NEW THEATRE AND CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Huntly Carter. Chapman & Dodd. *25s.*

EVERYBODY'S THEATRE. By H. W. Whanslaw. Wells Gardner. *5s.*

MARIONETTES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. By F. J. McIsaac. Paul. *2s. 6d.*

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE is never so happy as when he is quarrelling with someone; and when he has no one to quarrel with he lashes himself into a fury about things in general. This is a pity, for his riot of heavy-footed sarcasms tends to distract one's attention from an argument that is in the main very sensible and well informed. His laboured pugnacity of manner has, in these days, an air of anachronism that is apt to make the reader smile or rebel. For this reason one is tempted, even when one agrees with Mr. Ervine, to examine his verbal squibs more closely than is fair to them. When, for example, he snaps out that " in the War for culture, culture was the first casualty," one cannot help reflecting that though the intention is excellent the epigram has gone a little awry, based as it is on a popular misconception. The Germans claimed to be fighting, not for culture, but for *Kultur*, which is another matter. The mistake is trivial enough, and I mention it only by way of enforcing my contention that a journalist who is determined to be angry should also make sure of being accurate. Mr. Ervine begins and ends his book with an exhibition spar with two American critics, Mr. Stark Young and Mr. Kenneth MacGowan, for whom he is more than a match. Mr. Young holds that English drama is in a worse plight than that of any civilised country in the world, while Mr. MacGowan is the prophet of a cloudy doctrine called Expressionism, the technique of which, he is quoted as saying,

> applies to realistic plays as well as to plays of spiritual emphasis, plays of colour, imagination, exaltation, inner truth. It can create illusion as well as understanding. It can perfect the old theatre as well as launch the new. It does in fact range from a beautiful realism to absolute, abstract form.

And so on. Mr. Ervine is nothing if not thorough in his dealing with these two gentlemen. Indeed it is of his thoroughness that one is inclined to complain. A few well-placed blows would have knocked both adversaries into the middle of next week and have left him with time and space for more important affairs. " Piffle " and " tosh " and " God open your eyes, Mr. Young ! " are unnecessary decorations of the argument. Perhaps it is of such outbursts that he is thinking when he naively confesses, on page 21, " I am an audacious person myself." Audacity should be made of sterner stuff. This kind of thing one suspects of being the padding by which a series of five lectures, delivered at the University of Liverpool, was extended over two hundred and thirteen pages of print. Thereafter Mr. Ervine launches into a spirited discursion on English drama in general. The range of the book is far wider than its title indicates. He spends some thousands of words on a comparison between the Greek and the Elizabethan drama. " The Greek drama," he writes, " was the tragedy of impotence: the Elizabethan drama was the tragedy of power." This

leads the author into stating his first definite point. Both these great dramas, the Greek and the Elizabethan, were the product of a great age. Genius, especially dramatic genius, flowers only in the midst of a people that is already ardent and vital though inarticulate. Great art, in fine, presupposes an audience that is worthy of it, an audience that has created a spiritual atmosphere conducive to its production. Here then, says Mr. Ervine, is the root-cause of the present dismal plight of English drama. We are a sick nation, physically and mentally exhausted by the Great Carnage of 1914-1918. "When a nation is strongest, physically and spiritually, its people delight most in tragedy. When a nation is weakest, physically and spiritually, its people will not listen to tragedy, but demand what is called light entertainment: comic plays, spectacular pieces, trivial shows." And if, in spite of this, another Shakespeare arose, what would happen? Mr. Ervine draws a sad picture of the young playwright hawking *Hamlet* round the West End of modern London and being kicked out of one manager's room after another. But we must pity the poor manager:

> Before the War, he could conduct a whole season on a capital of £5,000, but to-day he can hardly conduct a single play on that sum. The preliminary expenses of putting the play on the stage, together with the ordinary running expenses while it is being performed, make £5,000 look like one and ninepence at the end of the first fortnight.

This is more to the point that any amount of mere bruising, and for the excellent chapter in which it occurs we would give all the rest of the book and scarcely miss it. Not content with crying "Woe! Woe!" our prophet puts forward practical suggestions which, if they were adopted, would do much to ease our present discontents. They may be summed up briefly as decentralisation, federation of repertory theatres, municipal subsidies, and a short-circuit system. These proposals alone make the book worth attention.

