SEVERAL ESSAYS

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WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES
AND NOTES

By

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FOREWORD

THIS selection of essays presents the varying aims of the modern essayist in a more obvious form. A casual reader of essays, who, at odd moments of leisure, dips into the many prose anthologies published by the Oxford University Press, is apt to miss the full range of uses to which the essay has been put.

Also, perhaps, a few serious students of the essay will find grouping under separate heads of some use in a comparative study of style and viewpoint. When great minds essay an important question, it is always interesting to watch their different turns of thought and expression.

To the beginner it may be an advantage to be shown the close relation between *matter* and *form*; to discover, for example, how inevitably a 'descriptive' essay requires a treatment different in words and manner from that of an 'essay in criticism'.

This selection covers a very limited range in a little over a century. It is needless to apologize to those—and there must be many such—who miss their old favourites in this selection. But the title—SEVERAL ESSAYS—should be enough.

The Notes supply information mostly of a biographical and historical kind.

August 1927 G.F.J.C.

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CONTENTS

THE ART OF THE ESSAYIST

By Sir A. C. Benson

There is a pleasant story of an itinerant sign-painter who, in going his rounds, came to a village inn upon whose signboard he had had his eye for some months, and had watched with increasing hope and delight its rapid progress to blurred and faded dimness. To his horror he found a brand-new varnished sign. He surveyed it with disgust, and said to the innkeeper, who stood nervously by hoping for a professional compliment, 'This looks as if someone had been doing it himself.'

That sentence holds within it the key to the whole mystery of essay-writing. An essay is a thing which someone does himself; and the point of the essay is not the subject, for any subject will suffice, but the charm of personality. It must concern itself with something 'jolly', as the schoolboy says, something smelt, heard, seen, perceived, invented, thought, but the essential thing is that the writer shall have formed his own impression, and that it shall have taken shape in his own mind; and the charm of the essay depends upon the charm of the mind that has conceived and recorded the impression. It will be seen, then, that the essay need not concern itself with anything definite; it need not have an intellectual or a philosophical or a religious or a humorous motif; but, equally, none of these subjects are ruled out. The only thing necessary is that the thing or the thought should be vividly apprehended, enjoyed, felt to be beautiful, and expressed with a certain

gusto. It need conform to no particular rules. All literature answers to something in life, some habitual form of human expression. The stage imitates life, calling in the services of the eye and the ear; there is the narrative of the teller of tales or the minstrel, the song, the letter, the talk—all forms of human expression and communication have their antitypes in literature. The essay is the reverie, the frame of mind in which a man says, in the words of the old song, 'says I to myself, says I.'

It is generally supposed that Montaigne is the first writer who wrote what may technically be called essays. His pieces are partly autobiographical, partly speculative, and to a great extent ethical. But the roots of his writing lie far back in literary history. He owed a great part of his inspiration to Cicero, who treated of abstract topics in a conversational way with a romantic background; and this he owed to Plato, whose dialogues undoubtedly contain the germ of both the novel and the essay. Plato is, in truth, far more the forerunner of the novelist than of the philosopher. He made a background of life, he peopled his scenes with bright boys and amiable elders—oh, that all scenes were so peopled!—and he discussed ethical and speculative problems of life and character with a vital, rather than with a philosophical, interest. Plato's dialogues would be essays but for the fact that they have a dramatic colouring, while the essence of the essay is soliloquy. But in the writings of Cicero, such as the *De Senectute*, the dramatic interest is but slight, and the whole thing approaches far more nearly to the essay than to the novel. Probably Cicero supplied to his readers the function both of the essayist and the preacher, and fed the

needs of so-called thoughtful readers by dallying, in a fashion which it is hardly unjust to call twaddling, with familiar ethical problems of conduct and character. The charm of Montaigne is the charm of personality — frankness, gusto, acute observation, lively acquaintance with men and manners. He is ashamed of recording nothing that interested him; and a certain discreet shamelessness must always be the characteristic of the essayist, for the essence of his art is to say what has pleased him without too prudently considering whether it is worthy of the attention of the well-informed mind.

I doubt if the English temperament is wholly favourable to the development of the essayist. In the first place, an Anglo-Saxon likes doing things better than thinking about them; and in his memories he is apt to recall how a thing was done rather than why it was done. In the next place, we are naturally rather prudent and secretive; we say that a man must not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and that is just what the essayist must do. We have a horror of giving ourselves away, and we like to keep ourselves to ourselves. 'The Englishman's home is his castle,' says another proverb. But the essayist must not have a castle, or if he does both the grounds and the living rooms must be open to the inspection of the public.

Lord Brougham, who revelled in advertisement, used to allow his house to be seen by visitors, and the butler had orders that if a party of people came to see the house, Lord Brougham was to be informed of the fact. He used to hurry to the library and take up a book, in order that the tourists might nudge each other and say in whispers, 'There is the Lord Chancellor.' That is the right frame of mind for the essayist. He may

enjoy privacy, but he is no less delighted that people should see him enjoying it.

The essay has taken very various forms in England. Sir Thomas Browne, in such books as *Religio Medici* and *Urn Burial*, wrote essays of an elaborate rhetorical style, the long fine sentences winding themselves out in delicate weft-like trails of smoke on a still air, hanging in translucent veils. Addison, in the *Spectator*, treated with delicate humour of life and its problems, and created what was practically a new form in the essay of emotional sentiment evoked by solemn scenes and fine associations. Charles Lamb treated romantically the homeliest stuff of life, and showed how the simplest and commonest experiences were rich in emotion and humour. The beauty and dignity of common life were his theme. De Quincey wrote what may be called impassioned autobiography, and brought to his task a magical control of long-drawn and musical cadences. And then we come to such a writer as Pater, who used the essay for the expression of exquisite artistic sensation. These are only a few instances of the way in which the essay has been used in English literature. But the essence is throughout the same; it is personal sensation, personal impression; evoked by something strange or beautiful or curious or interesting or amusing. It has thus a good deal in common with the art of the lyrical poet and the writer of sonnets, but it has all the freedom of prose, its more extended range, its use of less strictly poetical effects, such as humour in particular. Humour is alien to poetical effect, because poetry demands a certain sacredness and solemnity of mood. The poet is emotional in a reverential way; he is thrilled, he loves, he worships, he sorrows, but it is all essentially grave,

because he wishes to recognize the sublime and uplifted elements of life; he wishes to free himself from all discordant, absurd, fantastic, undignified contrasts, as he would extrude laughter and chatter and comfortable ease from some stately act of ceremonial worship. It is quite true that the essayist has a full right to such a mood if he chooses, and such essays as Pater's are all conceived in a sort of rapture of holiness in a region from which all that is common and homely is carefully fenced out. But the essayist may have a larger range, and the strength of a writer like Charles Lamb is that he condescends to use the very commonest materials and transfigures the simplest experiences with a fairy-like delicacy and a romantic glow. A poet who has far more in common with the range of the essayist is Robert Browning, and there are many of his poems, though not perhaps his best, where his frank amassing of grotesque detail, his desire to include rather than exclude the homelier sorts of emotion, his robust and not very humorous humour, make him an impressionist rather than a lyrist. As literature develops the distinction between poetry and prose will no doubt become harder to maintain. Coleridge said in a very fruitful maxim: 'The opposite of poetry is not prose, but science; the opposite of prose is not poetry, but verse.' That is to say, poetry has as its object the kindling of emotion, and science is its opposite because science is the dispassionate statement of fact; but prose can equally be used as a vehicle for the kindling of emotion, and therefore may be in its essence poetical; but when it is a technical description of a certain kind of structure its opposite is verse — that is to say, language arranged in metrical and rhythmical form. We shall probably come to think that the essayist is

more of a poet than the writer of epics, and that the divisions of literature will tend to be on the one hand the art of clear and logical statement, and on the other the art of emotional and imaginative expression.

We must remember in all this that the nomenclature of literature, the attempt to classify the forms of literary expression, is a confusing and a bewildering thing, unless it is used merely for convenience. It is the merest pedantry to say that literature must conform to established usages and types. The essence of it is that it is a large force, flowing in any channel that it can, and the classification of art is a mere classification of channels. What lies behind all art is the principle of wonder and of arrested attention. It need not be only the sense of beauty; it may be the sense of fitness, of strangeness, of completeness, of effective effort. The amazement of the savage at the sight of a civilized town is not the sense of beauty, it is the sense of force, of mysterious resources, of incredible products, of things unintelligibly and even magically made; and then, too, there is the instinct for perceiving all that is grotesque, absurd, amusing and jocose which one sees exhibited in children at the sight of the parrot's crafty and solemn eye and his exaggerated imitation of human speech, at the unusual dress and demeanour of the clown, at the grotesque simulation by the gnarled and contorted tree of something human or reptile. And then, too, there is the strange property in human beings which makes disaster amusing if its effects are not prejudicial to oneself, that sense which makes the waiter on the pantomime stage, who falls headlong with a tray of crockery, an object to provoke the loudest and most spontaneous mirth of which the ordinary human being

is capable. The moralist, who would be sympathetically shocked at the rueful abrasions of the waiter, or mournful over the waste of human skill and endeavour involved in the breakage, would be felt by all human beings to have something priggish in his composition and to be too good, as they say, to live.

It is with these rudimentary and inexplicable emotions that the essayist may concern himself, even though the poet be forbidden to do so; and the appeal of the essayist to the world at large will depend upon the extent to which he experiences some common emotion, sees it in all its bearings, catches the salient features of the scene and records it in vivid and impressive speech.

The essayist is, therefore, to a certain extent bound to be a spectator of life; he must be like the man in Browning's fine poem, 'How it Strikes a Contemporary,' who walked about, took note of everything, looked at the new house building, poked his stick into the mortar.

> He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
> The man who slices lemons into drink.
> The coffee roaster's brazier, and the boys
> That volunteer to help him turn its winch;
> He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
> And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,
> And broad edge bold print posters by the wall
> He took such cognisance of men and things!
> If any beat a horse you felt he saw—
> If any cursed a woman he took note,
> Yet stared at nobody—they stared at him,
> And found less to their pleasure than surprise,
> He seemed to know them and expect as much.

That is the essayist's material, he may choose the scene, he may select the sort of life he is interested in, whether it is the street or the countryside or the sea-beach or the picture gallery; but

once there, wherever he may be, he must devote himself to seeing and realizing and getting it all by heart. The writer must not be too much interested in the action and conduct of life. If he is a politician, or a soldier, or an emperor, or a ploughboy, or a thief, and is absorbed in what he is doing, with a vital anxiety to make profit or position or influence out of it, if he hates his opponents and rewards his friends, if he condemns, despises, disapproves, he at once forfeits sympathy and largeness of view. He must believe with all his might in the interest of what he enjoys to the extent, at all events, of believing it worth recording and representing; but he must not believe too solemnly or urgently in the importance and necessity of any one sort of business or occupation. The eminent banker, the social reformer, the forensic pleader, the fanatic, the crank, the puritan—these are not the stuff out of which the essayist is made; he may have ethical preference, but he must not indulge in moral indignation; he must be essentially tolerant and he must discern quality rather than solidity. He must be concerned with the pageant of life as it weaves itself with a moving tapestry of scenes and figures, rather than with the aims and purposes of life. He must, in fact, be preoccupied with things as they appear, rather than with their significance or their ethical example.

I have little doubt in my own mind that the charm of the familiar essayist depends upon his power of giving the sense of a good-humoured, gracious and reasonable personality and establishing a sort of pleasant friendship with his reader. One does not go to an essayist with a desire for information or with an expectation of finding a clear statement of a complicated subject; that is not the mood in which one takes up a volume of

essays. What one rather expects to find is a companionable treatment of that vast mass of little problems and floating ideas which are aroused and evoked by our passage through the world, our daily employment, our leisure hours, our amusements and diversions, and, above all, by our relations with other people — all the unexpected inconsistent various simple stuff of life. The essayist ought to be able to impart a certain beauty and order into it, to delineate, let us say, the vague emotions aroused in solitude or in company by the sight of scenery, the aspect of towns, the impressions of art and books, the interplay of human qualities and characteristics, the half-formed hopes and desires and fears and joys that form so large a part of our daily thought. The essayist ought to be able to indicate a case or a problem that is apt to occur in ordinary life and suggest the theory of it; to guess what it is that makes our moods resolute or fitful; why we act consistently or inconsistently; what it is that repels or attracts us in our dealings with other people; what our private fancies are.

The good essayist is the man who makes a reader say: 'Well, I have often thought all those things, but I never discerned before any connexion between them nor got so far as to put them into words.' And thus the essayist must have a great and far-reaching curiosity; he must be interested, rather than displeased, by the differences of human beings and by their varied theories. He must recognize the fact that most people's convictions are not the result of reason, but a mass of associations, traditions, things half understood, phrases, examples, loyalties, whims. He must care more about the inconsistency of humanity than about its dignity, and he must study more what people actually do think about than what they

ought to think about. He must not be ashamed of human weaknesses or shocked by them, and still less disgusted by them; but at the same time he must keep in mind the flashes of fine idealism, the passionate visions, the irresponsible humours, the salient peculiarities that shoot like sunrays through the dull cloudiness of so many human minds and make one realize that humanity is at once above itself and in itself and that we are greater than we know; for the interest of the world to the ardent student of it is that we, most of us, seem to have got hold of something that is bigger than we quite know how to deal with, something remote and far off which we have seen in a distant vision, which we cannot always remember or keep clear in our minds. The supreme fact of human nature is its duality, its tendency to pull different ways, the tug-of-war between Devil and Baker, which lies inside our restless brains. And the confessed aim of the essayist is to make people interested in life and in themselves and in the part they can take in life, and he does that best if he convinces men and women that life is a fine sort of game in which they can take a hand and that every existence, however confined or restricted, is full of outlets and pulsing channels, and that the interest and joy of it is not confined to the politician or the millionaire, but is pretty fairly distributed so long as one has time to attend to it and is not preoccupied in some concrete aim or vulgar ambition.

Because the great secret which the true essayist whispers in our ears is that the worth of experience is not measured by what is called success, but rather resides in a fullness of life that success tends rather to obscure and to diminish experience, and that we may miss the point of life by being too important

and that the end of it all is the degree in which we give rather than receive.

The poet, perhaps, is the man who sees the greatness of life best, because he lives most in its beauty and fineness. But my point is that the essayist is really a lesser kind of poet, working in simpler and humbler materials, more in the glow of life perhaps than in the glory of it, and not finding anything common or unclean.

The essayist is the opposite of the romancer, because his one and continuous aim is to keep the homely materials in view, to face actual conditions, not to fly from them. We think meanly of life if we believe that it has no sublime moments, but we think sentimentally of it if we believe that it has nothing but sublime moments. The essayist wants to hold the balance, and if he is apt to neglect the sublimities of life it is because he is apt to think that they can take care of themselves and that if there is the joy of adventure, the thrill of the start in the fresh air of the morning, the rapture of ardent companionship, the gladness of the arrival, yet there must be long spaces in between when the pilgrim jogs steadily along and seems to come no nearer to the spire on the horizon or to the shining embanked cloudland of the west. He has nothing then but his own thoughts to help him, unless he is alert to see what is happening in hedgerow and copse, and the work of the essayist is to make something rich and strange of those seemingly monotonous spaces, those lengths of level road.

Is, then, the Essay in literature a thing which simply stands outside classification, like Argon among the elements of which the only thing which can be predicated is that it is there? Or like justice in Plato's *Republic*, a thing which the

talkers set out to define and which ends by being the one thing left in a state when the definable qualities are taken away? No, it is not that. It is rather like what is called an organ prelude, a little piece with a theme, not very strict perhaps in form, but which can be fancifully treated, modulated from and coloured at will. It is a little criticism of life at some one point clearly enough defined.

We may follow any mood, we may look at life in fifty different ways—the only thing we must not do is to despise or deride, out of ignorance or prejudice, the influences which affect others; because the essence of all experience is that we should perceive something which we do not begin by knowing, and learn that life has a fullness and a richness in all sorts of diverse ways which we do not at first even dream of suspecting.

The essayist, then, in his particular fashion, is an interpreter of life, a critic of life. He does not see life as the historian or as the philosopher or as the poet or as the novelist, and yet he has a touch of all these. He is not concerned with discovering a theory of it all or fitting the various parts of it into each other. He works rather on what is called the analytic method, observing, recording, interpreting, just as things strike him, and letting his fancy play over their beauty and significance; the end of it all being this: that he is deeply concerned with the charm and quality of things, and desires to put it in all in the clearest and gentlest light, so that at least he may make others love life a little better and prepare them for its infinite variety and, alike, for its joyful and mournful surprises.

TOBY

FROM '

'HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ'

BY DR. BROWN

TOBY was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sidney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog: and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and, as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and, giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to anyone but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt, I believe she would have expelled 'him whom we saved from drowning', had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter, that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog: coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be, a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and

acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves: there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him — and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and, as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to

be seen on my father leaving; he, however, saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and, not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the 'minister's man', to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valour. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and downtrodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all

matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *gowl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athene from the skull of Jove. It happened thus:

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighbouring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man—*torvo vultu*—was, by law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S—— spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific *gowl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning, finished his bone-planting at his leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against

the door, which we called 'come listen to my tail'. That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend—having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say, 'Come on, Macduff!' but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained stanch. He had a great dislike to all things abnormal, as the phrase now is. A young lady of his acquaintance was calling one day, and, relating some distressing events, she became hysterical. Of this Toby did not approve, and, sallying from under my father's chair, attacked his friend, barking fiercely, and cut short the hysterics better than any *sal volatile* or valerian. He then made abject apologies to the patient, and slunk back to his chair.

And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or, as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Chris-

tian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was lamentable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal;[1] this he was in vain endeavouring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow's hunger returned, the whole shank-bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Rhadamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the high school, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold him 'whom he had saved from drowning', and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should say 'thus would I teach a dog'—dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and, falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he—Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and con-

[1] Toby was in the state of the shepherd boy whom George Webster met in Glenshee, and asked, 'My man, were you ever fou'?' 'Aye, aince'—speaking slowly, as if remembering—'Aye, aince.' 'What on?' 'Cauld mutton!'

venience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

FROM

'THE FRENCH REVOLUTION'

By Thomas Carlyle

On Monday, the Fourteenth of October, 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone-walls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-bar; answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night.[1] To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, '*Trial of the Widow Capet.*' Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers,

[1] *Procès de la Reine* (Deux Amis, xi. 251-381).

with a reverent inclination towards her, 'Ah, yes, I know Madame.' Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime, in her who has *lost*.

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm: 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. 'You persist, then, in denial?' 'My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that.' Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son—wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. 'I have not answered,' she exclaims with noble emotion, 'because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here.' Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert;[1] on whose foul head his foul lie

[1] Villate, *Causes secrètes de la Révolution de Thermider* (Paris, 1825), p. 179.

has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. 'Have you anything to say?' The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Arch-duchess and Dauphiness, quitting her mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber, an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.'[1]

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn dis-crowned Widow of Thirty-

[1] Weber, i. 6.

eight; grey before her time: this is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*: she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République*.'[1]

[1] Deux Amis, xi. 301.

PONT-SUR-SAMBRE

FROM

'AN INLAND VOYAGE'

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LIKE the lackeys in Molière's farce, when the true nobleman broke in on their high life below stairs, we were destined to be confronted with a real pedlar. To make the lesson still more poignant for fallen gentlemen like us, he was a pedlar of infinitely more consideration than the sort of scurvy fellows we were taken for: like a lion among mice, or a ship of war bearing down upon two cock-boats. Indeed, he did not deserve the name of pedlar at all: he was a travelling merchant.

I suppose it was about half-past eight when this worthy, Monsieur Hector Gilliard of Maubeuge, turned up at the ale-house door in a tilt-cart drawn by a donkey, and cried cheerily on the inhabitants. He was a lean, nervous flibbertigibbet of a man, with something the look of an actor, and something the look of a horse jockey. He had evidently prospered without any of the favours of education; for he adhered with stern simplicity to the masculine gender, and in the course of the evening passed off some fancy futures in a very florid style of architecture. With him came his wife, a comely young woman with her hair tied in a yellow 'kerchief, and their son, a little fellow of four, in a blouse and military *képi*. It was notable that the child was many degrees better dressed

than either of the parents. We were informed he was already at a boarding school; but the holidays having just commenced, he was off to spend them with his parents on a cruise. An enchanting holiday occupation, was it not? to travel all day with father and mother in the tilt-cart full of countless treasures; the green country rattling by on either side, and the children in all the villages contemplating him with envy and wonder? It is better fun, during the holidays, to be the son of a travelling merchant than son and heir to the greatest cotton-spinner in creation. And as for being a reigning prince—indeed, I never saw one if it was not Master Gilliard!

While M. Hector and the son of the house were putting up the donkey, and getting all the valuables under lock and key, the landlady warmed up the remains of our beefsteak, and fried the cold potatoes in slices, and Madame Gilliard set herself to waken the boy, who had come far that day, and was peevish and dazzled by the light. He was no sooner awake than he began to prepare himself for supper by eating galette, unripe pears and cold potatoes—with, so far as I could judge, positive benefit to his appetite.

The landlady, fired with motherly emulation, awoke her own little girl; and the two children were confronted. Master Gilliard looked at her for a moment, very much as a dog looks at his own reflection in a mirror before he turns away. He was at that time absorbed in the galette. His mother seemed crestfallen that he should display so little inclination towards the other sex, and expressed her disappointment with some candour and a very proper reference to the influence of years.

Sure enough, a time will come when he will pay more attention to the girls and think a great deal

less of his mother; let us hope she will take it as well as she seemed to fancy. But it is odd enough, the very women who profess most contempt for mankind as a sex seem to find even its ugliest particulars rather lively and high-minded in their own sons.

The little girl looked longer and with more interest, probably because she was in her own house, while he was a traveller and accustomed to strange sights. And besides, there was no galette in the case with her.

All the time of supper, there was nothing spoken of but my young lord. The two parents were both absurdly fond of their child. Monsieur kept insisting on his sagacity: how he knew all the children at school by name; and when this utterly failed on trial, how he was cautious and exact to a strange degree, and, if asked anything, he would sit and think—and think, and if he did not know it, 'my faith, he wouldn't tell you at all—*ma foi, il ne vous le dira pas.*' Which is certainly a very high degree of caution. At intervals, M. Hector would appeal to his wife, with his mouth full of beefsteak, as to the little fellow's age at such or such a time when he had said or done something memorable; and I noticed that Madame usually pooh-poohed these inquiries. She herself was not boastful in her vein; but she never had her fill of caressing the child; and she seemed to take a gentle pleasure in recalling all that was fortunate in his little existence. No schoolboy could have talked more of the holidays which were just beginning and less of the black school time which must inevitably follow after. She showed, with a pride perhaps partly mercantile in origin, his pockets preposterously swollen with tops and whistles and string. When she called at a house

in the way of business, it appeared he kept her company; and whenever a sale was made, received a *sou* out of the profit. Indeed they spoiled him vastly, these two good people. But they had an eye to his manners for all that, and reproved him for some little faults in breeding, which occurred from time to time during supper.

On the whole, I was not much hurt at being taken for a pedlar. I might think that I ate with greater delicacy, or that my mistakes in French belonged to a different order; but it was plain that these distinctions would be thrown away upon the landlady and the two labourers. In all essential things, we and the Gilliards cut very much the same figure in the ale-house kitchen. M. Hector was more at home, indeed, and took a higher tone with the world; but that was explicable on the ground of his driving a donkey cart, while we poor bodies tramped afoot. I daresay the rest of the company thought us dying with envy, though in no ill sense, to be as far up in the profession as the new arrival.

And of one thing I am sure: that every one thawed and became more humanized and conversible as soon as these innocent people appeared upon the scene. I would not very readily trust the travelling merchant with any extravagant sum of money; but I am sure his heart was in the right place. In this mixed world, if you can find one or two sensible places in a man, above all, if you should find a whole family living together on such pleasant terms, you may surely be satisfied, and take the rest for granted; or, what is a great deal better, boldly make up your mind that you can do perfectly well without the rest; and that ten thousand bad traits cannot make a single good one any the less good.

It was getting late. M. Hector lit a stable lantern and went off to his cart for some arrangements; and my young gentleman proceeded to divest himself of the better part of his raiment, and play gymnastics on his mother's lap, and thence on to the floor, with accompaniment of laughter.

'Are you going to sleep alone?' asked the servant lass.

'There's little fear of that,' says Master Gilliard.

'You sleep alone at school,' objected his mother. 'Come, come, you must be a man.'

But he protested that school was a different matter from the holidays; that there were dormitories at school; and silenced the discussion with kisses: his mother smiling, no one better pleased than she.

There certainly was, as he phrased it, very little fear that he should sleep alone; for there was but one bed for the trio. We, on our part, had firmly protested against one man's accommodation for two; and we had a double-bedded pen in the loft of the house, furnished, beside the beds, with exactly three hat pegs and one table. There was not so much as a glass of water. But the window would open, by good fortune.

Some time before I fell asleep the loft was full of the sound of mighty snoring; the Gilliards, and the labourers and the people of the inn, all at it, I suppose, with one consent. The young moon outside shone very clearly over Pont-sur-Sambre, and down upon the ale-house, where all we pedlars were abed.

THE CAT

By Katharine M. Wilson

The cat was made for love and warmth and softness. These bring out all her best qualities. She is nearest perfection sleeping in a fluffy coil by the fire, secure of the same warmth in one human heart. We must let sleeping dogs lie, but we can bury our face in a sleeping cat and she stirs only to purr. No waking thoughts were ever more innocent. She is as near to heaven as we can get on earth: blissful, quiet, content. She alone of animals knows how to luxuriate in perfect rest. As she lies in a bath of firelight, listening to the flames, breathing her low contented hum, *she* does not have to consider getting out and drying herself, but lays her mind to rock on a stream of gentle trustfulness. And when this beautiful petted cat awakes with a wide yawn, and stretches herself bit by bit as if to bring her wandering spirit back by some elaborate conjuror's trick, she wakes to the life for which she is perfectly fitted. The cat needs human affection. It is not like a rabbit, pleased to eat and frisk in lonely nature and the farther from human notice the better, nor like a sparrow or a mouse, attracted to the haunts of man by crumbs. The wild domestic cat that dodges round corners or bolts up trees, whose claw is against every man and whom every dog chases, is not the natural unreclaimed cat, but a poor outcast from its natural heritage. Deprived of its security in man's love the cat becomes almost a nerve-shattered maniac; and yet a little affection will turn it into the fluffy darling.

Not instinct, but experience, makes animals afraid. The young thrush comes within a yard as we sit chatting on the garden seat. Old birds trust us less, except in a land of Buddha. The scared cat is circumstantial evidence of our brutality. Even cats and dogs have no natural antipathy. They get the reputation for it because their habits in the streets are complementary; the cat runs and the dog chases. Not one in a thousand dogs would know what to do with the cat if he caught her. When the cat strikes an attitude in his path, the dog draws round her a polite circle. In a state of nature they would live in perfect amity. A kitten and a puppy greet each other with unguarded trust. Dogs usually become catters only through the thoughtlessness or the sporting instinct of their owners. Though always ready to chase anything that runs, they have much kindlier natures than men. A retriever puppy will watch a rabbit hop leisurely across the lawn within ten yards of him, who never saw one dart along the road without giving chase. I have seen an Irish terrier playing with a mouse, and, till the little creature bit his too inquisitive nose, no instinct prompted him to kill it. The same terrier chased the flying beech leaves as if he would catch Autumn before he stopped. If dogs and cats are born with an ultimate hunting instinct, as many blue-eyed babies will ultimately have brown eyes, they certainly start life innocent.

Although cats do not learn tricks invented by their frivolous owners, they adapt themselves very quickly to strange circumstances. Cats imported into Jamaica cleared the country of vermin so effectively that they soon left nothing to eat but insects, and on these, an occasional appetiser in their natural diet, they now live. We cannot guess

by what strange chance cats should like fish. Perhaps they once hunted for crabs amongst the rocks, and only occasionally went into the fields to find voles. A dearth of crabs may have driven them inland after birds and mice. We dare not predict what they may not do next, for they learn after their own wisdom in most unbelievable ways, and are not less intelligent than dogs because they will not perform a pattern of behaviour devised by man, or use their reason in his service. A wise old cat is very wise, especially if it has grown old in a young household. Children keep a cat thinking. The morning light used to come very sweetly in at a high southern window, making the pink and white and yellow stucco moulding where the roof met the walls look delicious, the pink like strawberry cream. Into the morning freshness a maid would come, set beside the washing stand a hot water can whose lid she never shut, and go out by the door she always left ajar. When the small child in bed had nearly eaten her fill of imaginary creams, a white cat with black spots and a black tail would come softly in at the door, nose round to find anything unusual, and inspect the hot water can. She smelt it, walked round it, and one day dipped an exploring paw. Out it came with a shake of dismay. Water! The water was only tepid. The cat tried again more cautiously, licked her wet paw and washed her face; dipped her paw again, licked it, washed behind her ear; dipped her paw and washed the other ear with water from the can and no intermediary lick. If we were to keep cans of tepid water in suitable places, the more intelligent of our cats would give up their old insanitary wash.

The cat has not come unmarked through the horror of ages when she was more persecuted than the Jews, and had only the witch for a friend. We

still attribute to the petted cat qualities developed in the outcast. The well-fed cat is not a thief, though, should its owners under-estimate its appetite the petted darling will steal with surprising agility and cleverness, and it cannot resist fish. We must judge the thief by her own code of virtue. The cat who does not acknowledge man for her master no more steals from him than we steal honey from the bee or cowslips from the field; it is not like filling up an income tax form dishonestly. Nor is the cat treacherous because it has sharp claws. One cannot be a traitor where one owes no allegiance. The cat gives her fealty only where she loves, and then no animal is more loyal. We should not mistake her habitual courtesy for love; she is by nature polite. We can hardly train a dog to say 'Thank you'; he expects another bite. The cat often thanks us in a spontaneous little mew, half purr. She may take the milk from our hands purringly, show a kindly interest in our existence, share the rug most amicably, and yet not love us. And we ought rather to commend her customary forbearance and gentleness than complain of the tiger she lets loose when she can bear us no longer. We have never won the affection of the cat who turns on us; she prefers the house we live in to ourselves. Nor should this surprise us; the cat does not give her love for milk; it is not the cupboard sort. We can win it only by loving her; she gives her love for ours. We may test her affection by her confidence in us. She does not separate her respect and her love. If she loves she trusts us absolutely; she knows we would shield her from all harm and believes we can. She will let us take all her new-born kittens away save the one we leave her for charity, and believe we mean only kindness. If she hides

her kittens she has no affection for us. Though difficult to win, the cat's devotion is intense and enduring. The devoted cat certainly does not prefer our house to ourselves; many families on holiday take their cat in a hamper and all goes well, though puss feels nervous in a strange house. She will sometimes follow us about like a dog, even along the street, till her timidity and our discouragement check her, for she will not go home at our command; hers is an independent thinking friendship, not obedience and worship. So far from forgetting us if we leave her, she will live for years with half her wonted vigour till we return. If a rod of bitterness rusts in the heart of the badly-treated cat, as it undoubtedly does, this only proves her sensitive. Both her resentment and her gratitude are intense. As she restrains the one, so she keeps a curb on the other, for cats are very reserved—a relic, perhaps, of their apprenticeship to European society. They do not indulge their feelings as dogs do. The cat lets the hated postman pass without a protest, and greets her master in her characteristic gentle way. They are jealous of our favour but never ask for it, respond to our sympathy but rarely look for it. They are often too sensitive to make the first move towards friendship and have never fawned upon humanity; yet in their gratitude for man's affection, and in the feeling displayed by the cat whose heart we have won, they do not come so far behind the dog.

The cat is cruel; we all pity the mouse: it is like a man between the paws of a tiger. When man hunts he is not cruel; only the sentimental pity the hare. The sports have this much in common, that the hunted beast gets space in which to run, and the hunter must be both quick and skilful. There is, however, one important

distinction: the cat intends to eat her prey at the end of the hunt; she is cruel for the sake of a dinner. Man intends only to mount the tail of his prey; he is cruel for the fun of the thing. We can, therefore, differentiate between the two. If the cat's sport is cruel, man's cannot be.

We always think of cats in the feminine, I suppose because they usually have kittens. And certainly the mother cat is the most lovable and human of all, a picture of softness and comfort and content. She thinks of her kitten before everything, and at first will hardly leave it. When she has nursed it to sleep, and crept gently away, waiting at every step lest it should awaken, its cry will bring her back in pitying haste, and she will uncomplainingly 'sing' it to sleep again. Nothing could be more touching than her anxiety for it. She never returns but in fear. And if her kitten lies too quiet, the worried mother will waken her little one, afraid it may be dead. She looks the picture of maternal pride watching her offspring at play, and they often surprise her by their cleverness; or she herself becomes a kitten with the lonely kitten, seeming to realize its handicap in a way that is almost pathetic. She has wonderful patience when her kittens tease, all the more human because it occasionally breaks down. But apart from her lovely motherhood, the cat has many feminine virtues. She contrasts with the dog, whose virtues are masculine. Perhaps in nothing is she more feminine than in her preference for the reality of a thing over its appearance. The dog pretends much more than the cat. He pretends he does not see the big dog across the road, or that he wants to fight; all the time he is dying for his mistress to call him off. He pretends he hates the stranger ringing the bell, and

threatens him with all sorts of noises he never means to turn into actions. The dog behaves courageously because he dislikes being laughed at, and thus gets credit for more courage than he really has: he bluffs to keep the enemy away. The cat does not put on an appearance of ferocity; she is not ashamed to show her fear, and runs when she can, reserving her courage till the last step in feminine desperation. Dog and man behave bravely because they think they ought, cat and woman because they must. Dog and man display their courage, but are bravest where they cannot reach the enemy. Neither cat nor woman makes her courage conspicuous; she keeps it for where the danger is greatest. One July night two cats clambering by the fish pool of an old abbey in Brittany fell in; they swam round and round with ghastly screaming for one hour. At last one cat let its head go under, and went down; the other was pulled out in a shrimp net, but died from shock. Theirs was endurance, persistence, courage in a heroic degree, and yet they must often have turned back dismayed when they saw the rain splashing on the doorstep.

We tend to accept our dog's opinion of a fresh acquaintance. If he greets the stranger with pleasure, we think there cannot be much wrong; nor do we easily make friends with those our dog rejects. We cannot trust the judgment of our cat like this. No one sort of person has a cat affinity. People who attract cats are not invariably kind or open-hearted or sincere, nor are they all old maids. Yet those who like cats tend to have qualities in common. They all have leisure and an empty nook in their hearts. We do not make friends with a cat in a hurry; if the busy business man keeps a cat, we can be sure he spends the evening

lazily by the fire. Lovers of cats may sound foolish or extravagant in their endearments, but are not sentimental either about their cat or about anything else. Theirs is a practical, unromantic attachment, and necessarily so, for the cat has not a grain of sentiment. The dog may inspire artificial feeling, not the cat. There could be no point in encouraging our emotions to simmer round it. Cat lovers are very often selfish, the cat being the ideal pet for those who want to get without giving. It fills the gap in their heart, and makes a perfect receptacle for their love, like a child without the drawbacks of children. It does not cry, never gets measles, needs neither bathing nor perambulating, and is no worry to educate. It never interrupts a private confidence or leaves the door open. We may indulge our favourite bad habits in its presence without danger of setting a wrong example. We have no responsibility towards it and may pet it to our hearts' content. It is easy to understand; at least we may both love it and gain its love without seeing its point of view. It asks for no sacrifice of time or thought; we need not even take it for a walk. It has harmless and quiet, indeed, winning habits. It hardly ever breaks anything, and though it sometimes eats the end of ferns, can usually be dissuaded from this occupation. Many have musical tastes. Their capacity for artistic appreciation varies, but they all take an intelligent interest in this, Nature's first art, climbing on to the piano to see where the sound comes from or examining the breath as it carries a melody through our mouth. After making sure that music is neither harmful nor supernatural, most cats leave off experimenting, but the really musical cat likes to hear the sounds coming out as it steps along the keyboard. All

cats have delicate ears and hate shrill or loud noises; a high whistle rouses the tiger in them. The artistic cat cannot resist a softly-sung melody. On a staircase that saw many strange adventures and could become a mountain or a waterfall at the will of a child's imagination, a white cat with black spots used often to outwit and outspeed the little girl trying to capture it. Then the child would sit on the steps, and sing a lullaby caressingly, and the cat would come gently down, and coil up on her knees, and sleep.

Those who object to cats for the most part suffer from insomnia; some feel a physical revulsion; others are gardeners, and the rest cantankerous. We might allow them to compel us to register our cat, despite the difficulty of knowing a registered from an unregistered one. Nothing can excuse the man who quietly gets rid of the cat that sat on his geranium or broke noisily through his midnight doze. In wantonly cutting short the life of a living creature he makes a poor return for his own life, nor can he know what unhappiness he lets into some innocent nursery. He may even have killed the only creature that some lonely woman had to love.

Though not themselves poetical, cats peep in at the fanciful loopholes of our imagination. The commonest of them may lie in the sun among the daisies, or shelter under a rhubarb leaf as a pixie might. They know the way to the tree tops, and come in at the window more often than Peter Pan. They linger like a dreamer in the quiet streets, or hunt like a tiger in the dark. When the wind roars round the house, and they howl like wolves at night, they bring us near the borders of a land of unspeakable horror. Their lives are full of adventure and often move like a nursery tale.

THE CAT

Many a young cat wanders far from its home and gets lost in the woods; after days of peril it comes, half drowned and weak and famished, to a tiny cottage; it mews piteously, and a woman opens the door, and takes it in; there it sits by a glowing fire, drinks from the saucer of compassion, and lives happily ever after. Cats have something weird and magical about them; they are always a little detached, as if they had access to an existence we know nothing of. We can never guess the thing a cat thinks or feels as it sits gazing at the fire. What a strange light comes into the kitten's eyes when it first looks on burning flame—a rapt surprise almost like worship! And the cat needs no human comforter as it nears the end of this world. It is not like the dying dog, who gazes at his master in long, wistful farewell. When the great darkness begins to fall, the cat creeps away, and dies alone.

RUMM

FROM

'REVOLT IN THE DESERT'

By T. E. Lawrence

Gladly we left the noise and heart-burning of Guweira. So soon as we had lost our escort of flies we halted: indeed there was no need of haste, and the two unfortunate fellows with me were tasting of such heat as they had never known; for the stifling air was like a metal mask over our faces. It was admirable to see them struggle not to speak of it, that they might keep the spirit of the Akaba undertaking to endure as firmly as the Arabs; but by this silence the sergeants went far past their bond. It was ignorance of Arabic which made them so superfluously brave, for the Arabs themselves were loud against the tyrannous sun and the breathlessness; but the test-effort was wholesome; and, for effect, I played about, seeming to enjoy myself.

In the late afternoon we marched farther and stopped for the night under a thick screen of tamarisk trees. The camp was very beautiful, for behind us rose a cliff, perhaps four hundred feet in height, a deep red in the level sunset. Under our feet was spread a floor of buff-coloured mud, as hard and muffled as wood-paving, flat as a lake for half a mile each way: and on a low ridge to one side of it stood the grove of the tamarisk—stems of brown wood, edged with a sparse and dusty fringe

of green, which had been faded by drought and sunshine till it was nearly of the silvered grey below the olive leaves about Les Baux, when a wind from the river-mouth rustled up the valley-grass and made the trees turn pale.

We were riding for Rumm, the northern water of the Beni Atiyeh: a place which stirred my thought, as even the unsentimental Howeitat had told me it was lovely. The morrow would be new with our entry to it: but very early, while the stars were yet shining, I was roused by Aid, the humble Harithi Sherif accompanying us. He crept to me, and said in a chilled voice, 'Lord, I am gone blind.' I made him lie down, and felt that he shivered as if cold; but all he could tell me was that in the night, waking up, there had been no sight, only pain in his eyes. The sun-blink had burned them out. Day was still young as we rode between two great pikes of sandstone to the foot of a long, soft slope poured down from the domed hills in front of us. It was tamarisk-covered: the beginning of the valley of Rumm, they said. We looked up on the left to a long wall of rock, sheering in like a thousand-foot wave towards the middle of the valley; whose other arc, to the right, was an opposing line of steep red broken hills. We rode up the slope, crashing our way through the brittle undergrowth.

As we went, the brushwood grouped itself into thickets whose massed leaves took on a stronger tint of green, the purer for their contrasted setting in plots of open sand of a cheerful delicate pink. The ascent became gentle, till the valley was a confined tilted plain. The hills on the right grew taller and sharper, a fair counterpart of the other side, which straightened itself to one massive rampart of redness. They drew together until only

two miles divided them; and then, towering gradually till their parallel parapets must have been a thousand feet above us, ran forward in an avenue for miles.

They were not unbroken walls of rock, but were built sectionally, in crags like gigantic buildings, along the two sides of their street. Deep alleys, fifty feet across, divided the crags, whose plains were smoothed by the weather into huge apses and bays, and enriched with surface fretting and fracture-like design. Caverns high up on the precipice were round like windows; others near the foot gaped like doors. Dark stains ran down the shadowed front for hundreds of feet, like accidents of use. The cliffs were striated vertically, in their granular rock; whose main order stood on two hundred feet of broken stone deeper in colour and harder in texture. This plinth did not, like the sandstone, hang in folds like cloth; but chipped itself into loose courses of scree, horizontal as the footing of a wall.

The crags were capped in nests of domes, less hotly red than the body of the hill: rather grey and shallow. They gave the finishing semblance of Byzantine architecture to this irresistible place: this processional way greater than imagination. The Arab armies would have been lost in the length and breadth of it, and within the wall a squadron of aeroplanes could have wheeled in formation. Our little caravan grew self-conscious, and fell dead quiet, afraid and ashamed to flaunt its smallness in the presence of the stupendous hills.

For hours the perspectives grew greater and more magnificent in ordered design, till a gap in the cliff-face opened on our right to a new wonder. The gap, perhaps three hundred yards across, was a crevice in such a wall; and led to an amphi-

theatre, oval in shape, shallow in front, and long-lobed right and left. The walls were precipices, like all the walls of Rumm; but appeared greater, for the pit lay in the very heart of a ruling hill, and its smallness made the besetting heights seem overpowering.

The sun had sunk behind the western wall, leaving the pit in shadow; but its dying glare flooded with startling red the wings each side of the entry, and the fiery bulk of the farther wall across the great valley. The pit-floor was of damp sand, darkly wooded with shrubs; while about the feet of all the cliffs lay boulders greater than houses, sometimes, indeed, like fortresses which had crashed down from the sheer heights above. In front of us a path, pale with use, zigzagged up the cliff-plinth to the point from which the main face rose, and there it turned precariously southward along a shallow ledge outlined by occasional leafy trees. From between these trees, in hidden crannies of the rock, issued strange cries; the echoes, turned into music, of the voices of the Arabs watering camels at the springs, which there flowed out three hundred feet above ground.

Mohammed turned into the amphitheatre's left-hand lobe. At its far end Arab ingenuity had cleared a space under an overhanging rock; there we unloaded and settled down. The dark came upon us quickly in this high prisoned place; and we felt the water-laden air cold against our sun-burnt-skin. The Howeitat, who had looked after the loads of explosive, collected their camel drove, and led them with echo-testing shouts up the hill path to water, against their early return to Guweira. We lit fires and cooked rice to add to the sergeants' bully-beef, while my coffee men prepared for the

visitors who would come to us. The Arabs in the tents outside of the hollow of the spring had seen us enter, and were not slow to learn our news. In an hour we had the headmen of the Dârausha, Zelebani, Zuweida and Togatga clans about us; and there mounted great talk, none too happy. Aid, the Sherif, was too cast down in heart by his blindness to lift the burden of entertainment from my shoulders; and a work of such special requirements was not to be well done by me alone.

THE LORD OF LIFE

FROM

'ONE DAY AND ANOTHER'

By E. V. Lucas

'What right has that man to have a spaniel?' said a witty lady, pointing to a bully: 'spaniels should be a reward.'

In his prescription for the perfect home Southey included a little girl rising six years and a kitten rising six weeks. That is perhaps the prettiest thing that ever found its way from his pen—that patient, plodding, bread-winning pen, which he drove with such pathetic industry as long as he had any power left with which to urge it forward. A little girl rising six years and a kitten rising six weeks. Charming, isn't it?

But, my dear rascally Lake Poet, what about a puppy rising six months? How did you come to forget that?—such a puppy as is in this room as I write: a small black puppy of the Cocker spaniel blood, so black that had the good God not given him a gleaming white corner to his wicked little eye, one would not know at dinner whether he was sitting by one's side or not—not, that is, until his piercing shrieks, signifying that he had been (very properly) trodden on again, rent the welkin.

This puppy have I called the Lord of Life because I cannot conceive of a more complete embodiment of vitality, curiosity, success, and tyranny. Vitality first and foremost. It is incredible that so much pulsating quicksilver, so

much energy and purpose, should be packed into a foot and a half of black hide. He is up earliest in the morning, he retires last at night. He sleeps in the day, it is true, but it is sleep that hangs by a thread. Let there be a footfall out of place, let a strange dog in the street venture but to breathe a little louder than usual, let the least rattle of plates strike upon his ear, and his sleep is shaken from him in an instant. From an older dog one expects some of this watchfulness. For an absurd creature of four months with one foot still in the cradle to be so charged with vigilance is too ridiculous.

If nothing occurs to interest him, and his eyes are no longer heavy (heavy! he never had heavy eyes), he will make drama for himself. He will lay a slipper at your feet and bark for it to be thrown. I admire him most when he is returning with it in his mouth. The burden gives him responsibility: his four black feet, much too big for his body, all move at once with a new importance and rhythm. When he runs for the slipper he is just so much galvanized puppy rioting with life; when he returns he is an official, a guardian, a trustee: his eye is grave and responsible; the conscientious field spaniel wakes in him and asserts itself.

As to his curiosity, it knows no bounds. He must be acquainted with all that happens. What kind of a view of human life a dog, even a big dog, acquires, I have sometimes tried to imagine by kneeling or lying full length on the ground and looking up. The world then becomes strangely incomplete: one sees little but legs. Of course, the human eye is set differently in the head, and a dog can visualize humanity without injuring his neck as I must do in that grovelling posture; but none the less the dog's view of his master standing

over him must be very partial, very fragmentary. Yet this little puppy, although his eyes are within eight inches of the ground, gives the impression that he sees all. He goes through the house with a microscope.

But for his dependence, his curiosity, and his proprietary instinct to be studied at their best, you should see him in an empty house. All dogs like to explore empty houses with their masters, but none more than he. His paws never so resound as when they patter over the bare boards of an empty house. He enters each room with the eye of a builder, tenant, auctioneer, furnisher and decorator in one. I never saw such comprehensive glances, such a nose for a colour scheme. But leave him by accident behind a closed door and see what happens. Not the mandrake torn bleeding from its earth ever shrieked more melancholy. But tears are instant with him always, in spite of his native cheerfulness. It was surely a puppy that inspired the proverb about crying before you are hurt.

I spoke of his success. That is perhaps his most signal characteristic, for the world is at his feet. Whether indoors or out he has his own way, instantly follows his own inclination. It is one of his most charming traits that he thinks visibly. I often watch him thinking. 'Surely it's time tea was brought,' I can positively see him saying to himself. 'I hope that cake wasn't finished yesterday: it was rather more decent than usual. I believe those girls eat it in the kitchen.' Or, 'He's putting on his heavy boots: that means the hill. Good! I'll get near the door so as to be sure of slipping out with him.' Or, 'It's no good: he's not going for a walk this morning. That stupid old desk again, I suppose.'

Or, 'Who was that? Oh, only the postman. I shan't bark for him.' Or, 'I'm getting awfully hungry. I'll go and worry the cook.'

In what way a dog expresses these thoughts I have no guess (it is one of the leading counts in the indictment of science that it knows nothing about dogs and does not try to learn); but one can see the words passing in procession through his little mind as clearly as if it were made of glass.

But the most visible token of his success is the attention, the homage, he receives from strangers. For he not only dominates the house, but he has a procession of admirers after him in the streets. Little girls and middle-aged ladies equally ask permission to pat him. Old gentlemen (the villains!) ask if he is for sale, and inquire his price. Not that he looks valuable—as a matter of fact, though pure he is not remarkable—but that he suggests so much companionship and fun. One recognizes instantly the Vital Spark.

When it comes to the consideration of his tyranny, there enters a heavy spaniel named Bush and a dainty capricious egoist in blue-grey fur whom we will call Smoke. Smoke once had a short way with dogs; but the Lord of Life has changed all that. Smoke once would draw back a paw of velvet, dart it forward like the tongue of a serpent and return to sleep again, perfectly secure in her mind that that particular dog would harass her no more. But do you think she ever hurt the puppy in that way? Never. He loafs into the room with his hands in his pockets and his head full of mischief, perceives a long bushy blue-grey tail hanging over the edge of the sofa, and forthwith gives it such a pull with his teeth as a Siberian house-holder who had been out late and had lost

his latch-key might at his door-bell when the wolves were after him. An ordinary dog would be blinded for less; but not so our friend. Smoke merely squeaks reproach, and in a minute or two, when the puppy has tired a little of the game, he is found not only lying beside her and stealing her warmth, but lying in the very centre of the nest in the cushion that she had fashioned for herself. Tyranny, if you like!

And Bush? Poor Bush. For every spoiled newcomer there is, I suppose, throughout life an old faithful friend who finds himself on the shelf. It is not quite so bad as this with Bush, and when the puppy grows up and is staid too, Bush will return to his own again; but I must admit that at the beginning he had a very hard time of it. For the puppy, chiefly by hanging on his ear, first infuriated him into sulks, and then, his mastery being recognized, set to work systematically to tease and bully him. The result is that now Bush actually has to ask permission before he dares to take up his old seat by my chair; he may have it only if the puppy does not want it.

Bush, I ought to say, has lately been tried by a succession of new dogs; and although the present puppy is his most powerful super-dog, he allowed all to acquire an improper influence and knuckled under with deplorable tameness. The first interloper was an Aberdeen, who taught him to rove. Before that he had never left the garden alone; now he began to absent himself for hours, sometimes whole nights. It was all Scottie's doing, one could see. That small but insidious creature was of original sin compact—was everything that Bush was not. Scottie was unwilling, disobedient, independent, impenitent. When we went out for a walk he started with me punctually enough; but

he returned alone. At what point he disappeared, I never knew. He dissolved.

At night—for their kennels adjoined—he sapped Bush's character.

'Directly we are let loose, to-morrow,' he would say, 'let's go up to the Common and hunt.'

'No,' said Bush; 'they wouldn't like it. *He* would not like it.' (I am *He*.)

'Oh, never mind him,' said Scottie. 'After all, what does it mean? Only a whack or two, and it's all over.'

'But we shall be tied up all day.'

'No, you won't. Just keep on barking and whining, and they'll let you loose in self-defence.'

(He knew what he was talking about here, for on one cold night he won his way back into the house entirely by this device. The little blackguard!)

After a while Bush consented.

I had proof one night of the ascendancy which Scottie (aged ten months) had obtained over Bush (aged five years). I chained them up and went for some water. When I returned, Scottie was in Bush's large kennel, where he had no right; but it was warmer. 'Come out,' I said. But instead of coming out, Scottie whispered threateningly to Bush: '*You* go'; and out crawled the spaniel and abjectly began to squeeze his shoulders into Scottie's minute abode.

I should not be surprised if these conversations are not minutely true to life; but one can, of course, never know: not at any rate until one meets Cerberus on the banks of the Styx—as we all must—and puts a few leading questions to him as to dog nature, while waiting for the ferry.

But Bush is not my theme; Bush was never a Lord of Life: his pulse was always a little slow,

his nature a little too much inclined to accept rather than initiate. Nor, I suppose, will our Lord of Life be quite such a Lord much longer, for with age will come an increase of sobriety, a diminution of joy. That he will not untimely fall by the way, but will grow up to serious spaniełhood, I feel as sure as if an angel had forewarned me; but were he now to die this should be his epitaph:—'Here lies a Lord of Life, aged six months. He would never be broken to the house, but was adorable after sin.'

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

FROM

'ESSAYS OF ELIA'

By Charles Lamb

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so, at least, it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she

might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion, which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too. of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up

and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their

impertinent friskings—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; —and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first,

but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'—and immediately awaking, I found

myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L—— (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

ON LOVE

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

What is love? Ask him who lives, What is life? ask him who adores, What is God?

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even thine, whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought sympathy, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering

and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature a miniature, as it were, of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of everything excellent or lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed;[1] a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain, and sorrow, and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and un-

[1] These words are ineffectual and metaphorical. Most words are so—No help!

attainable point to which Love tends: and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH

FROM

'TABLE TALK'

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

. . . . And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

PERHAPS the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not: this gives us no concern—why, then, should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne: why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom?

When Bickerstaff wrote his Essays I knew nothing of the subjects of them; nay, much later, and but the other day, as it were, in the beginning of the reign of George III, when Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, used to meet at the Globe, when Garrick was in his glory, and Reynolds was over head and ears with his portraits, and Sterne brought out the volumes of *Tristram Shandy* year by year, it was without consulting me: I had not the slightest intimation of what was going on: the debates in the House of Commons on the American War, or the firing at Bunker's Hill, disturbed not me: yet I thought this no evil — I neither ate, drank, nor was merry, yet I did not complain: I

had not then looked out into this breathing world, yet I was well; and the world did quite as well without me as I did without it! Why, then, should I make all this outcry about parting with it, and being no worse off than I was before? There is nothing in the recollection that at a certain time we were not come into the world that 'the gorge rises at'—why should we revolt at the idea that we must one day go out of it? To die is only to be as we were before we were born; yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburthening of the mind: it seems to have been holiday-time with us then; we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded; we had lain *perdus* all this while, snug, out of harm's way; and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up: at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And the worst that we dread is, after a short, fretful, feverish being, after vain hopes and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life! . . . Ye armed men, knights-templars, that sleep in the stone aisles of that old Temple church, where all is silent above, and where a deeper silence reigns below (not broken by the pealing organ), are ye not contented where ye lie? Or would you come out of your long homes to go to the Holy War? Or do ye complain that pain no longer visits you, that sickness has done its worst, that you have paid the last debt to nature, that you hear no more of the thickening phalanx of the foe, or your lady's waning love; and that while this ball of earth rolls its eternal round, no sound

shall ever pierce through to disturb your lasting repose, fixed as the marble over your tombs, breathless as the grave that holds you! And thou, oh! thou, to whom my heart turns, and will turn while it has feeling left, who didst love in vain, and whose first was thy last sigh, wilt not thou too rest in peace (or wilt thou cry to me complaining from thy clay-cold bed) when that sad heart is no longer sad, and that sorrow is dead which thou wert only called into the world to feel!

It is certain that there is nothing in the idea of a pre-existent state that excites our longing like the prospect of a posthumous existence. We are satisfied to have begun life when we did; we have no ambition to have set out on our journey sooner; and feel that we have had quite enough to do to battle our way through since. We cannot say,

> The wars we well remember of King Nine,
> Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

Neither have we any wish: we are contented to read of them in story, and to stand and gaze at the vast sea of time that separates us from them. It was early days then: the world was not *well-aired* enough for us: we have no inclination to have been up and stirring. We do not consider the six thousand years of the world before we were born as so much time lost to us: we are perfectly indifferent about the matter. We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the grand mask and pageant of human life going on in all that period; though we are mortified at being obliged to quit our stand before the rest of the procession passes.

It may be suggested in explanation of this difference that we know from various records and traditions what happened in the time of Queen

Anne, or even in the reigns of the Assyrian monarchs, but that we have no means of ascertaining what is to happen hereafter but by awaiting the event, and that our eagerness and curiosity are sharpened in proportion as we are in the dark about it. This is not at all the case; for at that rate we should be constantly wishing to make a voyage of discovery to Greenland or to the Moon, neither of which we have, in general, the least desire to do. Neither, in truth, have we any particular solicitude to pry into the secrets of futurity, but as a pretext for prolonging our own existence. It is not so much that we care to be alive a hundred or a thousand years hence, any more than to have been alive a hundred or a thousand years ago: but the thing lies here, that we would all of us wish the present moment to last for ever. We would be as we are, and would have the world remain just as it is, to please us.

> The present eye catches the present object—

to have and to hold while it may; and abhors, on any terms, to have it torn from us, and nothing left in its room. It is the pang of parting, the unloosing our grasp, the breaking asunder some strong tie, the leaving some cherished purpose unfulfilled, that creates the repugnance to go, and 'makes calamity of so long life', as it often is.

> Oh! thou strong heart!
> There's such a covenant 'twixt the world and thee
> They're loth to break!

The love of life, then, is an habitual attachment, not an abstract principle. Simply *to be* does not 'content man's natural desire': we long to be in a certain time, place, and circumstance. We would much rather be now, 'on this bank and shoal of time,' than have our choice of any future period,

than take a slice of fifty or sixty years out of the Millennium, for instance. This shows that our attachment is not confined either to *being* or to *well-being*; but that we have an inveterate prejudice in favour of our immediate existence, such as it is. The mountaineer will not leave his rock, nor the savage his hut: neither are we willing to give up our present mode of life, with all its advantages and disadvantages, for any other that could be substituted for it. No man would, I think, exchange his existence with any other man, however fortunate. We had as lief *not be*, as *not be ourselves*. There are some persons of that reach of soul that they would like to live two hundred and fifty years hence, to see to what height of empire America will have grown up in that period, or whether the English constitution will last so long. These are points beyond me. But I confess I should like to live to see the downfall of the Bourbons. That is a vital question with me; and I shall like it the better, the sooner it happens!

No young man ever thinks he shall die. He may believe that others will, or assent to the doctrine that 'all men are mortal' as an abstract proposition, but he is far enough from bringing it home to himself individually.[1] Youth, buoyant activity, and animal spirits, hold absolute antipathy with old age as well as with death; nor have we, in the hey-day of life, any more than in the thoughtlessness of childhood, the remotest conception how

> This sensible warm motion can become
> A kneaded clod—

nor how sanguine, florid health and vigour shall 'turn to withered, weak, and grey'. Or if in a moment of idle speculation we indulge in this

[1] 'All men think all men mortal but themselves' (Young).

notion of the close of life as a theory, it is amazing at what a distance it seems; what a long, leisurely interval there is between; what a contrast its slow and solemn approach affords to our present gay dreams of existence! We eye the farthest verge of the horizon, and think what a way we shall have to look back upon, ere we arrive at our journey's end; and without our in the least suspecting it, the mists are at our feet, and the shadows of age encompass us. The two divisions of our lives have melted into each other: the extreme points close and meet with none of that romantic interval stretching out between them that we had reckoned upon; and for the rich, melancholy, solemn hues of age, 'the sear, the yellow leaf,' the deepening shadows of an autumnal evening, we only feel a dank, cold mist, encircling all objects, after the spirit of youth is fled. There is no inducement to look forward; and, what is worse, little interest in looking back to what has become so trite and common. The pleasures of our existence have worn themselves out, are 'gone into the wastes of time', or have turned their indifferent side to us: the pains by their repeated blows have worn us out, and have left us neither spirit nor inclination to encounter them again in retrospect. We do not want to rip up old grievances, nor to renew our youth like the phœnix, nor to live our lives twice over. Once is enough. As the tree falls, so let it lie. Shut up the book and close the account once for all!

It has been thought by some that life is like the exploring of a passage that grows narrower and darker the farther we advance, without a possibility of ever turning back, and where we are stifled for want of breath at last. For myself, I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere

as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more formerly,[1] when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. At present I rather feel a thinness and want of support, I stretch out my hand to some object and find none, I am too much in a world of abstraction; the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in the emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me. In my youth I could not behold him for the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying, 'Never mind that old fellow!' If I had lived indeed, I should not care to die. But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded. My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be re-edified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb—GRATEFUL AND CONTENTED! But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain. In looking back, it sometimes appears to me as if I had in a manner slept out my life in a dream or shadow on the side of the hill of knowledge, where I have fed on books, on thoughts, on pictures, and only heard in half-murmurs the trampling of busy feet, or the noises of the throng below. Waked out of this dim, twilight existence, and startled

[1] I remember once, in particular, having this feeling in reading Schiller's *Don Carlos*, where there is a description of death, in a degree that almost stifled me.

with the passing scene, I have felt a wish to descend to the world of realities, and join in the chase. But I fear too late, and that I had better return to my bookish chimeras and indolence once more! *Zanetto, lascia le donne, e studia la matematica.* I will think of it.

It is not wonderful that the contemplation and fear of death become more familiar to us as we approach nearer to it; that life seems to ebb with the decay of blood and youthful spirits; and that as we find everything about us subject to chance and change, as our strength and beauty die, as our hopes and passions, our friends and our affections leave us, we begin by degrees to feel ourselves mortal!

I have never seen death but once, and that was in an infant. It is years ago. The look was calm and placid, and the face was fair and firm. It was as if a waxen image had been laid out in the coffin, and strewed with innocent flowers. It was not like death, but more like an image of life! No breath moved the lips, no pulse stirred, no sight or sound would enter those eyes or ears more. While I looked at it, I saw no pain was there; it seemed to smile at the short pang of life which was over: but I could not bear the coffin-lid to be closed—it seemed to stifle me; and still as the nettles wave in a corner of the churchyard over his little grave, the welcome breeze helps to refresh me, and ease the tightness at my breast!

An ivory or marble image, like Chantry's monument of the two children, is contemplated with pure delight. Why do we not grieve and fret that the marble is not alive, or fancy that it has a shortness of breath? It never was alive; and it is the difficulty of making the transition from life to death, the struggle between the two in our imagination, that confounds their properties

painfully together, and makes us conceive that the infant that is but just dead, still wants to breathe, to enjoy, and look about it, and is prevented by the icy hand of death, locking up its faculties and benumbing its senses; so that, if it could, it would complain of its own hard state. Perhaps religious considerations reconcile the mind to this change sooner than any others, by representing the spirit as fled to another sphere, and leaving the body behind it. So, in reflecting on death generally, we mix up the idea of life with it, and thus make it the ghastly monster it is. We think, how we should feel, not how the dead feel.

> Still from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!

There is an admirable passage on this subject in Tucker's *Light of Nature Pursued*, which I shall transcribe, as by much the best illustration I can offer of it.

'The melancholy appearance of a lifeless body, the mansion provided for it to inhabit, dark, cold, close and solitary, are shocking to the imagination; but it is to the imagination only, not the understanding; for whoever consults this faculty will see, at first glance, that there is nothing dismal in all these circumstances: if the corpse were kept wrapped up in a warm bed, with a roasting fire in the chamber, it would feel no comfortable warmth therefrom; were store of tapers lighted up as soon as day shuts in, it would see no objects to divert it; were it left at large it would have no liberty, nor if surrounded with company would be cheered thereby; neither are the distorted features expressions of pain, uneasiness, or distress. This every one knows, and will readily allow upon being suggested, yet still cannot behold, nor even

cast a thought upon those objects without shuddering; for knowing that a living person must suffer grievously under such appearances, they become habitually formidable to the mind, and strike a mechanical horror, which is increased by the customs of the world around us.'

There is usually one pang added voluntarily and unnecessarily to the fear of death, by our affecting to compassionate the loss which others will have in us. If that were all, we might reasonably set our minds at rest. The pathetic exhortation on country tombstones, 'Grieve not for me, my wife and children dear,' etc., is for the most part speedily followed to the letter. We do not leave so great a void in society as we are inclined to imagine, partly to magnify our own importance, and partly to console ourselves by sympathy. Even in the same family the gap is not so great; the wound closes up sooner than we should expect. Nay, *our room* is not unfrequently thought better than *our company*. People walk along the streets the day after our deaths just as they did before, and the crowd is not diminished. While we were living, the world seemed in a manner to exist only for us, for our delight and amusement, because it contributed to them. But our hearts cease to beat, and it goes on as usual, and thinks no more about us than it did in our lifetime. The million are devoid of sentiment, and care as little for you or me as if we belonged to the moon. We live the week over in the Sunday's paper, or are decently interred in some obituary at the month's end! It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are on it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China—they have hardly been heard of in the next street.

We are hand and glove with the universe, and think the obligation is mutual. This is an evident fallacy. If this, however, does not trouble us now, it will not hereafter. A handful of dust can have no quarrel to pick with its neighbours, or complaint to make against Providence, and might well exclaim, if it had but an understanding and a tongue, 'Go thy ways, old world, swing round in blue ether, voluble to every age, you and I shall no more jostle!'

It is amazing how soon the rich and titled, and even some of those who have wielded great political power, are forgotten.