The effect of the theatre on the tempers of those who love and study it is a very curious natural phenomenon. If Mr. Ervine is angry, so too is Mr. Huntly Carter, though only for the purposes of an aggressive preface. From what he himself tells us, supported by a letter in his defence from Mr. Gordon Craig, it appears that Mr. Carter is virtually the only English journalist who possesses any intimate knowledge of post-revolution Russia. Like Mr. Craig, he regards the theatre as something more than a centre of idle amusement: to him it is "an instrument for projecting the human soul into space in such a way that all who see it are initiated into its eternal truths." With this conception in mind he has devoted himself to its study with a truly religious fervour. He has pursued his researches in conditions of extraordinary difficulty—climatic, social, and political—that made theatre-going "little less than a martyrdom." The resulting book is a monument of patience and industry, and if its prose style leaves much to be desired we must console ourselves with the reflection that we cannot have everything in this universe of imperfections. Information we are given in plenty: information, moreover, that is of considerable sociological importance. Drama had its origin in religion, and the New Drama of Soviet Russia, which despises and distrusts tradition, is itself traditional in this respect if in no other. The politico-religious ferment that has agitated the Russian people during recent years is now expressing itself in their theatre. Mr. Carter gives an exhaustive and exhausting account of the forms of this expression, forms chiefly political in character: the Left Group, the Right Group, the Centre Group, and so on. The spirit of ardent propaganda seems to dominate the whole movement. The chief general aim of the New Drama is to substitute for the central figure, or protagonist, a group personality formed by a mass: which looks, at first sight, like a very promising attempt at suicide. It was for this reason that the communists rigidly

excluded, through their official censorship, all the plays of what Mr. Carter calls the Free Theatre period, the plays of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Gorky, and others. These " arch-egoists of the Free Theatre took the stage and told the people to demand a greater share of life as they, the egoists, conceived it. They neglected to tell the people to take the stage and to demand a greater share of life as they, the people, conceived it. The Free Theatre plays were the expression of anarcho-individualism, not of anarcho-collectivism." For, says Mr. Carter :

> The Russian stage, as actuated by the communists, seeks to become distinctly human by banishing those barriers set up between the stage and auditorium, between the author and spectator, by an intensely egoistic period of dramatic theory and practice from the eighteen-sixties to 1917. It was a period marked by theatrical reforms which, in spite of their popular interest, were designed to make the theatre the pulpit of the few and the laboratory of eviscerated æsthetic cliques, and not the forum and the playground of the many.

What does this mean ? Does it mean that drama, ceasing to be an art, is to become a collective romp ? "In Russia," remarks Mr. Carter in his preface, "æstheticism is dead and truth prevails." How good for Russia, but how dull ! " Anarcho-collectivism," " proletarian ideology,"—I cannot stifle my conviction, frivolous though it may seem, that a people among whom such jargon is current is not yet within sight of producing great drama.

It is a relief to turn from these earnest, admirable gentlemen—though they and their like are undoubtedly the salt of the earth—to Mr. Whanslaw, who serenely instructs us in that most engaging of subjects, the Toy Theatre. The very phrase, conjoining as it does two beautiful ideas, is a double delight to all who retain their childhood. Mr. Edward Shanks, who contributes an introduction to this clearly written and copiously illustrated little book, justly claims that Mr. Whanslaw makes the noble art of building a toy theatre seem an easy matter. " The merest bungler who, lacking instructions, will make a mess of the easy job of sharpening a pencil, begins to feel that under this tuition he can accomplish the most elaborate and delicate feats of carpentry. And while he feels this, so long will he be able to do it." Mr. Ervine, in a spirit of Sunday observance, writes of theatre-going as though it were still a religious duty. Mr. Carter describes the Russian " people's playground " in terms that make one think of a drill-hall or a barrack-square. But Mr. Whanslaw discourses in this reassuring fashion :

> Next get four strips of wood three-eighths of an inch in thickness, each strip to be twelve inches long by one inch wide, and see that they are planed nicely smooth and square. These are to be the uprights to hold the jagged scene-frames. If you look at Fig. 26 you will get the general idea. These four strips need not be three-ply wood—ordinary deal from a margarine-box will do. Finally, cut two more strips of the same wood half-an-inch in width and exactly the same lengths as the two top bars—that is to say, one must be thirteen inches long, the other twelve and a half inches. These are to be the bottom rests for the ends of the stage itself.