> A little rule, a little sway,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Betwixt the cradle and the grave—

and, after its short date, they hardly leave a name behind them. 'A great man's memory may, at the common rate, survive him half a year.' His heirs and successors take his titles, his power, and his wealth—all that made him considerable or courted by others; and he has left nothing else behind him either to delight or benefit the world. Posterity are not by any means so disinterested as they are supposed to be. They give their gratitude and admiration only in return for benefits conferred. They cherish the memory of those to whom they are indebted for instruction and delight; and they cherish it just in proportion to the instruction and delight they are conscious they receive. The sentiment of admiration springs immediately from this ground, and cannot be otherwise than well founded.[1]

[1] It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamour against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a *moral equation*. They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contribu-

The effeminate clinging to life as such, as a general or abstract idea, is the effect of a highly civilized and artificial state of society. Men formerly plunged into all the vicissitudes and dangers of war, or staked their all upon a single die, or some one passion, which if they could not have gratified, life became a burden to them—now our strongest passion is to think, our chief amusement is to read new plays, new poems, new novels, and this we may do at our leisure, in perfect security, *ad infinitum*. If we look into the old histories and romance, before the *belles-lettres* neutralized human affairs and reduced passion to a state of mental equivocation, we find the heroes and heroines not setting their lives 'at a pin's fee', but rather courting opportunities of throwing them away in very wantonness of spirit. They raise their fondness for some favourite pursuit to its height, to a pitch of madness, and think no price too dear to pay for its full gratification. Everything else is dross. They go to death as to a bridal bed, and sacrifice themselves or others without remorse at the shrine of love, of honour, of religion, or any other prevailing feeling. Romeo runs his 'sea-sick, weary bark upon the rocks' of death the instant he finds himself deprived of his Juliet; and she clasps his neck in their last agonies, and follows him to the same fatal shore. One strong idea takes possession of the mind and over-rules every other; and even life itself, joyless without that, becomes an object of indifference or loathing.

tions in the strictest sense; and if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury the managers would not engage them. These sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, etc., are therefore worth just as much as they will fetch.

There is at least more of imagination in such a state of things, more vigour of feeling and promptitude to act, than in our lingering, languid, protracted attachment to life for its own poor sake. It is, perhaps, also better, as well as more heroical, to strike at some daring or darling object, and if we fail in that, to take the consequences manfully, than to renew the lease of a tedious, spiritless charmless existence, merely (as Pierre says) 'to lose it afterwards in some vile brawl' for some worthless object. Was there not a spirit of martyrdom as well as a spice of the reckless energy of barbarism in this bold defiance of death? Had not religion something to do with it: the implicit belief in a future life, which rendered this of less value, and embodied something beyond it to the imagination; so that the rough soldier, the infatuated lover, the valorous knight, etc., could afford to throw away the present venture, and take a leap into the arms of futurity, which the modern sceptic shrinks back from, with all his boasted reason and vain philosophy, weaker than a woman! I cannot help thinking so myself; but I have endeavoured to explain this point before, and will not enlarge farther on it here.

A life of action and danger moderates the dread of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on which we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this score. Dr. Johnson was an instance in point. A few years seemed to him soon over, compared with those sweeping contemplations on time and infinity with which he had been used to pose himself. In the *still life* of a man of letters there was no obvious reason for a change. He might sit in an arm-chair and pour

out cups of tea to all eternity. Would it had been possible for him to do so! The most rational cure after all for the inordinate fear of death is to set a just value on life. If we merely wish to continue on the scene to indulge our headstrong humours and tormenting passions, we had better be gone at once: and if we only cherish a fondness for existence according to the good we derive from it, the pang we feel at parting with it will not be very severe!

LIBERAL KNOWLEDGE ITS OWN END

FROM

'THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY'

By Cardinal John Henry Newman

I am asked what is the end of university education, and of the liberal or philosophical knowledge which I conceive it to impart: I answer that what I have already said has been sufficient to show that it has a very tangible, real, and sufficient end, though the end cannot be divided from that knowledge itself. Knowledge is capable of being its own end. Such is the constitution of the human mind, that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward. And if this is true of all knowledge, it is true also of that special Philosophy, which I have made to consist in a comprehensive view of truth in all its branches, of the relations of science to science, of their mutual bearings, and their respective values. What the worth of such an acquirement is, compared with other objects which we seek—wealth or power or honour or the conveniences and comforts of life, I do not profess here to discuss; but I would maintain, and mean to show, that it is an object, in its own nature so really and undeniably good, as to be the compensation of a great deal of thought in the compassing, and a great deal of trouble in the attaining.

Now when I say that Knowledge is, not merely a means to something beyond it, or the preliminary

of certain arts into which it naturally resolves, but an end sufficient to rest in and to pursue for its own sake, surely I am uttering no paradox, for I am stating what is both intelligible in itself, and has ever been the common judgment of philosophers and the ordinary feeling of mankind. I am saying what at least the public opinion of this day ought to be slow to deny, considering how much we have heard of late years, in opposition to religion, of entertaining, curious, and various knowledge. I am but saying what whole volumes have been written to illustrate, viz. by a 'selection from the records of Philosophy, Literature, and Art, in all ages and countries, of a body of examples, to show how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge'. That further advantages accrue to us and redound to others by its possession, over and above what it is in itself, I am very far indeed from denying; but, independent of these, we are satisfying a direct need of our nature in its very acquisition; and whereas our nature, unlike that of the inferior creation, does not at once reach its perfection, but depends, in order to it, on a number of external aids and appliances, knowledge, as one of the principal of these, is valuable for what its very presence in us does for us after the manner of a habit, even though it be turned to no further account, nor subserve any direct end.

Things, which can bear to be cut off from everything else and yet persist in living, must have life in themselves; pursuits, which issue in nothing, and still maintain their ground for ages, which are regarded as admirable, though they have not as yet proved themselves to be useful, must have their sufficient end in themselves, whatever it turn out to be. And we are brought to the same con-

clusion by considering the force of the epithet, by which the knowledge under consideration is popularly designated. It is common to speak of '*liberal* knowledge', of the '*liberal* arts and studies', and of a '*liberal* education', as the especial characteristic or property of a university and of a gentleman; what is really meant by the word? Now, first, in its grammatical sense it is opposed to *servile*; and by 'servile work' is understood, as our catechisms inform us, bodily labour, mechanical employment, and the like, in which the mind has little or no part. Parallel to such servile works are those arts, if they deserve the name, of which the poet speaks, which owe their origin and their method to hazard, not to skill; as, for instance, the practice and operations of an empiric. As far as this contrast may be considered as a guide into the meaning of the word, liberal education and liberal pursuits are such as belong to the mind, not to the body.

But we want something more for its explanation, for there are bodily exercises which are liberal, and mental exercises which are not so. For instance, in ancient times the practitioners in medicine were commonly slaves; yet it was an art as intellectual in its nature, in spite of the pretence, fraud, and quackery with which it might then, as now, be debased, as it was heavenly in its aim. And so in like manner, we contrast a liberal education with a commercial education or a professional; yet no one can deny that commerce and the professions afford scope for the highest and most diversified powers of mind. There is then a great variety of intellectual exercises, which are not technically called 'liberal'; on the other hand, I say, there are exercises of the body which do receive that appellation. Such, for

instance, was the *palæstra*, in ancient times; such the Olympic games, in which strength and dexterity of body as well as of mind gained the prize. In Xenophon we read of the young Persian nobility being taught to ride on horse-back, and to speak the truth; both being among the accomplishments of a gentleman. War, too, however rough a profession, has ever been accounted liberal, unless in cases when it becomes heroic, which would introduce us to another subject.

Now comparing these instances together, we shall have no difficulty in determining the principle of this apparent variation in the application of the term which I am examining. Manly games, or games of skill, or military prowess, though bodily, are, it seems, accounted liberal; on the other hand, what is merely professional, though highly intellectual, nay, though liberal in comparison of trade and manual labour, is not simply called liberal, and mercantile occupations are not liberal at all. Why this distinction? Because that alone is liberal knowledge, which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be *informed* (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed into any part, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them. It is absurd to balance, in point of worth and importance, a treatise on reducing fractures with a game of cricket or a fox-chase; yet of the two the bodily exercise has that quality which we call 'liberal', and the intellectual has it not. And so of the learned professions altogether, considered merely as professions; although one of them be the most popularly beneficial, and another the

most politically important, and the third the most intimately divine of all human pursuits, yet the very greatness of their end, the health of the body, or of the commonwealth, or of the soul, diminishes, not increases, their claim to the appellation 'liberal', and that still more, if they are cut down to the strict exigencies of that end. If, for instance, Theology, instead of being cultivated as a contemplation, be limited to the purposes of the pulpit or be represented by the catechism, it loses—not its usefulness, not its divine character, not its meritoriousness (rather it gains a claim upon these titles by such charitable condescension)—but it does lose the particular attribute which I am illustrating; just as a face worn by tears and fasting loses its beauty, or a labourer's hand loses its delicateness; for theology thus exercised is not simple knowledge, but rather is an art or a business making use of theology. And thus it appears that even what is supernatural need not be liberal, nor need a hero be a gentleman, for the plain reason that one idea is not another idea. And in like manner the Baconian philosophy, by using its physical sciences in the service of man, does thereby transfer them from the order of liberal pursuits to, I do not say the inferior, but the distinct class of the useful. And to take a different instance, hence again, as is evident, whenever personal gain is the motive, still more distinctive an effect has it upon the character of a given pursuit; thus racing, which was a liberal exercise in Greece, forfeits its rank in times like these, so far as it is made the occasion of gambling.

All that I have been now saying is summed up in a few characteristic words of the great philosopher. 'Of possessions', he says, 'those rather are useful, which bear fruit; those *liberal, which tend*

to enjoyment. By fruitful, I mean which yield revenue; by enjoyable, where *nothing accrues of consequence beyond the use*.'

Do not suppose, that in thus appealing to the ancients, I am throwing back the world two thousand years, and fettering philosophy with the reasonings of paganism. While the world lasts will Aristotle's doctrine on these matters last, for he is the oracle of nature and of truth. While we are men, we cannot help, to a great extent, being Aristotelians, for the great master does but analyze the thoughts, feelings, views, and opinions of human kind. He has told us the meaning of our own words and ideas, before we were born. In many subject-matters, to think correctly is to think like Aristotle; and we are his disciples whether we will or no, though we may not know it. Now, as to the particular instance before us, the word 'liberal' as applied to knowledge and education expresses a specific idea, which ever has been, and ever will be, while the nature of man is the same, just as the idea of the Beautiful is specific or of the Sublime, or of the Ridiculous, or of the Sordid. It is in the world now, it was in the world then; and, as in the case of the dogmas of faith, it is illustrated by a continuous historical tradition, and never was out of the world, from the time it came into it. There have indeed been differences of opinion, from time to time, as to what pursuits and what arts came under that idea, but such differences are but an additional evidence of its reality. That idea must have a substance in it, which has maintained its ground amid these conflicts and changes, which has ever served as a standard to measure things withal, which has passed from mind to mind unchanged, when there was so much to colour, so much to influence any

notion or thought whatever, which was not founded in our very nature. Were it a mere generalization, it would have varied with the subjects from which it was generalized; but though its subjects vary with the age, it varies not itself. The *palæstra* may seem a liberal exercise to Lycurgus, and illiberal to Seneca; coach-driving and prize-fighting may be recognized in Elis, and be condemned in England; music may be despicable in the eyes of certain moderns, and be in the highest place with Aristotle and Plato—(and the case is the same in the particular application of the idea of Beauty, or of Goodness, or of Moral Virtue, there is a difference of tastes, a difference of judgments)—still these variations imply, instead of discrediting the archetypal idea, which is but a previous hypothesis or condition, by means of which issue is joined between contending opinions, and without which there would be nothing to dispute about.

I consider, then, that I am chargeable with no paradox, when I speak of a knowledge which is its own end, when I call it liberal knowledge, or a gentleman's knowledge, when I educate for it, and make it the scope of a university. And still less am I incurring such a charge, when I make this acquisition consist, not in knowledge in a vague and ordinary sense, but in that knowledge which I have especially called philosophy or, in an extended sense of the word, science; for whatever claims knowledge has to be considered as a good, these it has in a higher degree when it is viewed not vaguely, not popularly, but precisely and transcendently as philosophy. Knowledge, I say, is then especially liberal, or sufficient for itself, apart from every external and ulterior object, when and so far as it is philosophical.

THE LONELY AUTHOR

By J. C. Squire

I had left my friends, had rather a long journey before me, and thought I would break it. Halfway there was a cathedral town, a few miles from which is a house where I counted on being put up for the night. But I had left it too late. A tardy telegram produced the reply that everybody was away, so I was left stranded. 'Very well,' I thought, 'I will go to a hotel.' This I did, but, the pleasures of the table exhausted, the hotel provided no others. There was no billiard room, and the guests were all of that sort of restless and self-centred birds of passage with whom it is impossible to enter into conversation, much less get up a four. When I had read the newspaper cuttings about royal visits to the hostelry and the times at which the stage coaches used to leave it for London in Lord North's day, I was left without occupation. Like a fool, I had forgotten to get anything to read, having not a single volume with me except the latest cheap volume of *Tarzan*, from which I had drained the last drop of honey—or, should I say, blood—in the train. With my most insinuating smile, I attempted to borrow something from the lady in the office. She had nothing, but told me that the whole library of the hotel was in the Resident Visitors' Smoking Lounge. My spirits rose, and I went to that room. It was a very odd collection. There were about twenty volumes in all, including the corpses of old Bradshaws from which the vital spark of utility had long since

departed. Even I, omnivorous reader as I count myself, cannot hoax myself into curiosity about the time at which the fast trains got to Bristol in 1888. But the other volumes were not much more alive to me. I shut as soon as I had opened the grimy bound volumes of the *Magazine of Art*; the *Temple Bar* did not detain me. The few novels were all books which I had read long since and did not wish to read again, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, being the most notable. There remained three things of some interest. The first was an old green book about English freshwater fish, the second an odd (and not the first) volume of an extremely long and tedious analysis of Edmund Spenser's poetry, and the third an inscribed copy—I supposed somebody had left it there—of a long political poem by William Allingham. Allingham's signature interested me, and I have liked some of his shorter poems, but one or two pages of this laborious narrative made it plain to me that even the brown trout, the chub, the dace and the roach had more charms for me than Allingham's blank verse. So with a discontented sigh I got my coat and hat and went out into the frosty moonlit night. After all, oughtn't a man of sensibility to be content with a cathedral town under the moon?

It certainly was beautiful. There was no traffic, and the few pedestrians slunk quietly through the shadows. In the narrow streets the lamps lit up old timbered fronts, gables, and overhung upper stories. The river, with a moon reflected in it, ran quietly under the old stone bridge, overhung by willows insubstantial in the moonshine. Here and there one had peeps of the towers of the cathedral, and at last I came upon the lawns around it, whence its huge bulk, shadowed with buttresses and statuary, rose ghostly to the sky. But passing

under an archway I came upon a wide enclosed place of shining grass surrounded with long Georgian houses, faintly porticoed and trellised. Through the lit yellow blinds of their upper windows came, as I walked, sounds of one music succeeding another, a piano, a violin, a voice. It was cold and the place deserted, and it was then that I fell to statistics.

For I was feeling cold and lonely. It was still, by my standards, early. I didn't want to go back to the faded carpets, the varnish, the stuffiness, the tawdry sitting-room and bleak bedroom of that very historic hotel. I wanted talk and company, and in all that town there was nobody to whom I had, I thought, a right to speak. But nobody? It suddenly occurred to me that I was an author, an author of books. Not a very popular author, not an author who counts his sales—much less his receipts—by tens of thousands; but an author nevertheless whose works have to some extent penetrated the educated population. For the first time in my life, as my footsteps rang again down an empty and thrice-traversed High Street, I made a computation as to the gross total of all my volumes which had been purchased by the public. There were so many thousands. The population of the United Kingdom was, say, fifty millions. Take the average number of my volumes owned by each of my patrons as two, assume the population of that town to be twenty-five thousand; the deduction was that—and as it was a cathedral city, full of learned people, the chances were nominally in my favour—in at least two or three houses of that town there existed copies of my books bought, paid for, probably read, possibly liked by the inhabitants. But which houses?

Here was I, solitary and chilled. Yet, perhaps,

in the very house I was passing, whose curtains gave me a peep of mahogany, old silver and books, there must be one or two strangers within a few minutes of me who might even be glad were I to walk suddenly in upon them. I had never heard their names; yet to them, for such is the magic of authorship, to them if to nobody else in the whole town, even my Christian names were familiar, possibly my age, the outlines of my education, the development of the talents they were generous enough to have perceived in me. I attempted to picture what they might be like. I had glimpses of a cultivated doctor who collected books, of a plump canon's intelligent son home for the vacation, of a pair of spinster ladies, with wise eyes and greying hair, living at peace amid charming furniture, reading a well-chosen parcel from Mudie's every week. Whatever they were like, there they must have been. Possibly you, reader, were yourself one of them, and would have been delighted at one — I can't promise you would have liked more than one—visit from so congenial an artist. But I passed your door with a sound of footsteps like any other; I heard the murmur of your voice like the murmur of any other voice; I saw the portico of your house for the first time and the last, and have now forgotten it. Had you accidentally come to the door I might have spoken. As it was, I went back to the hotel and was bored.

SEASIDE

FROM

'THE PEAL OF BELLS'

By Robert Lynd

Waves of butterflies seem to rise from the sands and to pour tremulously over the sandhills. It is impossible to tell where they come from. They might be born of the sand, of the sea, or the sun for all the eye can tell. Never before have I seen white butterflies, foes of cabbages and of gardeners, in such numbers. They flow inwards like a tide. They stagger over the hills like armed men. I do not know how long this goes on, for, ten minutes after I have begun to notice it, lunch is ready at the hotel, and I have not the courage to be late for lunch. The sandhills, however, are never free from butterflies. Brown, white and dappled red, they wander all day among these barren heights and hollows, like creatures of the first world that rose and became dry above the waters. Bees, too, are here, black and red, getting a living among the blue flowers of the sea-holly, and the great drifts of sand are marked with the footprints of birds and rabbits and creatures as small as mice. How grasses find a place in which to root themselves, or the yellow hawkweed, or the dove's foot geranium, in so vast and parched a soil is a mystery; but the life of the land begins thus early at the edge of the sea, and there are banks of rest-harrow and of heartsease and fields of

evening primroses—a thousand lamps at a time towards twilight—within a stone's throw of the sea. A lark rises and sings—a song that seems different from that of the English lark—as one sits on the crest of a dune and looks out over the waste of the sea, or back over the waste of the sandhills, and breathes the peaceful air of these butterfly days.

Down below on the *plage* hundreds of tents have descended on the sands like a horde of striped butterflies. Men, women and children move among them like pretty insects. They wear red and green and white and yellow, and, for a mile or more, they are all exquisitely busy doing nothing. The most industrious of them are flying kites like large yellow and black birds. Little boys are doing this as a pastime. Elderly men are doing it with more intensity as a pursuit. They let out the cord gingerly from the reel, and, if the kite does not soar heavenward, they tug against it and restore it to grace. Even on a holiday one remains a moralist and notes that neither kite nor man can rise high save by opposition. The little boy's kite that is left to its own devices on a loose string dives to the ground. It is the kite of the strong man, engaged with him in a perpetual tug-of-war, that hangs in the air half-way to the sun, an afternoon's miracle. The kite-flyer, however, is solitary in his pleasures. He may have a companion, but his companion is only a spectator, not a fellow-player. Even if he flies his kite in competition with a rival, he has no need of a rival. He is perfectly happy to be alone and looking up at the sky and the bird that he has sent soaring almost out of sight, and whose very wings quiver like those of a hovering hawk. The more sociable mortals on the strand are playing with

balls of one size or another. They are playing tennis without a tennis court, cricket without a cricket ground, croquet without a croquet lawn, football without football field, golf without golf-links, rounders—every ball game that you have heard of. They play idly in the costumes of idlers. They do not care whether they hit or miss. The ball is a mere excuse for doing nothing restlessly. Few men and women, and fewer boys and girls, are content to remain still. They must move like the butterflies. They must circulate like the bees. Thus I think there is very little danger in the heresies of those philosophers who have praised indolence. It is not possible for any man but a philosopher to be indolent and to be happy. And the philosopher's is a mere indolence of body that permits a livelier circulation of the fancy. These striped tents are not the wigwams of indolence but an encampment of new activities. Even doctors tell us that the chief danger of holidays is, not that we may do too little during them, but that we may do too much. I myself, have, alas, no bat, but I have a walking-stick, and, with a red india-rubber ball and with two children's spades for a wicket, a game of cricket can be extemporized as satisfactorily as though one were playing against Yorkshire. Not that I ever dare to play such a game on the open sands. But, in the secret places of the hills, with no one but the angels looking, have I not struck like Mead or Woolley? I doubt, indeed, whether, if Mead or Woolley had to play cricket with a soft ball and a walking stick, they would not find their averages considerably lowered. I am sure, however, they would rather play cricket with a walking stick and a soft ball than not play it at all. Almost any game with almost any ball is a good game. The round ball is the

symbol of perfection, and man is never so care-free as when in pursuit of it. He masters it as he would master this globe of waters. He strikes it, and he is playing with a star. He cannot play marbles without repeating in little the pattern of this universe of spheres. It is possible that a mystic might even make something out of the little hesitating ball in the casino.

Not that there are not other noble games besides ball games being played on the *plage*. Who could be more excited than the young shrimpers, pushing their nets along the bottoms of the pools? It is remarkable what a difference there is between shrimping as a game and shrimping for a living. What more melancholy figures ever invaded the sea than the women dressed in black and with black shawls over their heads, who wade up to their waists at low tide, pushing their great nets before them, their heads bobbing up and down, like the heads of tired horses, at every step? They march like a silent procession of mourners. They are bowed like labourers in the fields. If they catch a shrimp, they do not pause and call to each other with excited cries. Even a large crab brings no shout to their lips or light of triumph to their eyes. On and on they move, backwards and forwards, silent sisters of the waters scoring the floors of the sea for creatures that will not fetch a penny a dozen. Yet children will do all this for pleasure and a shrimp remains to them a wonder of the ocean. It is, I suppose, the money taint that destroys the pleasures of shrimping, fishing, digging, and all those amusements of childhood that are afterwards turned into a trade. On the sands a thousand gallant diggers are at work with no thought of money. They build castles and fortified towns, dig wells and channels. They

labour with spade and bucket, and no child needs to 'ca'canny'. Here and there even an elderly father joins in the task. One man, fat of face, fluent of moustache and with the grey of fifty years in his hair, is turning out pies from a bucket for the amusement of a child just learning to walk. He holds out a pie on a spade with the air of a waiter setting the riches of a restaurant before a guest. '*Alors monsieur, vous êtes servi,*' he says, bowing to the child, '*avec du frangipan.*' The child totters a yard forward and with one slap sweeps the pie into ruin. He laughs and looks up at his father for commendation. The father sparkles with pride over such a deed of such a prodigy, and sets to work filling the bucket with another delicacy doomed to the same fate. Happy is the father whose child finds his attempts to amuse it amusing! Further along the sands another grey-haired father is less fortunate. Poor man, he is evidently longing for a little exercise, and his infant will not advance above a yard in five minutes. Every time it sees a shell it pauses, stoops down, balancing itself carefully, and picks it up, and then, balancing itself carefully again, utters an inarticulate grunt and holds the shell out for his admiration. He had probably been admiring shells for hours when I passed him, for he looked very much exhausted. He had even begun to try to distract the child's attention from the shells by dancing round it in his bare feet and making faces. He was an odd and pathetic figure, as his wildest fandangoes and most tortured grimaces failed to win from the child even the benevolence of a momentary stare. It evidently regarded all this leaping and leering as none of its business, and balanced itself over another shell, with admirable gravity. Two, I think, is the serious age. At this

stage it is a rare child that is not company too sober for a parent in whom age has run to skittishness.

All day long, amid all these parents, babies, diggers, kite-flyers, and players at ball, a constant stream of human beings flows across the sand, some in bathing costumes, some carefully hidden in wraps and towels till they reach the edge of the sea. One lady motors down to the front in a bathing costume and trips across the sand under a seven-coloured parasol, with a maid and a can of water waiting to wash the sand off when she returns out of the sea to the bathing box. Along the edge of the sea *sauveteurs* either stand or walk slowly up and down, a red tassel at the top of their blue tam-o'-shanters, their white trousers rolled up to the knee, a life-line rolled up and hanging near their waist, and a long straight trumpet in the hands of each. The bathers congregate in groups in the shallow water. If one of them ventures out a little further than the rest, a trumpet springs to a *sauveteur's* lips, and such a tooting begins that even a drowned man could hardly help looking round to see what is the matter. There are apparently all sorts of dangers here—holes, channels and undertow; and the *sauveteurs* keep up a blare of music, especially on a day of wind and waves, that chills an ordinary bather's marrow. Even little boys on sand-castles are not allowed on such a day to remain on their castles till they have been washed down by the tide. Long before this happens two *sauveteurs* are blowing their hardest and gesticulating to the boys to come back to safety. Were they members of Captain Ahab's crew, looking out, harpoon in hand, for Moby Dick to rise out of the waters, they could not scrutinize the sea with more desperate anxiety.

They are sterner than schoolmasters even with the oldest of us. They terrify us with their gestures and deafen us with their trumpets, so that all that some of us can do is to stand in a foot and a half of water and stare at them spellbound. I do not know if there is any penalty for disobedience except getting drowned, but here no man—not even if he be lawless as an Englishman—dare disobey. There are those who would despise bathing under such a tutelage of trumpeters. But I find that it suits me exactly. There is something very comfortable about sitting down in two feet of water. It is warmer than the water further out, and it is a great deal safer. After all, the chief virtue of a bathe is that it makes one wet, and this fortunately can be achieved without attempting to swim the Channel. I am not one of those who cannot enjoy the feeling of salt water without knowing that, if I sink, I shall go down thirty or forty feet. To roll about in the breaking waves, like a jelly-fish after a storm, is, believe me, no mean pleasure. Never willingly shall I cause a bead of anxious perspiration to break out on a *sauveteur's* brow. I am content to wallow in the shallows of these sunny waters under the kites and the blue sky. Thus can I loll in the ocean as lazily as on the sandhills, and not even the blasts of trumpets, addressed to wilder and more daring spirits, can perturb me out of my peace.

LITERATURE

FROM

'LITERARY CRITICISM'

BY DE QUINCEY

WHAT is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware, that in the idea of *literature*, one essential element is — some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that, what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten-thousandth part of its extent. The drama, again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakespeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences

that witnessed[1] their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying, or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books may connect itself with no literary interest.[2] But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is,

[1] Charles I, for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakespeare — not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, not through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

[2] What are called *The Blue Books*, by which title are understood the folio Reports issued every session of Parliament by committees of the two Houses, and stitched into blue covers—though often sneered at by the ignorant as so much waste paper, will be acknowledged gratefully by those who have used them diligently, as the main well-heads of all accurate information as to the Great Britain of this day. As an immense depository of faithful (*and not superannuated*) statistics, they are indispensable to the honest student. But no man would therefore class the *Blue Books* as literature.

first, the literature of *knowledge*; and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is — to *teach*; the function of the second is — to *move*: the first is a rudder; the second, an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but, proximately, it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth, which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power*, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the sim-

plicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance; the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz. the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new — something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight — is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it re-combines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that,

like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually drop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of '*the understanding heart*'—making the heart, i.e. the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving

in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus—the *Othello* or *King Lear*—the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*—and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved,

would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michelangelo. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing; they never absolutely repeat each other; never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

ON THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE

By Matthew Arnold

It is related in one of those legends which illustrate the history of Buddhism, that a certain disciple once presented himself before his master, Buddha, with the desire to be permitted to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty. The compassionate teacher represented to him the obstacles to be surmounted and the risks to be run. Pourna —so the disciple was called—insisted, and replied, with equal humility and adroitness, to the successive objections of his adviser. Satisfied at last by his answers of the fitness of his disciple, Buddha accorded to him the desired permission; and dismissed him to his task with these remarkable words, nearly identical with those in which he himself is said to have been admonished by a divinity at the outset of his own career: 'Go then, O Pourna', are his words; 'having been delivered, deliver; having been consoled, console; being arrived thyself at the farther bank, enable others to arrive there also.'

It was a moral deliverance, eminently, of which the great Oriental reformer spoke; it was a deliverance from the pride, the sloth, the anger, the selfishness, which impair the moral activity of man — a deliverance which is demanded of all individuals and in all ages. But there is another deliverance for the human race, hardly less important, indeed, than the first—for in the enjoyment of both united consists man's true freedom — but

demanded far less universally, and even more rarely and imperfectly obtained; a deliverance neglected, apparently hardly conceived, in some ages, while it has been pursued with earnestness in others, which derive from that very pursuit their peculiar character. This deliverance is an intellectual deliverance.

An intellectual deliverance is the peculiar demand of those ages which are called modern; and those nations are said to be imbued with the modern spirit most eminently in which the demand for such a deliverance has been made with most zeal, and satisfied with most completeness. Such a deliverance is emphatically, whether we will or no, the demand of the age in which we ourselves live. All intellectual pursuits our age judges according to their power of helping to satisfy this demand; of all studies it asks, above all, the question, how far they can contribute to this deliverance.

I propose, on this my first occasion of speaking here, to attempt such a general survey of ancient classical literature and history as may afford us the conviction — in presence of the doubts so often expressed of the profitableness, in the present day, of our study of this literature—that, even admitting to their fullest extent the legitimate demands of our age, the literature of ancient Greece is, even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance; even for modern times, therefore, an object of indestructible interest.

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual

man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past. It begins when our mind begins to enter into possession of the general ideas which are the law of this vast multitude of facts. It is perfect when we have acquired that harmonious acquiescence of mind which we feel in contemplating a grand spectacle that is intelligible to us; when we have lost that impatient irritation of mind which we feel in presence of an immense, moving, confused spectacle which, while it perpetually excites our curiosity, perpetually baffles our comprehension.

This, then, is what distinguishes certain epochs in the history of the human race, and our own amongst the number—on the one hand, the presence of a significant spectacle to contemplate; on the other hand, the desire to find the true point of view from which to contemplate this spectacle. He who has found that point of view, he who adequately comprehends this spectacle, has risen to the comprehension of his age: he who communicates that point of view to his age, he who interprets to it that spectacle, is one of his age's intellectual deliverers.

The spectacle, the facts, presented for the comprehension of the present age, are indeed immense. The facts consist of the events, the institutions, the sciences, the arts, the literatures, in which human life has manifested itself up to the present time: the spectacle is the collective life of humanity. And everywhere there is connexion, everywhere there is illustration: no single event, no single literature, is adequately comprehended except in its relation to other events, to other literatures. The literature of ancient Greece, the literature of the

Christian Middle Age, so long as they are regarded as two isolated literatures, two isolated growths of the human spirit, are not adequately comprehended; and it is adequate comprehension which is the demand of the present age. 'We must compare'—the illustrious Chancellor of Cambridge[1] said the other day to his hearers at Manchester—'we must compare the works of other ages with those of our own age and country; that, while we feel proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we may learn humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.' To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance—that is our problem.

But all facts, all the elements of the spectacle before us, have not an equal value—do not merit a like attention: and it is well that they do not, for no man would be adequate to the task of thoroughly mastering them all. Some have more significance for us, others have less; some merit our utmost attention in all their details, others it is sufficient to comprehend in their general character, and then they may be dismissed.

What facts, then, let us ask ourselves, what elements of the spectacle before us, will naturally be most interesting to a highly developed age like our own, to an age making the demand which we have described for an intellectual deliverance by means of the complete intelligence of its own situation? Evidently, the other ages similarly developed, and making the same demand. And what past litera-

[1] The late Prince Consort.

ture will naturally be most interesting to such an age as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for *their* ages the problem which occupies ours: the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them. A significant, a highly developed, a culminating epoch, on the one hand—a comprehensive, a commensurate, an adequate literature, on the other — these will naturally be the objects of deepest interest to our modern age. Such an epoch and such a literature are, in fact, *modern*, in the same sense in which our own age and literature are modern; they are founded upon a rich past and upon an instructive fullness of experience.

It may, however, happen that a great epoch is without a perfectly adequate literature; it may happen that a great age, a great nation, has attained a remarkable fullness of political and social development, without intellectually taking the complete measure of itself, without adequately representing that development in its literature. In this case, the *epoch*, the *nation* itself, will still be an object of the greatest interest to us; but the *literature* will be an object of less interest to us: the facts, the material spectacle, are there; but the contemporary view of the facts, the intellectual interpretation, are inferior and inadequate.

It may happen, on the other hand, that great authors, that a powerful literature, are found in an age and nation less great and powerful than themselves; it may happen that a literature, that a man of genius, may arise adequate to the representation of a greater, a more highly-developed age than that in which they appear; it may happen that a literature completely interprets its epoch, and yet

has something over; that it has a force, a richness, a geniality, a power of view which the materials at its disposition are insufficient adequately to employ. In such a case, the literature will be more interesting to us than the epoch. The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing intellect, are there; but the spectacle on which they throw their light is not fully worthy of them.

And I shall not, I hope, be thought to magnify too much my office if I add, that it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age—for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind. Because that activity of the whole mind, that genius, as Johnson nobly describes it, 'without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,' is in poetry at its highest stretch and in its most energetic exertion.

What we seek, therefore, what will most enlighten us, most contribute to our intellectual deliverance, is the union of two things; it is the co-existence, the simultaneous appearance, of a great epoch and a great literature.

Now the culminating age in the life of ancient Greece I call, beyond question, a great epoch; the life of Athens in the fifth century before our era I call one of the highly-developed, one of the marking, one of the modern periods in the life of the whole human race. It has been said that the 'Athens of Pericles was a vigorous man, at the summit of his bodily strength and mental energy'. There was the utmost energy of life there, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human

affairs. Let us rapidly examine some of the characteristics which distinguish modern epochs; let us see how far the culminating century of ancient Greece exhibits them; let us compare it, in respect of them, with a much later, a celebrated century; let us compare it with the age of Elizabeth in our own country.

To begin with what is exterior. One of the most characteristic outward features of a *modern* age, of an age of advanced civilization, is the banishment of the ensigns of war and bloodshed from the intercourse of civil life. Crime still exists, and wars are still carried on; but within the limits of civil life a circle has been formed within which man can move securely, and develop the arts of peace uninterruptedly. The private man does not go forth to his daily occupation prepared to assail the life of his neighbour or to have to defend his own. With the disappearance of the constant means of offence the occasions of offence diminish; society at last acquires repose, confidence, and free activity. An important inward characteristic, again, is the growth of a tolerant spirit; that spirit which is the offspring of an enlarged knowledge; a spirit patient of the diversities of habits and opinions. Other characteristics are the multiplication of the conveniences of life, the formation of taste, the capacity for refined pursuits. And this leads us to the supreme characteristic of all: the intellectual maturity of man himself; the tendency to observe facts with a critical spirit; to search for their law, not to wander among them at random; to judge by the rule of reason, not by the impulse of prejudice or caprice.

Well, now, with respect to the presence of all these characteristics in the age of Pericles, we

possess the explicit testimony of an immortal work, —of the history of Thucydides. 'The Athenians first,' he says—speaking of the gradual development of Grecian society up to the period when the Peloponnesian War commenced—'the Athenians first left off the habit of wearing arms:' that is, this mark of superior civilization had, in the age of Pericles, become general in Greece, had long been visible at Athens. In the time of Elizabeth, on the other hand, the wearing of arms was universal in England and throughout Europe. Again, the conveniences, the ornaments, the luxuries of life, had become common at Athens at the time of which we are speaking. But there had been an advance even beyond this; there had been an advance to that perfection, that propriety of taste which proscribes the excess of ornament, the extravagance of luxury. The Athenians had given up, Thucydides says, had given up, although not very long before, an extravagance of dress and an excess of personal ornament which, in the first flush of newly discovered luxury, had been adopted by some of the richer classes. The height of civilization in this respect seems to have been attained; there was general elegance and refinement of life, and there was simplicity. What was the case in this respect in the Elizabethan age? The scholar Casaubon, who settled in England in the reign of James I, bears evidence to the want here, even at that time, of conveniences of life which were already to be met with on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the taste for fantastic, for excessive personal adornment, to which the portraits of the time bear testimony, is admirably set forth in the work of a great novelist, who was also a very truthful antiquarian—in the *Kenilworth* of Sir Walter Scott.

We all remember the description, in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the second volume of *Kenilworth*, of the barbarous magnificence, the 'fierce vanities', of the dress of the period.

Pericles praises the Athenians that they had discovered sources of recreation for the spirit to counterbalance the labours of the body: compare these, compare the pleasures which charmed the whole body of the Athenian people through the yearly round of their festivals with the popular shows and pastimes in *Kenilworth*. 'We have freedom,' says Pericles, 'for individual diversities of opinion and character; we do not take offence at the tastes and habits of our neighbour if they differ from our own.' Yes, in Greece, in the Athens of Pericles, there is toleration; but in England, in the England of the sixteenth century?—the Puritans are then in full growth. So that with regard to these characteristics of civilization of a modern spirit which we have hitherto enumerated, the superiority, it will be admitted, rests with the age of Pericles.

Let us pass to what we said was the supreme characteristic of a highly developed, a modern age—the manifestation of a critical spirit, the endeavour after a rational arrangement and appreciation of facts. Let us consider one or two of the passages in the masterly introduction which Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, has prefixed to his history. What was his motive in choosing the Peloponnesian War for his subject? Because it was, in his opinion, the most important, the most instructive event which had, up to that time, happened in the history of mankind. What is his effort in the first twenty-three chapters of his history? To place in their correct point of view all the facts which had brought Grecian society to the point at which that dominant event found it; to

strip these facts of their exaggeration, to examine them critically. The enterprises undertaken in the early times of Greece were on a much smaller scale than had been commonly supposed. The Greek chiefs were induced to combine in the expedition against Troy, not by their respect for an oath taken by them all when suitors to Helen, but by their respect for the preponderating influence of Agamemnon; the siege of Troy had been protracted not so much by the valour of the besieged as by the inadequate mode of warfare necessitated by the want of funds of the besiegers. No doubt Thucydides' criticism of the Trojan war is not perfect; but observe how in these and many other points he labours to correct popular errors, to assign their true character to facts, complaining, as he does so, of men's habit of *uncritical* reception of current stories. 'So little a matter of care to most men,' he says, 'is the search after truth, and so inclined are they to take up any story which is ready to their hand.' 'He himself,' he continues, 'has endeavoured to give a true picture, and believes that in the main he has done so. For some readers his history may want the charm of the uncritical, half-fabulous narratives of earlier writers; but for such as desire to gain a clear knowledge of the past, and thereby of the future also, which will surely, after the course of human things, represent again hereafter, if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past—if such shall judge my work to be profitable, I shall be well content.'

What language shall we properly call this? It is *modern* language; it is the language of a thoughtful philosophic man of our own days; it is the language of Burke or Niebuhr assigning the true aim of history. And yet Thucydides is no mere

literary man; no isolated thinker, speaking far over the heads of his hearers to a future age—no: he was a man of action, a man of the world, a man of his time. He represents, at its best indeed, but he represents, the general intelligence of his age and nation; of a nation the meanest citizens of which could follow with comprehension the profoundly thoughtful speeches of Pericles.

PERSONAL STYLE

By J. A. Symonds

A survey of language, however superficial, makes it evident that when we speak of style we have to take into account those qualities of national character which are embodied in national speech. If two men could be born of precisely the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at precisely the same moment of history, and under precisely the same social conditions; and if these men learned different languages in the cradle, and used those languages in after life, they would be unable to deliver exactly the same message to the world through literature. The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue would impose definite limitations on their power of expressing thoughts, however similar or identical those thoughts might be.

We cannot conceive two men born with the same physical, mental, and moral nature, at the same moment, under precisely the same conditions, and using the same language. They would be identical; and everything they uttered would be clothed with exactly the same words. The absurdity of this conception brings home to us the second aspect of style. Style is not merely a sign of those national qualities which are generic to established languages, and which constitute the so-called genius of a race. It is also the sign of personal qualities, specific to individuals, which constitute the genius of a man. Whatever a man utters from his heart and head is the index of his character. The more remarkable a person is, the more strongly he is differentiated

from the average of human beings, the more salient will be the characteristic notes of his expression. But even the commonest people have, each of them, a specific style. The marks of difference become microscopical as we descend from Dante or Shakespeare to the drudges of the clerk's desk in one of our great cities. Yet these marks exist, and are no less significant of individuality than the variations between leaf and leaf upon the lime-trees of an avenue.

It may be asked whether the manner of expression peculiar to any person is a complete index to his character—whether, in other words, there is 'an art to find the mind's construction' in the style. Not altogether and exhaustively. Not all the actions and the utterances of an individual betray the secret of his personality. You may live with men and women through years, by day, by night, yet you will never know the whole about them. No human being knows the whole about himself.

The deliberate attitude adopted by a literary writer implies circumspection; invites suppression, reservation, selection; is compatible with affectation, dissimulation, hypocrisy. So much cannot be claimed for critical analysis as that we should pretend to reproduce a man's soul after close examination of his work. What we may assert with confidence is that the qualities of style are intimately connected with the qualities and limitations of the writer, and teach us much about him. He wrote thus and thus, because he was this or this. In the exercise of style it is impossible for anyone to transcend his inborn and acquired faculties of ideation, imagination, sense-perception, verbal expression—just as it is impossible in the exercise of strength for an athlete to transcend the limits of his physical structure, powers of innerva-

tion, dexterity, and courage.[1] The work of art produced by a writer is therefore of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual. This is what we mean by the hackneyed epigram: '*Le style c'est l'homme.*'

II

Certain broad distinctions of moral and emotional temperament may undoubtedly be detected in literary style. A tendency toward exaggeration, toward self-revelation, toward emphasis upon the one side; a tendency to reserve, to diminished tone in colouring, to parsimony of rhetorical resource upon the other; those indicate expansiveness or reticence in the writer. Victor Hugo differs by the breadth of the whole heavens from Leopardi. One man is ironical by nature, another sentimental. Sterne and Heine have a common gift of humour; but the quality of humour in each case is conditioned by sympathetic or by caustic undercurrents of emotion. Sincerity and affectation, gaiety and melancholy, piety and scepticism, austerity and sensuality penetrate style so subtly and unmistakably that a candid person cannot pose as the mere slave of convention, a boon companion cannot pass muster for an anchorite, the founder of a religious sect cannot play the part of an agnostic. In dramatic work the artist creates characters alien from his own personality, and exhibits people widely different from himself acting and talking as they ought to do. This he achieves by sympathy and intuition. Yet all except the very greatest fail to render adequately what they have not felt and been. In playwrights of the second order, like our

[1] See Émile Hennequin, *La Critique Scientifique*, pp. 64-67, for a full and luminous exposition of these points.

Fletcher, or of the third order, like our Byron, the individual who writes the tragedy and shapes the characters is always apparent under every mask he chooses to assume. And even the style of the greatest, their manner of presenting the varieties of human nature, betrays individual peculiarities. Æschylus sees men and women differently from Sophocles, Corneille from Racine, Shakespeare from Goethe.

In like manner the broad distinctions of mental temperament may be traced in style. The abstract thinker differs from the concrete thinker in his choice of terms; the analytical from the synthetic; the ratiocinative from the intuitive; the logical from the imaginative; the scientific from the poetical. One man thinks in images, another in formal propositions. One is diffuse, and gets his thought out by reiterated statement. Another makes epigrams, and finds some difficulty in expanding their sense or throwing light upon them by illustrations. One arrives at conclusions by the way of argument. Another clothes assertion with the tropes and metaphors of rhetoric.

The same is true of physical and æsthetical qualities. They are felt inevitably in style. The sedentary student does not use the same figures of speech as come naturally to the muscular and active lover of field sports. According as the sense for colour, or for sound, or for light, or for form shall preponderate in a writer's constitution, his language will abound in references to the world, viewed under conditions of colour, sound, light, or form. He will insensibly dwell upon those aspects of things which stimulate his sensibility and haunt his memory. Thus, too, predilection for sea or mountains, for city-life or rural occupations, for flowers, precious stones, scents, birds, animals,

insects, different kinds of food, torrid or temperate climates, leave their mark on literary style.

Acquired faculties and habits find their expression in style no less than inborn qualities. Education, based upon humanism or scientific studies; contact with powerful personalities at an impressible period of youth; enthusiasm aroused for this or that great masterpiece of literature; social environment; high or low birth; professional training for the bar, the church, medicine, or commerce; life in the army, at sea, upon a farm, and so forth, tinge the mind and give a more or less perceptible colour to language.

The use of words itself yields, upon analysis, valuable results illustrative of the various temperaments of authors. A man's vocabulary marks him out as of this sort or that sort—his preference for certain syntactical forms, for short sentences or for periods, for direct or inverted propositions, for plain or figurative statement, for brief or amplified illustrations. Some compose sentences, but do not build paragraphs—like Emerson; some write chapters, but cannot construct a book. Nor is punctuation to be disregarded, inasmuch as stops enable us to measure a writer's sense of time-values, and the importance he attaches to several degrees of rest and pause.

III

It is impossible to do more than indicate some of the leading points which illustrate the meaning of the saying that style is the man; anyone can test them and apply them for himself. We not only feel that Walter Scott *did not* write like Thackeray, but we also know that he *could not* write like Thackeray, and vice versa. This im-

possibility of one man producing work in exactly the same manner as another makes all deliberate attempts at imitation assume the form of parody or caricature. The sacrifice of individuality involved in scrupulous addiction to one great master of Latin prose, Cicero, condemned the best stylists of the Renaissance—men like Muretus—to lifeless, and eventually worthless, production. Meanwhile the exact psychology is wanting which would render our intuitions regarding the indissoluble link between style and personal character irrefutable.[1]

Literary style is more a matter of sentiment, emotion, involuntary habits of feeling and observing constitutional sympathy with the world and men, tendencies of curiosity and liking, than of the pure intellect. The style of scientific works, affording little scope for the exercise of these psychological elements, throws less light upon their authors' temperament than does the style of poems, novels, essays, books of travel, descriptive criticism. In the former case all that need be aimed at is lucid exposition of fact and vigorous reasoning. In the latter the fact to be stated, the truth to be arrived at, being of a more complex nature, involves a process akin to that of the figurative arts. The stylist has here to produce the desired effect by suggestions of infinite subtlety, and to present impressions made upon his sensibility.

Autobiographies, epistolary correspondence, notes of table-talk, are of the highest value in determining the correlation between a writer's self and his style.

[1] While I was engaged in writing this essay, a young French author, now, alas! dead, sent me a book which may be considered as an important contribution to the psychology of style It is entitled, *La Critique Scientifique*, par Emile Hennequin. Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1888.

We not only derive a mass of information about Goethe's life from Eckermann, but we also discover from those conversations in how true a sense the style of Goethe's works grew out of his temperament and experience. Gibbon and Rousseau, Alfieri and Goldoni, Samuel Johnson in his *Life* by Boswell, John Stuárt Mill in his autobiographical essay, Petrarch in his *Secretum* and fragment of personal confessions, have placed similar keys within our reach for unlocking the secret of their several manners.

The rare cases in which men of genius have excelled in more than one branch of art are no less instructive. Michelangelo the sonnet-writer helps us to understand Michelangelo the sculptor. Rossetti the painter throws light on Rossetti the poet; William Blake the lyrist upon William Blake the draughtsman. We find, on comparing the double series of work offered by such eminent and exceptionally gifted individuals, that their styles in literature and plastic art possess common qualities, which mark the men and issue from their personalities. Michelangelo in the sonnets is as abstract, as ideal, as form-loving, as indifferent to the charm of brilliant colour, as neglectful of external nature as Michelangelo in his statues and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Rossetti's pictures, with their wealth of colour, their elaborate execution, their sharp incisive vision, their deep imaginative mysticism and powerful perfume of intellectual sensuousness, present a close analogue to his ballads, sonnets, and descriptive poems. With these and similar instances in our mind, we are prepared to hear that Victor Hugo designed pictures in the style of Gustave Doré; nor would it surprise us to discover that Gustave Doré had left odes or fiction in the manner of Victor Hugo.

The problems suggested by style as a sign and index of personality may be approached from many points of view. I have not aimed at exhaustiveness even of suggestion in my treatment of the topic; and while saying much which will appear perhaps trivial and obvious, have omitted some of the subtler and more interesting aspects of the matter. A systematic criticism of personal style would require a volume, and would demand physiological and psychological knowledge which is rarely found in combination with an extensive study of literatures and arts.

WHAT IS ART?

FROM

'ESSAYS ON LIFE'

By Clutton Brock

Every one now is thinking, or talking, about the nature of art and æsthetic experience. There is something both exciting and baffling in the problem, so baffling that we can hardly say even what the problem is; we only know that it is a new one to us, of which no one in the past seems to have been ever aware. For, in the past, art was assumed to be a subsidiary activity, and consciously valued always in terms of something else. Even Tolstoy, though he saw that art was important, wrote his book—*What is Art?*—to insist that we ought to value it in terms of other things; his judgment of particular works of art was based on that assumption and reduced it to an absurdity. But he was, at least, uneasy about the matter; earlier writers, even the best of them, such as Shelley, in his *Defence of Poetry*, took it for granted that art was to be justified by the moral and intellectual good it had done to mankind. Johnson, who had cleared his mind of cant on so many subjects, talked unmeaningly on this. Of an epic poem that Dryden wished to write, he said: 'That this poem was never written is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers and enlarged our language, and might perhaps have contributed,

by pleasing instructions, to rectify our opinions and purify our manners.' But nowadays we at least know this, that, if we lament the loss of a poem, it is because we have lost the poem.

Johnson gave these other irrelevant reasons because something prevented him from thinking clearly on that subject. If he had thought clearly, he would have seen at once that, in fact, poetry is not valued because it improves our numbers or enlarges our language, still less because it rectifies our opinions and purifies our manners. His own experience would have told him that he did not read poetry with these objects, or at least that, if he did, it was no longer poetry to him but something else. In fact, men have valued art, ever since there has been any art, for its own sake ; yet always they have cast about for irrelevant reasons, why they should value it; and, even now, though we have discovered that it is to be valued for its own sake, we are puzzled by that discovery, and still often fail to think of art in terms of itself. There remains a conflict between our actual experience of art and our thought about that experience, which we can ignore only by a conscious and painful effort; the moment we are off our guard, we begin to think in the old terms. For instance, I read in the *Athenæum* that 'the fundamental connexion between art and morals still remains a mystery'; but, when I consider my own actual experience of art, I find this remark without meaning. For, while I am experiencing a work of art, I am aware of no connexion between that experience and my own conduct or the conduct of any one. If a work of art is good to me, its goodness is not moral but simply æsthetic, something perceived immediately and valued for its own sake, without relation to any kind of

conduct. But great artists like Beethoven have not seen this; he said that Don Giovanni was immoral, though, if he had recalled his actual experience of it, he would have known that in that experience there was nothing conducive to any kind of conduct whatever.

This is what both interests and baffles us in art; for there is something in our minds which expects all experience to have a direct effect upon our conduct. Whatever happens to us is, we assume, a command or a stimulus to do something; we connect it with our future, and judge it by its effect upon that future. So those who are more laboriously on their guard against valuing art in moral terms, are still apt to praise a work of art because it 'tells the truth about life'; but this talk about truth in art is as much an error and a delusion as the talk about morals. People call a work of art true to life, when they mean that it is a work of art; *true* is simply a wrong term of praise they give to it, because, in their thought, they are still forgetting their actual experience of the work and considering its effect upon their future; they think they have learnt something from it, and they proceed to praise it for that reason. But if, as may happen, we do learn something from a work of art, that is an accident. It is not the reason why we value it, nor, in fact, are we disappointed if we learn nothing from a work of art. It is only in afterthought that we connect our experience with our future at all.

But, more than that, it is the very essence of æsthetic experience that we disconnect it from our future. During it we look neither before nor after; only the now exists for us, freed from all that has been or will be. And we recognize a work of art by its power of giving us this freedom. Art is

infinitely diverse in content and in medium; the work of art may be, considered in other terms, a trifle like *Cosi Fan Tutte*, or a terror like *King Lear*; in reference to actual experience it may be matter for laughter or tears, or neither; it may be the solution of a practical problem, like architecture, or of a problem almost geometrical like some music and painting; but behind all these diversities, its essential quality for us is that it frees us from the chain of events which in other experience binds us to our past and future.

Yet, as soon as the experience is over, we are again bound by that chain and think in terms of it. That is why we find it so hard to think rightly about art, and why it at once excites our curiosity and baffles it. After the experience we are not what we were during it; the artist himself, we may guess, is not, after the process of creation, what he was during it; and so even he often tries to value his own work in terms of something else. He does not remember that the practice of art is to him really a different kind of being, an experience in which he escapes from the chain of events and lives in the moment; and that he values it for that and for no other reason.

There is a symptom common to all kinds of art which we call 'rhythm', and which is really a symptom of this freedom. For rhythm itself is freed movement. Our ordinary talk is constrained in its movement by practical necessities, provoked by what has been, and concerned with what is to be done. But poetry is speech concerned only with saying something as well as it can be said, it is speech of the now, without past or future; and its movement, thus freed, is rhythm. So the dance is a freed purely expressive movement of the body. And Music is sound, freed even from

meaning; the notes are themselves, without reference to any objects or ideas; and so rhythm in music is more masterful than in any speech. And the effect of rhythm on us is to give our minds the same freedom from past and future and the compulsion of necessity. We know that it would be absurd to ask about rhythm, whether it was true to life, or whether it impelled us to right or wrong conduct. We value it because it frees us from all considerations, because it communicates a state of mind freed from them; and that value is enough for us until we begin to think about it.

As for the relation between rhythm and the content which it masters, that is not so bewildering as it seems. You cannot have rhythm without content of some kind; and the richer the content, the greater the victory of the rhythm. The state of being of æsthetic experience is not an abstract state; it uses all the content of other experience for its own purpose of freedom. If we are to live utterly in the now, that now must be full, not empty; it must convince us of its reality, just as heaven, if it were to be heaven, would need to convince us of its reality. The devout have destroyed belief in heaven by emptying it of content, and so killing the desire for it. But, if we would realize heaven, we must conceive it in terms of art; and, if we would know what art is, we must understand that it gives us a kind of heaven, a state of being, parallel to our actual experience, but freed from all that prevents us from experiencing it fully, freed from past and future and from questions about true and false and right and wrong. In heaven there would be no true or false or right or wrong; there would be only the moment made eternal, with all the diversities of the universe mastered and expressed in rhythm.

SHELLEY

By Sir Walter Raleigh

More than the others of that group of English poets who flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and whose work, taken as a whole, gives to English literature its all but greatest glory, Shelley was the inheritor and the exponent of the ideas of the French Revolution. The French Revolution aroused and then disappointed Wordsworth, causing him to turn away from political ideals and to seek consolation in universal nature; it made Byron a rebel, and Southey a laureate; but it gave birth to Shelley. And the chief effect of the Revolution on English life and thought is to be sought in literature rather than in politics. The great wave that broke over Europe in the roar of the Napoleonic wars spent its strength in vain on the political structure of these islands, but the air was long salt with its spray. And the poems of Shelley, if it be not too fanciful to prolong the figure, are the rainbow lights seen in the broken wave.

The ideas of the Revolution and the passion of the Revolution glitter and vibrate in Shelley's poems. And these ideas, it must be remembered, in their earlier and cruder political forms, had but a short spell of life. They bred the giant that killed them; the modern scientific and historical temper finds it wellnigh impossible to regain the outlook of those who stood breathlessly waiting for the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth. So that it is not to be wondered at if the

poetry that sprang from the political creed has been to some extent involved in the downfall of the creed. Certain it is that few of his readers, even among his professed admirers, read Shelley for his meaning; few, even among his critics, treat his message seriously. 'The people of England,' said Burke, 'want food that will stick to their ribs;' and the remark condenses in a phrase all that dissatisfaction with theory and dream which is heard as an undertone in most of the authoritative criticisms of Shelley. The poet has achieved immortality, but not on his own terms. He is a 'beautiful and ineffectual angel'—a decorator's angel, one might almost say, designed for a vacant space, not the authentic messenger of the will of heaven. Or he is a moonlight visitant that soothes the soul with melodious words and beautiful images when the bonds of reality are loosened. As a prophet he is lightly esteemed, but when once the prophet's mantle is gently removed from his shoulders by tender official hands, he is welcome to stay with us, and to delight us in all restful places by the subtle marvels of his lyrical craft, and the irridescent play of his creative fancy.

Yet seeing that a poet is a poet only in so far as he reveals the beauty and the power that is universal and enduring caught from the confused lights and shadows of his own time, it is worth the pains to examine the main ideals that animate the poetry of Shelley. Some of these, it may not be denied, are utterly fallen from power. Like other revolutionary thinkers, Shelley hopes for the salvation and perfection of mankind by way of an absolute breach with the past. History is to him at best a black business, an orgy of fantastic and luxurious cruelty. Commerce is 'the venal

interchange of all that human art and nature yield.' Gold—how far would gold have enthralled the imagination of poets if it had been a dull black substance with a slightly unpleasant scent?—gold is a god or demon of dreadful strength. Education and tradition, institution and custom are made the marks of the same impassioned invective, simple sometimes almost to thoughtlessness, as in that passage of *Laon and Cythna* where British parental authority is thus described:

> The land in which I lived, by a fell bane
> Was withered up. Tyrants dwelt side by side,
> And stabled in our homes.

Sometimes rising to heights of grave denunciation, as in that other passage where is described how

> The Queen of slaves,
> The hood-winked Angel of the blind and dead,
> Custom, with iron mace points to the graves
> Where her own standard desolately waves
> Over the dust of Prophets and of Kings.

Yet this multiplied oppression, which is imposed on man by man himself, which has grown with his growth and is intertwined with his dearest interests, is conceived of by the revolutionary theorists and, at least in his earlier poems, by Shelley himself, as a thing separable from man, a burden laid on him by some dark unknown power, a net weaved around him by foreign enemies. One resolute act of inspired insurrection, and the burden may be cast off for ever, the net severed at a blow, leaving man free, innocent, and happy, the denizen of a golden world.

In his later and maturer poems we may detect Shelley's growing suspicion that the burden of man is none other than the weight of 'the superincumbent hour', or of the atmosphere that he

breathes; that the net has its fibres entangled with the nerves of his body and the veins and arteries that feed his life. Yet he neither faltered nor repented: he had learned

> To hope, till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;

and if the tyrant that oppresses mankind is immitigable Reality, he will be a rebel against reality in the name of that fairer and no less immortal power, the desire of the heart.

Shelley is the poet of desire. To him, as to Blake, the promptings of desire were the voice of divinity in man, and instinct and impulse bore the authentic stamp of the Godhead. His pure and clear and wonderfully simple spirit could hardly conceive of a duty that travels by a dim light through difficult and uncertain ways, still less of a duty that calculates and balances and chooses. When he was lifted on the crest of some overmastering emotion, he saw all clear; dropped into the hollow, he could only wait for another wave. It is as if he could not live save in the keen and rarefied air of some great joy or heroic passion; and his large capacity for joy made him the more susceptible to all that thwarts or depresses or interrupts it. These two strains, of rapture and of lament, of delight in love and beauty, and of protest against a world where love and beauty are not fixed eternal forms, run through all the poetry of Shelley, answering each other like the voices of a chorus. Our life on earth seems to him a stormy vision, a wintry forest, a 'cold common hell'; but it has moments of exaltation which belie it, and by their power and intensity hold out a promise of deliverance. Thought and passion transform the dull suffering of this life into the

likeness of 'a fiery martyrdom', and by their very intensity bear witness to the greatness of the issues at stake.

It is somewhat absurdly made a charge against Shelley that the ideal which he sets before humanity is not a practical or possible one. He had to deal with this sort of criticism during his lifetime, and in the preface to *Prometheus Unbound* he offers a grave explanation: 'It is a mistake,' he says, 'to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life.' No exact political programme is deducible from his works. No coherent or satisfactory account can be given of the changes that would be necessary to bring in the idyllic society that mocks his vision in the distance. But if the aspirations of a poet are to be tethered to what is demonstrably attainable, the loftiest legitimate ambition ever breathed in English verse would perhaps be found in those lines of *The Excursion* where an earnest wish is expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government. The creed of the Revolution was a noble creed, although Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, considered as the basis of a political system, have been sadly battered by political artillery, they have not yet been so completely disgraced that it is forbidden to a poet to desire them. Only in a world where they shall be more desired than they are with us can they ever become possible. And the gist of Shelley's teaching lies not in this or that promise held out of future good, but in the means that he insists on for its realization. The elusive vagueness of the millennium pictured in the weakest part of *Prome-*

theus Unbound detracts no whit from the loftiness and truth of the great speech of Demogorgon and the closing World-symphony. The early Christians, too, were deceived in their hopes of the millennium, but they, like the early alchemists, went not unrewarded by 'fair, unsought discoveries by the way'.

The very vagueness of Shelley's poetry is an essential part of its charm. He speaks the language of pure emotion, where definite perceptions are melted in the mood they generate. Possessed by the desire of escape, he gazes calmly and steadily on nothing of earthly build. Every visible object is merely another starting-point for the cobwebs of dreams. Like his own poet,

> He will watch from dawn to gloom
> The lake-reflected sun illume
> The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
> Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
> But from these create he can
> Forms more real than living man,
> Nurslings of immortality.

His thoughts travel incessantly from what he sees to what he desires, and his goal is no more distinctly conceived than his starting-place. His desire leaps forth towards its mark, but is consumed, like his fancied arrow, by the speed of its own flight. His devotion is 'to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow'; the voices that he hears bear him vague messages and hints

> Of some world far from ours
> Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.

And this perfect lyrical vagueness produces some of the most ghostly and bodiless descriptions to be found in all poetry. His scenery is dream-scenery; it can hardly be called cloud-scenery, for the clouds that tumble in a June sky are shapes of trim and

substantial jollity compared with the shifting and diffused ether of his phantom visions. The scene of his poems is laid among

> Dim twilight lawns and stream-illumined caves,
> And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist.

And the inhabitants are even less definite in outline; the spaces of his imagination are

> Peopled with unimaginable shapes
> Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lampless deep.

The poet is himself native to this haunted and scarce visible world; and when in *Epipsychidion* he tells of the Being who communed with him in his youth, it is in this world that they meet:

> On an imagined shore,
> Under the grey beak of some promontory
> She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
> That I beheld her not.

It is pleasant to consider what a critic of the school of Johnson, if any had survived, would have said of these lines. 'Here, Sir,' he might have said, 'he tells us merely that in a place which did not exist he met nobody. Whom did he expect to meet?' Yet the spirit of romance, which will listen to no logic but the logic of feeling, is prompt to vindicate Shelley. The kind of human experience that he set himself to utter will not admit of chastened and exact language; the homeless desires and intimations that seem to have no counterpart and no cause among visible things must create or divine their origin and object by suggestion and hyperbole, by groping analogies, and fluttering denials. To Shelley life is the great unreality, a painted veil, and the triumphal procession of a pretender. Yet, here and there, in the works of nature and of art—'flowers, ruins, statues, music, words'—there are

sudden inexplicable glories that speak of reality beyond. It is from the images and thoughts that are least of a piece with the daily economy of life, from the faithful attendants that hang on the footsteps of our exiled perceptions, and from the dwellers on the boundary of our alienated world, from shadows and echoes, dreams and memories, yearnings and regrets, that he would learn to give expression to this hidden reality. Yet the very attempt defeats itself and is reduced to the bare negation of appearances. The highest beauty, as he describes it, is always invisible; the liveliest emotion passes into swoon, and takes on the likeness of death. Demogorgon, the lord of the Universe, is 'a mighty darkness, filling the seat of power'.

So habitual and familiar was Shelley's converse with this spectral world that both in his thought and in his expression is held the place of what is commonly called the real world. The figures of his poetry illustrate what is strange by what is familiar, and it is the shadows and spirits that are familiar. The autumn leaves scurrying before the wind remind him of 'ghosts from an enchanter fleeing'. The skylark in the heavens is 'like a poet hidden in the light of thought'. The avalanche on the mountain is piled flake by flake, as thought by thought is piled in heaven-defying minds,

> Till some great truth,
> Is loosened and the nations echo round,
> Shaken to their roots.

It is his outward perceptions that he seeks to explain and justify by a reference to the existences and forms that filled and controlled his daily meditations.

His poetry, as might be expected, has been found too remote and unsubstantial to satisfy the taste

of many readers and even of some lovers of poetry. It is lacking in human interest. The figures that he sets in motion are for the most part creatures of his own making, who have no tangible being outside the realm of his imagination. Minds that move naturally and easily only in the world of concrete existences are compelled to translate Shelley's poetry, as it were, into another dialect of the Universal language, if they would grasp his meaning. Too often they have refused the task; they have been content to float along on his melody, and to indulge their sense of colour with the delicate tints of his vision. Even when he is thus read, there is no denying the matchless quality of his poetic genius, or the absolute mastery of his art. But the wisdom of his reading of life, and the scope and depth of his thought, have sometimes been questioned.

He died young, and the accumulated wisdom of old experience was never within his reach. Yet before he died he had graduated in the school of suffering and had there learned lessons that only the wise heart learns. *Prometheus Unbound* is something more than a dance of prismatic lights and a concert of sweet sounds; it is a record of spiritual experience, subtle in its analysis, profound in its insight. The supreme torture of Prometheus, inflicted by the Furies, comes to him in the form of doubt—doubt lest his age-long sufferings should all be vain, and worse than vain. The Furies, who are 'hollow underneath, like death', and who darken the dawn with their multitude, are the ministers of pain and fear, of mistrust and hate. They plant self-contempt and shame in young spirits; they live in the heart and brain in the shape of base desires and craven thoughts.

Of all passions, the ugliest in Shelley's eyes is Hate; the most terrible and maleficent is Fear. But Prometheus through his long agony feels no fear, and no rancour; the pity and love that endure in his heart are at last victorious, and the Furies, baffled, take themselves away. The first act is full of psychological study, and Shelley throughout is speaking of what he has felt and known and observed. But he embodies it in such unearthly forms, and so carefully avoids the allegorical manner, that the details of the drama, difficult as they often are of interpretation, have been wrongly regarded as freaks of ornament and fantasy. The main idea, the conception of Love and Life as a dualism, and of love as the sole principle of freedom, joy, beauty, and harmony, in nature and in man, appears in Shelley's earlier poems, and strengthens with his growth, until it reaches its most magnificent expression in the radiant figure of Asia and the closing rhapsody of *Adonais*:

> That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
> Which through the web of being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
> Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
> The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
> Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

His early death, though it has endeared him the more to his lovers, has also deprived him of a full meed of critical appreciation. The bulk of reputable criticism is written by middle-aged men, who have made their peace with the world, on reasonable and honourable terms, perhaps, but not without concessions. How should they do full justice to the young rebels, the Marlowes and the Shelleys, who died under the standard of revolt?

They are tender to them and tolerant, as to their younger selves. But they have accepted, where these refused, and they cannot always conceal their sense of the headstrong folly of the refusal. Nor can their judgment be disabled, for they have knowledge on their side, and experience, and the practical lore of life. Further, they can enlist poet against poet, and over against the heart that defies power which seems omnipotent, they can set the heart that watches and receives. Is there not more of human wisdom to be learned from the quiet harvester of the twilight than from the glittering apostle of the dawn? Yet there is a wisdom that is not born of acceptance; and the spirit that is to be tamed to the uses of this world, if it has much to learn, has something also to forget. The severest criticism that the world and the uses of the world are called upon to undergo is that which looks out on them, ever afresh, from the surprised and troubled eyes of a child. In the debate of Youth and Age, neither can expect to have it all his own way. It is therefore no unqualified condemnation of Shelley's poetry to say that it appeals chiefly to the young. And it is not true to say that it appeals to no others. Many men, it has been said, are poets in their youth; it would be truer to say that many born subjects of prose are tickled by sentiment in their youth, and beguiled by sense into believing, for a time, that they love poetry. The love of poetry is not so easily eradicable; it is not Time's fool,

> though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come,

and wherever there are poets, to the end of time, Shelley will find lovers.

ON CARLYLE'S 'PAST AND PRESENT'

By G. K. Chesterton

Past and Present was published in 1843 and was the fourth of the important works of Carlyle. Its humour, eloquence, and imaginative energy must remain a permanent possession, but its peculiar historical force and value can scarcely be appreciated except in connexion with the date. At the time when almost every eminent historian described the past as a mere foil to the present, Carlyle actually uses the flimsy and degraded present as a foil to the past. The average history book used in schoolrooms commonly began a chapter with some such words as these: 'How surprised those rude barbarians would have been had they known that their rough ox-wagons would some day be replaced by steam-engines at thirty miles an hour, that their superstitious ordeals would end in enlightened courts of justice and beneficent Acts of Parliament.' The point of Carlyle's book is rather to reverse the phrase and exclaim, 'How horrified the men of the Middle Ages would have been if they had known that their plain customs and kingships would ever degenerate into the dirt and slavery of Manchester and the tomfooleries of Chancery and St. Stephen's.'

The term 'reactionary' is generally used as a term of offence, just as the term 'progressive' is used as a term of praise; but only once in a

hundred times is either of them used so as to convey any meaning or truth. Yet though the words have become a mere hackneyed cant, they have their proper use. Progress means persistence in the direction of one object maintained for a considerable period; reaction means some upheaval of disgust or contradiction, which overthrows the recent persistence and appeals back, perhaps, to its opposite. Thus we might truly say that English poetry from Cowley to Akenside progressed towards clearness and metrical accuracy. And we might truly say that Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* was a reaction against this progress, the writing of a mere mad ballad in order to show how much more life there was in the old barbaric mysticism than in the recent easy-going rationality. Progress happens, in short, whenever men can endure one tendency for a long time. And reaction happens whenever some particular man can endure it no longer. These definitions are simple, but I believe them to be comprehensive. A progressive is always a conservative; he conserves the direction of progress. A reactionary is always a rebel.

In this sense strictly and in no other Carlyle can lawfully be called a reactionary. His revolt against the trend of his time was literally a reaction, just as being seasick is a reaction. And such revolt and rejection raise much the same problem as sickness; it is certainly better to reject that which one cannot assimilate; but it makes a man feel rather sad and empty afterwards. All scepticism is like seasickness in this respect. If you cannot enjoy the universe it is better to throw it up; but it will leave you weak and sensitive and any spirit that you touch will infallibly fly to your head. So the sceptic is always unnaturally open to the raids of superstition and eccentricity. Carlyle was in

the final sense a good man, he was in every conceivable sense a great man. But when all is allowed, he was essentially a sick man ; if you like, a seasick man, in the sense that his malady had been created by facing primary and magnificent elements. A sort of divine disgust was the passion that he was sent on earth to preach; he preached it with wonderful humour, poetry, pungent inventiveness, and encyclopædic variety, but it was disgust that was his motive; it was the insurgent mood called reaction. And remember that if it be true that all reactionaries are rebels, it is even more certain that most rebels are reactionaries. Every sudden movement which has gone forward has looked back. The Renaissance looked back to pagan art; the French Revolution looked back to pagan politics. And it was in the same way that mediæval art was looked back to by Ruskin and mediæval politics by Carlyle.

Carlyle's great work, *Past and Present*, is the most emphatic example of this return and appeal of his to the polity and ethics of the Middle Ages. And it is this part of the book that is by far the most certain and solid. It is much more broadly certain that he is right about 'Past' than about 'Present'. He sees much more vividly and humanly the things that he has not seen, the events of veiled centuries and obscure tribes, than he sees the events that are really happening around him in the streets of London. And the cause of this lies in his character as a reactionary; a reactionary, as we have said, means a conservative in revolt. His startling grip and graphic power in the description of people like Rufus or Abbot Samson comes chiefly from this: that he was to a certain extent in the same position as they. We shall never even begin to understand

the Middle Ages until we realize that nobody really believed that the Roman Empire was dead until close upon the Reformation. For nearly a thousand years men believed not that the Empire was dead, but that it was decidedly ill, and therefore they naturally looked back to the previous period when it had been quite well. In Carlyle's time an enlightened man, a civilized man, a speculative man, meant a man who was always looking to the future. But in Rufus's time an enlightened, civilized, and speculative man meant a man who looked almost entirely to the past, in the hope of renewing its lost wisdom and liberty. Carlyle is slightly confused by this contradiction; but on the whole he deals with it admirably. In so far as Rufus lived in to-morrow Rufus was only a self-willed savage. In so far as Anselm lived in yesterday, Anselm was what we now call a liberal and even a free-thinker.

In two respects, indeed, Carlyle's version of the Middle Ages is really incorrect; not incorrect in detail (for in defiance of those dons who always wished to prove an imaginative man inaccurate, Carlyle was a very accurate historian) but incorrect in spirit, and conception. First of all he makes the Middle Ages much too German—or what comes to the same thing, much too barbarous. Nobody, of course, can tell for certain how much Teutonic blood mixed with the dying Empire or whether it did anything to revive it. The mixture, if it took place at all, took place at the time of which we have the worst records, the full midnight of the ninth century. But that when Europe rose again in a new civilization it was not a specially German civilization is quite certain. Almost any object the eye may chance to fall on may illustrate the southern origin everywhere. Why is the arms

of Scotland a lion? Nobody ever saw a lion in Scotland nor in Germany, from which the northern energy is traced. It is quite obvious that such symbols must have spread northward from a base on the Mediterranean. If chivalry was merely German, why was it called chivalry, which comes from the French for a horse? In short, the Teutons may very possibly have quickened Europe unconsciously with a clean and fresh physical stock, but they certainly did not consciously give it its new system and order; that came, as much as the old system and order, from Rome.

But there is a second and more serious defect in Carlyle's picture; and that is that, while he admired the Middle Ages and had great natural sympathy with religion, he happened to dislike, or rather not to understand, the religion of the Middle Ages. He preferred a religion of prophets, of inspired but irresponsible people suddenly appearing in a Babylonian city or a Scotch town and telling people, with great poetic force, that they were damned. Now it was a mark, and may have been a defect, of mediæval religion that it distrusted prophets. It preferred priests, because priests are not so arrogant. It disliked the man whose only message was himself; it always dreaded him as an egoist and sometimes lynched him as a heretic. Thus Carlyle vividly describes the dignity and decision of Anselm; yet he has not got the right Anselm, and if he had he would not like him. How utterly un-Carlylian is the image of a man really weeping with a sense of unworthiness when called to a high post, actually having the crozier forced into his hand and the mitre thrust by violence on to his head. According to Carlyle's theory of morals, Anselm should have leaped forward crying, 'I am the able man; give me scope; the tools to him that can use

them.' There are two words that sum up the whole mediæval paradox, and Carlyle could never have made head or tail of them; and the words are '*Nolo episcopari*'.

It is true to say of Carlyle that his conception of the past was a vision, that is, a thing splendid and even inspired, but still personal and liable to error. But it must be added that Carlyle's view of the present was a vision too. To him Chelsea was a vision and Houndsditch was a vision; they had all the unnatural clearness of visions, but they also had some of the distortion. Certain things, indeed, he said with a startling thoroughness and exactitude for which we cannot too much thank him. For example, he perceived that poverty was very much more of a fact in the streets than it was a fact in the books of political science. Nothing is finer in the history of the fiercest satire than the passage in which Carlyle describes the typhus patient thrown out of the tenement, who was forced to prove her sisterhood with the other people by giving them all a fever. But he had also this quality of the highest visionary artist, that the things he had not seen at all he was quite wrong about; I mean the things he had not visualized either with the eye of the spirit or that of the body. He is always wrong, and even outrageously wrong, about anything in which he is not intensely interested. Thus he is splendidly picturesque and yet precise about the Normans and the great twelfth century expansion of Catholicism. But he is dreary, disingenuous, and even demonstrably wrong about the Spaniards and the great sixteenth century expansion of Catholicism. His good history of the first and his bad history of the second seem really to arise from nothing but the mere fact that he was glad of

the first incident and rather sorry for the last. He could only be the fine historian of his best work when his best passions or prejudices were engaged. He could only be accurate when he was excited.

About one thing he was heroically excited, and over that his great spirit is likely to preside for many a year to come; for it is certainly the task of our time. He is already the first prophet of the Socialists and the great voice against the social wrong. He has, indeed, almost all the qualities of the Socialists, their strenuousness, their steady protest, their single eye, also something of their Puritanism and their unconscious but instinctive dislike of democracy. Carlyle was the first who called in political inequality to remedy economic inequality, but he will not be the last. But when many reformers have been inspired by his lurid irony and fierce chiaroscuro of contrasts to attempt some solution of our social evil by sheer mastery and stroke of State, he will at least remain the greatest of them. He is a power eternally opposing certain social facts to certain necessary political fictions, and as such he will have honour for ever. It is amusing to recall his contempt for mere 'votes' and to wonder how he would have got on with the Suffragettes.

ABERCROMBIE'S POETICS—A REVIEW

FROM

'THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT'

ONE of the happiest signs of the vitality of the poetic art among us is a growing desire, felt not only by poets but by the public also, to understand the working of the miracle. Only a little while ago the whole technical side of poetry was considered esoteric, uninteresting, and impossibly abstruse. The poet, transcendent singer of a transcendent song, might be heard singing by such as cared to listen and knew where to find him; but a close study of his habits, the knowledge of why he sang and how he came to sing as he did, or to sing at all, was reserved for professorial or philosophic or, worse still, for æsthetic specialists. The atmosphere is now so much changed that we have begun rather to think of singing as the normal gift of every creature in the copse. We have schools where all the boys write verses; and not because poetry is forced upon them, as cricket and football sometimes have to be, but because they find it a natural and delightful exercise of their developing faculties of observation and reflection. We have even heard it argued by one of the pundits of the artistic world that every kind of artistic activity is really easy in itself: and that you and I, the painters, sculptors, musicians, poets in whom the promise of the future is enclosed, fail simply through want of confidence, through a kink in the mind, a com-

plex of inhibitions, a paralyzing hesitancy struck into us out of the timidity of our neighbours, an irrelevant impression that, all the easy things having been done, no further accomplishment is possible except to heroes.

There is a measure of truth in the argument which exaggeration cannot completely hide; whenever conditions favour its practical application, we ought assuredly to be ready with our sympathy. No doubt a community in which all the members painted pictures or composed music would seem, as we view things at present, likely to reduce artistic pleasure to an encumbrance; but there is no danger of such a community ever evolving here in England. We have no greater need than that the boundaries of artistic pleasure should be enlarged and more of our people admitted to immediate communion with the mysteries. There is no reason to hedge that high enclosure. If many of the difficulties of the approach to it have been invented by first-comers in the pride of their imperfect attainment, inherent difficulties remain which will suffice to make the company on the hill-top, however numerous, unexceptionably select.

There is a difference, of course, between such practice of the arts as does not look beyond the pleasure of the moment—the pleasure of artistic activity for its own sake—and that deeper, more deliberate, exercise of inspired faculties which issues in works delightful to all men for all time. No doubt, too, many versifiers of the day write, or sing, in a style choked or constrained by an inappropriate ambition. They are writing to be enjoyed memorably, when their only just aim should be to be enjoyed and forgotten—to be enjoyed, as Joachim said of a certain aspiring virtuoso, by their friends. And yet to suggest

that a wide practice of poetry by amateurs is harmful to poetry would be like lamenting the popularity of golf because it lowered the average standard of play. The larger the number of players and the larger the number of those who discern the crises of the game, the greater the zest among its exponents in eternity to play immortal strokes. And so with poetry: the more our girls and boys write verses, the better qualified will they be to know their own inadequacy, to feel the final aims of the art, and to discriminate between ephemeral and monumental achievement.

Criticism, like versification, is too often choked and formalized in its utterance by the preoccupation of critics with matters that are above them. The normal man can only write about the procedure of great poets so long as he is content to assume that those who do things greatly still do them intelligibly. But he is apt to regard greatness as its own law and, thinking the truths of an everyday experience like his own irrelevant to it, to lay on the high altar of the Muses some dogmatic tribute of derivative praise. Our criticism, therefore, stands to gain immeasurably by constant exercise in secondary discriminations, where the mind works freely and is unnumbed by awe. If we are to appreciate the developing qualities of Shakespeare's style, we must have learned to perceive why Charlotte Brontë, with all her gifts, is an inferior poetess to her sister Emily; if we are to see the difference between Emily and Charlotte Brontë, we must be alive to other more elementary distinctions among the minor poets of our day. As when true poetry is written there are no mystifications, so when it is truly judged there is no cant: in the one case as in the other a real thing is done, as simply as it can be, by a real

person, and mastery is only achieved by familiar practice.

Yet serious criticism is chiefly occupied, of course, in disseminating such delights as belong to the literature of all the ages and in simplifying the approach to them; and the chief difficulty both for competitors and for judges in the art of poetry is that the contest is not between contemporaries, but against all previous champions in the field. From generation to generation the game goes on, ending only when one or another people grows old and abdicates. Every player of mettle must grasp the position achieved, master the developing technique, and move forward. There are many pieces. It is a kind of living chess. King, queen, bishop, rook, and pawn have their known capacities, but the possibilities of combination are infinite and unpredictable. To achieve a move is always to solve a problem, and is an essentially creative act.

Briefly, literature which is to live must speak with the voice of an accumulated and conscious past to the living and changing present. The longer the history of any literature the more difficult this is, and yet the more necessary, if it is to continue living. Professor Garrod (in his recently published inaugural lecture) is right to warn us how strenuous is the endeavour demanded of those who would speak a living word in England to-day; right also, unquestionably, when he suggests that the practice of the poetic art cannot now be divorced from the theory, and that the poet of to-morrow (resembling in this so many of the poets of yesterday) must be able to give an account of his method and his purpose, must exercise conscious control over his expressive instrument. He will therefore welcome, as warmly as we do, such a work as that on which Mr. Lascelles

Abercrombie, the poet professor of the University of Leeds, is now engaged. For no one could accuse Mr. Abercrombie of underrating the difficulties either of the theory or the practice of his art. A certain feverish force, a fibrous and contorted muscularity, has always been evident in his own verses; as a critic, he relaxes in nothing the strenuous, stern concentration of his intellect, but climbs the tree of knowledge inch by inch with iron grip, and, as he goes, bends down its branches masterfully while he surveys the intricate veining of their leafage and plucks hard-won fruits. Indeed, he and his work might well suggest the image of a tree: one of those shining, sinuous, gnarled boles in the imaginative canvases of Albert Dürer, an apple bole, beset with hindrances because of the very sweetness of the gifts it brings, and so, painfully but beautifully, rising to its beneficent maturity.

Perhaps the chief attraction of Professor Abercrombie's critical method is the energy which both animates the whole and concentrates itself upon every detail. When he writes of prosody, he reminds us at the outset that a theory of prosody is necessarily part of a wider theory of poetry; when he expounds his theory of poetry, he refers us to another more general essay towards a theory of art. His desire to grasp the particular truth is intensified by his ambition to embrace at the same time its largest references; and yet his best work is to be seen in the exemplification and application of his principles: it is when he is treating of the concrete that he is most vivid and most convincing. In his Prosody the eager and all but violent intentness of his mind might almost be counted a fault, in that it sometimes causes

him to express secondary perceptions with an emphasis which may lead the inexperienced reader astray. We do not, however, propose to discuss his prosodic theory, since it coincides in outline with a theory which we have more than once sketched in these columns. We shall be content to congratulate him on the tolerance of his method, the width of his range, the delicacy and sharpness of his distinctions, and to say with what peculiar pleasure we have seen the relation of metre to rhythm expounded by a writer who is alive both to the virtues and to the limitations of musical analysis.

The scheme of his Theory of Poetry is laid out in an original and striking way. His object is to define poetry not as it ought to be but as it is—to distinguish and exhibit the common element in achieved poetical works. And all through his book he incites us to work with him towards an ultimate definition, which he holds in reserve: keeping our minds occupied with practical problems, showing what kinds of activity have been involved in the production of the poetry we know, and so gradually exhausting the possibilities of the material and closing in upon that evasive quarry, the essence of the whole. He begins with that first necessity, 'inspiration,' and shows by examples how various a thing poetical inspiration is, how little preoccupied with beauty. He then works out the processes by which inspiration embodies itself in a technique, and in two richly suggestive chapters explains the complementary functions of the meaning and music of words, arriving so at a final reintegration in his chapter on the Poetic World—that world of translated and enlarged experience of which only poetry holds the key—and at his definition of the nature of poetry itself as

'the expression of imaginative experience, valued simply as such and significant simply as such, in the communicable state given by language which employs every available and appropriate device'.

In this wider theorizing Mr. Abercrombie is still appreciably handicapped by his impulse to fasten upon truth as well as by that fond disposition of his to treasure elements of idiosyncrasy in his expression of it. The most valuable ideas about poetry are likely always to be expressed by writers who respect the sympathetic implications of their theme and are willing to leave something to the kindly intuition of their readers. If a man undertakes to cut the statue clean out of the rock, he is all but certain to introduce disfiguring and falsifying lines; and one such disfigurement confronts us among the first of Mr. Abercrombie's strokes, in the distinction which he lays down between inspiration and form, or, more precisely, in his way of placing and developing this distinction:

'This moment of imaginative experience which possesses our minds the instant the poem is finished possessed the poet's mind the instant the poem began. As soon as there flashed into complete single existence in his mind this many-coloured experience with all its complex passion, the poem which we know was *conceived*, as an inspiration.'

That is to say, we must assume for every poem a pre-existing wordless model which the poet's words communicate, the substance of poetry being an imaginative experience independent of verbal expression, and the technique and art of it the discovery of the best verbal equivalent. That there may be no question about his meaning, let us quote another and a more decisive passage:

'Now expression is a somewhat ambiguous word.

It means two quite different things in the two stages of poetic composition. . . . In the stage of conception, an inspiration *expresses* itself by the mere fact of being unmistakably and vividly *known*. As soon as the poet is perfectly aware of his own experience, then, as far as he is concerned, expression is complete: so now begins the stage of technique, the stage in which something which does not exist as language . . . has to translate itself into an existence alien to its first nature.'

The distinction is intelligible and valuable; but there is an inappropriate rigidity, an appreciable distortion, in the account of it. The first symptom of distortion appears, perhaps, in the double use of the word 'expression'. It is not natural to use the word of states of mind which do not imply the use of an expressive medium; and, using it so, we easily evade or overlook a difficulty which else would be apparent: the difficulty of vividly and unmistakably knowing what is formless. However, we must not insist too much on a matter of a word; our essential difference with Mr. Abercrombie comes of the belief that language enters into poetical composition much earlier and has an altogether more intimate bearing on the final result than he can allow. The sonnet from which he argues his case,

> Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,

is well calculated to bring out his error. For the experience underlying it is one of the commonplaces of poetry, Shakespeare himself having put a similar inspiration into a dozen different forms:

> Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,

and so on. The virtue of poetry like this—poetry admittedly of the greatest—resides, we should have

thought, essentially in the verbal expression. At one moment we are told that our minutes 'hasten to their end'; at the next that 'nativity crawls to maturity': from line to line there is woven for us a web of interlacing imagery so intricate and so subtle that no human mind could construct or retain it otherwise than in the material which gives it substance. The poet's experience cannot be conceived as something other than his words and independent of them; so far as it was a poetical experience, it began with the words which are its being. A poet is not a man of two gifts, a gift for experience and a gift for translating experience into words: he is a man for whom words are in a peculiar degree evocative of experience and experience of words, a man whose nature it is to realize his own experience and enter into it verbally. No many-coloured complex passion existed in Shakespeare's mind in platonic and undifferentiated perfection before he wrote; the passion put on complexity and colour as successive phrases took shape and line called to line for the responsive image and cadence. The sonnet was made known to its author as he composed it.

Mr. Abercrombie pursues, we believe, the same misapprehension when, in his admirable account of the function of words and of the source of their poetic power, he insists, without any qualification, on what he calls their symbolism. All language is, of course, fundamentally symbolic — words are conventional signs; and yet, interfused in the symbolic scheme, there runs a strong tincture of native emotional imitation, an element which poetry develops and exploits to the full. Its influence is intuitive and vital, and both postulates and illuminates that identity of poetical experience and expression which Mr. Abercrombie's theory

over-rides. He does not, of course, deny the existence of these imitative and emotional influences, but calls them symbolic like the rest.

On a final consideration, Mr. Abercrombie's book strikes us as signally evocative of thought. Every page of it is an athletic exercise which the student is expected to repeat. It compels him to grapple with the essential problems and is to be valued less for its conclusions than for its processes, less for its judgments than for its constructive effort and example. We wish very much that he had not begun with a scornful gesture for Matthew Arnold, that great critic from whom so many of us resolutely differ, until, some dawn of day, our eyes open and we discover that we have been wrong and he is right. The objection, of course, is to the famous dictum that poetry is 'a criticism of life'. Mr. Garrod, we are happy to see, refers to it as a truism, needing no defence; that, no doubt, is why it is so frequently attacked. For criticism, as we saw, like poetry, is organic with the past, and can live only as it grows and outreaches it. The labour increases as more truth is known; and so the critic tends to become restive and to lay a desecrating hand on truths which in their scope impede and in their security rebuke him. The free-lances of literature live largely by what they destroy, by what we call their originality; but it hardly suits a professor's dignity to countenance, still less to emulate, their depredations. At the long summit of his philosophic climb Mr. Abercrombie attains an altitude which brings him very close indeed to Matthew Arnold's easy, soaring vision. It is the province of poetry, he has been suggesting, to fulfil our ultimate spiritual desires: our desire to enter 'a world into which nothing, not even evil itself, can come except in the interests

of the whole, as a tone necessary for the establishment of the fullest harmony':

'Our best efforts are directed to the realization of this world—of the world which admits of no exception to its order, the world of perfectly coherent and indestructible relationship. We never can succeed in realizing it; but we can completely achieve an ideal version of it. Every poem is an ideal version of the world we most profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form. In poetry we inhabit a world in which nothing irrelevant is known, but all is perfect order and secure coherence.'

We have condensed the passage and omitted some phrases in which Professor Abercrombie again glances disparagingly at a supposed interference of the moral judgment. But what does he achieve here? Nothing, it seems to us, but a partial reconstruction, in the difficult and technical language of æsthetics, of Matthew Arnold's clearer and fuller judgment, a judgment more satisfying than his, because it quietly assumes an ultimate enclosing identity of life and poetry, and recognizes in the poetic imagination a faculty charged with magnetic attraction for reality and truth. The primary realities of life are growth, continuance, duration, the present proceeding out of the past; poetry is the only art which is qualified to take primary cognizance of these primary realities. The essential theme of poetry is the moral order, the principle of endurance in spiritual things; and whatever be the æsthetic or intellectual apparatus with which it operates on its material and is communicated or received, the material itself being moral, the spirit in which it is treated and apprehended must be a moral spirit.

ENGLISH PROSE—A REVIEW

FROM

'THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT'

THE truth that it seems necessary to affirm is quite simply that prose is an art—a particular form of the art of writing. It may be that there is only one form of the art of writing, and that the qualities which make for style appear indiscriminately in prose and verse. This was the opinion of Remy de Gourmont, and is the critical justification of those recent forms of writing which wilfully discard any structural distinctions between prose and verse. As for this particular question (which is not really irrelevant to our present inquiry, for we have to decide whether certain intermediate types—prose-poems, 'purple patches,' and ornate mannered prose generally—have a place in our ideal anthology) another French critic, M. Albert Thibaudet, has made a useful distinction (in his *Vie de Barrès*), which is subtle enough to characterize whatever subtle difference there may be in the essential forms of prose and verse. 'In prose each phrase creates for itself the law of its rhythm, whilst in verse each phrase creates for itself a personal reason for submitting to a law which already existed.' The validity of the distinction depends on our acceptance of the existing law, or rather, as in the organization of society, on the consonance of that law with our intellectual development—its general capacity for adapting itself to new forms of sensibility and intelligence.

The art of writing, whether in prose or in verse,

depended, in de Gourmont's opinion, on a rare union of visual and emotive memory:

'*Si, à la memoire visuelle, l'écrivain joint la mêmoire emotive, s'il a le pouvoir, en évoquant un spectacle matériel, de se replacer exactement dans l'état émotionnel qui suscita en lui ce spectacle, il possède, même ignorant, tout l'art d'écrire.*'

This is to say that in the creative act of writing there are two elements—the visual image and the emotions associated with this image. The good writer — the artist, if you like — sees the image clearly, and is driven by the mere emotive charge of the image to find for it a fit mating of words. The image is there, stark, visible and real; to find the right words, and only the right words, to body forth that image, becomes in the writer an actual passion. The image evokes the words; or if it fails, if to the visual memory there comes no corresponding emotive or expressive memory, then there is no art. A good writer must then be silent; and only the bad writer will accept the approximate expression—the first expression that comes into his head, which is usually a stale expression, for it is ever so much easier to remember phrases than to evoke words. These memorable phrases press invitingly round the would-be writer; they are the current coin and counters of verbal intercourse; and to refuse them, and to deal only in freshly minted coin, is possible only to a few autocrats. But these are the rulers of literature, the creators of style; and they only should find a place in an anthology of the best prose.

It would perhaps be as well, before we proceed further, to analyze these differences in selected examples. We will take, in the first instance, a passage from the *Oxford Book*; it is a passage from a modern writer, and here we suspect that

the anthologist, not being able to resort to the unanimity of time, has too readily accepted the fashionable opinions of his own age:

'When, two days previously, the news of the approaching end had been made public, astonished grief had swept over the country.. It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought. She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking—to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion. Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts, too. Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years to older and ever older memories. . . .'

This is not an altogether bad piece of prose: it is not sufficiently bad to avert the reader. It has, indeed, attracted a great many. But contrast the passage with the following, from the work of a contemporaneous author not represented in this anthology:

'The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razor-shells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand

dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; further away chalk-scrawled back-doors and on the higher beach a drying line with two crucified shirts.'

There is evidently a great difference between these two passages, which is not the difference between two kinds of goodness but between one quality and its opposite. The first causes us the less surprise: we are scarcely conscious of the kind of prose we are reading—apart from a certain ironic affectation; but we are, as a matter of fact, reading a prose densely packed with images and analogies, none of which we actually visualize. 'Approaching end', 'astonished grief', 'grief sweeping over the country', 'monstrous reversal', 'the course of nature', 'to take place', 'vast majority', 'an indissoluble part', 'the scheme of things', 'a scarcely possible thought', 'divested of all thinking', 'to glide into oblivion', 'the secret chambers', 'fading mind', 'the shadows of the past', 'to float before (her mind)', 'the vanished visions', 'through the cloud of years'—here in eighteen lines are eighteen images or analogies, not one of which is original, not one of which is freshly felt or sincerely evoked, and consequently not one of which evokes in the mind of the reader the definite image it actually portends. Now examine the second passage: there is not a single phrase which does not evoke—which does not force the mind to evoke—the image it expresses. Art, after all, is a question of effect; and does anyone give a second thought to the death of Queen Victoria as our author has described it? But merely to read of Stephen Dedalus walking on the beach is to have come into contact with the vibrating reflex of an actual experience.

There are two kinds of prose; they are, we think, the only two possible kinds of prose, and one is good prose, the other bad prose. We do not pretend that the solidity of what we are calling good prose is always possible to sustain, or, indeed, necessary to sustain. We must admit a prose of expediency; counters are legitimate as tokens of exchange when what we want is not truth, or beauty, but the vague generalizations that suffice us for the ordinary business of life. But the prose of expediency is not the prose of art; and even exact utilitarian or scientific prose is only good prose to the degree in which it is salted with vital imagery and an emotional content.

The unit of good prose is either the image or the idiom. Good prose is a mosaic of these units arranged with some regard for rhythm, which is a physical quality, ensuring ease. The image is the closest verbal counterpart of the thing seen: a clean word, fitting closely like a glove, a word with no ragged edges of vagueness or indecision. Such words are placed in some illuminating relationship one with another: they may be in simple metaphorical juxtaposition, as in 'razorshells', or in more deliberate, analogical forms, as in 'crucified shirts'. In both these examples, however, there is an effect of compression which perhaps complicates the issue. Good prose in a more normal form is more direct, less metaphorical, and depends not so much on new analogies as on stark visualization. The image is evoked by the bare relation. And it is this kind of prose that is most permanent in its appeal, since it involves almost no element of fancy and therefore no element of fashion. The following description of the murder of Thomas à Beckett, from Caxton's edition of the *Golden Legend*, does not contain a single metaphor:

'Then one of the knights smote him, as he kneeled before the altar, on the head. And one Sir Edward Grim, that was his crossier, put forth his arm with the cross to bear off the stroke, and the stroke smote the cross asunder and his arm almost off, wherefore he fled for fear, and so did all the monks, that were that time at compline. And then smote each at him, that they smote off a great piece of the skull of his head, that his brain fell on the pavement. And so they slew and martyred him, and were so cruel that one of them brake the point of his sword against the pavement. And thus this holy and blessed Archbishop S. Thomas suffered death in his own church for the right of all holy church. And when he was dead they stirred his brain, and after went into his chamber and took away his goods, and his horse out of his stable, and took away his bulls and his writings, and delivered them to Sir Robert Broke, to bear into France to the king. And as they searched his chamber they found in his chest two shirts of hair made full of great knots, and then they said: 'Certainly he was a good man;' and coming down into the churchyard they began to dread and fear that the ground would not have borne them, and were marvellously aghast, but they supposed that the earth would have swallowed them all quick. And then they knew that they had done amiss. And anon it was known all about, how that he was martyred, and anon after they took his holy body, and unclothed him, and found bishop's clothing above, and the habit of a monk under. And next his flesh he wore hard hair, full of knots, which was his shirt. And his breech was of the same, and the knots sticked fast within the skin, and all his body full of worms; he suffered great pain.'

It may possibly be objected that such prose is too violent: that it gets its effect by the uninspired record of crude horror. It is more likely that our sense of horror, if it actually exists, is the qualm of a too acute sensibility. This was certainly not a violent prose for the fifteenth century. And apart from the question of a different sensibility, is there really any difference of technique, of art, in so typically modern a passage as this?:

'Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs. Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Everyone looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose?'

Images are the rudiments of a literary art, but, as these passages show, there is another element. An aggregation of fresh images would not of itself

constitute a prose style; it would be a rocky, glittering, material, too graceless and uneven for the mind's absorption. This other quality which is added to the moments of imagery has for its unit the idiom. An idiom is literally a way of expression peculiar to a person or a language. But we sometimes talk of the *genius* of a language, so possibly the word 'idiom' might be reserved for the more restricted aspect of the question. An idiom then becomes the unit of style; it is the outcome of those hereditary and environmental influences which determine in any man his individual predilections and fancies. It is an index to his personality. As the events were received into each individual mould of sensibility, so the cast of those events which we evoke in writing emerges with all the sutures of this mould. Idiom is the sum of those influences which determine, not only our choice of words, but also their arrangement in a personally appealing rhythm. It is the expression in words of what Remy de Gourmont called the emotive memory; it is the element which, joined to a visual memory, determines style.

But the invention, or rather the evolution, of an idiom operates in two ways; it is either personal, a part of the individual and adapted to his sense of things: or it is the idiom of a tradition. In the latter case the individual almost suppresses his personality and submits to a common rule. We can apply to these two kinds of idiom a distinction similar to that made by M. Thibaudet between prose and verse: the personal idiom is its own law and exists for its own sake; the impersonal idiom seeks to identify itself with the general idiom of contemporary speech. Sir Thomas Browne is a typical example of the creator of personal idiom, as, among modern writers, is Henry James. Defoe

and W. H. Hudson serve as examples of the acceptance of a common standard. It is tempting at first to imagine that the two types of idiom react on one another: that the slowly evolving consensus of national idiom is accelerated or inspired by the outstanding accents of a great personal idiom; and that a personal idiom is but a variation on the characteristic excellences of the national idiom. But, in fact, the eccentrics seem to mount their lonely towers without to any sensible extent deflecting the common trend. The truth is, perhaps, that only a weak-minded or characterless writer would condescend to imitate, or even to be influenced by, anything so little his own as the personal idiom of another writer. And fame has a very summary fashion of dispensing with such reflected graces. But to adopt a common discipline is a different affair, especially since the discipline is not to be learnt by any mechanical paces but must be in the nature of an intuition into the essence of things.

Before passing on to consider the essence of our native idiom it would be well to make one qualification: the assumption of a discipline need not, and perhaps must not, destroy the capacity for a private or licensed style. In the best writers we may look with confidence for both; and it would be a sorry critic who sacrificed *The Journal to Stella* for the sake of his categories. But there is no need; and the good sense that a writer shows in his perfected style is generally evidence of the humanity that we shall find in his journal or letters. As a basis, in every genuine writer, there is his intimate talk or self-communion; it is merely a question of psychological disposition whether you seek a direct aggrandizement of that intimacy by an exaggerated exposure of it in writing, or whether you shrink

from that personal exposure and manifest your impulse to expression in the accepted terms of your own age.

With the definition of image and idiom we have not quite completed the analysis of good prose; there is another element which we must call *ordonnance*. Idiom has given us a unity, but it is the unity of a material. To complete the process of perfect writing there must also be structure. Structure, it would seem, is the product of logical thought, whether exercised in argument or in narrative. It implies progression; and good prose is never for long or consistently good without this element of progress. Good prose must have a pace: it must step like a well-bred horse: each word must strike with clean precision and must advance with a continuous rhythm. It is this principle that brings in doubt the stray purple passage, the disjointed prose poem, and the excerpt generally. These can have all the qualities of good imagery and good idiom, but without *ordonnance* they are ruins rather than buildings, and a prose anthology can only be justified with this limitation in mind.

Image, idiom, *ordonnance* — is that all? Not quite. 'Images, however faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become proofs of original genius only so far as they are modified by a predominant passion, or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion.' These words of Coleridge's strike to a deeper reality than any we have so far considered; and to them we might add these equally significant words of Henry James's:

'There is one point at which the moral sense and the artistic sense lie very near together; that is in the light of the very obvious truth that the deepest

quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer.'

In great prose, as in great poetry, a fine sensibility is not enough. The quality of a mind, its predominating passion, is often difficult enough to define. Who would venture confidently to define Swift's, or Newman's, or Emily Brontë's? Yet these are among the greatest masters of our prose, and among those most evidently dominated by a great passion. But among their more discernible qualities—it is also a passion—is one we describe as English: 'A sense of wonderful history written silently in books and buildings, all persuading that we are heirs of more spiritual wealth than, may be, we have surmised or hitherto begun to divine.' So this 'subdued and hallowed emotion' is designated by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; and in default of a critical intention, this is the sanction he has sought for his labours as an anthologist. It would have been a graceful amend, at the conclusion of this review, to have acknowledged his success in this venture; but we are too conscious of a quality in the true tradition of English life and literature to be sure of its presence in this anthology. There is a spirit that runs though all our great writers, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, from Jonson to Swift, from Sterne to . . . we do not know whether it will yet revive. But it is a spirit antithetical to the spirit so fully represented by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, which is the spirit of Puritanism and Quietism, of subjective joys and passive aspirations. There is, over against this spirit, sometimes woven in with it, but essentially a part of our national heritage, the spirit of open candour and of active enjoyment, the life of deeds and of zest in the sensuous quality of our flesh. Not the dreamy sensuousness of the south, but the gross *gaillardise* of

the north. It might be objected that in its gross state this is not fit matter for literature, though Sir John Falstaff and the Wife of Bath are there to disprove it. But this spirit can be elevated into wit and gaiety; and though we must admit that Sir Arthur has given us a fair specimen of Sterne, we are left aghast at the total omission of Congreve—in whom not only does this spirit attain its highest sublimation, but in whom the English tongue attains its greatest levity of diction and fine force of aptitude. Other writers, Dryden and Berkeley, Swift and Landor, support the tradition of our national prose; only Congreve and Sterne can be said to adorn it.

CAIRO TO SUEZ

FROM

'EOTHEN'

By A. W. Kinglake

The 'dromedary', of Egypt and Syria, is not the two-humped animal described by that name in books of natural history, but is, in fact, of the same family as the camel, standing towards his more clumsy fellow-slave in about the same relation as a racer to a cart-horse. The fleetness and endurance of this creature are extraordinary. It is not usual to force him into a gallop, and I fancy, from his make, that it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that pace for any length of time; but the animal is on so large a scale, that the jog-trot at which he is generally ridden implies a progress of perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour, and this pace, it is said, he can keep up incessantly, without food, or water, or rest, for three whole days and nights.

Of the two dromedaries which I had obtained for this journey I mounted one myself, and put Dthemetri on the other. My plan was to ride on with Dthemetri to Suez as rapidly as the fleetness of the beasts would allow, and to let Mysseri (then still remaining weak from the effects of his late illness) come quietly on with the camels and baggage.

The trot of the dromedary is a pace terribly disagreeable to the rider, until he becomes a little accustomed to it; but after the first half-hour

I so far schooled myself to this new exercise that I felt capable of keeping it up (though not without aching limbs) for several hours together. Now, therefore, I was anxious to dart forward and annihilate at once the whole space that divided me from the Red Sea. Dthemetri, however, could not get on at all: every attempt at trotting seemed to threaten the utter dislocation of his whole frame, and indeed I doubt whether any one of Dthemetri's age (nearly forty, I think) and unaccustomed to such exercise could have borne it at all easily; besides, the dromedary which fell to his lot was evidently a very bad one; he every now and then came to a dead stop, and coolly knelt down as though suggesting that the rider had better get off at once, and abandon the experiment as one that was utterly hopeless.

When for the third or fourth time I saw Dthemetri thus planted, I lost my patience and went on without him. For about two hours I think I advanced without once looking behind me. I then paused and cast my eyes back to the western horizon. There was no sign of Dthemetri, nor of any other living creature. This I expected, for I knew that I must have far out-distanced all my followers. I had ridden away from my party merely by way of humouring my impatience, and with the intention of stopping as soon as I felt tired, until I was overtaken. I now observed, however (this I had not been able to do whilst advancing so rapidly), that the track which I had been following was seemingly the track of only one or two camels. I did not fear that I had diverged very largely from the true route, but still I could not feel any reasonable certainty that my party would follow any line of march within sight of me.

I had to consider, therefore, whether I should

remain where I was upon the chance of seeing my people come up, or whether I should push on alone, and find my own way to Suez. I had now learned that I could not rely upon the continued guidance of any track, but I knew that (if maps were right) the point for which I was bound bore just due east of Cairo, and I thought that, although I might miss the line leading most directly to Suez, I could not well fail to find my way sooner or later to the Red Sea. The worst of it was that I had no provision of food or water with me, and already I was beginning to feel thirst. I deliberated for a minute, and then determined that I would abandon all hope of seeing my party again in the desert and would push forward as rapidly as possible towards Suez.

It was not without a sensation of awe that I swept with my sight the vacant round of the horizon, and remembered that I was all alone, and unprovisioned in the midst of the arid waste; but this very awe gave tone and zest to the exultation with which I felt myself launched. Hitherto in all my wanderings I had been under the care of other people—sailors, Tartars, guides and dragomen had watched over my welfare; but now, at last, I was here in this African desert and I *myself, and no other, had charge of my life.* I liked the office well; I had the greatest part of the day before me, a very fair dromedary, a fur pelisse, and a brace of pistols, but no bread, and, worst of all, no water; for that I must ride—and ride I did.

For several hours I urged forward my beast at a rapid, though steady pace, but at length the pangs of thirst began to torment me. I did not relax my pace, however, and I had not suffered long, when a moving object appeared in the distance before me. The intervening space was soon traversed,

and I found myself approaching a Bedouin Arab, mounted on a camel, attended by another Bedouin on foot. They stopped. I saw that there hung from the pack saddle of the camel one of the large skin water flasks commonly carried in the desert, and it seemed to be well filled. I steered my dromedary close up alongside of the mounted Bedouin, caused my beast to kneel down, then alighted, and, keeping the end of the halter in my hand, went up to the mounted Bedouin without speaking, took hold of his water flask, opened it and drank long and deep from its leathern lips. Both of the Bedouins stood fast in amazement, and mute horror; and really if they had never happened to see a European before, the apparition was enough to startle them. To see for the first time a coat and a waistcoat with the semblance of a white human face at the top, and for this ghastly figure to come swiftly out of the horizon, upon a fleet dromedary—approach them silently, and with a demoniacal smile, and drink a deep draught from their water flask—this was enough to make the Bedouins stare a little; they, in fact, stared a great deal—not as Europeans stare with a restless and puzzled expression of countenance, but with features all fixed and rigid, and with still, glassy eyes. Before they had time to get decomposed from their state of petrifaction I had remounted my dromedary, and was darting away towards the east.

Without pause or remission of pace I continued to press forward, but after a while, I found to my confusion, that the slight track which had hitherto guided me, now failed altogether. I began to fear that I must have been all along following the course of some wandering Bedouins, and I felt that if this were the case, my fate was a little uncertain.

I had no compass with me, but I determined upon the eastern point of the horizon as accurately as I could, by reference to the sun, and so laid down for myself a way over the pathless sands.

But now my poor dromedary, by whose life and strength I held my own, she began to show signs of distress; a thick, clammy and glutinous kind of foam gathered about her lips, and piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones of human misery. I doubted, for a moment, whether I would give her a little rest or relaxation of pace, but I decided that I would not, and continued to push forward as steadily as before.

The character of the country became changed; I had ridden away from the level tracts, and before me now, and on either side, there were vast hills of sand and calcined rocks that interrupted my progress, and baffled my doubtful road, but I did my best. With rapid steps I swept round the base of the hills, threaded the winding hollows, and at last, as I rose in my swift course to the crest of a lofty ridge, Thalatta! Thalatta! the sea—the sea was before me!

It has been given me to know the true pith, and to feel the power of ancient pagan creeds, and so (distinctly from all mere admiration of the beauty belonging to Nature's works) I acknowledge a sense of mystical reverence when first I approached some illustrious feature of the globe—some coast line of ocean—some mighty river or dreary mountain range, the ancient barrier of kingdoms. But the Red Sea! It might well claim my earnest gaze by force of the great Jewish migration which connects it with the history of our own religion. From this very ridge, it is likely enough, the panting Israelites first saw that shining inlet of the sea:—Ay! ay! but moreover, and best of all, that

beckoning sea assured my eyes, and proved how well I had marked out the east for my path, and gave me good promise that sooner or later the time would come for me to drink of water cool and plenteous, and then lie down and rest. It was distant, the sea, but I felt my own strength, and I had heard of the strength of dromedaries. I pushed forward as eagerly as though I had spoiled the Egyptians, and were flying from Pharaoh's police.

I had not yet been able to see any mark of distant Suez, but after a while I descried, far away in the east, a large, blank, isolated building. I made towards this, and in time got down to it. The building was a fort, and had been built there for the protection of a well contained within its precincts. A cluster of small huts adhered to the fort, and in a short time I was receiving the hospitality of the inhabitants, a score or so of people who sat grouped upon the sands near their hamlet. To quench the fires of my throat with about a gallon of muddy water, and to swallow a little of the food placed before me, was the work of a few minutes, and before the astonishment of my hosts had even begun to subside, I was pursuing my onward jurney. Suez I found was still three hours' distant, and the sun going down in the west warned me that I must find some other guide to keep me straight. This guide I found in the most fickle and uncertain of the elements. For some hours the wind had been freshening, and it now blew a violent gale; it blew—not fitfully and in squalls—but with such steadiness that I felt convinced it would blow from the same quarter for several hours; so when the sun set, I carefully looked for the point whence the wind came, and found that it blew from the very west — blew exactly in the direction of my route. I had nothing

to do, therefore, but to go straight to leeward, and this I found easy enough, for the gale was blowing so hard, that, if I diverged at all from my course, I instantly felt the pressure of the blast on the side towards which I had deviated. Very soon after sunset there came on complete darkness, but the strong wind guided me well, and sped me too on my way.

I had pushed on for about, I think, a couple of hours after nightfall, when I saw the glimmer of a light in the distance, and this I ventured to hope must be Suez. Upon approaching it, however, I found that it was only a solitary fort, and this I passed by without stopping.

On I went, still riding down the wind, but at last an unlucky misfortune befell me—a misfortune so absurd that, if you like, you shall have your laugh against me. I have told you already what sort of lodging it is that you have upon the back of a camel. You ride the dromedary in the same fashion; you are perched, rather than seated, on a bunch of carpets or quilts upon the summit of the hump. It happened that my dromedary veered rather suddenly from her onward course. Meeting the movement, I mechanically turned my left wrist as though I were holding a bridle rein, for the complete darkness prevented my eyes from reminding me that I had nothing but a halter in my hand. The expected resistance failed, for the halter was hanging upon that side of the dromedary's neck towards which I was slightly leaning; I toppled over, head foremost, and then went falling through air till my crown came whang against the ground. And the ground, too, was perfectly hard (compacted sand), but my thickly wadded head-gear (this I wore for protection against the sun) now stood me in good part, and

saved my life. The notion of my being able to get up again, after falling head foremost from such an immense height, seemed to me at first too paradoxical to be acted upon, but I soon found that I was not a bit hurt. My dromedary had utterly vanished; I looked round me, and saw the glimmer of a light in the fort which I had lately passed, and I began to work my way back in that direction. The violence of the gale made it hard for me to force my way towards the west, but I succeeded at last in regaining the fort. To this, as to the other fort which I had passed, there was attached a cluster of huts, and I soon found myself surrounded by a group of villainous, gloomy-looking fellows. It was sorry work for me to swagger and look big at a time when I felt so particularly small on account of my tumble and my lost dromedary, but there was no help for it; I had no Dthemetri now to 'strike terror' for me. I knew hardly one word of Arabic, but somehow or other I contrived to announce it as my absolute will and pleasure that these fellows should find me the means of gaining Suez. They acceded, and having a donkey, they saddled it for me, and appointed one of their number to attend me on foot.

I afterwards found that these fellows were not Arabs, but Alegerine refugees, and that they bore the character of being sad scoundrels. They justified this imputation to some extent on the following day. They allowed Mysseri with my baggage and the camels to pass unmolested, but an Arab lad belonging to the party happened to lag a little way in the rear, and him (if they were not maligned) these rascals stripped and robbed. Low indeed is the state of bandit morality, when men will allow the sleek traveller with well-laden camels to pass

in quiet, reserving their spirit of enterprise for the tattered turban of a miserable boy.

I reached Suez at last. The British Agent, though roused from his midnight sleep, received me in his home with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Heaven! how delightful it was to lie on fair sheets, and to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more, for the sake of sleeping again!

THE BEDUINS

FROM

'ARABIA DESERTA'

By C. M. Doughty

It is an art to examine the Beduins of these countries; pains which I took the more willingly, that my passing life might add somewhat of lasting worth to the European geography. Of the Peninsula of the Arabs, large nearly as India, we have been in ignorance more than of any considerable country in the world which remains to be visited. There are difficulties in these enquiries; the rudeness of the common sort of minds, and the few sheykhly men who are of a better understanding, dwelling all the days of their destitute lives in the tent shadows, are those that have least topical knowledge. The short levity of the most will glance from your question, they think thy asking vain, and they think thee fond. You shall have also their wily crooked answers, yielded with little willingness by these free-born wretches, jealous of their wandering grounds and waters. Their sober men who would say their meaning truly, are unreclaimed minds, that were never chastened by any feeling after knowledge; they can hardly keep one measure of length and breadth. Such will tell thee sooth—as they would not falsify landmarks—within their own dîras; but commonly the land which lies beyond is not much in their knowledge. I have sometimes wondered to see among

persons of worth how divided might be their opinions of the next dîras; and many an honest man failing of his matter and still willing to please thee will tell thee in the end a fable. Before my going into Arabia I lived some months with the nomads of Sinai and beyond Jordan, and found these slipping places in the magnanimous voices of the desert: other years I passed in households of the mixed Semitic people of Syria, and at my setting out from Damascus I had learned nearly the bent of their bows. Being with the Arab, I listened gladly to the telling of honest men, which were of my fellowship and acquaintance. Many times, in discoursing with all kinds of persons, I drew from them unaffected answers, and of some chance word might perceive further landmarks. I noted the responses of strangers, and required them again of my friends; I examined again the same persons, and conferring the answers of several, found where firm ground lay, and commonly rejecting that which I could not see confirmed, I have shunned, to my possibility, to build in unprofitable manner.

Motlog, sheykh of the Fejir, a wary man in the policy of his tribe, was unready in land knowledge: one day as I was asking a tribesman in his tent, who had forayed in those parts, of the great W.el-Iss, he asked further for himself: 'Let me see, how lies the W. Iss from el-Hejr?' We may take this for an example of the homely ignorance of the sheykhs and nomad people, in anything which not nearly concerns them. The great old valley, not far off, was in hostile land of the Jeheyna, from whom they live divided by mountains. I suppose there is hardly any tribesman who could tell us as much as that which I have compiled in the chart published in this book, even of

the desert land between Tebûk and Kheybar. The nomads, whose lean lives are of the showers, are curious observers of all the lying of the land; there is no ragged wretch amongst them that cannot answer thee everywhere in their marches, whither the drops run down of the Lord's blessing of rain.

The 15th of June we were come nigh the highest of the Harra platform, five miles north of Anâz, where the barometer showed 6,800 feet above the sea-level, but even here was a midday 'clear heat', which beat scalding upon the worsted booths. Hamdy's long beyt was overblown by a flaw of wind at midnight. That short summer night we passed very unquietly; for besides, the camels strayed, and we thought we heard strange voices in the Harra: then Rubba, the sick herdsman, as it drew towards morning, with some little freshing of the air, awakened in a new anguish, and groaned so loud and long that his brethren thought him dying. I heard him making his moan as another psalmister, *ya Rubby! ana ajist min hâl-y, waent tekûbbny*, 'I am weary of my being, O Lord, and thou dost cast me off!' Then he lamented sore, as if he were bewailing his own funeral. I called to him to hold his peace, if he might, and let us now take some rest, for the barking dogs had kept us watching. Upon this, his brother began to sing outrageously. When on the morrow I blamed him, he said that Rubba losing heat, had believed him at the point of death. 'And why sang ye so lustily?' 'Well, I see,' said he, 'thou dost not know our custom, to sing the death away.'

At sunrise the Arab removed; as we passed nearer Anâz, I saw the crest as a comb of ragged lavas. Now I had viewed the mountain upon three sides about, and everywhere it is a perfect comb.

That stack of volcanic powder seemed to me as much or more than the hill of Vesuvius above the observatory. From the highest of the Harra platform, there is a wonderful spectacle over a lower volcanic country, whither we now descended by the crater-hillsides and sharp shelves of lavas. The under Harra is a lower volcanic terrace: there again the ruddy sand-rocks come to sight, from under the spent lava streams, and are thinly scattered with loose lava crusts. In this horrid region we encamped, 1,500 feet beneath our last menzil: the Arab sought a pool, *Abu Thain*; and there, finding water, they would rest a few days. Then, all the pool-waters wasted, they must finally forsake the Harra height and go down to drink in the Tehama; or to the plain of Medáin Sâlih.

Here Tollog would have me show him my quaint things of the Nasâra; one of these afternoons, though heavy with age, he walked over alone, to visit me. Gazing through my double telescope, 'Lord!' he exclaimed, '*Salema's* hejra, there in the end of the menzil, seems to me to stand even with this next beyt!' Then looking through them reversed, when he saw all things vanished to an infinite distance, he went on musing to himself under his breath, '*Shuf*, look, Tollog!' Whilst he handled my medicine book, turning over leaves to see the pictures, with the rude fingers of one who knows no letters, I said, 'Shall I write thy name?—see here! TOLLOG.' 'Khalil,' said he, shrinking with a sudden apprehension, 'I do pray thee write not my name!' Seeing him so out of countenance, I rent the paper in little pieces and buried them under the Harra stones, which made him easy again.

The old sheykh fell sick soon after; and then there came no loving wife to call the hakîm—

such are hardly found where a man may have many, and they are so transitory—but his aged sister, weeping. Tollog lay under an awning, which his hareem had spread for him between tall broom bushes of the seyl-strand, *es-shaeb*: yesterday he had drunk a bowl of mereesy, heated, and was much oppressed. I gave him drops of croton oil, and a draught in the evening; the day after he was himself again, and sitting in the mejlis he boasted of Khalil's effectual remedy. Upon this there came to me all their people, 'to be purged like Tollog;' and they think they may be helped by nothing so much, in most their diseases; also the medicine was wonderfully pleasant to them, because they received it (sweetness and fatness together) upon a morsel of sugar, and for this benefit the housewives brought me handfuls of rice and mereesy. As for Tollog, he was a fatherly man, and at all times very good to me; when any guest-supper was in his sheykhly tent, he sent to the stranger the portion of the thaif-Ullah; and the most householders did the like, when they had any sacrifice.

These few hill-men, not forsaking the old hospitality, are, we have seen, commended by the tribes: yet there was a strange tale told at this time in their tents. 'A certain Belûwy or Bíllî tribesman was going over the Harra; and, at the sun setting, where he halted to pass the night, a strange camel appeared to him, standing over him, and the camel uttered a manner of human speech, "These murrains and the great drought they come oftener upon you, and the locusts, not as before time, but now year by year, and ye wot not wherefore:—wherefore go the Beduw back from the custom of the fathers? ye suffer the wayfaring man to pass by your byût, and the hungry

man goes from you empty!"' The Arabs spoke of the phantom by twos and threes in their tents and in the mejlis, and this was now a tale current in all the country. Some asked me—a book-man—'how I looked upon it?' all the people knew him who had seen the phasm to be 'a good understanding man'.

Secure in a nearly impervious dîra the Moahib are sheep keepers as well as camel Beduins, and though the greatest of their mixed flocks was less than a hundred head. The sheep of the nomads are not all of one kind in Arabia; there is the great upland sheep of Nejd, and a small kind (such as our Welsh mutton) in the border country above Mecca. In the great sheep is a gaunt bony frame, the face is aquiline, the fleece is rough and hairy; the flesh is lean and woody—but that meat is yet warm with the life which they cast into their nomad pot. The Harra is good covert for wolves, which all these moonless nights troubled our menzils. The long-coat and great-tailed Bîllî dogs after sunset, when the day grew dark, rose and swaggered forth of themselves, beyond the firelight. The canine guards ruffle it up and down, between the robber wolf and the couching flock without defence, from time to time baying fearfully with an hollow throat: but if the dog champions be gone by, and the wolf approaches, then the flocks which wind him shrink and suddenly rush together—the herdsman's heart leaps, he steps upon his feet, and thinks to make all good with a great shout. The Beduins at the hearth stare into the thick night; the shepherd, taking up his club stick, goes forth now and flings stones, chiding to his hounds, which course again to him with furious affray, and all the encampment is presently on a bark. The peaceable camels lie by

chawing the cud through the long night, still careless of these alarms, or, if some one of them be risen affrighted, the brute is seen flickering in the firelight hobbling upon three legs, for the fourth is knee-bound, until, yielding to the voice and handling of the least child, he fall upon the knees and couch down again. But if 'grey-legs' sprang in, it is too likely he ravished some weanling (and though their little velvet heads be all tied, in loops, on a ground line), and we hear in the dark the lamb or the kid's feeble death-cries out of the wolf's jaws. Thus the larger flocks—which lie also more exposed—lost some little ones every moonless night in our dim menzils upon the Harra. The Arab bear all such crosses with religious patience. Hamdy, our housewife, lost two goats in six dark nights, and she said only, 'The wolf, *eth-thib*, snatched them, the cursed one!'

Their hounds bark on till midnight, when the nomads go to rest, and till the morrow's light, when the dogs' throats are so husk they may not almost bark any more. These Beduin hounds are seen blear-eyed in the daytime, wooden-weary with long watch, and nearly voiceless. The nomad people seldom call to their hounds, naming them; yet all the dogs know their names, which are often jesting bye-names, as the Beduins use of human mortals. Such are *Ummthail*, 'mother, or she of the great tail': *Absuinnan*, 'father of teeth'.

When the sun is half an hour high, the shepherd casts his mantle upon his shoulder, calls to the flock, and steps forth; and they, getting upon their knees and feet, troop out after him to the pasture: —the hounds follow not with the ghrannem. The goats and sheep feed forward with their loitering herdsmen till the gaila; then he calls in his scattered flock, and if it be not the watering day, he

leads them to shadow of rocks or some desert thorn; and there he milks a goat for his breakfast. The sheep hang their heads together, in the breathless heat, the goats couch by themselves, the herdsman stretches his idle length upon the soil to take his noonday slumber, until the sunny hours be gone round to the half-after-noon; then rising, he leads forth again to the pasture, till the going down of the sun, when he calls them, and the sheep and goats follow their herd to the booths of the Arab. There the ewes and the goats, that have swelling dugs, throng under the hands of their known house-mother that she milk them soon; many press into the shelter of the nomad tent and lie down there. As for the herdsman, though he have nothing to put under his teeth, yet the udders are always ready, and he is satisfied with this daily sustenance; therefore, though he go all day barefoot under the scalding sun and breathe the air as flames, his lot may be esteemed the more tolerable in the desert life. The human body fed with milk in the sunny drought, is slender, full of pith, of perfect endurance; yet between beggarly pride and the Beduin indolence, there is none will take up the herdsman's life, but it be of bare necessity. They had liever lie and drowse out the daylight heat upon their empty maws in the tent shadows, and suffer hunger until the cattle are come home at evening. But the herdsman may sing in the desert, his adventure is light; and if the troop be robbed, few among them were his own. His care is of the beasts of other men, who pall in the cheerless byût all the empty day long, and when it is night may hardly find rest: but he is blithe with the daily turns of his honest business, and hearty of the air of the field.

CHITOR

FROM

'TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER'

By Count Hermann Keyserling

As the strategic key to Mewar, as the most important castle of Rajasthan, Chitor only very exceptionally experienced a year without bloodshed before the English came. The proudest memories of the proud Rajputs are connected with Chitor; and that means that perhaps no place on earth has been the scene of equal heroism, knightliness, or an equally noble readiness to die. Here Badh Singh, the head of the Deolia Pratapgarh, fell in the fight against Bahdurshah of Gujerat; it was here that Padmani, the beautiful queen for whose sake Ala-Uddin-Khilji stormed the fortress, sought and found death in the flames, together with all the Rajput women, when all hope of victory had vanished, while Bhim Singh died with the whole of his tribe on the walls. Here the bride of Jaimall of Bednor fought side by side with her husband against the legions of the great Akbar. How strange it is to breathe an atmosphere in India whose essence is historical! The Hindu whom I have met hitherto knows nothing of historical events; life flows along for him like a myth. And his belief in the transmigration of souls, which robs life of the pathos of 'Einmaligkeit' takes away the significance of history. Even I cannot take history as yet quite in earnest. And if Chitor produces a deep impression upon my mind and

soul all the same, this happens as it were by a mental detour, which transmutes the historical into the non-historical. The gods whose flowing mental images form the background of all actions in this world do not attach great importance to the question as to whether they will be condensed into 'real' events. They only pay attention to our world where ideal elements experience their highest realization in reality. In this way they took part once upon a time in the great war between the sons of Kuru and Pandu. Chitor fascinates me in the same way: never has more been preconceived in the realm of ideas than became actual here.

The great days of Indian knighthood are said to have passed. That may be: but its spirit is still alive. When I glance at the Rajputs, I say to myself: given the opportunity and their heroism will be proved once more. Their state of mind and soul to-day is exactly that of our ancestors in the eleventh century, when the Chanson de Roland was on the lips of everyone. They are knightly through and through; paladins without falsity, fear or blemish, as noble and as thoroughbred as only horses are nowadays. History does not record everything which lives and exists; it only knows of that portion which interferes immediately with material events; thus it arrives at the fiction of the relief of one epoch by the succeeding one. In truth, they all continue to exist in and with another. Just as no state in the individual literally passes away, but only disappears from the scene of activity, so historical conditions endure, although they no longer affect the movement of the world. I know circles in which the eighteenth century still continues, provinces in which, even to-day, the spirit of the Reformation period dominates. I am

sure there are still Chaldeans, Sumerians, Phœnicians; only it is difficult to discover them. . . . This world is filled by ghosts. And they are abroad most noisily where their existence is denied most definitely. Whence the multiplicity of the modern man who thinks historically, his dissatisfaction, his enmity to his own world? He wants to be different from what he is; he wants to fit himself into an intellectual structure by violence. In his superstitious belief in himself as a historical unit, he endeavours to silence that within himself which does not harmonise with his age. Is it surprising that the repressed ghosts are sounding the alarm? They have shouted many a promising genius out of existence. The Rajputs, however, whose times have passed long ago, these Homeric heroes in the century of industry, continue their magnificent existence unconcerned.

Night had fallen when the elephant bore me from the rock fortress down the valley with noiseless steps. I lay on an upholstered platform, the earth invisible below me, my gaze lost in the stars. I was devoid of all consciousness of any specific form of existence. Who I was, where I was, what I did—I knew it not. I did not know any more that I was lying on an elephant: ever since I had accustomed myself to the rhythm of his steps, he existed for me no longer. I was not driving nor riding nor flying, and I was certainly not walking. Nothing was to be seen of the earth. Only heavenly bodies surrounded me. And with the absolute security of a dreamer I glided through the vast realm of space. Fundamentally it seemed to me as if I were no longer confined to space. It was that strange condition of externalization which I have only known on the verge of death, when an intense consciousness of existence goes

hand in hand with the volatility of reality. It is impossible to assert firmly that one still continues to live; one vanishes together with the world round about. And yet, at such a moment, one is more convinced than ever of the reality of one's being.

When I had to descend and faced, in the glaring torchlight, as it were for the first time, the Leviathan to whom I had entrusted myself, a shudder passed through me. It may yet be true that the earth rests on a tortoise. For I did not perceive more of the monster below me than the inhabitants of the earth might feel if they were borne aloft on something alive.

THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES

FROM

'THE WANDERING SCHOLAR'

By D. G. Hogarth

Ever since we had left Aintab the path had been falling insensibly towards a purple hollow, far seen in the east. Beyond it interminable brown uplands rolled to the horizon, and all about us stretched stony scrub. Through this we rode hour after hour, at that weary foot pace which travellers in such regions know only too well. Anxiously we looked for a glint of water to left or right or before, for between us and those brown slopes ran the fourth river of Paradise; but up to midday and for two hours after noon the arid monotony continued unrelieved. The track seemed to have ceased to fall and even to be taking an upward cast again, when lo! the tableland broke abrupt, as if cut with a giant's hatchet; a sliding arc of brown water gleamed a thousand feet below us—Euphrates at last.

As we scrambled down the cliff a mighty roar rose up to meet us. The great river was in spate, sweeping round a majestic curve from the north and vanishing on a contrary curve to the south, a fuller, broader Rhine. It rushed six miles an hour between towering banks which had weathered to fantastic pinnacles, and displayed a hundred metres' breadth of turbid flood, boiling in mid-stream over

sunken rocks. It is no child's play to cross it at any season, and least of all when the snows are coming down ; but cross we must if we were to go north, for on the right bank we should encounter presently a great tributary, unfordable, and without ferry or bridge.

A single boat of strange build was moored to the bank opposite, beneath the gardens of a little white town built terrace-wise up the precipice. We halloaed lustily, and one by one a crew leisurely mustered. The boat was manned, shoved off, and whirled away incontinently out of our sight down the seething current. Evidently no more would be seen of her for an hour or more, and we lunched at leisure until a knot of bare-legged Kurds hove in sight labouring at a rope's end, and we were bidden follow half a mile up stream. The boat was a primitive craft, nearly flat-bottomed and very broad in the beam, her planks nailed clinkerwise on a spare framework, abhorrent of any symmetry of shape or disposition. Square low bows admitted of the embarkation of horses, and the stern ended in a high poop and antediluvian rudder, which projected its monstrous fishtail far into the stream. No instruments of propulsion were visible except two poles, assuredly not for purposes of punting in so deep a river. Our horses had never seen a boat ; but, being fortunately less imaginative than the steeds of Europe, and somewhat irresponsive to outward impressions after a fortnight on the hard high road, they came in over the bows without much ado, and were penned up head to tail with a stout bar behind. As the tub took in her load she began to leak ominously, but the crew made little of it, plugged a seam here and there with the end of a turban-cloth, and advised

us to stand as high as we could. Now we are ready. Two men seized the poles and two more the tiller, the shoreman pays out the rope, everybody shouts, and away we swing down stream, the leakage swishing across and across the horses' hoofs. The bowmen lug frantically at their bladeless poles, using them as oars and obviously with effect; the men at the rudder work its tail from side to side like a stern-oar, yelling all the while above the screams of the stallions. Round comes the tiller; down duck our heads, or they would be broken. We must hang on the gunwale like bats, our toes drawn up out of reach of the plunging hoofs. In sober fact it was all perilous enough, for many accidents have happened ere now to these crazy craft; but before we had collected ourselves to think about danger we were spinning in a back eddy and brought up with a bump against the Mesopotamian shore.

We found ourselves landed among the gardens of a tiny white town, most of whose population came down presently to inspect us on the river bank. There was a new coffee-shop with a clean upper chamber in which we were lodged; a sleepy little bazaar where edibles were kept from year to year until eaten; and a fat governor, who received us sitting on a low wooden stool on the roof of his house. He was a small man every way, but, as overseer of roads or in some such capacity, had been in most parts of Asiatic Turkey, and his exuberant goodwill was to be bought by anyone who would trot out his geographical knowledge before the gaping Kurds. The town is new. Khalfat used to be a little village under its own chieftain in the days when a Kurdish prince ruled his feudatories from the castle of Rum Kale, an hour distant up the stream. Above the Rhineland

gorge of Khalfat lies a corner of Kurdistan; village after village is held by handsome brown-white men, with narrow eyes and crisp hair curling over broad, low brows, who speak a tongue mocked by the Turks as a twittering of birds, but to our ears full of uncertain Aryan echoes. Their women crowd about the stranger unveiled, and laughing allow him to see their handsome faces and the strange devices on their forearms; but he must confine himself to an interest coldly scientific, for the men are the most jealous of any in the East, and for that reason slow to welcome a guest. We always, however, made a point of disregarding their polite protestations of inability to entertain us fitly, and found them hospitable after all when assured of our good faith.

By the fourth morning we had ridden across a corner of this Kurdish region and reached the river's bank again at the point where, in Strabo's time, the great Eastern road set out towards India. The treeless uplands had brought us only blank days, with nothing to shoot and nothing to see, except here and there a brown reach of the river, flashing for a moment between low cliffs. Kurd village had succeeded to Kurd village, each with its little guard-house of the excise standing up among squat hovels, half-subterranean. The same black-haired, gaudily dressed women, the same naked urchins, the same deep cornlands in the valleys, and milky streams descending from scrub-clad hills, made up the picture always. Tired of such easy travels, we hailed the ferry of Samsat, hoping for fortune more various on the right bank. A boat even more infirm and manned by a crew even less skilful than at Khalfat put us all ashore, thanking Providence, on the marshes below Samsat, and we found a welcome in the house of Yusuf

Agha, one of the very last of the Kurdish Beys in this region.

Here was patriarchal feudalism as it used to be. We were received by an old man, whose word is never questioned, and whose entry rouses every man to his feet. He dispenses hospitality, morning and night, to all comers; no one in the little village but tends his herds, ploughs his fields, and dwells beneath his shadow; and, with a sweet dignity befitting his dying order, he placed his house and all in it at our pleasure for two days and nights. Samosata, the key of the principal crossing of Euphrates, capital of Commagenian kings, station of a Legion, birthplace of Lucian and of Paul the heresiarch, has fallen very low. Hardly a hundred huts huddle in one corner of the old site, marked now by the line of the Roman fosse, by a ruined river wall and by gaunt fragments of rubble. A black stone with Hittite inscription, defaced even more hopelessly than other monuments of its class, lies face downwards where the flock are milked; two tiles of the 'Steadfast Flavian Legion XVI' and a soldier's dedicatory altar were disinterred for us from heaps of kitchen refuse; there are some trivial Greek inscriptions in mud walls and in the castle ruins—and that is all of Samosata.

But, pushing northwards up the river bank, we came on notable ruins of an aqueduct, straddling over the mouths of tributary gullies. Von Moltke had reported ancient works of defence, closing the lateral valleys on the right bank. This aqueduct was what he saw. Its arches have been half filled with coarse masonry by later hands, but the additions make the aqueduct no more defensible than before (for it is commanded on all sides), and seem to have been intended only to strengthen

the waterway. Thus, for nearly twenty miles the clearer stream of the tributary, which is now called Kiakhta Chai, was conducted to Samosata, though the sweet waters of Euphrates ran by its very walls. What the modern peasant is content to drink was not good enough for the contemporaries of Lucian. The Taurus, whose snowy summits had been nearing us day by day, now began to close in on the river. The stream, no longer oozing among reedy islands, as at Samsat, came foaming down rock-ladders, elbowed from side to side of its channel by the jutting cliffs. The road became a footpath, then a goat-track, and at last broke off altogether on the face of a precipice fifty feet above a tormented eddy of the river. It was an awkward moment; the horses had to be turned in their own tracks, and nothing but the stolid docility of the weary beasts saved us from disaster. We made a detour through the hills and came down to the river again, but it was idle to persevere in face of the assurance of the Kurds that not even a goat could go much farther; and when we reached the Kiakhta Chai we had made up our minds to strike due north and rejoin the great River above Malatia.

A reckless Kurd guided us across the mouth of the Kiakhta Chai late on a stormy afternoon. The melted snows of Taurus were coming down in wild yellow eddies, and the stream ran from bank to bank a quarter of a mile wide, with here and there a shoal, and everywhere a possibility of quicksand. We plunged from shallow to deep, following what seemed the wantonness of the guide, but really his cautious avoiding of treacherous bottom; and, as we turned every now and again, with the current running five miles an hour at our saddle-flaps, we

seemed to be backing vainly against the flood, and lost all sense of independent motion or direction. It was a dizzy half-hour's experience, and horses and riders alike struggled out at last very thankfully on to a stationary world.

FREE TO THE UTTERMOST

FROM

'THE RIGHT PLACE'

By C. E. Montague

An English soldier whose fortunes, for most of the war, were not out of the common, left England and landed in France by the same ports as Falstaff and Henry V on their journey to Agincourt. He disembarked on the quay where Burne-Jones and Morris, walking there in their youth, had vowed themselves to the careers by which they were to tint the mind of educated England for a generation. He first marched up into the line across the country of Dumas' Three Musketeers, passing the belfry of Béthune and tramping the road to Cambrin, which the son of Athos had ridden to join the staff of Condé. Dulled for a time by the effects of combustion, his hunger for seeing the sights revived in a tent in the park of Versailles, near the Petit Trianon, where countless bunches of mistletoe sat still, like pheasants, on the boughs of trees that had been young with Marie-Antoinette. When convalescent, he sojourned under canvas for two winter months upon the sands where Napoleon had mustered his grand armada of flat-bottomed craft for the projected descent upon England. Restored for a season to his own friends in the line, he was presently sent travelling again, this time by trench fever. He came to his wits, warm and at rest, in a marvellous tent lined with silk and double-walled, the gift of an Indian Prince to an Emperor. Bene-

ficent and inscrutable powers bore him away to a regal city, where Joan of Arc had been burnt and King John had murdered Prince Arthur. When he could walk on a deck, genies carried him down to a quay and put him on board a black ship, to glide for a whole sunny April day down the unwinding coils of a river, so divinely puissant and so fringed with diverse delights to the eye, that a lifetime's loyalty to our queenly Thames was for some dizzy moments seriously imperilled. Falling early to sleep, the serene infant sleep of health re-born, he awoke to the sound of water lapping quietly under opened port-holes—Southampton. Water rippling and shining, fringed with inviolate trees, the unshelled houses gleaming white and red among them: England ten times herself, intoxicatingly unforeign. And the English trains, smooth movers along well-weeded tracks through cuttings vivacious with the English primrose, to drop the impersonally conducted tourist in a new dwelling-place of wonder, with Plymouth Sound below his window and Drake's bowling-green above his chimneys.

To charm him next there came a month of guarding on the Firth of Forth, of living in a half-dismantled ancient fort, a fort of Walter Scott, with Edinburgh Castle lifting to the skies above the great smoke in the south, and the first Highland hills to the north-west stretched out pensive in the long midsummer sunsets that always had the gaunt queer lines of the Forth Bridge laid down on them monstrously black; and once the great fleet streaming out in slow procession from its guarded haunt above the bridge, and returning a day or two later, diminished and bringing its wounded, some ships in tow, some with their funnels knocked awry, and moving slowly, as with pain; some with a first-aid dressing of red-painted

bedding stuffed into holes in their sides; and then the first leave men coming chuckling ashore at the pier and telling the soldiers off duty how they had knocked Fritz at Jutland; their voices are audible still, and the laughter mingling in the summer night with a plashing of oars and elvish summer lightning while the sentry searchlight, grave, alert and steady on its post, wheels to and fro across the gateway of the Firth.

The spectacle of many battles followed—defeat and victory, always in illustrious places; the Somme with its sultry months of slaughter-house smell and flies and frustration; Arras, petering out in futile attrition after its first wondrous morning of tempest, rain and wasted valour, when the battle, seen from above, wrote itself clear in legible letters of flame on the blackboard of a moonless last hour of night; Messines, where all the British mines, exploding together in the fight's first moment, shook the little hill from which our soldier looked down upon the fight as if it were a little boat on a choppy sea; and Flanders, Cambrai, St. Quentin and all the great days of the three months of triumph.

Each had its own face and voice; in memory it is unconfusable with the rest. But they never were merely world-shaking events. Whatever they might be besides, they were always occasions of travel. They all beckoned the soldier to storied, illustrious places not chosen by him. His work would take him up to-day to the Vimy Ridge, our latest capture, to look across the central plain of the Low Countries, Europe's everlasting cockpit, the basin of the sluggish Scheldt, its flats diversified with Oudenarde and Ramillies, Jemappes and Quatre Bras and Waterloo. To-morrow it would show him wild boars with their families, trotting

down glades of the forest of Crécy. For some nights it sent him to sleep in the French country-house that has the field of Agincourt outside the paling of its park. It brought him into Miraumont, upon the Ancre, when German guns were knocking to pieces the last of all the pleasant ancient houses of that place, perhaps the very house in which the wild English prince, turned into a steady and a crafty king, slept on his way along our future Somme front of 1916, on his way to his own battle.

In his hours of ease the soldier was at liberty to sit with Quentin Durward on the topmost parapet of the tempestuous-historied Castle of Peronne. He saw black crowds of the women of two nations, a friend and an enemy, praying in bereavement and bitterness of soul in the cathedrals of Amiens and Cologne. To make a trinket for his wife he collected many coloured bits of ancient glass, shattered or shaken by gunfire out of the glowing church windows of Ypres and Arras, St. Quentin and Liége. He lived in the places where Bardolph stole the pyx and where Richelieu put up when he rushed out from seventeenth century Paris to pray to the French troops to head back the Germans—almost precisely where these were again headed back in 1918. The Belfry of Bruges gave his G.H.Q. car a night's shelter; he saw the German snipers slowly falling back before the English from street to street of the birthplace of Froissart; one day he passed Robespierre's birthplace in Arras, and that night he slept at an Artois château where some of the family portraits had notes to them saying that this bewigged count was guillotined at Arras in the Terror, and that blonde Marquise died there in prison. Checked on the outskirts of Mons, on the war's last morning, by a

new crater blown in the road, he found that he was in Malplaquet village; and, hurrying on to Brussels on some errand when fire had ceased, he crossed the field ot Waterloo in a fog through which there appeared a troop of French-Canadian horse trotting eastward, men of Napoleon's race, but fellow-citizens of Wellington, pressing on to the Rhine to occupy parts of the country of Blücher. Everywhere history, legend, tradition, and he, the witness of it all, transported, without effort or choice, from one old cynosure of the world's eyes to another and another.

Perhaps the effect of sealed orders upon the mind which receives them was strongest of all when the soldier moved alone, and not as an atom in the bulk of a moved battalion. To one who had known only the regimental life of a front there might come, as from a cloud or a burning bush, the sudden order to come to London, to put on officer's clothes and 'stand by', prepared to 'proceed overseas'. You might be ordered to proceed, for all that you knew, to any of the continents, any lost end of the earth. And then the orders would come, like the instructions in fairy stories; the princes are bidden to go to some lonely place where a stranger charged with further directions shall meet them and know them by the exchange of a sign. From a certain station in London you were to take a certain train on a certain day. That was all. The train passed you on to a ship, majestically guarded by airship and destroyer; the ship put you out on a French quay, and behold! an officer with a megaphone stood on the quay-side and composedly whooped to you directions to report at a neighbouring hut for orders. The power in the hut said 'G.H.Q.', and gave you a slip of buff paper containing the number of a car.

The car awaited you upon the quay. Beside the bonnet the slave of the lamp stood expectant; he grasped and stowed your kit and jumped to the starter.

And now the charm began to work with all its power, in the case that I know best. It was late on a cloudless evening, the sun just going to set, a week or two after Midsummer Day. The car was a beauty, full of life and eagerness, and driven with spirit; it rushed at the hills like a horse going home. Before the sun was gone we had cleared the rout in the streets of Boulogne and climbed the crack that leads the road south-eastward up the coastal cliff of chalk and on to the rolling downs. Where G.H.Q. might be, I knew not. Of course, I could have asked the driver, but—somehow, I did not want to know. At any rate, not yet.

The top of a down always gives a lift to your spirits. Its wide convexity feels as if it must be the spherical swell of the whole globe. Poised high on the great ball, you seem to look commandingly down on all its gently rounded slopes. Up and down the little undulations of the road the car sped joyously. It almost seemed to leave the earth for the air as it rushed the crest of each little rise. A village on a beacon height looked quaintly gay as we passed through; the first lights were just coming out blithely in houses that stuck on like swallows' nests under the eaves of the church: then down a big dip and up again on to the crown of the downs, the place of high spirits. I looked back from the top and the sun was gone now, leaving the north-western sky aglow with solemn bars of russet flame; the nearer trees stood, flat as black lace laid on a crimson dress, against that subsident pomp; ahead the woods

were darkening on the low ridges. The bloom was on the hour; the visible world, that shifts and changes and re-makes itself as ceaselessly as a blown flame, had caught for a moment the fugitive poise of perfection that seems almost passionate, making the senses ache with a delight that is also a longing to transcend one's own commonness and to shape new, clearer thoughts. Luxuriously I put off asking whither we were going. Enough to be projected out into the summer night and the unknown. The eager wheels licked up the road, the unfamiliar villages slid past, a voluminous river seemed to be bearing me chartless, rudderless and anchorless, bound to whatever might come and yet, in spirit, almost ecstatically free.

> To sleep I give my powers away;
> My will is bondsman to the dark;
> I sit within a helmless bark.

What waking freedom is like that freedom of reverie? 'Like them that dream'—the words were well chosen to figure the joy of Zion delivered from captivity. Somewhere far off in the gathering dark, strange hands, perhaps, were making a bed and cooking food; some unknown brain was easing me of man's besetting worry of finding the right thing to do and the right place to make for; a world that looked like an absolute master was really my servant—at every new turn it would take the labours of decision off my hands and bear for me all the distresses of perplexity. 'I am the clay and thou art the potter'—what an exultant cry of emancipation it is! To take right shape, to serve fine ends, and all without struggle, or choice, but in trances of utter open-armed surrender to something you take, once for all, to be better than you.

'G.H.Q., sir! Montreal!' My driver broke in on my musings. We had just topped the crest of

a ridge: he pointed across a deep valley in front, to a little hill heavily wooded and darkling now in the thickened dusk. Among the softer curves of foliage a few slightly harder lines of ancient fortification could just be made out. The car flew silent down a long hill and crossed a marshy bottom, to address itself to the steep winding road of access to a tiny walled city set upon that small wooded hill. In two minutes more a sentry had halted us under a massy brick arch that was built by Vauban. Where Sterne had had his papers checked, upon his Sentimental Journey, the English corporal of the guard looked carefully by lantern light at mine, and then, falling back to attention, saluted and passed me on into the little dark streets where Chaucer had walked as an English envoy and Ney had commanded the left of Napoleon's army that was to cross over and subjugate England.

DALAI LAMA

FROM

'THE UNVEILING OF LHASA'

By Edmund Candler

I have been trying to find out something about the private life and character of the Grand Lama. But asking questions here is fruitless; one can learn nothing intimate. And this is just what one might expect. The man continues a bogie, a riddle, undivinable, impersonal, remote. The people know nothing. They have bowed before the throne as men come out of the dark into a blinding light. Scrutiny in their view would be vain and blasphemous. The abbots, too, will reveal nothing; they will not and dare not. When Colonel Younghusband put the question direct to a head lama in open durbar, 'Have you news of the Dalai Lama? Do you know where he is?' the monk looked slowly to left and right and answered, 'I know nothing.' 'The ruler of your country leaves his palace and capital, and you know nothing?' the commissioner asked. 'Nothing,' answered the monk, shuffling his feet, but without changing colour.

From various sources, which differ surprisingly little, I have a fairly clear picture of the man's face and figure. He is thick-set, about five feet nine inches in height, with a heavy square jaw, nose remarkably long and straight for a Tibetan, eyebrows pronounced and turning upwards in a phenomenal manner—probably trained so, to make

his appearance more forbidding—face pock-marked, general expression resolute and sinister. He goes out very little, and is rarely seen by the people, except on his annual visit to Depung, and during his migrations between the summer palace and the Potala. He was at the summer palace when the messenger brought the news that our advance was inevitable, but he went to the Potala to put his house in order before projecting himself into the unknown.

His face is the index of his character. He is a man of strong personality, impetuous, despotic, and intolerant of advice in State affairs. He is constantly deposing his ministers and has estranged from himself a large section of the upper class, both ecclesiastical and official, owing to his wayward and headstrong disposition. As a child he was so precociously acute and resolute that he survived his regent, and so upset the traditional policy of murder, being the only one out of the last five incarnations to reach his majority. Since he took the government of the country into his own hands he has reduced the Chinese suzerainty to a mere shadow and, with fatal results to himself, consistently insulted and defied the British. His inclination to a *rapprochement* with Russia is not shared by his ministers.

The only glimpse I have had into the man himself was reflected in a conversation with the Nepalese Resident, a podgy little man, very ugly and good-natured, with the manners of a French comedian and a face generally expanded in a broad grin. He shook with laughter when I asked him if he knew the Dalai Lama, and the idea was really intensely funny, this mercurial irreverent little man hobnobbing with the divine. 'I have seen him,' he said, and exploded again. 'But what does he do

all day?' I asked. The Resident puckered up his brow, aping abstraction, and began to wave his hand in the air solemnly with a slow circular movement, mumbling, 'Om man Padmne om,' to the revolutions of an imaginary praying wheel. He was immensely pleased with the effort and the effect it produced on a sepoy orderly. 'But has he no interests or amusements?' I asked. The Resident could think of none. But he told me a story to illustrate the dullness of the man, for whom he evidently had no reverence. On his return from his last visit to India, the Maharaja of Nepal had given him a phonograph to present to the Priest King. The impious toy was introduced to the Holy of the Holies, and the Dalai Lama walked round it uneasily, as it emitted the strains of English band music, and raucously repeated an indelicate Bhutanese song. After sitting a long while in deep thought, he rose and said he could not live with this voice without a soul; it must leave his palace at once. The rejected phonograph found a home with the Chinese Amban, to whom it was presented with due ceremonial the same day. The Lama is *gumar*, the Resident said, using a Hindustani word which may be translated, according to our charity, by anything between 'boorish' and 'unenlightened'. I was glad to meet a man in this city of evasiveness whose views were positive and who was eager to communicate them. Through him I tracked the shadow, as it were, of this impersonality, and found that to many strangers in Lhasa, and perhaps to a few Lhasans themselves, the divinity was all clay, a palpable fraud, a pompous and puritanical dullard masquerading as a god.

For my own part, I think the oracle that counselled his flight wiser than the statesmen who object that it was a political mistake. He has lost

his prestige, they say. But imagine him dragged into durbar as a signatory, gazed at by profane eyes, the subject of a few days' gossip and comment, then sunk into commonplace, stripped of his mystery like this city of Lhasa, through which we now saunter familiarly wondering when we shall start again for the wilds.

To escape this ordeal he has fled, and to us at least his flight has deepened the mystery that envelops him, and added to his dignity and remoteness, to thousands of mystical dreamers it has preserved the effulgence of his godhead unsoiled by contact with the profane world.

From our camp here the Potala draws the eye like a magnet. There is nothing but sky and marsh and bleak hill and palace. When we look out of our tents in the morning the sun is striking the golden roof like a beacon light to the faithful. Nearly every day in August this year has opened fine and closed with storm clouds gathering from the west, through which the sun shines, bathing the eastern valley in a soft, pearly light. The western horizon is dark and lowering; the eastern peaceful and serene. In this division of darkness and light the Potala stands out like a haven, not flaming now, but faintly luminous with a restful mystic light, soothing enough to rob Buddhist metaphysics of its pessimism and induce a mood, even in unbelievers, in which one is content to merge the individual and become absorbed in the universal spirit of Nature.

No wonder that when one looks for mystery in Lhasa, one's thoughts dwell solely on the Dalai Lama and the Potala. I cannot help dwelling on the flight of the thirteenth incarnation. It plunges us into mediævalism. To my mind there is no picture so romantic and engrossing in modern

history as that exodus when the spiritual head of the Buddhist Church, the temporal ruler of six millions, stole out of his palace by night and was borne away in his palanquin, no one knows on what errand or with what impotent rage in his heart. The flight was really secret. No one but his immediate confidants and retainers, not even the Amban himself, knew that he had gone. I can imagine the awed attendants, the burying of treasure, the locking and sealing of chests, faint lights flickering in the passages, hurried footsteps in the corridors, dogs barking intermittently at this unwonted bustle—I feel sure the Priest King kicked one as he stepped on the terrace for the last time. Then the procession by moonlight up the narrow valley to the north, where the roar of the stream would drown the footsteps of the palanquin-bearers.

A month afterwards I followed on his track and stood on the Phembu Pass, twelve miles north of Lhasa, whence one looks down on the huge belt of mountains that lies between the Brahmaputra and the desert, so packed and huddled that their crests look like one continuous, undulating plain stretching to the horizon. Looking across the valley I could see the northern road to Mongolia winding up a feeder of the Plembu Chu. They passed along here and over the next range, and across range after range, until they reached the two conical snow-peaks that stand out of the plain beside Tengi Nor, a hundred miles to the north. For days they skirted the great lake, and then, as if they feared the Nemesis of our offended Raj could pursue them to the end of the earth, broke into the desert, across which they must be hurrying now toward the great mountain chain of Burkan Buddha, on the southern limits of Mongolia.

BRIEF CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES AND NOTES

THE ART OF THE ESSAYIST

A. C. BENSON (1862–1925) was Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, from 1915 to his death. He was a poet, critic, and historian in his own quiet, reflective way. His output was certainly considerable, and some of it of the very highest merit.

As an essayist, he was distinguished by the orderly, logical development of his themes. Both in style and handling of his subject, he was akin to an earlier generation of writers. He had a keen eye for nature and a graceful fancy, that lent a peculiar charm to his otherwise matter-of-fact and severely logical utterances.

Gusto : a term of literary criticism first popularized by Hazlitt. It suggests that personal enjoyment or taste which is the fruit of long sustained acquaintance with the best in literature.

Montaigne : a Frenchman (1533–92). His *Essais* have been translated into several European languages.

Cicero : a celebrated Roman lawyer and man of letters. He is best known for his rhetorical prose. His manner was widely imitated in the Middle Ages. He lived from 106 B.C. to 43 B.C.

Plato : one of the greatest and the most original of the Greek philosophers.

De Senectute : one of Cicero's famous ' Essays '.

Lord Brougham (pronounce *Broom*), 1778–1868. He professed almost an incredible variety of subjects. A contemporary remarked of him once, ' There goes Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise.'

Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82) : a famous prose-writer of the century. His mind was a curious blend of the scientific and the mystical. His style is characterised by whimsical turns of thought, expressed often in the most magnificent musical prose. Here is a veritable gem :

' Thus, I think, at first, a great part of philosophy was witchcraft ; which being afterward derived to one another,

proved but philosophy, and was indeed no more than the honest effects of nature:—what invented by us is philosophy; learned from him [the devil], is magic.'

Pater: Walter Pater (1839–94). Prose-writer and art critic; he is known for his delicate touch and fineness of style.

Robert Browning (1812–89): one of the greatest English poets. He was possessed of great gifts both as a poet and dramatic artist. He is sometimes censured for the obscurity and harshness of some of his work, but his powerful individual genius atones for such apparent defects.

Coleridge (1772–1834): a great poet and literary critic. His influence on Wordsworth and the Romantic Movement of the nineteenth century was profound.

The principle of wonder: Watts-Dunton, a critic of the last century, described the Romantic Revival of the nineteenth century as the 'Renaissance of Wonder'.

Pantomime: a dramatic performance in which the actors use only, or chiefly, 'dumb show'.

Priggish: narrow and self-centred. This word is very difficult of definition. A *prig* is one who is easily satisfied with his own mental or spiritual attainments. He always makes an obvious or unexpressed comparison of himself with others, always to his own advantage and glorification.

Winch: the crank or handle for turning an axle.

The joy of adventure, etc. Mark the metaphor that follows.

TOBY

DR. JOHN BROWN (1810–82) was a physician, but his practice was never large. Early in life he devoted himself to literature. His life was quiet and uneventful, full of sympathy for the lower animals, particularly dogs. He has left us several delightful and loving accounts of his companionship with them. A realist to the core, he never wrote except of things he knew intimately, but his humour and pathos raise to the highest level of literary excellence even the most trivial details of his observation.

His style is lucid and unadorned. His essays appeal to us because of their sincerity and directness. He has occasionally the tenderness of Lamb, with which he combines the elfish humour of Stevenson.

A feature: an implied pun on the literal and the applied sense of the word.

Tom Jones: the hero of Fielding's long and well-known novel, *The History of Tom Jones: a Foundling.*

Tom Jones is a good-natured, kind-hearted, manly fellow, but a little apt to fall away from the path of virtue. He turns out to be the illegitimate nephew of his benefactor, Mr. Allworthy.

Pythagoras (582 B.C.—was alive in 507 B.C., but is not heard of after that year): a Greek philosopher. He is supposed to have believed in some form of transmigration of the soul. In Shakespeare's *As You Like It* his belief makes him the occasion of a classical joke.

Tour de force (Fr.): a feat of strength or skill.

Coup de queue (Fr.): the word *coup* enters into a large number of current phrases in the sense of a sudden (and decisive) stroke or blow; *queue*, a tail.

Took: fascinated, attracted; a rare but recognized use of the word. Compare Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 4.

> . . . Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and *take*
> The winds of March with beauty.

Torvo vultu (Latin): stern-faced.

The Assyrian: compare Byron's well-known poem.

Torve: stern; the word is now obsolete.

Come on, Macduff: an allusion to Shakespeare's tragedy, *Macbeth*

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832): the famous writer of the *Waverley* novels; father of historical fiction in English, and a considerable poet.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881): the most dominant influence in the first half of the nineteenth century. After a life of hard struggle, he rose to a position of pre-eminence among men of letters through the originality and profoundness of his thought, as well as by the force, vividness, and breadth of his imagination. His moral earnestness and constant consideration of the welfare of humanity, combined with the vehemence with which he denounced hypocrisy and political chicanery, earned him the title of the 'Prophet of Chelsea'.

Besides pure literature, his interests were mainly historical and philosophic; or, more correctly, he combined history, letters, and philosophy into one living picture, the central figure in which is always a man, notable and heroic. His pen scatters about his pages splashes of colour; his figures

are sometimes grotesque and bizarre. But nothing that he ever wrote is lifeless or inert. Our main interest in his historical work is dramatic, though even the most fastidious of recent researches has seldom proved him radically wrong.

He is as individual in style as he is in his outlook on life. Curious revivals, fantastic compounds after the Germanic models, startling coinages after no model whatsoever, trouble a reader who approaches Carlyle, not without awe, for the first time. But these peculiarities are essential to the expression of his thought.

Widow Capet: as the revolutionaries called the Queen of France, wife of Louis XVI. She was a daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria. The Republicans refused to recognize any titles, and therefore she is here called the widow of *Capet*. Louis had already been guillotined.

Dis: the same as Greek *Pluto*. His worship was introduced in Rome about 429, when the city was engaged in a mortal struggle with Carthage. He is a god of the underworld.

Hébert René (1755–94): a French demagogue who indulged in politics at this time.

Robespierre (1758–94): a French lawyer who took a leading part in the Revolution. He was himself guillotined in 1794.

Sections: divisions of the city of Paris.

Whilom: is a linguistic 'fossil'; it is the old English dative plural of *hwil*. It is now used only in poetry, or occasionally revived; affected by writers like Carlyle.

Tuileries: for long the residence of the kings of France.

PONT-SUR-SAMBRE

R. L. STEVENSON (1850–94): one of the most charming essayists of the last century. He has often been compared with 'Elia' for his sweetness of temper and his personal charm, constantly exercised by taking the reader into his confidence. But Stevenson was far more deliberate in his methods, not quite as great as Lamb as a critic, and more versatile and uniform in his literary output.

Stevenson is always moral without being didactic. His active human sympathy, and his varied experience of life, make the account of his travels very entertaining reading.

His style is the best example of art successful in concealing all its artifices. He set out to cultivate a clear and forcible style. Systematically and diligently he studied

English sounds, and used them with rare harmony. The variety of his rhythms saves his writing from the monotony of its fineness. With Pater, he represents the nineteenth century school of *fine* writers, who devoted themselves to minuteness of detail in style with great care and unfailing artistic sense.

Molière (1622–73): a famous French dramatist. His real name was *Jean Baptiste Poquelin*. For his resourcefulness and humour, he is considered one of the greatest comic writers of the world. He is unrivalled as a critic of manners, satirizing folly and vice without sacrificing the highest requirements of his art.

Passed off some fancy futures . . . : Stevenson's way of speaking of the pediar's doubtful grammar.

Steak : rhymes with *make*.

In this mixed world if you can find : Stevenson is a confirmed optimist. He always sees the delightful side of things.

So much as a glass of water : De Quincey complains, too, of the difficulty which travellers in the early nineteenth century had in obtaining water at wayside inns.

THE CAT

KATHARINE WILSON is a well-known journalist. She contributes to the *London Mercury*, the *London Quarterly Review*, and the *British Journal of Psychology*.

We must let sleeping dogs lie : a play on the literal and the applied sense of the saying.

Buddha (Gautama): date of birth not known ; died about 480 B.C. ; the founder of Buddhism. He was known as *Sakyamuni* before his religious awakening—*bodh*. *Ahiṁsā* (abstaining from hurting anyone) is one of the cardinal virtues preached by him.

The cat tried again more cautiously : the modern psychologist builds his hypotheses of the reasoning faculty in animals on such ' behaviour '.

It is not the cupboard sort : such as the human child is supposed to have.

If the cat's sport is cruel . . . : the epigrammatic cast of the sentence lends force to the irony of the remark.

Peter Pan : the boy who did not wish to grow up. He is the hero of Sir J. M. Barrie's famous play of that name.

Rapt : literally, snatched away.

NOTES

RUMM

At the beginning of the War, T. E. LAWRENCE was a young Oxford archæologist (Jesus, and Senior Demy of Magdalen), who had wandered about Syria, excavated Carchemish on the Euphrates, and done some mapping work in the Sinai Peninsula. He joined the Intelligence Section of G.H.Q., Egypt. When the Sherif of Mecca, Husein, revolted against the Turks and organized an army under his sons, Feisal and Abdullah, Lawrence joined the Arabs as a sort of semi-official adviser, half diplomatic agent and half staff-officer. He did not become the official leader of the Arab armies, but he soon became the inspirer of strategy and the real fighting brain. From the Hedjaz he organized a great raiding advance northwards to Maan, Akaba, and the country east of the Dead Sea, leaving the Turks behind still holding out in Medina. Rumm is near Akaba. When he made this visit to Rumm he was leading an expedition from Akaba, to blow up the Hedjaz railway at different places.

The *two unfortunate fellows* were two British sergeants with machine guns, who had been lent to him.

The *spirit of the Akaba undertaking:* the sergeants had been warned that the Arab army was not so comfortable as the British army, and if they volunteered to go on this expedition (as they did), they must rough it like everybody else. The month was September (1917), with temperature ranging round 120° in the shade.

Beni Atiyeh, Howeitat, Harithi: local Beduin tribes. The Howeitat were Lawrence's great allies.

Akaba, or *Akabah:* a gulf in the north-east arm of the Red Sea, in W. Arabia.

The tyrannous sun, etc.: this emphatic position of the adjectives we owe to Milton, who used it with such effect in his *Paradise Lost*.

Flat like a lake, etc.: the European eye, accustomed to its broken surfaces in landscape, feels sharply the contrast in the flat landscapes of the East.

Byzantine: a style of architecture developed in the Byzantine Empire, particularly in the fifth and sixth centuries. It is characterized by a large variety of designs and carving. Its central feature is a dome, supported on arches over a square.

THE LORD OF LIFE

E. V. LUCAS (b. 1868): started his career as an essayist very early in life. His essays are the best examples, in style

and outlook, of the 'personal essay'. He has an inexhaustible store of new subjects because he has an observant, sympathetic eye that makes all life its peculiar province.

Mr. Lucas is a regular contributor to *Punch*; his humour is as quiet and graceful as his perfect style. There is nothing in the least obtrusive, hard, or forensic about Mr. Lucas' writings.

Mr. Lucas is a literary craftsman of many and rare gifts. He is not only an essayist and a humorist; he has written novels, light books of travel, attempted poetry, and, recently, even drama. He is an authority on Lamb, of whose powers he seems to inherit not a few.

A careful study of the style and structure of his essays should be very instructive: only he is so despairingly inimitable.

Southey, Robert (1774–1843): one of the poets of the so-called 'Lake School'; perhaps the least inspired of them all.

Welkin: a poetic word for *sky*.

Grovelling: cf. *darkling*.

The Mandrake: it was believed, till the times of Queen Elizabeth, that the root of this poisonous plant resembled a human form and shrieked when plucked.

Cerberus: the three-headed monster dog which guards the entrance to Hades, the hell of Greek mythology; *Styx* is one of the rivers in Hades.

DREAM CHILDREN

CHARLES LAMB (or ELIA, the name by which he was known to his contemporaries) was born in 1775, and, after a life of heroic devotion to his sister, Mary, died in 1834.

The *Essays of Elia* are perhaps the finest collection of personal essays in any language. Their chief charm is the sweet personality of the author, who expresses himself as much in his style as in his thought and his humour. Lamb loved life, and he loved literature. His essays record simply the gentle but profound reflections of the writer on these two subjects. Even his criticism of the most abstruse problems is personal, and for exactly that reason it is so valuable to us to-day.

Lamb's style is so peculiarly his own that it is very difficult to analyze it. It varies from the poetic and melodious prose of *Dream Children* to the very archaic and artificial manner of some of his critical essays. But throughout his writing there is a certain expressiveness which never fails to reveal his meaning, sometimes with a wealth of redundant images, sometimes with the directness of a well-aimed blow.

My little ones : the children of his fancy, of course. Lamb never married ; he devoted all his life to the service of his sister, who suffered from occasional lapses into insanity.

Tawdry : the etymology of this word is interesting ; it is derived from *Saint Audrey*, and originally implied any trinket or the like bought at a fair held in honour of the saint.

Busy-idle : a compound like this is known in rhetoric as an *oxymoron*.

Such a distance there is betwixt life and death : a thought quite in keeping with the sad, wistful tone of the essay.

Lethe : the river of oblivion in hell.

Mark the beautiful close of this essay ; it is like the gradual merging of the colours of a sunset into the darkness of night.

ON LOVE

P. B. SHELLEY (1792–1822). The great English poet started his literary career with a prose romance while still at school. Shelley the great lyrist has totally eclipsed Shelley the prose-writer. But he could at times write prose with great force and clearness. Classical in his methods, his style acquires great dignity and precision, to which his poetic gifts lend occasional rhetoric. Shelley's prose reveals another aspect of the poet's mind—his love of metaphysics and speculation. His formal essays lack entirely the ease of his personal correspondence, or the fire of his poetry.

I have found my language misunderstood : there are very frequent references in the poetry of Shelley to the inadequacy of human speech for the expression of human thought.

Note the poetic simile.

A community with what we experience : Shelley, a creature of moods, was often given to deep and prolonged introspection.

More and more thirsts for its likeness : the quest of this unknown ideal inspires many beautiful poems of Shelley. See parts of *Alastor*, and especially *The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

In that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings : compare Hazlitt's famous saying, 'I am never less alone than when alone'—On Going a Journey.

There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, etc. : it is not a mere paraphrase of Shakespeare's famous lines in *As You Like It*. No other poet of Shelley's or another age could

establish so complete an identity with Nature as he could. Storms, clouds and sea had a peculiar fascination for him.

Sterne, Laurence (1713–68): an English clergyman, novelist, and humorist. He is the author of *Tristram Shandy*—one of the finest and most genuinely humorous books in English literature.

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830): painter and essayist. His criticism and personal contact with the poets of his generation influenced their work to a considerable extent. But for his political prejudices—he was an uncompromising Whig—his criticism is of great value. He ranks only next to Coleridge in point of keen, sympathetic, and reasoned appreciation of literature and art. The range of his sympathies was practically unlimited, embracing anything, from trifles like a prize fight to serious reflections on the metaphysical problems of life and death.

His prose style is simple and unadorned in its essence. His references to the many writers on whom his mind has been fed are numerous, if not sometimes annoying. He always manages to express himself with force and clearness. In his less ambitious essays he adopts the light, chatty style of personal conversation. In his public lectures on literary subjects, he sometimes acquired the sweep and eloquence of practised orators. Hazlitt is full of vigour and enthusiasm, which seek to express themselves through his racy and virile prose.

And our little life is rounded with a sleep: Hazlitt is very fond of quotation. (*Tempest*, Act iv. Sc. 1.)

Bickerstaff: Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, an astrologer by profession, was ostensibly the Editor of the *Tatler*, a paper started by Sir Richard Steele. The *Tatler* was the forerunner of the famous *Spectator*. *Bickerstaff* was a pen-name originally adopted by Swift.

And the world did quite as well, etc.: what a consoling thought for those of us who are weighed down by our own sense of responsibility!

Perdus: hidden, close.

Mortified: literally, killed; hence the play on the original and the current meaning of the word.

The downfall of the Bourbons: Hazlitt was a strong Republican, and loved to parade his political prejudices.

The greater thickness of the atmosphere: see the very expressive lines of Browning in *Prospice:*

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe.

Chantrey: Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey (1781–1841): a famous English sculptor.

Confound: in Elizabethan English the word is regularly used to mean *destroy*.

Room: absence; now rare in this sense.

LIBERAL KNOWLEDGE ITS OWN END

CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801–90) became the leader of the Tractarian Movement, which aimed at the revival of the Catholic faith in England. He was a skilful debater, a keen scholar, and a powerful writer. His essays are very deliberately worked up to a climax, his style is always in harmony with the logical development of his thought. He devoted himself primarily to the consideration of religious questions; but whenever he applied himself to questions of literature or of education, he gave evidence of wide learning a rich imagination, and a very supple, smooth, and at times a highly wrought, style.

Xenophon (about 435–354 B.C.): Greek historian, essayist, and military commander. His writings show his sincerity modesty, and truthfulness.

Baconian: Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561–1626), was the first English philosopher to urge the adoption of an inductive method of reasoning in all matters of human thought.

The great philosopher: Aristotle.

The idea of the beautiful is specific: is it specific? One might well ask, 'Is it not a question of the relative value of things?' Every thoughtful man will have his own views of the matter, and it is not wise simply to concur with or to reject such views.

Lycurgus: a Spartan lawgiver of about the ninth century before Christ.

Seneca (4 B.C.?–A.D. 65): Roman stoic and writer.

Beauty, goodness or moral virtue: one might ask, 'Is there an ultimate existence of these *ideas* apart from the significance man attaches to them from age to age?'

NOTES

THE LONELY AUTHOR

J. C. SQUIRE (b. 1884): poet and English man of letters. He is one of the notable poets of the younger generation. He wields considerable influence as Editor of the *London Mercury*. His essays are mostly casual in their nature, but they are important as they reveal the author to us with a certain simplicity and charm.

His literary output, both original and editorial, is considerable.

Lord North (1732–92): second Earl of Guildford; English statesman,

Tarzan: a well-known cinema 'star'; 'Tarzan of the Apes,' a popular picture, is adapted from the book of that name.

Bradshaws: railway time and fare tables, so called after the name of their originator, George Bradshaw (1801–53), a Manchester map-maker.

Edmund Spenser (1552 ?–99): a great poet of the Elizabethan age; author of the *Faerie Queene* and inventor of the Spenserian stanza, which later poets have used with great effect.

Ghostly: like a ghost; like a phantom. It is not the usual sense of the word.

Mark the close of this essay. The essay is built sometimes on a mere trifle, which the writer's imagination glorifies into a unique personal experience.

SEASIDE

ROBERT LYND (b. 1879) is the Literary Editor of the *Daily News*. He is a gifted essayist and critic. In his style and outlook he cultivates the manner of R. L. Stevenson. There are several volumes of Essays—for example, *A Peal of Bells*—by his pen, which display his Stevensonian humour, reflectiveness and sympathy. Like E. V. Lucas, he builds his essays out of mere trifles and makes them the occasion of trenchant criticism of life. He has the confidential manner of the personal essayist, not only in the personal essay so-called, but even in his more serious and critical work, e.g. *The Art of Letters*.

His style is simpler and less elaborate, and therefore devoid of the mannerisms of R.L.S. He has certainly done at least some work that will survive the present generation. Even in the most trivial of his efforts, he seldom fails 'to delight or to instruct'.

Cabbages : often the occasion of a joke.

Plage (Fr.) : coast or beach.

There is very little danger in the heresies, etc. : compare Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers* ; the passage in the text seems to be an echo of it.

Any ball is the symbol of perfection : Robert Lynd has the Stevensonian trick of pausing in the narrative to suggest some whimsical or ethical vein of reflection.

Alors monsieur, vous êtes servi, etc. (Fr.) : 'Here you are, sir. You are being served straight from the frying pan.'

Two, I think, is the serious age: compare, once again, Stevenson's *A Child's Play.*

Sauveteurs : rescuers ; men deputed to preserve life.

Lawless as an Englishman : in allusion to the popular belief that the English are the least *governed* of all the nations of the world.

LITERATURE

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785–1859) : English critic and man of letters. His study of prose style as an effective and appropriate expression of imaginative and emotional thought made him one of the foremost essayists of his day. His mind, however, is essentially that of a poet, brilliant and imaginative rather than analytic and philosophic. For more than twenty years he continued writing to several journals and reviews. His prose writings cover a wide field —romance, biography, criticism, and personal reminiscence, including the famous *Confessions of an Opium Eater.*

In style De Quincey always tends to be rhetorical. His use of words is often allusive, his sentences are elaborately constructed, or cast into the mould of telling epigram. But sometimes he is long-winded and diffuse. With a little more balance and uniform texture he would have challenged comparison with Ruskin, who learnt not a little from his great predecessor.

Sanctuary : literally, a consecrated place, a sacred or holy place ; here used in the additional significance of a place of refuge or protection, because in the Middle Ages, when the Church was independent of the authority of the State, sacred places were used as a refuge by offenders against the law.

Glittering iris of human passions : De Quincey puts his most significant ideas often in an imaginative setting, as here.

Jacob's ladder : the ladder that the patriarch Jacob saw in his vision of heaven. He was the father of the twelve patriarchs who were reputed to have founded the twelve tribes of Israel.

Mimicries : Plato condemned drama and acting as a form of undignified 'mimicry'.

Epopee : an epic.

Indirectly by moving : the so-called romantic writer of the early nineteenth century condemned the obvious didacticism of the eighteenth century. However, they recognized, as in the work of Wordsworth, the value of *indirect* teaching.

Quamdiu bene se gesserit (Latin) : so long as he behaves himself well.

Nominis umbra (Latin) : lit., the shadow of a name, i.e. a name no longer famous.

Praxiteles : flourished about 340 B.C., a Greek sculptor ; the best-known example of his work is the *Cnidean Venus.*

Michael Angelo, now generally Michelangelo (1475–1564) : one of the greatest Italian painters and sculptors.

THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–88) : one of the greatest prose-writers and critics of the nineteenth century. As a poet, too, he ranks very high. Imbued with the best traditions of classical learning, he applied to the literary and educational questions of his age a mind at once rich and thoughtful. As a critic he advocated a high moral purpose for all forms of art, and insisted, rather too dogmatically, on very well-balanced and clear-cut expression.

His own style in prose lacks precision, and is marred occasionally by unseemly repetition. But his vocabulary is always select, and often he attains to a felicity of phrase not easily surpassed. He wrote with great moral earnestness, and it is his enthusiasm that leads him astray. At his best—as in his introduction to the poems of Wordsworth—he attains to a remarkable simplicity and clarity of expression.

He was a prolific writer, and, besides half a dozen volumes of critical essays, he has left behind a number of ably written reports on the state of education in England and on the continent.

Mark the formal opening of this essay. An essay does not—and should not—always open with such an elaborate introduction. The critics and reviewers of the nineteenth

century affected this style of writing. See many of Macaulay's critical essays.

My first occasion of speaking here : that is, at Oxford, where he had been appointed Professor of Poetry in 1857. This essay was not published till 1869.

The literature of ancient Greece : the contemporaries of Arnold were beginning to regard the study of the physical sciences as a more desirable substitute for the study of the *humanities*. He remained to the last an advocate of the high cultural value of the classical literatures.

Certain epochs in the history of the human race : modern scepticism had its birth in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. By the time of Matthew Arnold people were beginning to question all the conventional forms of thought and conduct.

Johnson (Dr. Samuel), 1709–84 : the famous lexicographer, poet, and miscellaneous writer of the eighteenth century.

Pericles (495 ?–429 B.C.) : a Greek statesman.

Thucydides (471 ?–400 B.C. ?) : one of the greatest historians of Athens ; *modern* in his impartiality and balanced judgment.

Burke (1729–97) : English statesman, orator, and prose-writer ; he deeply influenced the course of events in his day. His superiority as a political philosopher has been recognized by subsequent generations.

Niebuhr (pronounce *Nēbōōr*), 1776–1831 : a Scandinavian by birth, he was educated in Germany and England. He lectured at the University of Berlin, establishing his reputation as one of the most original and philosophic of modern historians.

PERSONAL STYLE

J. A. SYMONDS (1840–93) : critic and prose-writer ; made Elizabethan drama his peculiar study. He marshalled his arguments with great logic, and carried conviction with the wealth of his illustrations. He travelled extensively in Italy ; his travel sketches show him to be a keen observer and judge of art. All his critical work gives strong evidence of a very careful and balanced mind, extraordinarily free from bias.

The dominant qualities of each mother-tongue : every language has its own peculiar idiom : that is, what in German is called *Spracgefühl*, the soul of speech.

'An art to find the mind's construction' : Macbeth, Act i. Sc. 4.

Le style c'est l'homme (Fr.): the style is the man.

Victor Hugo (1802–85): French poet and novelist; the author of *Les Misérables*.

Leopardi (1798–1837): an Italian poet.

Heine (1797–1856): German poet and miscellaneous writer.

Fletcher: collaborator of Beaumont, with whom his name is generally coupled; a very prolific dramatist of the generation that followed Shakespeare's.

Byron: the poet.

Tropes: figures of speech.

Michelangelo the sonnet-writer, etc. See Browning's *One Word More*, where this point is beautifully elaborated.

Sistine Chapel: is the private chapel attached to the Vatican—the residence of the Popes of Rome. It was built by Sixtus IV, and decorated by Michelangelo and others. *Sistine*, or more usually *Sixtine*, means 'of or pertaining to Sixtus'.

Tolstoy (1828–1910): Russian writer and reformer. Ibsen and Tolstoy have been two of the most potent influences on the mind of Europe in the twentieth century.

Johnson: 'Clear your mind of cant' is a well-known saying of Dr. Johnson.

Dryden (1631–1700): poet and critic; he helped to fashion the new prose more than any other writer of his age.

Numbers: verses; the art of versification.

It is because we have lost a poem: in other words, we value *art* for its own sake.

Athenæum: an influential English review, dealing with literature and the fine arts generally; now amalgamated with the *Nation*.

Beethoven (1770–1827): the famous German composer; pronounce *Betōven*.

Don Giovanni: an opera by Mozart, first produced at Prague in 1787.

But poetry is speech, etc.: compare Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* and Coleridge's criticism of it in his *Biographia Literaria*.

We value it because, etc.: another aspect of the same is what Coleridge called 'suspension of disbelief'; that is, for the time being we surrender our power of reasoning to the poet, who is exercising his magic on us through the imagination.

NOTES

WHAT IS ART?

A. CLUTTON BROCK[1] (1868–1924): essayist and reviewer; was for several years on the staff of *The Times*, London. Most of his work is of a journalistic nature, but at his best he wrote with rare skill and power.

His later work shows a rich mind tending towards the interpretation of life and art in relation to religion. He was a voracious reader, with large sympathy and understanding of the work of other men.

He had peculiar gifts to make him a rare essayist and reviewer. 'He was too impulsive, too rapid, too versatile in the play of his mind to endure the hard mechanical discipline needed for the preparation of a large book,' but took keen delight in the mere expression of his ideas. His generosity of temper, 'his gentle irony, subtle insight, meditative wisdom, and free and bold interpretation' make him a critic not easily excelled in his own sphere.

He was master of a simple style to which his imagination imparts a delicate beauty. His large reading makes his sentences vaguely reminiscent of great and classical writers.

SHELLEY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1861–1922): was Professor of English Literature at Oxford, and a distinguished literary critic. For his services to literature, he was knighted in 1911. He started life in India as a lecturer in English in the M.A.O. College, Aligarh, but had to leave on account of ill-health.

Sir Walter was one of the most original and imaginative critics of his day. Though himself by no means an indifferent scholar, he emphasized in his critical judgments the human, rather than any abstract, value of artistic production. As a professor he was even more brilliant than as a critic, for his personal charm and manner magnetized his large classes of admiring students.

He transfers some of these qualities of charm and imagination to his writings. There is a freshness and persuasiveness in all that he writes. Though some of his literary judgments may now come to be regarded as exaggerations due to personal predilections, with his own generation of students and readers he never failed to carry conviction.

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[1] Based in part on an article in *The Times Literary Supplement*, January 17, 1924.

Shelley (1792–1822): one of the greatest lyrical poets. He has left behind a body of poetry that establishes his greatness beyond all cavil; and yet he died when his genius had hardly reached maturity.

On his own terms: because Shelley detested convention almost as much as tyranny.

The superincumbent: a favourite epithet with Shelley.

To hope till hope creates: Prometheus Unbound, Act iv.

Blake (1757–1827): English artist, poet, and mystic.

Prometheus Unbound: a powerful drama in which Shelley exhibits human suffering and ultimate triumph under tyranny. It is mainly symbolic.

The Excursion: a long autobiographical poem of William Wordsworth.

His scenery is dream scenery: for example, see his poem, *The Witch of Atlas*.

Epipsychidion: a philosophic love poem, addressed by Shelley to an Italian lady 'imprisoned' in a convent.

Marlowe: Christopher Marlowe (1564–93), was the precursor of Shakespeare. His lofty imagination, his masterly use of blank verse when it had hardly been used at all, and above all his tempestuous nature, place him in the first rank of English dramatists. See his *Faustus*. He was killed in a street brawl.

Though rosy lips and cheeks: from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, on Love.

CARLYLE'S 'PAST AND PRESENT'

G. K. CHESTERTON (b. 1874) has attracted and retained the attention of the public ever since the publication of his first notable work on Browning (1904). He has been called a topsy-turvy philosopher, and it is true that he revels in exaggeration and paradox. The ultimate value of his thought and reasoning is questionable; it is as a versatile, vivacious journalist, as a dogmatic, satirical critic of art, letters, and science that he is so widely read.

He affects a style that is full of epigram and antithesis. His vocabulary is choice without being difficult, though at times the cast of his sentences is enigmatical, if not positively obscure.

Past and Present: a collection of connected papers on the social and economic questions of the past as compared with the nineteenth century.

All scepticism is like seasickness: epigram and paradox figure very largely in Chesterton's writings. See a

sentence further on: 'And remember that if it be true that all reactionaries are rebels, it is even more certain that most rebels are reactionaries.'

Rufus: William II, so called because of his red hair; King of England, 1087–1100.

Chivalry: derived from the French word; cognate with *cavalry*; compare *campaign* and *champaign*; *captain* and *chieftain*, and the like.

Lynched: punished, especially with death, without the forms of law, as when a mob roughhandle a suspected person and hang him. The origin of this word is doubtful, though popularly ascribed to a Virginian, who is supposed to have taken the law into his own hands.

Nolo episcopari (Latin): I do not wish to be made a bishop.

ABERCROMBIE'S POETICS

Pundits: learned men of a profession; now a well-established English word. (When used as a title to an Indian name it is not recognized as an English word.)

A complex of inhibitions: terms used by psychologists to describe early influences or the like that prevent the mind from functioning in a free and natural manner.

Works delightful to all men: compare Clutton Brock, *What is Art?*

Joachim (pronouce *Yō'ä-kim*), 1831–1907: a German violinist.

Virtuoso: a man well versed in the technique of an art; in music, particularly, a performer on the violin or the piano.

Brontë (Charlotte and Emily): gifted women novelists of the Victorian Age.

Professor Garrod: the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His inaugural lecture on 'Wordsworth' was delivered in 1924.

Albert Dürer (1471–1528): German engraver and painter.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie is Professor of Poetry at the University of Leeds. He is a considerable poet, and a very keen critic of contemporary literature. His *Prosody* was published in 1923.

ENGLISH PROSE

Remy de Gourmont (1858–1915): one of the most influential of modern French critics. His important work was done in interpretation of the symbolic element in modern art.

Emotive : referring to, or causing emotion.

Si, a la mémoire visuelle, etc (Fr.) : 'If to visual memory, a writer adds emotional memory—that is, if he has the power in recalling the picture, to place himself again exactly in that emotional condition which excited the picture in him—he would possess, without even knowing it, the whole art of writing.'

The image evokes the words : compare in the last essay the sentence beginning, 'However, we must not insist too much on a matter of a word.' (p. 149.)

Compline : the last prayer of the day in the Roman Catholic Church.

Suture : a seam, or a seam-like line.

Henry James (1843–1916) : an American novelist and short-story writer with deep psychological insight into character.

Defoe (1661 ?–1731) : miscellaneous prose-writer and novelist ; author of *Robinson Crusoe.*

The Journal to Stella : by Swift, satirist and prose-writer of the eighteenth century. *Gulliver's Travels* is also by his pen.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (pronounce *Cōōch) :* Professor of Poetry at Cambridge ; better known as 'Q'.

Gaillardise : an archaic word ; excessive merriment.

Sir John Falstaff and *Wife of Bath :* types of humorous characters. Sir John Falstaff is the comic hero of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV,* and the hero of his *Merry Wives of Windsor.* He is distinguisned on the stage by his extreme fatness. *The Wife of Bath* is a creation of Chaucer's. Though coarse and vulgar, she remains an immortal figure in English fiction.

CAIRO TO SUEZ

A. W. KINGLAKE (1809–91) : historian and essayist. His finest work was done in historical portraiture. His *History of the War in Crimea* ranks so high not as a history but as a piece of brilliant writing. His trenchant criticism of Napoleon III shows his grasp of character and his power of historical analysis.

As an essayist he devoted himself mainly to topics of historical interest or to travel.

Dragomen : interpreters.

Pelisse : a long outer garment, generally made of fur.

Sad scoundrels : an idiomatic use of *sad.*

NOTES

THE BEDUINS

C. M. DOUGHTY (1843–1925): a famous explorer of the nineteenth century. As a writer he is known to the reading world as the author of *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, which records the experiences of his wanderings in that country from 1875–77. A staunch and unwavering Christian, his shrewd wit, human sympathy, and resourcefulness procured him food and shelter even among hostile and fanatical tribes. His power of observation is very acute, and the account of his travels will justly rank with the best literature of its kind.

In his spirit of adventure, in his insatiable curiosity, and his dare-devilry, Doughty is quite an Elizabethan. Partially out of this kinship with them, and partially out of an eccentricity of temperament, he adopted their style of writing. His style has a distinct flavour which, in spite of its richness and its archaisms, never tires. There is a wealth of illustration and imagery, which makes his mannerisms the only fit medium in which the author can convey his impressions of an Oriental people. The student should not observe so much the remoteness of Doughty's vocabulary, or his perversions of the modern word-order, as he should cultivate a taste for the enjoyment of all that is good in his style—its virility, its richness and variety of tones, and its vivid splashes of colour.

Sir Thomas Browne: see note, p. 207.

The bent of their bows: the extent of their knowledge.

Dirâ: a nomad tribe's circuit or oasis settlement.

Whose lean lives are of the showers: who make their scanty living by wandering about the regions where the rain falls.

Beyt: booth, tent; also house.

Nigh, awakened, and the like, are intentional archaisms in Doughty; they give his style its peculiar flavour.

Menzil: encamping ground.

Khalil: the name by which Doughty passed among the Arabs.

Meressy: dry milk-shards.

Thaif: a guest.

Phasm: a phantom; the word is now regarded as obsolete; in Doughty it is obviously a revival.

He fall upon the knees: notice the frequent use of the subjunctive, another of the mannerisms of Doughty's style.

Gaila: time of midday heat.

Liever: comparative of *lief*, glad, willing.

Dubbush : small cattle.
Ghrazzus : foragers.
Naga : a cow camel.
Semily : A vessel made of skin and used for keeping milk.
Rabia : the tender spring of herbs in the wilderness.

CHITOR

H. KEYSERLING is a Russian philosopher who has joined the ranks of the international advocates of universal peace and brotherhood. He is an intimate friend of Rabindranath Tagore and Romain Rolland. He combines the intellectual gifts of a philosopher with the imaginative outlook on life of a poet.

Leviathan : there are several references in the Bible to the Leviathan ; from these contexts it can be made out to mean a whale, a crocodile, or the like. Therefore the word has come to mean any huge and formidable animal.

THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES

D. G. HOGARTH (1862–1927), sometime President of the Royal Geographical Society, was a great scholar and archæologist, and, perhaps, one of the best authorities on the Middle East. His intimate knowledge of the countries between Turkey and South Mesopotamia made him invaluable as the Director of the Arab Intelligence Bureau at Cairo during the last war.

He had great experience as an excavator, and was an antiquarian of great skill and imagination. There is a touch of humour and human sympathy in all that he observes and describes. His style combines the simplicity and directness of expression characteristic of a scientist with the finish of a classical scholar.

He was Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford from 1909 until his death.

Aintab : a town in the vilayet of Aleppo in Asiatic Turkey ; now a part of Iraq.

Gunwale : pronounce *gânnel*.

Von Moltke : the German general who led the campaign against France in 1870.

Strabo (63 B.C. ?–after A.D. 21) : a Greek geographer.

Commagenian kings : Commagene was a district in ancient geography supposed to have been situated in Syria between the Euphrates on the east and Cilicia on the west. Seat of an independent kingdom 65 B.C.–A.D. 17.

Hittites : an ancient people who lived in the region extending from Armenia, to the west in Asia Minor, and to the south in Palestine.

FREE TO THE UTTERMOST

C. E. MONTAGUE (1867–1928) was an author and critic of some note. He was for long on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was very fond of outdoor life, and cultivated mountaineering as a hobby. His essays smell of the open air. The detached thoughtful moods into which he occasionally lapsed (in his writings) show how deep and intimate a communion he held with nature. He had a keen eye for colour and sound; he appreciated oddities of character and chronicled them with sympathy and obvious approval. He fought in the Great War from 1915–19, and has given us some delightful, though at times whimsical, accounts of his experiences.

Unit: in the military sense.

The Great Bear: the constellation of stars; *the pointer*, the two stars that form a part of this constellation and always point to the pole-star.

Falstaff and Henry V: see Shakespeare's *King Henry IV* and *V*.

Burne-Jones: (1833–98): an English painter and socialist.

Morris (1834–96): an English poet and social reformer; spent a large private fortune to improve English art and the lot of working men.

Athos: a character in *The Three Musketeers*.

And the English trains, etc.: mark the rhythm of this sentence.

Fritz : a German soldier; as *Tommy* means a British soldier.

Quentin Durward : hero of Scott's novel of that name.

Bardolph : a rascally soldier in *King Henry V*, one of the early associates of Falstaff and Prince Hall.

Richelieu : the Cardinal; a powerful church dignitary who wielded great political influence in the days of Louis XIII of France. He plays an important part in *The Three Musketeers*.

The slave of the lamp : reference is to the wonderful lamp of Aladdin.

DALAI LAMA

EDMUND CANDLER (1874–1926) was a well-known figure in the Punjab in the last two decades of the century. He was very fond of travel, and accompanied several diplomatic

expeditions as a correspondent. He went to Tibet for the first time in 1904 as a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. In an engagement at Tuna he was seriously wounded and lost the use of an arm. Till the end of his days, however, he continued to use his rifle with remarkable accuracy. During the last war he was in France and in Mesopotamia as correspondent for the *Daily Mail* (1914), for the *Times* (1915), and for the Government of India (1915–18).

His knowledge of the East was gained by a sympathetic study of the peoples. He was an imperialist in his political views, but nothing ever hindered his intimate association with the Eastern nations.

Candler was a keen observer of men and manners. He had a sense of humour that made him see all traits of a human character in due proportion—though for purposes of art he generally heightened his colours and manipulated his lines. But, all the same, he is a realist, faithful to things as he saw them.

His power of description is great. He never lacks clearness of vision, or terseness of phrase. He was a scholar who carried his scholarship lightly. A man of the world among soldiers and diplomats, he was at heart a student of letters. His contributions to Anglo-Indian literature will always be rated very high. The better known among them are: *The Unveiling of Lhasa*, *The Mantle of the East*, *Siri Ram, Revolutionist*, and *Abdication*. All of them show keen insight, sympathetic understanding, and a charming simplicity of style, with occasional touches of humour, both boyish and satirical.

Colonel Younghusband (b. 1863): one of the most intrepid and fearless of Tibetan explorers. He has led several military and political expeditions into the wilds of Tibet. *Pamir and Tibet* is one of the most interesting of his books.

Hobnobbing with the divine: living on terms of intimacy with him; moving in his company as a friend, sharing his amusements. (Look up your dictionary for *hobnob*.)

Om Mani Padmne Om: the Buddhistic praying formula that establishes a communion between the worshipper and the Buddha, identifying the two. The repetition of the formula has now degenerated into a mechanical performance on an instrument (made like a spinning-wheel), called the praying wheel, on which the formula is generally written out.

The Holy of Holies: translation of the well-known *sanctum sanctorum*.

The Chinese Amban: the Chinese representative at the

Court of the Lama. He represented the suzerainty of China in Tibet. *Amban* literally means *minister*.

Nemesis : retribution, justice. In Greek religion *Nemesis* was the goddess of retributive justice. She played a great part in Greek drama, bringing out in the end what we sometimes call 'poetic justice', that is, an end desired by the natural development of incidents and characters in the plot. But the Greek conception of nemesis was the restoration of balance and moderation by the punishment of every form of excess—excess even in virtue and strength.