What could be more simple, more lucid ? It is music to the ear after what has gone before. I assert, in all seriousness, that if everyone were to take Mr. Whanslaw's advice the English Theatre would soon begin to throw off the sleepy sickness by which it is at present afflicted. With the aid of such a book even a Soviet child could contrive to sublimate its vicious, anarcho-individualistic complexes, and become a happy citizen. *Marionettes and How to Make Them* is a book specifically for children, and deserves to be popular in every nursery.

GERALD BULLETT

# RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE CHRIST OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By P. ELMER MORE. H. Milford. 18*s.* 6*d.*

THE PHARISEES. By R. TRAVERS HERFORD. Allen & Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.*

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST. By A. M. RHIBANY. Melrose. 9*s.*

ESSAYS ON JEWISH LIFE AND THOUGHT (Letters of Benammi, 2nd Series). Longmans. 10*s.* 6*d.*

JUDAISM AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. Routledge. 5*s.*

THE DECALOGUE. By R. H. CHARLES. T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.*

ROMAN CONVERTS. By ARNOLD LUNN. Chapman & Hall. 12*s.* 6*d.*

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC. By BEDE JARRETT, O.P. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 6*s.*

TORQUEMADA AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By R. SABATINI. Stanley Paul. 12*s.*

THE DOCTRINE OF INTENTION. By R. LL. LANGFORD-JAMES. S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.*

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. Constable. 6*s.*

THE MESSAGE OF MOHAMMED. By A. S. WADIA. J. M. Dent. 3*s.* 6*d.*

IMMORTALITY. Edited by Sir JAMES MARCHANT. Routledge. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM OF THE UPANISHADS. By R. GORDON MILBURN. Theosophical Publishing House. 3*s.*

PROBLEMS OF BELIEF. By F. S. C. SCHILLER. Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JESUS was a Jew. It is as easy to exaggerate the importance of that fact as it appears to be difficult for many critics of Christianity to remember it. At different periods of our era, scholars and simple men have rediscovered it, and based on it, and the deductions drawn from it, theories which the Catholic Church calls heresies. From the beginning of Christianity the fact of the Founder's nationality was a centre of controversy. Whatever view we take of the contention between St. Paul and St. James, there is no doubt that the anti-Pauline Christians desired to preserve in the Church evidences of its Jewish origin. They were willing to extend the new religion to all people, but desired from the converts a recognition of Jewish customs as obligatory on members of what was, to them, a Jewish sect. This the instinct of Christendom steadily refused to allow. While admitting, and indeed stressing very strongly, the position of the Jews as God's chosen people, the Church insisted that in the fulfilment of the law and the prophets made by Christ there was no room for insistence on specifically Jewish rites as of obligation. Later—as we see in the *Praeparatio Evangelica* and in the work of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen and of Augustine—the church insisted (as St. Paul had done from the beginning) that God

expressed Himself not only to the Jew, but to the Gentiles in their arts and their philosophies.

Yet the lesson—that Christianity is the meeting-place of the Jew and the Gentile—is still to be learnt. Just as in the Middle Ages Albigensians, Lollards and other sects revived the demand for a Judaistic Christianity, just as the same demand was made at the Reformation, so we have it again from different sources and in different manners. Much of the modern criticism—apocalyptic and otherwise—springs from exaggerating the Judaism of Jesus, and much of modern Protestantism makes the same mistake. The only modernist who entirely escaped the danger was George Tyrrell, but his way of escape was too personal to be generally useful. Mr. Elmer More, Mr. Rhibany, Dr. Charles, the author known as Benammi, even Mr. Herford all fail to keep that balance which is the peculiar excellence of historical Christianity. The non-Catholic point of view is put in a few sentences by Mr. Rhibany, a Syrian of American nationality :

> In Palestine the faith of the Church was very simple. Faith in God the Father, and in His Son (by anointing) Jesus Christ, and love of the brethren, constituted the simple bread of the Palestinian Christians. But it was not long after the Crucifixion that the subtle mentality of the Greek and the organising genius of the Roman began to assume control of the thought and practice of the Syrian churches. . . . In course of time that simple faith was supplanted by the massive creeds with all their metaphysical speculation about the nature of God, the status of Jesus in the cosmos, and the mystical character of rites and sacraments.

This assumption of a Jesus-Church, superseded by a Christ-Church, conveniently ignores the fact that the earliest Christian documents we possess are admittedly the Pauline epistles ; and that it was for a church organised on Pauline lines and occupied with Pauline and probably Johannine metaphysic, that the gospels were written. It seems to me beyond doubt that no impartial reader can study the gospels and fail to see that the Jesus portrayed in them is anxious not to found another Jewish sect ; that He is determined that His followers shall not be Jews, but seekers after the truth that can be found in other religions as well as in Judaism. That we are still Jews and bound by rules which even the Jews did not obey, is evidently the opinion of Dr. Charles. It is rare to-day to find such intemperate and ignorant diatribes against those devotions to the saints which sprang up naturally in the Church, as it broke away from Judaism and when the wide implications of the doctrine of the Incarnation were realised. Dr. Charles misrepresents " the twenty-second article of the English Church " when he says " two evils, image worship and the invocation of saints, are condemned together " in it. What would be said of a controversialist who accused a book of denouncing marriage and family life because in it occurred the sentence " Mr. H. G. Wells' doctrine about marriage and family life is a fond thing vainly invented " ? It is difficult to free Dr. Charles from the charge of deliberate disingenuousness in the whole of his lecture on the second commandment : if he is not purposely misrepresenting, he is guilty of a degree of ignorance almost incredible in a man of his learning.

In his book may be found, if Mr. Arnold Lunn reads it, an answer to the questions posed by the entertaining author : why does the Roman Catholic Church, " committed to beliefs which seem untenable, still continue to win converts from men not inferior in genius and in acuteness of thought to the heretics who remain outside her fold " ? To most of us the most depressing and desperate thing in modern life is the ease with which good people persist in philosophies which are hopelessly divisive, philosophies which make no effort, have no desire to embrace the whole of man's life

under one supreme category. Men contentedly go on with a religion that affects them pleasantly in their mystical and emotional life, but does not touch their economic, their political or their æsthetic activities. Or others enter vague, harmonious, picturesque cults which are divorced altogether from history, from ethics and from sound theology. Some of us believe that in Catholicism, properly understood, there is a power to resolve the discords of life and provide the sense of unity which is so lamentably absent in most modern systems of thought. Others find a similar hope in Socialism : and many religious people find it in submission to the Church of Rome. How these last resolve the historical, doctrinal and disciplinary difficulties of that system I cannot explain : but I can see that, when compared with the consolation offered, these difficulties seem very small. Mr. Lunn's essays are biographical criticism on Manning, Newman, Tyrrell, Fr. Ronald Knox and Mr. Chesterton. It is unfortunate that he does not seem to be very familiar with Mr. Chesterton's apologia (it appeared in the Dominican paper *Blackfriars*) and has to quote mainly from those books which G.K.C. wrote when he was an Anglo-Catholic. The best of his essays are those on Manning, whom he defends with vigour and wit against Mr. Lytton Strachey, and on Fr. Ronald Knox, to whose cleverness he is scrupulously fair, though he underestimates his fundamental seriousness.

Candid historians will always admit, however prejudiced they may be on the Catholic side, that as much harm has been done to Catholicism from within as from without. While the Church officially was very soon convinced that Christianity was bound to claim as its own whatever of good was found in other religions, in cultures that were neither Jewish nor Eastern, it forgot that this right gave it a corresponding duty to be tolerant. Of all the dominical parables that of the tares and the wheat seems doomed to the longest neglect Mr. Sabatini's book on Torquemada is a grim volume, concerned with a time when practically all Christians, Catholic and heretic, forgot their duty to wait on the will of God, and instead called in the aid of princes for the extirpation of opinion. The unpopularity of St. Dominic, as compared with St. Francis, is certainly largely due to the fact that he is associated with the savage suppression of the Albigensian heresy, and that his order was the order of the Holy Inquisition. Mr. Sabatini writes without any anti-Catholic bias, and his book, while miserable reading, has an undeniable fascination. It is curious to notice how, if we are to find a parallel to the methods and the mentality of the men who conducted the Inquisition, we must in modern times go to the school of political, not theological thought. Again and again I am reminded of the policy of the Bolshevists in Russia. Heresy and persecution for opinion have not alas ! disappeared ; they have only changed their venue.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS