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The
Ethics of the Surface
Series

No. II

A Homburg Story

Ethics of the Surface Series

By the same Author

*I. The Rudeness of the Honourable
Mr. Leatherhead*

II. A Homburg Story

III. Cui Bono.

A Homburg Story

By

Gordon Seymour pseud.

Sir Charles ^{Walsford} ~~Haldstein~~



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New York,
N.Y.

To
L. W.

A Homburg Story

I

CAMPBELL was late in going to the Elisabethenbrunnen Promenade on a fine August morning. It was half-past eight o'clock; throngs of people were already leaving the promenade, hastening home in pleasant anticipation of their coffee and rusks, for which their hour and a half's walk had thoroughly prepared them. Some of the ladies were carrying large bunches of beautiful roses with which an attentive friend had presented them; some stopped on their way up at the little tables with peasant girls behind them and bought jars of golden honey which they carried in their hands. Health-giving Aurora had kissed their brows with her rosy lips in reward of their early rising, and had dispelled from them the furrows which the

cares and toils or dissipations of a London, Paris, or Berlin season had drawn in them.

Campbell had been touched by the pleasant "good-morning" and bright smile of one of these fair-faced honey-girls, and had told her once that he regretted greatly that he did not care for honey. "Oh, that makes no difference," she had said; and he got his smile and greeting whenever he passed.

He nodded to his many friends as he walked hastily to the Brunnen, bowed more formally to the Prince of Gallia, who shouted "lazy straggler" at him, and reached the wells, where he asked for his glass of "*half-warm*" waters from one of the girls who move about busily in the circular enclosure of the fountain. He was greeted with a cheery shout from a tall, lanky, boyish-looking man of about thirty, with a keen face and bright eyes in which shrewdness and good-nature, seriousness of purpose, and childish frivolity were struggling for the upper hand; while all were overborne by the predominant

clamour of over-strung and uncontrollable nerves.

"Remember you are dining with us this evening," he said, as he shook Campbell's hand.

"Where and when is it?" asked Campbell; "I must confess I had almost forgotten. Verbal invitations and our confused meetings bring one into a hopeless state of muddle as regards engagements here."

"At the Kurhaus, at seven forty-five. Do be punctual, because we are going to the dance afterwards. Of course you are coming to the dance, aren't you? My wife wants you to dance with her, and there will be some pretty girls. I'm sure you can dance as well as any of these fools here. Fellows with brains can do anything they want to do. That's my conviction. Am I not right? You see . . ."

And he was going to rush off into one of his wild theories, which, exaggerated as they were, always had some remarkable and original point. They pulled one up sharp and made one think; at first with a spirit of opposition and, when this had

worn off, with a reconciled agreement, after one became accustomed to the humorous side of his tendency to exaggerate. Campbell, though he had a keen sense of humour, had inherited from his Scotch ancestors a fund of seriousness, which often made him feel irritated with the slovenly and slipshod thought and expression of his American friend, whom he liked much, and for whose wife he had a deep regard and admiration verging upon affection.

"Don't let's talk philosophy early in the morning on nothing but a glass of Elisabethenbrunnen in an empty stomach," Campbell interrupted him. "I want to know about the dance. Is it one of the *réunions*?"

"Why, no! Don't you know? It's a subscription dance got up by that crowd of the Herberts and Lane and Hobhouse, and that lot of fellows. Oh, I forgot that you have only just come. They're great fun, those dances. They're immense. You must come. You just ask one of those fellows—or I'll ask for you."

"Don't trouble about that. I shall see

one of the promoters in the course of the day and get a ticket. I want to dance with Mrs Hewson. She's the best dancer I know. I've got to that stage of the mature dancing man when an indifferent partner gives as much pain as a good one gives pleasure."

Hewson had not been listening to Campbell's last remarks and was evidently puzzling over something that he wanted to put emphatically.

"But there is something that makes me so mad," he suddenly burst out, "that it spoils my pleasure in the dance. You know women are all mean and petty and that kind of thing. We all know that, and there is no use humbugging about it. But what I hate to see, is men giving way to it. I hate to see men act like women, don't you?"

"I can't exactly agree to all your general statements. Had you not better tell me the particular case you have in mind?"

"Well, those women have made a dead set against three nice girls who are here. They want to keep them out, and they are

doing it. And they have got the men to play into their hands, so that the three girls have had tickets refused them."

"That is indeed the kind of thing I hate, either in man or woman,—unless there be some justification. Is there anything of the kind in the case of these three women? Are they fast, or vulgar, or pushing?"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear fellow. They are charming and well-bred, and, I should say, reserved,—so that I can't see how they should have put themselves in a position to be snubbed that way. They are very pretty and dress very well—no doubt that counts strongly against them with the women. But the real reason is that they are Jewesses; that they are of the great race to which our Saviour belonged, and to which we owe the Bible. It is all common rot, and makes me tired!"

Campbell stopped walking and his friend had to follow suit. He had become quite serious now, and there was an expression of contempt and anger in his face as he said:

"I agree with you heartily, my dear

Hewson, I have never agreed with you more completely. That is indeed hateful as regards the women, and despicable as regards the men. I know such things are done. But we have, thank Heavens, been spared this genus of vulgarity in England—though we have many developments of the species. I have come to Homburg many years and I have never seen it show its vile head here. That's something quite new; and you must pardon me if I suspect that it is not an English importation, but has been introduced by the American section of our English-speaking community."

"Of course you are right," Hewson assented. "I know the American crowd that introduced it; they are my friends and relations; but they are most of them Englishmen who gave way to them. That's what beats me. I know all about the women, and don't bother about that. They have got mean ways; but as . . ."

And here he interrupted himself and turned to Campbell with a deprecatory and pleading manner. "Now please don't mind the early hour and the Elisabethen-

brunnen and talk sense to me. You are a fellow that thinks, and I can't talk sense to all those fools. I have often been puzzling over a thing, and you can solve it for me. Why do good Christian women try to hurt each other, to wound in the most sensitive spot of pride; and why do free-born American women try that kind of 'society' game on, more than any others?"

Campbell himself had been walking on, looking before him on the ground, his brow knit, manifestly thinking keenly on something that must have stirred deeper thoughts and associations in him. He raised his head, and said to Hewson with a changed, deliberate manner:

"You ask me two questions, Hewson, which interest me much, and on which I have thought a good deal. One is of a universal nature, the other of a special national aspect, on which, surely, you are a better authority than I am."

"No, I'm not. I've not lived in America since I was a boy who never thought. You are a man of experience and observation, and you have travelled in America as

a sympathetic observer, which enables you to judge of certain matters better than Americans themselves can. Please tell me what you think."

"Well," said Campbell deliberately, "the first general question may help to answer the second. As to why people do these cruel things, there are several reasons—or rather causes; for they are rarely conscious of them, unless they are really bad people. In the first place, we all have in us the survivals of the instincts of prehistoric man, of the man-animal. And, in spite of the instinct of love and friendly intercourse—the gregarious social instinct—we have, as carnivorous, hunting animals, the remains of cruelty which you will find in all animals, the delight in hurting, in giving pain, which in man is perhaps increased and refined by pleasure in the consciousness of power. The child that teases an animal or pinches another child and then coos with delight is an instance of this. The weaker and more timid the animal, the more cruel it is. With human beings it certainly is so; perhaps because

the weaker ones have a stronger craving for the feeling of power which they rarely enjoy, and also, as they are unaccustomed to such strong emotional food, they have less moderation. That is one reason why women are often more cruel than men; another being that they are the more emotional of the two, and therefore have their passions less under the control of reason."

"O, that's immense! You just say the kind of things I've been thinking about and can't express. I wish I could express things as you can. I feel them all, but I can't put them into words. My education was all muffed. ~~The~~ where you've got the pull over me." He was excited, with his clear eyes glaring at Campbell, and he suddenly took his arm and dragged him forward. "Go on, go on," he said.

"Well, the hunting of the prehistoric man, the chief life-interest upon which he expended his energy, is, for the modern average lady, 'society' so-called. It is here that she satisfies her natural craving for action and self-realisation. I know

this is a barbarous word; but this outer realisation of our self, of our individuality, is, in its various forms, one of the leading impulses to action and exertion. This leads to ambition. And the ambition of women who have no profession or predominant intellectual or moral interest in life, or who do not fulfil that high and noble function of being model wives, mothers of children whom they educate, and mistresses of a household over which they preside—the ambition of such women lies within ‘society’ in the restricted sense of that term. It is here they wish to shine, to rise to a high position.

“Now, this ‘society’ has its origin in positive causes which are good, or it springs from negative impulses which are bad. The positive basis I should call natural social selection or differentiation, the negative element is exclusion or exclusiveness. The positive which leads to selection is grounded on a refined taste, and calls for the exertion of strength and independence of character and truthful consistency of conduct. It thus tends to

ennoble the individual and to elevate society (in the wider sense)—it is based upon love and liberty. The negative side, which makes for exclusion and exclusiveness, leads to the consciousness of one's own security and social advantages, to pride and exultation, to envy or the malignant realisation of the disadvantages of others,—it is based upon hate and servility. The one looks within for its justification, the other looks without."

Campbell paused a moment, but Hewson had grown quite excited. With the keen appreciation he had for thought, and his demonstrative, nervous nature, he almost hopped about as he said eagerly, "Go on, go on, I am following you. Don't lose it. I see what you are driving at. Oh, it is immense!"

"Well, then," Campbell continued, "birds of a feather flock together. People of similar tastes, similar interests and occupations, and in similar conditions of life, will find pleasure and social peace and security in each other's company, and will form a circle or set. And it is right

that they should do it. The more highly developed society grows, the better it becomes, the more will it thus differentiate into sets. This is wholly right. It will thus have, viewed from without, an 'exclusive' aspect. And it is right that it should thus act exclusively—so long as the forces which give it that consistent, firm, inner solidarity are truly the positive reasons which led to its inner organization, which made it a set.

“I even hold that it is the duty of every man to carry through his selection on social grounds with firmness and unflinching purity of social motive,—provided always he maintains the proportion of life in its wholeness, and does not consider the 'social' objects to the exclusion or suppression of other duties more urgent and persistent in their claims to consideration. But he is not to admit people into the inner circle of his friends excepting on purely social grounds. Even moral and intellectual claims, as well as those of self-interest, in so far as they clash with social

fitness, are not to be regarded. Society as a whole, as a perfect expression of all phases of life, would be the better and more highly developed for this, and social groups would be found in almost artistic purity and harmony, unsullied by sordid interest, without the dissonance of vulgar ostentation or even moral and charitable forces working out of place. We have no right to bore and disturb our friends, who join together for pure social converse, with unfit people chosen to advance our immediate interests, or add to the marketplace reputation or notoriety of our *salons*, or to rid ourselves of the burden of ties and duties in other spheres. Nor, to take a definite instance, ought we, in providing a letter of introduction, only to consider the comfort and convenience of the person presented to the exclusion of the thought, whether the recipient of the letter will be equally pleased by the new acquaintance and obligation we press upon him. If we act thus we are sinning against the impersonal ideal of a well-organised society as well as wronging our

friends, who, in the tacit understanding of *this* 'social contract,' were not called upon to make a sacrifice, but to receive, as well as contribute to, the pleasures of freest and lightest social intercourse. But I must not overshoot the mark. For, as I said before, the 'social' claims, as well as the whole 'social' attitude of mind, may have to recede and to make way for much more weighty and imperious calls of duty in other spheres of life; and the harmony and proportion of all these spheres among each other will, before all, have to be maintained and regulated. There is not so much danger of people making grave errors in this direction.

"But as soon as the exclusiveness itself becomes an essential feature of a set's consistency, as soon as it leads to an aggressively or manifestly negative attitude towards those not of the set, and draws its moral (or immoral) sustenance from this consciousness—it produces snobbishness and develops the cruelty and vulgarity of which you gave me an instance this morning."

“Bully!” shouted Hewson. “How do you define snobbishness?”

“Well, that will lead us too far. We Englishmen know something about it. But I will give you a *mot* of one of my friends, which, in the light of what I have been saying, you will understand. He said, in defining snob and prig as correlative terms: ‘A snob is one who is manifestly conscious of his social advantages or disadvantages; a prig is the same in the intellectual and moral sphere.’ But now let us ‘return to our muttons,’—I hate not finishing a thing; and then I want to get to my breakfast.

“Now, ‘societies’ go in large groups, and therefore can not trouble about individuals and individual traits. They thus manifest their exclusiveness by larger categories. And in their struggle to find some people upon whose shoulders they can rise to social prominence, at whose cost they can manifest this ‘exclusiveness,’ they point to recognisable groups or classes of people. The victims must therefore be readily distinguishable.

Sometimes it will be a profession or occupation that is thus stigmatised. Formerly it was chiefly a question of 'birth.' This feudal aspect is played out in England, in spite of our having a house of peers. The most convenient victims will be those smaller groups within the nation who are distinguishable by some *quasi*-national characteristic; and the foreign settlements or their descendants, as well as the provincials settling in the capital, are most convenient. Scotch, Irish and German communities are easily fixed upon; and this will inevitably happen, if their success gives rise to envy. Now the Jews are the readiest victims; and so it comes about. And now I'm going to my breakfast."

They had got to the upper end of the promenade, where there are booths of jewellers and booksellers.

"No; now, just come down once more. It is very bad to eat your breakfast so soon after the waters. Come up and down once more and I'll walk home with you," Hewson urged and put his arm into Camp-

bell's, pulling him along. "You have answered the first question; how about the second? Why should our American women be worse in this respect than your English?"

"Well, my dear sir, you must forgive me if I speak frankly and freely. I know you are above that petty vanity which is unable to bear even sympathetic and well-founded criticism of national peculiarities."

"Fire away! Of course I don't mind it from you; because you also know and acknowledge our good points. It's the fools who know nothing and then criticise that make me mad," Hewson assured him.

"Well, you Americans have advanced with astounding rapidity in all spheres of civilisation, and you have outstripped the old world in many important ones, so that by reaction you are influencing Europe, very often for good. But 'socially' you are still in an embryonic stage. With the exception of Boston, where the past few generations created a nucleus of such gen-

uine social groups, organically developed out of similarity of tastes, education and outer conditions of life conducive to pleasant intercourse, you have no centre. Even in Boston there is now active a process of disintegration, owing to the sweep of business enterprise and the consequent shifting of wealth together with a general restlessness of spirit. In your other great centres and in your smaller communities fixed and mature social groups have not had time to solidify, and no genuine grounds of 'social selection'—I mean those that are not adventitious—have shown themselves and been recognised or discovered. The result is that you are constantly putting up new ones that may be swept away next day. Wealth is one lasting element. But you, especially the best among you, all deny that this is the case. You have many of you borrowed from feudalism—the revolt against the spirit of which was the very soul of your origin as a people—a mock and phantom reflexion of its social criterion, namely birth. We have practically given this up in Eng-

land, and you do not really believe in it. But I have been hugely amused, while residing both in your capitals and in out of the way provincial towns, to be treated to a cross-fire of my hosts at dinner on the peculiarities of their grandfathers and granduncles, Joe Evans of Evanstown and Governor Smith of New London, as if they were great historical figures. Now, I can understand a certain enthusiasm and poetic pleasure felt by a man who, in a great English country house, full of architectural and historical interest, shows you about the halls and galleries and points to the Holbeins, Van Dykes, Gainsboroughs and Reynolds portraits of his ancestors, who are mentioned, not only in the Domesday Book, but also in Shakespeare. But I can only sympathise with this in so far as it gives him a kind of poetic pleasure. For the rest it will depend upon him whether he is a true gentleman, a man of refinement and a good fellow, or a cad, a bounder or a stable boy. But, you see, when the humour no longer struck me, I felt it as a grotesque impertinence

on the part of some of your country people to entertain me with allusions to such uninteresting and undistinguished people.”

“ Well,” rejoined Hewson, “ those people are ignorant and do not know the world—they are provincial, my dear fellow. You have got enough provincials in the country in England, have you not? Exactly. But it really seems more ridiculous in America, and there the people who do that kind of thing are not the ‘provincials,’ but often socially the most prominent. Now you know my own family. We are proud of being the pure-blooded Knickerbockers. Well, our wealth comes from the fact that one of our Dutch ancestors—a regular old ruffian he probably was—had some vegetable garden on Manhattan Island, which afterwards became the centre of the city of New York. And the old fellow grew and sold his own potatoes and cabbages. My mother’s family, one of the richest and most prominent, had, as their first American ancestor, a man who—I only heard this the other day—worked for a dollar a day in the humble employ

of an eminent Jewish merchant in New York at the end of the last century."

"There you've come nearer our main point," Campbell said more eagerly. "This feeling about the Jews is generally based upon ignorance of history and the history of the non-biblical Jews. They have for many centuries had among them men and families of wealth, distinction, education and refinement, when the ancestors of many Saxons and Normans, and especially of Knickerbockers and Puritans, were following humble (though honourable) pursuits in life which debarred them from the advantages of culture. But the feeling that occasionally crops up against them is intensified by the introduction of religious prejudice and intolerance, especially in America."

"Do you think so?" Hewson asked doubtfully. "I don't think it has anything to do with religion in the case of this woman-meanness."

"Yes, it has, to a slight degree," Campbell continued, "because your social life is curiously mixed up with religion. In

your towns, and especially in the country, your society, not having the legitimate and solid bases to which I referred, is often entirely grouped round the Church. You have no Established Church as we have in England; and therefore religion (which is taken for granted with us) is there made a matter of assertion; it becomes obtrusive. I was often astonished, while travelling in America, to be asked by a young lady, "What church do you belong to?" as we ask a man, "What's your club?"

"Oh, that's so, that's true," said Hewson laughing, and evidently enjoying the reminiscence.

"Well, the churches thus become the social centres for the communities, and they sever the inhabitants, spreading their worldly ramification far beyond social life, even into business. It is one of the advantages of our Established Church that it has freed us from a curse which makes the Church worldly, while it makes society insincere and fortuitous. It works clumsily and is degrading in any case. That has had something to do with a stu-

pid wave of snobbishness which has occasionally washed your free and enlightened shores. At all events, I am determined to put my foot down about it, and not to allow it to dilute and pollute the pleasant flow of our Anglo-American life as it has run on for some years here. And now I rush up to my breakfast. Good-bye."

"Good-bye—thank you! You are a good fellow. One of the right sort. I wish—" Campbell did not hear what else his warm-hearted American friend shouted after him, as he entered his apartments for a well-earned breakfast.

II

THE agitation in which Hewson's unimportant remark had put Campbell did not subside while he was having his breakfast, nor for some time thereafter. There was nothing in this world he loathed more than meanness and pettiness; and social snobishness of this kind filled him with anger and indignation out of all proportion to the triviality of the act. Large natures are often stirred to irritation and anger by smallness, because of its contradiction to their essential character. A lion preparing for a fatal contest with another lion will lash his tail and roar with the exultant passion of the fray; but he will howl with the rage of impotence at the stings of wasps and carrion-flies.

Moreover, as a politician, interested in foreign affairs, he had studied and followed the Anti-Semitic movements, these

abortions of internal Chauvinism, of Anti-Capitalist parties too cowardly to show their true face, and of religious fanaticism squirting its attenuated venom at the weakest part of the national organism—a fight which is not fair, open and evenly matched. He felt thankfully how impossible it was for such a movement to gain a permanent foothold in England, because of the spirit of fair play, deeply imbedded in the heart of the English people, the direct inheritance of chivalry which is constantly nurtured in all layers of British society by the manly tone due to athletics and sport. And the insinuation of this moral, cowardly disease, which turns its malignity against the weakest group of a community, into even a casual stray portion of a temporary English colony like that of Homburg, called forth his pugnacious spirit of opposition. For, in studying the whole of this curious movement in modern times, he had traced its origin and its main source to Germany, whence it had been imported into America, Austria and even into France; and he knew

how readily such diseases are transmitted and how contagious they might be in their action—even upon socially healthy bodies such as the people of England. For there the general seeds of snobbishness were constantly sending forth shoots of wild growth in other spheres; while distress and keen industrial competition were preparing whole classes of Englishmen for the rivalry and envy which lend themselves to general intolerance and social persecution.

Finally, he remembered the story which Maxwell had told him of the engineer Gordon and Gordon's theory of social responsibility; and his perturbation gave way to decision when he had determined to fight these evil little impish powers with pretty, soft, smiling faces and Paris dresses in an open and manly way. At all events he felt that he would lose in his own self-respect, if he tacitly acquiesced, or took part, in what was so repulsive to his whole nature.

With this determination, after writing a few letters, he sallied forth on a morn-

ing's walk up the Hardwald, and at half-past twelve turned his steps towards Parker's hotel, where he had been invited to a luncheon party by Lady Northmeath, a kind-hearted friend of his, best of hostesses, who had the art of collecting interesting people and always bringing the right ones together.

Campbell had avoided lunching at Parker's, though the cooking was excellent; because, being a personal friend of the Prince of Gallia, who resided there, and generally lunched on the terrace, he never wished to put himself in the way of His Royal Highness, and because he particularly disliked the idea of seeing people scramble for tables in the same place where the royal visitor had his luncheon.

He found the table of his hostess almost adjoining that of the Prince, and most of her guests had already assembled. They were all English, with the exception of one very pretty and refined American lady and a Swedish diplomat and his wife. Her party also included a younger member of the royal family. The Prince at

the adjoining table nodded in a friendly manner to Campbell; while his own party were effusive in their greetings. He was evidently a favourite with all. Lane, one of the promoters of the dance, was also of the party.

The conversation flowed agreeably in small groups, but occasionally it became general, when, by a curious wave of intelligent instinct, everybody stopped to listen to what was well put and worth hearing.

Campbell was waiting for the mention of the dance; but the subject was not broached. So he felt that he must lead up to it.

"I suppose," he asked his hostess, "you have been very gay these last few weeks?"

"Oh, very gay," she replied. "It has been one of the pleasantest seasons I have had here. There are a great many nice people and very few objectionable ones; no gossip, no *tripotages*, and a universal tone of good-fellowship and good-nature."

"I am glad to hear that. I hope it has

not all been exhausted, now that I've come."

"Oh dear, no," said Lady Northmeath, "on the contrary it seems growing. And you bring a new fund of pleasantness with you in your own person. Everybody was asking why you were not here, and fearing you might miss this season. But I knew you were going to play in the lawn-tennis tournament. It will be very good this year; the English and American champions are coming."

"I'm not going to compete seriously. My day has gone by. And then the golf they have here now will draw me away from the tennis. I don't think that a man is much good at very active games after he has reached thirty."

The hostess demurred to this statement and appealed to other members of the party, and the conversation became general on the question whether a man could retain his agility at games after thirty. Grace, the cricketer, and the Cumberland wrestlers were cited as showing that middle-age was not fatal to excellence in

games. It was maintained by some that it was merely because men, as a rule, became engrossed in other occupations and duties which debarred them from the needed amount of practice, that there were fewer prominent athletes of maturer age.

The discussion was an interesting one, but Campbell felt that the luncheon was drawing to a close, and he had not succeeded in bringing the dance on to the *tapis*. He began nervously to fear that the tablecloth would be removed, and his topic would be laid "on the table."

He tried a more direct tack, and asked, not about the day amusements, but about the evenings. By a curious perversity only the past evenings were mentioned and he could not direct the talk into the desired channels.

The waiters were already asking each guest whether he would take coffee and liqueurs, which most refused, as they were taking the waters, when Lane suddenly said: "Of course you'll come to our subscription dance at the Kursaal this evening, Campbell; I've got a ticket for you."

It was Campbell's only chance. But at first his expectancy and the disappointment at not bringing the topic up sooner confused his whole clear and telling plan of mentioning the subject in an impressively cool and delicate manner. So he blushed slightly and hesitated as he said:

"I really am afraid I cannot go. I've determined . . ." Here he hesitated again.

"All right, old fellow," said Lane, "we won't press you to tell us what engagement is preventing you, we won't ask her name."

This made Campbell feel like a fool and quite angry at the turn Lane's talk had taken. But, above all, he was angry with himself for being so little master of himself and of the diplomatic art of arranging statements in telling sequence.

But his annoyance was really most serviceable to his cause, as the chaff which was beginning to be directed at him, and his irritation which he could not hide, were arresting the attention of the party. And as he felt unable to divert the current

of light banter, he at last burst forth in an altered tone, while the whole party were listening:

“Look here, Lane, be serious. I mean what I say when I absolutely refuse to have anything to do with your dance, and I don't care who knows my reasons. You may think me a prig; but I have what at the University we called ‘conscientious scruples,’ and I have nothing to say to an entertainment threatening to mar the pleasant spirit of our life here, which you say has prevailed this year also. I was told this morning that there was a dead set made against three nice ladies, and that tickets were refused them for this dance, —the reason being simply that they were Jewesses. Now I have no right to dictate to anybody whom he is to ask or not; nor do I think that my presence or absence will make any difference to anybody; but if this is true, I shall certainly have nothing to do with the dance and shan't go.”

“I really know nothing about this, Campbell, it is quite new to me,” Lane said seriously. “There are several of us

stewards, some of whom I don't know; and the tickets are given in a casual manner. But I shall enquire into this. I also hate that kind of snobbery."

As the party broke up and Campbell left them, he felt some compunction. For a serious, if not a painful, tone prevailed and had dissipated the high spirits with which they sat down to luncheon. Still he felt it was worth the sacrifice.

III

It was a very jovial party dining on the Terrace of the Kursaal that evening. There were the Hewsons, and four other Americans, namely, the military Attaché of the Paris Embassy with his wife and daughter, and a pretty widow, who, like all pretty American widows, was supposed to have millions, but was a well-bred and cheery person with frank and simple manners. Besides these and Campbell, there was Lord Hampton, a school and college friend of Campbell's, and Easton the traveller, an admirable raconteur, most imper- turbable in his good humour and high spirits, the soul of every jolly party.

The pleasant lightness of the conversation at their table was, as it were, set in the universal good-humour, which seemed to reign at all the tables with similar dinner-parties about them, beginning with

that of the Prince of Gallia at one end. The clatter of knives and forks and glasses, with a running accompaniment of low or harsh chatter which makes the in-door table-d'hôtes grate on one's nerves, were here not noticeable; the accompaniment being, in this case, the music of the excellent band which was playing in the Kiosque below.

Hundreds of well-dressed people were walking to and fro on the lower terrace and about the music stand; while the real lovers of music were seated on the chairs placed before the orchestra.

Shortly after nine, when the dinner was over, the party rose and began to join the promenaders, walking up and down before the music.

"You are coming to dance with me later on?" Mrs Hewson, the finest dancer, the most graceful and best-dressed woman of Homburg, asked Campbell, who was walking with her and her husband.

"I am afraid . . ." Campbell was just saying when Hewson cut in hurriedly with—

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. It is all right about that affair I told you of this morning; the cards were sent to them before dinner.”

“Hang it all,” Campbell said impatiently, “why did you not tell me that before? Now I haven’t got a ticket, and I want so much to dance with Mrs Hewson. I feel just in the mood for a good dance.”

He really felt exultant. Perhaps it was the pretty woman at his side, and the pleasant dinner, and the music, and the atmosphere of the whole place. But, no doubt, there was some exultation at what he thought must probably be his victory.

“You can get a ticket at once from one of those people. You know them all. I have seen one or two of them on the terrace just now.”

“All right,” Campbell said impatiently as he left them, “I’ll see.”

He walked up and down searching for one of his friends who could get him a ticket, when the old Duke of Oxford passed with a lady and several men, and responded to his bow by shouting—

“And how is the great radical statesman?” They shook hands and the Duke asked him what lady he was looking for so intently. Campbell told him that he was looking for some one to get him a ticket for the dance.

“Oh, stay with us,” said the Duke, “we are all going, and you can come in with us. We shall only walk here for a little while longer, and then we join the dancers.”

So it was that Campbell entered the ballroom on the upper floor of the Kurhaus,—the splendid edifice which, like the sister buildings at Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden, could only be erected out of the proceeds of years of gambling,—in the company of the Duke of Oxford.

They were given seats together near the entrance. The dancing had already begun, and Campbell sat with the royal party watching the dancers. Presently he thought that he might now leave the distinguished group and dance himself. He was just about to ask Mrs Hewson for a dance, when he perceived a certain movement among a group of American ladies

he was just passing, and heard them say: "There they are."

Following the direction in which they were looking, he saw three ladies who had just entered the ball-room, and were standing together, somewhat isolated from the crowd near the door. One of them seemed older, and was probably a married woman; the two others were evidently unmarried younger sisters. They were tall and rather uninteresting in their looks. All three had dark hair and rather long aquiline noses. He was wondering, as he examined them carefully, whether, if he had known nothing before, he would have classified them as Semitic, English-Norman in race, French, Italian, or Spanish. He realised, as he had so often done, how puerile it was to attempt seriously to establish ethnological distinctions within the confused mixture of races to be found in all European peoples.

They were dressed simply and without much *chic*. But he was irritated by the fact that they should each of them have worn such splendid and costly jewels, some

of them bearing distinctly the character of old heirlooms,—which, no doubt, they had bought.

He felt suffused by a glow of anger that they should have come at all, after the tardy invitation had almost been extracted by force. And a certain dignity and marked assurance in their demeanour as they stood there in their isolated position, with so many people staring at them, as if they were accustomed or hardened to that kind of thing, angered him all the more. Under other circumstances he would have admired the pluck and character in their demeanour.

Still, after the first burst of protest and irritation, he returned to his first mood of stolid purpose:—the more they were shunned, the more was it incumbent upon him to help them. And so, as at that moment he saw his friend Lord Hampton bowing formally to them, without however advancing, he hastily walked up to him and said—

“Hampton, I want you to do me a favour.”

“With all my heart, my dear boy,” said Lord Hampton cheerfully, “if it is anything within my power.”

“I want you to introduce me to those three ladies you have just been bowing to, and at once.” Campbell spoke eagerly, and was already seizing his friend by the arm to drag him on.

“But, my dear fellow, I hardly know them and . . .” Lord Hampton seemed embarrassed, almost displeased. He looked at his friend with a puzzled expression. The doubt which flashed through his mind was so thoroughly out of keeping with what years of friendship, from childhood upwards, had taught him of Campbell’s character, that he at once dispelled it.

Campbell had interrupted him and had said rapidly with growing eagerness: “I have never asked you for a favour, Hampton, and this is so small a matter; but, *j’y tiens.*”

So Lord Hampton shrugged his shoulder and advanced to the three ladies, Campbell following him, again bowed formally,

whispering a few words to them, and by the time Campbell had drawn up, he mentioned his name to them in a perfunctory manner, which displayed no pleasure or cordiality, and the presentation was over. Lord Hampton at once withdrew, and Campbell, having asked the youngest of the three for a dance, which she accorded, he also walked off with his partner.

Campbell was not in the best mood or temper. He was irritated with the manner in which his friend had met his request, with his friend himself, and with himself for having asked it. But he rapidly withdrew it from himself and cast it in his heart at the young lady, whom he made responsible for the ordeal he was undergoing. Perhaps there was still lurking through the irritation a certain priggish self-satisfaction in the increased amount of difficulties and impediments, of personal sacrifice, which his unselfish acting up to principle brought with it—so that it was rapidly approaching the heights of heroic action.

His unfavourable impression of her was

not diminished by her manner towards him. It was not merely simple and direct, but marked a self-possession and coolness, which, under the circumstances, approached effrontery. She looked him straight in the eyes in a scrutinising manner and cross-questioned him. She paid no heed to his questions, which he had carefully, with rare tact, arranged so as in no way to wound her, and the simple, almost humble tone (quite foreign to him with people of any kind) which he had considerately forced himself to adopt, was, as it were, taken for granted, and led, he indignantly felt convinced, to a complete misconception of his whole personality. He was rapidly beginning to feel like a fool, and did not like her the more for feeling thus.

Meanwhile she plied him with questions, which, as soon as answered by him, were, with a nod of acceptance, dropped to make room for new ones. What disgusted him most was the low, vulgar *niveau* of these questions. They were all personal inquiries concerning the people they saw

there. She would put up her long eye-glasses and stare at this lady and that man and inquire who they were, where they came from, pass them over with a general remark, that they were good-looking or not, well-dressed or not. And then she would cap the climax by such brutal questions as "She is very rich, is she not?" or "They are great people in their country, are they?" "This is almost the caricature of Hebrew characteristics," Campbell said to himself.

All she said, moreover, was couched in miserable English, with a strong German accent; words not only mispronounced, but misplaced and tortured out of all form and proportion of meaning; slang expressions made coarse by their juxtaposition to a word only used in classical literature. Campbell, who had a sensitive ear and a most delicate appreciation of the niceties and elegances of the English language, suffered acute pain as he heard it tortured with cruel insensibility.

But the climax of his suffering, which had already produced an intense state of

irritation, was reached when he began to dance.

Here too was the same impertinent wilfulness which marked her whole personality. She had assured him that she could dance the *trois-temps*, the Boston as she called it; but the rhythm of her waltz was still the *deux-temps*. In fact there was no rhythm at all, and no time. She could not have had an ear for music.

Campbell had made a paraphrase of the French saying: *Dans l'amour il y a toujours un qui aime et l'autre qui se laisse aimer*, maintaining that it was all right in such cases if it was the better and stronger who was the active one; and he especially applied this to a couple dancing.

With her incompetence she physically insisted upon leading him, who was known to be, and was, an excellent dancer. The result was that they were bobbing about out of time, bumping against every other partner, until Campbell, red in the face with real anger and not with the exertion, caught her firmly round the waist and pressed her wrist so tightly with his

other hand that it must have pained her, and, with a suppressed snort or grunt, whirled her round after his own fashion, forcing her into his own steps and to his guidance by sheer muscular compulsion.

When he had triumphantly wheeled her into his step, and she just had whispered, "What a good dancer you are," he reached the place where her sisters were standing, and, without further ceremony, he deposited her there, bowed, and walked away, red in the face and boiling with rage.

This frame of mind could not even be dispelled by a dance with Mrs. Hewson, who was a perfect dancer and with whom he loved to dance. As if there had been a contamination through his previous bad dancing company, Mrs. Hewson remarked the change and said: "Why, you are dancing badly to-night. I don't recognise you. You are rough, heavy and coarse in your movements. I really do not recognise you."

"Oh, I am out of sorts, and dancing is, like the practice of every art, expressive

of personality and even moods. Forgive me for this evening. We'll have a good one some other day."

And with this he left her and the ball-room, and sulkily went home to bed.

IV

ON the afternoon of the next day, Campbell was bicycling steadily up-hill on his way to the Saalburg. It was a very stiff pull, a continuous ascent; but the prospect of a delightful coast the whole way back made him forget the strain. He had got to the end of the wide road planted with trees which merges into a narrow avenue cut through the woods, and half-way through this, when he saw a young lady immediately in front of him dismount her bicycle in haste and begin a careful examination of the hind wheel. As he drew up he noticed a gesture of impotent despair, and he could clearly see the expression of distress on a face that at once arrested his attention. For the time, however, the anxiety expressed in her countenance directed his eyes from her face wholly towards the cause of her distress.

He dismounted, raised his cap, and said: "I fear you have had an accident. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Thank you, I really do not wish to trouble and detain you. I fear I have punctured my tyre. There will probably be some cab passing which will take me home."

"I doubt whether you will meet any disengaged cab here or for some distance on. You must allow me to help you. I know how to deal with bicycles, and if it is only a punctured tyre I can repair that. I have the materials in my case."

"Oh, it would be very kind of you," she said in a more joyful tone, the anxiety having entirely vanished from her voice and face. "But I really do not wish to delay you and spoil your ride."

But he had already kneeled down, and began in a workmanlike way to examine the machine. He was so full of the task before him that he almost forgot the young lady, and only thought of her as an assistant worker, giving her orders to hold the machine this way or that, while he tested

it. He began to pump the back tyre which had been depleted.

"Yes," he said, "there is a simple puncture here, not very bad. I can make it hold fairly well, and pump once or twice until you get back to Homburg. Where were you bound for?"

"I was going up to the Saalburg," she said. "My people drove on with their bicycles in the trap, to have tea there and then to coast back. But I was so proud that, in spite of their warnings as to the stiffness of the pull, I determined to cycle all the way up. It appeared to me a feeble thing to have yourself driven the whole way and then to ride back. You would probably call it unsportsmanlike," she added.

"I have the same feeling," he said, smiling; and now again he forgot the bicycle and the punctured tyre and looked straight into the lovely face before him, which exercised a fascination, disturbing and calming at once, such as he had never experienced before. Perhaps it was the up-hill exertion or his bending down over

the wheel, but there was a flutter in the region of his heart.

“Yes, I have the same feeling. In my Alpine climbing days I would not drive the moment I had set foot in Switzerland, and used to sneer at the people who drove up to the foot of the mountain and then began their climb. But I’ll tell you the best thing to do with the bicycle. I am bound for the Saalburg too. The tyre will hold until we get to the end of this avenue, and then begins a steep ascent to the right, where even I, who have ‘sportsmanlike’ feelings, intended to dismount and to push the machine up-hill. Then I’ll help you up the hill with your machine. At the Saalburg there will be time and all facilities for repairing the puncture.”

She gratefully agreed to this on condition that he would allow her to push her own machine.

And so they started off. Her bicycle held out while she was riding it and for some distance while they were pushing their machines up-hill through the woods. Campbell admired the firm and graceful

walk of this slim figure, elastic and strong, the way she planted her thin foot firmly on the ground, and the erectness of her carriage. She wore a black short skirt reaching to her ankles, simple in its art, the seams showing outside; it had the character of a riding habit. A white blouse, the sleeves not too slavishly following the fashion in exaggerated width. A stiff man's collar of the blouse and a bright red tie, the only touch of colour in her costume, gave her a boyish appearance; while a black toque, with a somewhat defiant straight black feather rising backwards and still upwards, was placed slightly to the side, and gave a brisk and energetic, though not forward, turn to the head. But the predominant character of the face was seriousness.

The road was not as good as it had hitherto been, and the ascent was steep. Campbell felt the severity of the exertion in pushing the machine up. He noticed that she was toiling hard, but, bracing herself up and smiling, she endeavoured to hide her effort. At the same time he

noticed that the back tyre had again become depleted, and that her machine was bumping over the road. And when he heard the trickling of water in the woods on his right hand, whither a path seemed to lead, he gladly intervened and said—

“This will really not do. You may cut the rim of your tyre and spoil the whole machine. ‘A stitch in time,’ you know. I hear the trickling of a spring close by here. I am sure this path leads there.”

The young lady was evidently glad to halt. As she stood leaning on her wheel, the courageous, almost defiant expression had left her, and her voice had a soft tremor as of a child in distress as she said—

“If you really think you can repair it, and it does not delay you too long, I should be most grateful if you would do it.”

He led the way along the narrow path made soft and springy with dry pine-needles, and started with surprise and delight as he came upon a little clearing in the woods on the hillside, with a pretty stream trickling over stones and pebbles rapidly down the hill from a spring well-

ing out from the rocks overhung with boughs. It must have been known as a fountain with good water, for, on a stone by the side, stood a bright tin cup, carefully kept clean by the workmen in the woods. But what riveted his gaze was the vast, clear and brilliantly lighted scene before him and at his feet, which stretched for miles in the distance, lost at last in the deep blue haze of the Taunus hills rising beyond the plain. Standing in the dark shade of the woods, on the verge of all this expanse of light, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the brilliant contrast. And there, in the middle distance, gladly and comfortably settled on its slighter elevation, lay Homburg, drinking in the light, and shedding back twinkles of sunshine from its blinking windows and their roofs, with the tower of its old castle no longer frowning in its stolid feudal pride of a vanished sovereignty, but smiling in aged benignity down upon the gay folly of its modern flitting world of fashion.

For the moment he had forgotten the woods and the stream, his fair companion

and the purpose of their quest. And when he turned, his eyes could not at once discern her. He could only see a shadowed outline rising against the dark background of foliage, the white mass of the blouse and a bright red speck of the tie. But as his eyes again became accustomed to the softer light of the woods, the sight before him, compact and limited in scope, harmonised into a real picture which held his eye more completely and with a thrill more penetrating than the distant and extended valley bathed in sunlight.

By the moss-covered rock, brown grey and bluish, with its trickling, silvery stream and the overhanging boughs of deep and bright green, stood the girl, erect, but for a slight forward inclination of the head. She might have been a Highland queen. But the face, the heavenly face, riveted his attention. The hair in thick waves framed the face heavily, with its delicate features, so that it appeared almost too great a weight for them to bear. It was dark brown, with a reddish golden sheen. And the eyes, with

the arched dark brows, seemed to reflect brightly and yet softly the light of the view she was gazing upon. The scene before her seemed to have come upon her as in a trance she gazed fixedly; and then the tension of her whole countenance seemed to relax and a soft smile stole over the face as her lips parted and she whispered in a deep tone: "How lovely this is!" Still she continued to gaze, but her eyes moved about to the various points of the landscape.

Campbell, who feared that she might notice his stare, tried to follow the direction of her eyes towards the happy scene before them; but they would return to her and drink in their fill of the loveliness there. Suddenly her eyes turned to him and she noticed his stare. A rapid blush came over her cheeks; she looked away and stepped back.

Campbell felt that he had spoilt her mood, and, by a correct divination, he altered his manner and voice and said lightly in a business-like tone:

"It is very beautiful; but we must not

waste our time. We have got a lot of work before us."

And with that he began to move about, pulling her bicycle with him and resting it beside the pool, below the fountain. Then, taking off his coat and rolling up the sleeves of his white flannel shirt, so that his strong sinewy arms could work freely, he began to take off the tyre. All the while, to counteract the impression his stare had made, he was talking in a quiet workmanlike manner.

"We have quite a job before us. And you must help me. Don't mind if I bully you and order you about. We are fellow-workmen now and you are my assistant." And looking up smilingly he added in a commanding tone:

"Come on now! Don't stand about! Hold this while I unscrew the valve."

She gave a quick start and smiled. But she did not at once enter into his tone and manner of brisk *cameraderie*, and said:

"Oh, I am so grateful to you and so very sorry for all the trouble I am giving you.

I am keeping you from your ride, which I have spoilt as it is. . . .”

“Now please first hold this, and then listen to me,” he said with a dash of scolding in his voice. And while she was bending down to hold the machine, he said seriously:—

“I beg you not to mention ‘gratitude’ or ‘trouble’ any more. In the first place, I am assured that you are grateful to chance which has brought me to help you, and to me for doing her behest. Meanwhile I am well pleased with having been able to be of some service to a lady, to have happened upon this lovely spot I never knew of, to have met you, to be here, and so on. It is not grateful or graceful not to accept a favour simply and to burden the *bienfaiteur* with the weight of painful obligation cast from the recipient’s shoulders, and to retard the advances of acquaintance or friendship. It impedes progress or renders friendly action quite impossible.”

She smiled and looked up at him, while she said with serious emphasis,

“You are quite right. I have often felt

that. I shall not mention it again. And I am pleased to have met you."

"By the way," he put in, "in Germany people introduce themselves. It is not a bad plan. At all events I should like you to know me. My name is Campbell. I am an Englishman, a member of Parliament."

"My name is Lewson. I am an American," she answered in the same tone.

Meanwhile they chatted as they worked on. Campbell took care to keep his eyes on his work and not to look at her. He felt that her simple, bright and cheerful talk would be marred if he trusted himself to look up in her eyes.

He had unscrewed the valve and passing the tyre-lifter under the wire he forced it round and took out the inner tube. She watched all his movements with the greatest attention; and he explained what he was doing as he proceeded, giving her a lesson in repairing punctures.

There was quite a joyful tone between them; something of the nature of children who are busily engaged in some elaborate

construction, the little sister following the brother about as he works on busily. She had regained all her naturalness and was enjoying it fully, forgetful of the accident and of the fact that the man with whom she was thus alone in the woods had been an utter stranger to her less than an hour ago.

But he had not regained his full self-possession; he was preoccupied while he was apparently absorbed in his work, and his jaunty air of busy command had to the careful observer a ring of insincerity; it was forced. Moreover, the same observer would have been struck by the fact that, while her eyes wandered freely from the object he was touching and from his hands to his face, *he* kept his eyes fixed upon the work, more than was in reality needed, and did not once look into her face.

He kept this up during the process of taking out the inner tube and examining it to discover the puncture. When even a minute examination did not lead to its detection, he proceeded to the next ex-

pedient of putting the inner tube in the water.

They returned to the fountain, which they had left to have a better light. He did not even look into her face when they agreed to have a drink of the clear spring-water; and he gave her a cup, which she drained with keen enjoyment, he drinking after her.

But, when holding the tube carefully in the water with both hands, and stretching it as he passed it on to discover the bubble from the hole of the puncture, she crouched near him and peered eagerly into the pool, he at first gazed at her image reflected in the clear water, her black feather nodding on the ruffled surface, and then the eyes held his own. They were of a bluish-green, wonderfully bright, but their brightness was softened and subdued by the dark brows and lashes, and the serious, almost sad expression of the whole face. Seen thus in the water over which he was bending, they filled him with a mysterious thrill which was almost uncanny. He could restrain himself no longer, and stopped pass-

ing the tube; the blood was all in his head and he felt giddy.

As he looked up, she also raised her head and he looked straight into her eyes, the deep and yet limpid beauty of which the image in the water had but feebly reflected.

He could not command his voice, and there was some emotion in its ring as he quoted in German:—

“ Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin . . . ”

She at once seized upon his quotation from Göthe's *Der Fischer*, and the rapid blush having made way to a slight expression of coquetry, she said:—

“ No! no dangerous nixie; but, as I saw my toque and waving feather in the water just now, it reminded me of a mild and attenuated Mephistopheles.”

He feared the heavier wave of sentiment which threatened to gain possession of him, and thus irretrievably spoil the pleasant tone of his new comradeship; and so he said with forced lightness:—

“ If I am Faust, there would be no need of his producing a Gretchen.”

She evidently did not appreciate the taste of this remark, and he at once added:—

“Now we must push on our work. We must find that wicked little puncture.”

“Please let me try; and show me how to do it,” she said eagerly, and was the little sister again. “It looks so fascinating.”

And so, having bared her white arms, she thrust them into the clear pool under the overhanging boughs. He touched her hands and felt a warm thrill shooting to his heart, though the water was cold. As she stretched the tube piece by piece soon there was a tiny crystalline air bubble rising to the surface.

“Stop there,” he cried, and she started as he held her hand, “There is the little culprit.”

He had found the puncture, and soon had pasted the strip of rubber to it. She now watched him as he put the tube back and held the machine, while he pumped the air in again. Then he dried her hands and his with his handkerchief, put

on his coat, and they were ready to start.

“O, I must have one more look,” she said, as they were turning to leave. And she stepped forward into the bright sunlight and gazed over the lovely scene again. He stood close beside her and they both joined in their rapture over one of nature’s lovely scenes. Contemplation of beauty in nature or art is a common ground of disinterested and elevating pleasure, an unfailing source of happiness which will always bind the hearts of men together in peace and good-will, if not in love.

And then they returned to the main road and resumed their ascent, chatting quietly and naturally as if they were old friends.

The seclusion and uncommonness of the spot they had left seemed almost to have given an intimacy and depth to their acquaintanceship, which hours along the highroad or in the streets and drawing-rooms of a town could not have yielded. When they returned to the road it seemed as if a chapter in a story had been com-

pleted; as if they had met again after some absence,—like people who had known each other before.

And when they reached the top of the hill and came in view of Saalburg and of two ladies who were evidently awaiting them, and were looking anxiously for their sister, the young lady could hardly realise that Campbell was but a chance acquaintance met but an hour ago. And as she introduced him to her sisters, she felt some embarrassment as to how he could account for the informal and almost intimate footing upon which she felt herself with him.

She was herself chilled by the reserve with which they received him. Though, after her hasty account of what had happened and what he had done, they thanked him for his kindness, their manner struck her as forbidding and prudish. She did not realise that, as a rule, she was the more reserved of the three.

Campbell liked the other ladies. He at once felt that they were women of high breeding and refinement. The eldest, Mrs. Morton, was married; the other, the

youngest sister of the three, was called Ethel by them. His own friend's name was Margaret.

But their manner warmed to him under the charm of his own fresh cheerfulness, which never would brook reserve in the people who pleased him, as it at once disarmed affectation or haughtiness, and made them ridiculous. This buoyancy of spirit and natural grace and good-nature of manner no doubt came from his Irish mother. Humour is the unfailing antidote to pride.

He proposed that they should order their tea to be ready in half-an-hour, and that, meanwhile, they should inspect the Roman camp of which there was so fine a specimen near. He naturally took the arrangements in his hands, and they as naturally seemed to accept his leadership.

The last vestiges of reserve seemed to vanish from the two sisters, when he began to show them over this interesting camp in the wood. His accurate knowledge and his clear and precise diction gave him authority and evoked respect; and so they

all three grouped round him when he began to point out and to describe the remains, and, with direct and graphic touches, to restore to life the past which had left such clear footprints on those northern hills.

The questions they asked, on the rare occasions when they interrupted his account, were pertinent and intelligent, and helped him to give a continuous story of the ancient Roman settlement. They were not of that exasperating order, which shows a misplaced curiosity for unessential or unimportant things, or are vapid and senseless interruptions made to hide a want of interest or to display sham knowledge.

He pointed out to them the shops of the traders before the Porta Decumana, who gathered there from all parts of the ancient world to profit by the legions in the camp. Besides these traders the inhabitants of the adjoining country, attracted by the protection and security of the spot, swelled the number of people outside the fortifications; veterans from the legions and com-

panies also settled there, and thus the *canabae* grew into villages; nay, towns. He pointed in the direction of the great city Mayence, not many miles off, which had thus grown up out of a Roman camp, like Strassburg, Vienna and many other famous modern cities. He led them into the gate flanked by its towers and walls, with the fossa surrounding them; and from a higher point, with the help of sketches which he rapidly drew on the back of a letter he took from his pocket, he showed them the plan of the whole camp: with the Prætorium and Quætorium, the drill-grounds, baths, sanctuary and bases of statues (even in this lonely camp); the Porta Prætoria, the Porta Principalis dextra and sinistra, and the distant confines of the settlement visible through cuttings in the woods. Then he pointed to the Roman road, stretching on for miles and joining the vast system of roads connecting, for commercial and military purposes, the whole of the European continent under Roman sway, nearly two thousand years ago.

And then he grew eloquent, and with singular power he recalled to life the past of this lonely camp in the north of Germany. He gave a rapid sketch in broad lines of the Roman history and policy of those days; and then, in the person of a Roman officer there commanding, he described the orders and duties and tasks of each day. Finally, to give real life to his picture, he drew an analogy between modern Great Britain and ancient Rome and between the pioneer work of the settlers and fighters in South Africa, whose camps in the distant woods correspond to this Roman camp, and the Roman legions of old. "But Rome," he ended, "was supreme, and there were no rivals of equal strength to interfere, as the other European powers oppose our advance. On the other hand, there was then no effective tribunal of public morality, no spiritual conscience of nations, of which we all have to take account in modern times—thank God, a real power with us, unknown to the ancient world, and to which we Englishmen, I hope, will always pay due

tribute, though we shall insist upon advancing, unchecked by any power, because we know that our advance always means the common advances of civilisation."

He had really spoken these last words with a fervour which carried him away; while the ladies were listening to him in rapt and breathless attention. He stopped suddenly and altered his tone as he said softly:—

"Why, I have been carried away into a political speech at the hustings, and have drifted back into my own 'shop,' from which I apparently cannot free myself. But now we had better return to the inn and our tea; for, though it takes an astonishingly short time to coast back to Homburg, it is getting late."

On their way back to the inn, the elder sister told him that she had never supposed Roman antiquities could be made so interesting and poetic. Even though she felt how much was due to his eloquence and the beauty of this lonely spot, the life of the Romans, into which he had led

them, and with which he had made them sympathise, seemed to her more full of poetry than she had realised before.

“I must say,” he replied, “that I am myself astonished that I have put poetry and warmth into my account of Roman military life and any Roman antiquities, as you assure me I have done. For I will confess to you that Rome and Roman antiquities are most antipathetic to me personally. All in ancient Rome that appeals to me as admirable and worthy of being perpetuated in its influence was merely a reflex of the brilliant, and still mellow, glow of Hellenic civilisation. Even the spirit of enterprise and empire, which they carried to such glorious fulfilment, was Hellenic, from the mythical days of the Argonauts to the splendid rush of Alexander’s conquest.”

He found in these ladies response to his enthusiasm for Hellenism. Not only had they read and studied Greek history and literature; but they had travelled in Europe and in Egypt, and were especially enthusiastic over Greece itself, its monu-

ments and works of art as well as its exquisite landscapes.

In fact, there was soon established between them that intellectual freemasonry and *entente cordiale*, which comes to people who have lived surrounded by the same books and works of art with which they have familiarised themselves, until Taste, which is at the base of even social conduct, becomes for them essentially the same in quality and refinement. They spoke the same intellectual dialect and did not require explanation of terms used or references made, which conveyed a whole world of preliminary meaning, on the ground of which new things mentioned or views put forward were readily intelligible.

He felt the acquaintanceship growing in familiarity, not without gratified surprise, when he found that they were conversant with English politics and movements for social reform, which they followed with deep interest. To explain this Mrs. Morton told him that their grandfather had been an Englishman, and they

had always continued certain English traditions in their family in America, their father, for instance, always taking the *London Times*. The work of certain institutions in the poor quarters of their own city, in which they were all three actively engaged, was in part modelled upon similar organisations in the East end of London, of the advance of which they kept themselves informed. But a dash of flattered vanity was added to his gratified surprise, when he found that they were familiar with his name and his political activity, and were in complete sympathy with the direction of his work.

The reserve of the two sisters had completely vanished by this time, and had given way to a free and happy exchange of ideas; while his own friend Margaret manifested an additional pleasure by looks at her sisters which evidently implied a greater degree of proprietorship in their new friend, and a touch of pride in the effect he was producing upon her sisters, as if she were worthy of praise for the discrimination she had shown.

Thus it was that their tea-party was a very pleasant one, and that they spoke and acted like old friends. They were all sorry when it was time to break up, and, having been completely occupied with one other, it was only in the moment of parting that they could direct their attention to the wonderful view at their feet. The sun was setting at their backs and sent its clear golden rays with a dash of scarlet and pink over the tops of the pine forests, and, sweeping up a green sheen from the trees, lit up the vast expanse of plain and the houses of Homburg.

It was a similar view to the one the two friends had gazed at by the spring; but it was vaster, less harmonious, more grossly panoramic. It had lost the familiarity of detail which gave a homelike, sweet touch in its proximity to the view below. The light was also more fiery, almost theatrical; its showy brilliance seemed sophisticated.

Both Margaret and Campbell felt this; and as they gazed, their eyes were blind to the actual scene before them, and the

vision of the previous view, with the whole sweetness of the mood which it had evoked, stole over them. They were both confident that they had the same thoughts, and at last he said, in a mere whisper: "The other was lovelier." And as he turned to her and her eyes met his, a blush spread over her face.

And then they all four coasted down the hill. Margaret wished to coast down the steep straight road; but the sisters remonstrated, and it required Campbell to confirm them in their fears that it might be dangerous. So they returned by the same way through the woods and the long avenue. The delight of their rapid spinning through the wind without any effort gave them a sense of joyousness which nobody knows who has not coasted on bicycle or toboggan or has not galloped across country on a good horse. His machine being the heaviest of the four, he had occasionally to put on the break in order not to advance far ahead of his companions. He would then allow them to pass him and would enjoy the sight of the

three figures rushing in front of him with their thin blouses rustling in the wind.

As it was late, and he had an engagement for dinner, they urged him not to accompany them home; and so they left him at the door of his lodgings, with bright nods and waving of hands, and rode on, leaving him alone at his door with a sense of being really alone.

V

CAMPBELL awoke next morning with a peculiar and, to him, new sensation of restlessness.

He had hoped to find the sisters at the Kurhaus for the music of the evening, and had wandered about, up and down, peering for them among the crowd of people, trying to avoid his acquaintances who would stop him to exchange greetings or join him while walking. He answered distractedly, and shook them off as soon as possible. But he could not find those he was looking for with increasing eagerness and impatience. The sweet face of Margaret was constantly before his eyes, and he heard her voice through the music, as the fairest music he had listened to. When at last he was in bed, irritated by the fruitlessness of his quest, her image, as she gazed into the water of the clear

pool, lulled his mind to peace and rest, and he dropped off to sleep with her face bowing over his, her rich hair, like a deep golden aureole, framing its loveliness.

But the sense of restlessness came upon him with increased intensity in the morning, when he started early for the wells and found not one of the sisters there. He then hoped to see them at the lawn-tennis grounds, where he was to practise in a double set with the Countess Tournelle, who, no longer a girl, was still the most graceful of lady players. They played against an Austrian, who was more than a match for him, and Miss Softly, a most vigorous and muscular player who served and volleyed like the strongest of men. They were badly beaten, and he advised his fair partner to choose some better player than himself for the tournament, which was to begin next day. He recommended her to take a young Cambridge "half-blue" who had come for the tournament; he presented him, and they at once set to work to practise.

This left him free to search among the

motley crowd, of princes, English and foreign, of beautiful women and athletic men of all nationalities, seated in chairs about the courts where the most interesting game was being played within the grounds, or chatting and walking without. But it was all fruitless; he could not find them.

After luncheon he wandered about in the same eager manner, and, for a moment, at the "Cow-house," he thought he espied them sitting at one of the round tables under the trees. But when he drew near, he found to his disgust that they were the three Jewesses. They levelled their eyeglasses at him as he advanced, but when he recognised them, he merely raised his hat and passed on, as if looking for someone else.

These young ladies had entirely passed out of his mind and the range of his interest, since he saw that they were well provided with friends, and had, in fact, a number of people constantly flitting about them. He had noticed them dining at a table near that of the Prince of Gallia on

the terrace of the Kurhaus the previous evening, and they seemed to have a very lively and attentive train of followers. The moment his sense of general moral obligation had left him, his interest in them had ceased, and the aversion which their manners had evoked confirmed his disgust at their having gone to the ball, where their admittance had to be virtually forced.

He was reproaching himself with his stupidity in not having asked his American friends for their address, when suddenly a very simple way to discover their whereabouts, which he had strangely overlooked before, occurred to him,—namely, to examine the *Kurliste* in which the addresses of all Homburg visitors were given. He was just turning up hastily towards the hotels to consult the lists there, when, this time, there was no doubt as to their identity for he saw them, walking towards him along the road which leads to the hills.

He almost ran to meet them, but they seemed less responsive than on the previ-

ous day. Still he was pleased to note a certain embarrassment in the face and manner of Margaret in which the pleasure of seeing him could not be wholly concealed.

As he gave them an account of his vain search for them, of his stupidity in not having asked them for their address, and of his comic ignoring of the *Kurliste* which he was just running off to consult, his good humour again warmed them to the friendliness of the previous day, and they invited him to join them for tea at the Wiener Café, a short distance up the hill in the woods.

They walked on together like old friends. At the Café in the woods, there were but few people, and when they had seated themselves at a table under the trees, at same distance from the others, they felt at home and chatted on freely. Campbell felt thoroughly happy, and in this mood he was occasionally brilliant in his talk. He felt that "he was showing to advantage." Above all, there was a youthful freshness and joyousness in his mood,

which he had not experienced for many years, and which he had thought belonged to the past.

But strange to say, when, on returning, he walked alone with Margaret, the buoyancy of spirit and the ebullience of manner left him, and he became serious, almost embarrassed, having to make an effort to find the right thing to say. Sometimes they would both lapse into silence. He could not talk about "things" or other people; he felt an uncontrollable impulse to ask her about herself and to talk about himself. When they had once begun with confidences as to their own experiences and feelings, the tone grew warm and familiar and a delicious sense of repose and sweetness came over him as he listened to her. But in the midst of her confidential talk he would notice a certain sudden restraint, as if she thought it right to check herself and would not allow her expansive mood to take its own course.

Mrs. Morton and Ethel had to do some shopping, and so he walked back with Margaret. When he expressed a desire to see

their home, she said that she hoped he would call. When they arrived at the door of their lodgings on the Promenade, he did not leave her, and stood talking expectantly, until she could not help asking him to come up to their drawing room for a few minutes.

There was almost a twinkle of humorous exultation at his victory over her reserve, when he said:—

“I should like nothing more. Isn't that your balcony? I should love to sit there and chat until your people return.”

The pugnacious spirit was up in him and he resolved to fight, to conquer her reserve. The more he felt the charm of her personality, the more it occasionally produced in him an embarrassment amounting to timidity, the more did he require the help of his combative spirit, which, together with his humour, he had inherited from his Irish mother. And thus he felt a call upon his determination and courage to bend to his will the resisting power of the girl whose strength of character he intuitively divined.

She had taken off her hat, and now, with her rich hair freed from the covering which makes faces more commonplace, she seemed to him a new person, wholly herself and wholly bewitching in her personality. As she moved about the room, to put things in their proper place, he followed her every movement with eyes fascinated. There was a grace, a sedate intimacy in her movements which made him feel at home, or long to be so. And when, before they went out on the balcony, she stood for a moment before him, her hands raised to the back of her head to arrange the hairpins, he had to clutch his chair tightly not to rush up and clasp her in his arms.

While sitting on the balcony overlooking the promenade along which a gay throng was constantly passing, he began by telling her of some of his friends at Homburg whom he felt sure she would like, and begged her to join him with her sisters at luncheon next day, and then to go to the lawn-tennis courts. She said "that they were only waiting from day to

day to hear from their relations who were at Bayreuth, and whom they were to join on their way back to England; that, therefore, it was no use making new acquaintances; that, in fact, they liked to be quiet and by themselves." Nor could they go out that evening and join him at the music before the Kursaal, as he begged her to do. The most he could obtain was her promise to play a game of lawn-tennis with him the next morning punctually at ten, before most of the people arrived.

Meanwhile her sisters returned, and he felt that he ought to go, as the dinner hour was approaching. So he took his leave, but the thought of her clung to him. A fascination, absorbing all his thoughts and feelings, was upon him, which no one had ever before exercised over him.

He left his friends, as soon as he could do it with propriety after dinner, and wandered off to the music, seeking a chair which was hidden from general view. He there dreamed of her. But when the band played a waltz (it was the masterpiece of waltz-music, Strauss's Wiener Blut), the

melting sentiment of it, the joyous pathos, the insinuating *naïveté*, the heart-stirring rhythm of its plaintive and still gladsome melody—all this was too much for him; and he rushed home to dream in his room without a light.

“Yes,” he said to himself pacing his room, “I am in love. That is the plain fact. As much in love as any school-boy ever was, and I feel as helpless as he does.” And he thought of a paraphrase of Heine’s “*Es ist eine alte Geschichte*” which he once addressed to a friend of advanced years whom he found smitten in the same way:—

It is an old, old story,
Yet always seems so new ;
And wise and grey and hoary,
We're boys when love comes true.

VI

HE played tennis with her the next morning, and was astonished to find what an excellent player she was. Graceful, lithe and strong, rapid in her movements, she had a coolness of judgment and a control of her temper which made her score more than many a more showy player. He begged her to be his partner in a double in the mixed handicaps at the tournament; but she refused with firmness.

Nor could he shake her in her refusal to persuade her sisters to join him at luncheon and dinner parties at the various hotels and to be present next day at the tournament. He appealed to the artistic sense, so highly developed in her, when he gave a picture of the gatherings at the tournament.

“What can be lovelier in its way,” he

said, "than the charming grounds, enclosed with fine trees, little open vistas over meadows like those of an English park; then the players in white, reminding one almost of ancient Greek athletes, and the mass of varied colour in the ladies' costumes grouped round the 'court' of greatest interest, the red jackets of the 'boys' dotted about—surely, apart from the variegated humanity, which need not interest you in itself, the scene is one any appreciative eye like yours would enjoy."

But it was of no avail. Though he saw a great deal of the three ladies, and had long, delightful walks with Margaret, he could not bring them to join in his social circle or to mix with others. This desire for isolation and shyness seemed so strong, that he began to wonder whether it did not point to morbid sensitiveness, based upon the consciousness of some vulnerable point in their antecedents. He had made observations of this kind in people before. Perhaps there was some scandal in the matrimonial relations of their

parents, perhaps some disgraceful business failure of the father.

Among his numerous American friends at Homburg he could easily have gained information. But he resented the idea of making anything approaching inquiry, in however covert and indirect a manner, as an act of disloyalty, a want of chivalry towards his noble and trusting friends. He carefully avoided mentioning them to anybody; and his friends, including the Hewsons, with rare tact on their part, did not refer to his new intimacy, though they must have seen him in the company of these ladies on several occasions, and though he neglected his older acquaintances for them.

But he resolved to touch upon this marked feature in their faultless demeanour in a direct and straightforward, though a general and impersonal manner.

And so, one day, taking a long walk with Margaret, with whom he had discussed many interesting topics fully, while sitting on a bench in the woods and resting, he suddenly seized the oppor-

tunity offered by their discussion of the happiest condition of life, to say:

“Do you know what I think one of the most irrational and mischievous causes of misery to one’s self and of discomfort to others?”

She looked up inquiringly, and he continued,

“Sensitiveness. It has done less good and more harm than any other human attribute with a name that has a ring of virtue in its sound. Its implication of a refined organisation as opposed to coarseness or bluntness of nervous fibre, its kinship to that pretty old-world sensibility, have deceived people ruled or enslaved by it into the belief that they are possessed of a virtue. As a matter of fact they are really suffering from a moral weakness which ultimately might lead to a chronic mental disease, undermining the whole of their happy intercourse with others, and often their own sanity of mind.”

She started and looked at him, but he did not change a muscle of his face as

he received her questioning look. She frowned with the exertion of framing her thoughts and then said:

“Are not sensibility and sensitiveness more closely allied and more difficult to distinguish than you seem to admit? Does not the absence of sensitiveness to the actions of people about us argue indifference to them, and a carelessness of our own moral cleanliness, almost of the nature of physical slovenliness with regard to our personal appearance? I should not be pleased to think that one I loved, or even liked, was insensible to the difference between attention and regard and indifference and neglect.”

“Yes, you are right there.” And he could not help looking into her face and her pensive eyes with a thrill of admiration, while her clear low voice had a tremor of earnestness in it as she spoke. “I agree to a certain amount of sensitiveness with regard to the people we like and respect; but that does not apply to indifferent people, the man whom we do not know well or care to know better.

Sensitiveness towards the people we know well and love is a mark of appreciation and esteem paid to them; towards people we do not know well or love it is a mark of self-depreciation."

"I admire your epigram; but I do not agree with it wholly," she said. "If I thought that a person I loved and admired could not wound me, I should either doubt my affection and regard for him or my own delicacy of perception and self-respect. Nor can it be good to encourage too much in those we love the sense of absolute security as to the effects of their words and actions, which leads to the sense of irresponsibility, to utter regardlessness, and, as the commonplace has it, finally to contempt."

"Well, I will concede so much to you, and I agree with you up to a certain point. Pull them up sharp, scold them if you will, repel any licentious inroad upon the domain of your dignity or just rights! But do not carry away a wound to your own self-esteem, which it is hard to heal, and which implies want of faith in the

wholeness of their relation to you, their general esteem, fondness or love. Trust and faith are, after all, the very cornerstones of all intimate human relations; and 'sensitiveness,' like jealousy, in those cases—implies fundamental lack of faith in others as well as in one's self."

"I also must give in to you," she said, as a softer expression stole over her face and a look of mixed gratitude and admiration met Campbell as he gazed straight into her eyes. "Still you cannot rob me of the great worship I have of one human virtue, self-respect, pride in the best and noblest sense of the word, which causes us to raise our heads the higher, the more the world is against us and tries to force us to bend our necks. I worship this strength; and a man who was not a fighter, who did not stand firmly on his feet,—against the whole world, if needs be,—I could never respect or admire."

While she said this, she had unconsciously drawn herself up straight as she sat there, and looked straight before her with a fixed and defiant brilliancy in

her eyes—she was the amazon, not the nymph.

“Ah, but make sure that he is a true fighter and not a braggadocio or a Don Quixote. . . .”

“I love Don Quixote,” she threw in. “Don’t you know that wonderful passage in Heine’s preface to a German translation of Cervantes in which he breaks a lance for Don Quixote?”

“I do. It is beautiful. Well, love Don Quixote with pity; but don’t admire him. Admiration must be complete, for the thing fought for as well as the manner of fighting—or rather for the reason, the selection of the cause, as well as the courage and indomitable perseverance with which the cause is pursued. Or else you will worship fanatics and madmen as much as true heroes.”

“They are all better than cowards, slaves, toadies and snobs,” she said passionately.

“So they are,” he continued calmly and firmly, “but those are not the alternatives between which to choose. If you must

fight, fight; but do not see enemies where there are none, or mere windmills. Do not waste the sacred flame of beneficent wrath upon unworthy objects or in self-torture, and fritter away the passionate forces that make up heroism upon petty sentiments, that become vulgar in their pettiness, until your soul and all that is lovable in it are eaten away in impotent and sterile vanity and disappointment. Parry and thrust home, but don't mouth or grimace about fighting before you fight, or try to frighten your enemy by passes *au mur*, before the mirror of your wounded vanities."

His calmness gave way to a stern resentment in his voice.

"I know what I am talking about. I have felt the danger myself—who has not?" he continued more softly. "I have seen a friend of mine ruined in character and efficiency by this curse of sensitiveness."

"How was that?" she asked, and her voice was less firm as she asked.

"He was a splendid fellow, powerful and

refined, with uncommon qualities of heart and mind. But he had the misfortune to be sent to a great public school in the very town in which his father was a petty tradesman and dissenting minister. He was distinguished and popular at College, and, in spite of all the delicate regard and encouragement which his friends (and I was his greatest friend) could give him, the morbid effect of the cruel bullying he experienced from the (unconsciously) brutal boys at school, the confirmed habit of ascribing all failures or accidental slights, to his 'tradesman and dissenting' origin, produced a sensitiveness, a suspiciousness, and finally, a bitterness in him which counteracted his native amiability, made him not only a difficult, but, at last, an impossible person to live with. He *quarrelled* continually, instead of *fighting* when there was cause; put the world against him by his own perversity; at last warped his mind into eccentricity; and is a lonely, petty schoolmaster now, instead of a leader of men, as he was born to be."

"Why ascribe the fault to him," she said

eagerly, "when you mentioned the cause in the brutal class prejudice you referred to, and the treatment he experienced in his early childhood, which, no doubt, was occasionally renewed in later life? Why are you not angry with the boys at school who murdered his nascent powers, the schools and institutions which allow or encourage this by the very character of their organisation, the society which breeds such moral cankers?"

She uttered these words with a deep indignation, which almost appeared to be directed against him. When he did not answer at once, she looked round at him, and a blush of embarrassment came over her face, as she said softly:—

"Oh, I beg your pardon for talking in that tone to *you*. I know you are opposed to these abuses, and are in no way in sympathy with them. I know your life-work is directed towards the checking of these muddy courses at the very fountain-head. Forgive me my impetuosity."

"I certainly forgive you; there is nothing to forgive. I like you for the power

of feeling strongly on what is worth strong feeling. But you have just paid me the compliment to say that I was fighting this enemy of humanity and of the spirit of good at his strongholds. That is the main point. Listen to me:—

“I reproach my friend with not having realised the wholeness of life, not having distinguished what is important and what is not. He made his own self-respect, or rather, vanity, of greater importance than all the great qualities, and, in consequence, duties and destinies, which ought to have shaped his life. He failed to see the *Proportion of Life*, which is the fundamental principle of right living. Nearly all faults and all disasters, personal, domestic, and public, come from this mistaken vision. Stand on the highest point of your life, of your self, and view things about you without blinkers and without distorting glasses (convex or concave) of momentary and local prejudices, or narrow selfish desires, and you will then appreciate the proportion of life. What is a petty squabble of the day, of a country,

town or district, the provincial prejudice of a set or class, to him whose eyes encompass the world and its past as well as its future! What is a passing disappointment of a set in a narrow community to us to-day, when we put into the scale the Armenian massacres of which you read this morning, in which men, women and children are butchered, and a fine race is being exterminated; what are these 'social' questions, when compared to the great economical questions, the Eastern, the Far East, the African question, the solution or complication of which will move the whole civilised world one way or the other for centuries? And my friend was made to work at these great movements, to affect them; his life had bigness in it; but he was not strong enough and big enough in his character to strike great blows at fate, instead of whining at an occasional pin-prick. With all his faculty of concentration of thought in his work, he had not the power of ignoring that which was unessential to his life and was unworthy of his attention,—all because of

his petty vanity,—or pride and sensitiveness as you would call it. If the highest power of intellect is often to remember and to concentrate attention, the highest development of will and character is some times to ignore and to forget.”

“But,” she asked, “how about people who are not big, whose powers and whose life are not cast in the great mould you attribute to your friend? How are they to deal with those general stings, the origin of which they can hardly fix, which remain stings and smart, though they do not kill?”

“They are to assign to them their due proportion,” he answered with emphasis, “to deal with them as little stings, lightly, with the levity which behoves them. You cannot adjust the surface-life of society on the principles of science, or even of ethics. Because such social intercourse, the essence and purpose of which lies in the intercourse itself, and not in some ulterior common aim to be achieved in the sphere of utility, truth, or goodness,—because such intercourse is artistic in its nature,

neither theoretical, practical, nor ethical. It must therefore be light and playful in its action, must have its qualities in the grace and spontaneous attractiveness of personalities, and their words and deeds. As soon as it loses this spontaneity, like the work of the artist, it loses its social effectiveness. Appeals to truth, goodness, justice or expediency are of no avail,—they are, on the contrary, destructive of social intercourse.”

“I really do not quite understand you. I am sure it is my own density, or that I have not thought much on these subjects. I always fancied that our life, in any and every one of its phases, could never be severed from its ethical results and purposes,” Margaret said, and a puzzled expression came over her face, manifesting the effort it cost her to follow his thoughts,—which were evidently new to her.

“Quite so. You warn me opportunely not to overstate my case. I am speaking of the art of living sociably quite apart from the wider life, including the struggle for existence, charity, and the general fel-

lowship of humanity. Of course society, even in the lightest aspect of its activity, has final ethical aims, by the canons of which we must ultimately test its right of existence and settle its main course. A society, however pleasant in its appearance and flow, which is fundamentally immoral in its tone, structure and effect,—nay, which does not ultimately tend to bring out the human best in its members,—is bad and ought never to appear pleasant to sane and refined taste. So in the domain of art, its sister sphere in spirit, the immoral, which does not elevate, but lowers, ought in itself to counteract and to dissipate the effect of formal beauty. This is what the German philosopher Kant has called the *Primateship of Practical Reason* or Ethics. Let us all recognize this, and *we* are doing so in the very topic of our own conversation. On the other hand, a social set which is directly founded upon, and consciously, by word and deed, sets itself the task of furthering intellectual self-improvement, moral elevation, or practical and economical discovery and

progress, will be clumsy, ungainly, and 'unsocial' in its constitution and working. So also a work of art which is intended directly to illustrate anatomy or Darwinian heredity, to preach charity or self-control, to facilitate communication or solve a question of currency, will fail to produce any artistic effect. Such societies will certainly produce sets of prigs and pedants who are likely to bore and disgust each other without leading to much self-improvement. Society is more concerned with the manner than with the substance of life—the form is essential to the matter, as in art."

Margaret smiled, while she said: "I am beginning to see your meaning. This question of the manner, I see, is of the greatest importance in social intercourse."

"Not only manner, but *manners*, which are, as regards social intercourse, the canons of proportion and harmony in taste, as the dictates of virtue and righteousness are in our moral life. *Ars est celare artem*, applies to the art of living pleasantly together as it does to a picture, a poem or a

song. It is the intentionality, the interested move which destroys the grace and attractiveness of action and manners, makes mechanical what ought to be spontaneous and organic, and repels and disgusts us."

"Oh, you are right there, I see that," Margaret said, with a ring of pleased understanding in her voice, "I have so often felt that." Campbell, whose mode of expression had become laboured, now seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved by overcoming an arduous task, and he continued more rapidly and fluently.

"Take the question we are discussing— injustice which wounds our pride and sensitiveness in the lightly social sphere,— surely it would not be an effective method of convincing the social culprits to point out that the object of their slight was the worthiest person morally, the most superior person intellectually, and the most successful and efficient person in practical life! They might answer simply: 'That this may all be very true; but that his boots creaked insufferably, that his talk

was heavy and tedious, and his temper uncertain and trying.' And if the wounded man himself resents injustice manifestly—if his true pride and self-esteem are so low as to cast off conventional armour and stand naked before his scoffers—if he deepens his own scratch into a wound, and makes the offence so heavy that it is entirely removed out of the 'society' sphere into the domain of eternal morality and Christian charity, then he may evoke pity and stir up self-reproach in the hearts of the offenders,—neither of which attitudes of mind are conducive to amenable and pleasant social intercourse in a *salon* or a ball-room."

"Oh, you are indeed right," Margaret said, with a tone of serious conviction.

"You see," Campbell continued eagerly, "self-assertion makes recognition from others most difficult. The man who asserts his own virtue, the debt of gratitude which we owe him, the man with a grievance,—they all incite our opposition, even if what they claim be true. 'Just because you claim it, you shall not have it,' we

seem to say. I have often wondered why this should be the case, and why, when I have heard a person lay claim to a virtue or a right which he really possessed, or to a success achieved, even though it be true, I have often felt an uncomfortable distaste, approaching disgust. 'The facts are true, and being true, why should he not know it, and knowing it, why should he humbug and not say it?' I have asked myself. And all the same my revulsion exists."

"Oh, I have so often felt that in life, and in literature, especially with authors like Rousseau. Can you explain why this should be so?" Margaret asked.

"Well, apart from our native sense of opposition and perversity, which makes us resent security and cocksureness, and may not be quite justifiable, there is a reasonable ground for our mistrust. A thing once said or written becomes fixed and, as it were, isolated from all the groundwork of its surrounding justifications and qualifications; it becomes more absolute, more gross, and loses its redeeming pro-

portion. Furthermore, as regards the speaker, the altered nature of the thing once said, must fix and increase his self-consciousness, and in so far counteract the spontaneity of his manner to us, which the artistic character of social intercourse demands. We are then inclined to suspect interested and intentional motives in what he says and does—he is no longer graceful. It is the curse of injustice that, besides the wrong done us, we suffer a more lasting injury in that we become conscious of our own rights and virtues and then assert them.”

“I now see what you mean by dealing lightly with the blows struck at our own pride and sensitiveness,” Margaret said. “But how would you deal lightly with an affront offered you by implication which you could not ignore?”

“Well, let me give you an instance from my own experience as an illustration. I had a great friend, alas, now dead, who was literally the noblest man, with the largest and warmest heart that I have ever met or ever expect to meet. If I except

my father and mother, I owe to him more than to any human being. His justice, strength and purity, as well as his sympathy and charity, were unfailing and all-encompassing. Though he was deeply learned in his own line as few men of our century are, he was still wide-minded and polished in his tastes and manners. And pervading all his kindness and searching delicacy, was a strong sense of humour which gave him, to an exceptional degree, that feeling of life-proportion which he kept duly balanced in himself and in his varied surroundings. He was a learned man by profession, and was a Fellow of one of our great colleges.

“One day, while staying at a country house, an octogenarian of distinction, a fellow guest, who had been at the same university years before my friend, not knowing the college to which he belonged (which was St Paul’s), said to him across the dinner table:

“‘ You come from Oxbridge, Sir. Do you not think the Fellows of St Paul’s the

greatest blackguards on the face of the earth?’

“There was an uncomfortable pause, and then my friend said quite pleasantly, but seriously, to the old gentleman:

“‘I see what you mean, Sir.’

“And he did see what he meant. In the days when the old gentleman was at Oxbridge, the Fellows of St Paul’s were in truth a set of idle, hard-drinking, low-sporting and generally low-lived people. Since the days of my friend, however, things have completely changed; until it had become the college in that university recognised as possessing the most distinguished and most refined body of Fellows. The remark of the old gentleman had therefore truth from his point of view. It was not meant as a personal insult to my friend, as his college was not known. Finally, my friend did not wish to make the old man uncomfortable and miserable for the rest of the evening; nor had he the right to mar the pleasant tone of the party for his host and the rest of the company. On the other hand, he could not

acquiesce in the inaccurate statement. His phrase hit the nail on the head; and I have often adopted it myself under similar circumstances."

"It is indeed most apt," Margaret said, with amusement in her voice.

"People do not wish to offend us," Campbell continued with warmth. "There are few who have such bad taste; for we have a right to consider ourselves nice enough. Well-bred people manage not to see much of us, if their dislike amounts to a desire to insult us. These 'insults by implication' ought not to be taken seriously. How often have you heard remarks like: 'Englishmen are coarse in moral fibre, blunt and selfish in manner, a nation of shop-keepers; the Scotch are clannish, dry in spirit, greedy and pushing; the French are untruthful and sensual; the Germans unchivalrous and petty; the Italians slipshod in character, a nation of adventurers; and the Americans sharp and common.' If remarks of this kind, or put in a more refined and moderate manner, are expressed

when any member of such a nation is present, need he resent it or feel hurt in his pride? It could not have been meant for him except by people whose coarse rudeness puts them beyond the pale of any further intercourse. All we need realise is, that these things are said by people who make hasty generalisations on an insufficient basis, or are fond of strong language and over-statements. And we need simply think or say: 'I see what you mean!' Very often there is considerable justification for what they say, and the national failings which even the finest nation may possess, the results of their past history and present conditions of life, may account for the generalisation, though it may not justify the exaggerated form of expression. And why need we be so childish as to be offended by the recognition of our nation's weaknesses, especially when no insult is meant to us; and as they are ignorant of our nationality, it is evident that they do not attribute these failings to us?"

"I grant you that all that may be taken

lightly," Margaret said: "they are trivial offences which do not touch the main springs of life; they can easily be ignored or met lightly. But when your poor friend, the son of the dissenting tradesman, finds that a post in life, in which he can manifest the great powers you said were in him, is closed to him because of such a 'social' prejudice; when an Irishman in America reads in the advertisements 'no Irish need apply; or an American mother hears that her well-behaved daughter must leave a good private school in which she is making progress and is happy, because the head-mistress informs her that some fashionable parents object to have their daughters in the same school with Jewesses; can they then remain indifferent and pass it over lightly, is it enough to say: 'I see what you mean'?"

As she spoke Margaret's tone became more impassioned and her cheek was aglow with indignation.

"You are right, my dear friend, those are not things to be taken lightly. They are matters for fight. They go deeper

than the mere surface life of society,—they have nothing to do with this; and here we can fight and bring heavy guns to bear on the enemy. These are moral and ethical questions and not points of graceful social intercourse and refinement. But, in our fighting, as in our work, let us keep our social life apart, and not lose the ease and naturalness we there require.”

“That would be true if the division were all so simple,” Margaret rejoined eagerly. “For the social and the more serious spheres of life may overlap, and the general prejudice may extend its poisonous ramifications into the midst of men’s social life, and they may not be able to escape from it. Are they then to bend their necks and still to say lightly: ‘I see what you mean,’ when what is meant is bad, and cruel and vulgar? How can you ignore these insults when they obtrude themselves upon your attention?”

“Yes, you are right, those are cases that can neither be ignored nor passed over lightly. I will give you an instance that occurred here the other day.” And he

proceeded to tell her the incident of the three Jewesses and the ball. He had got as far in his account as the sending of the tickets at last, when she burst in with the question:

"But, surely, they did not go?" and there was a tone of intense indignation and protest in her voice.

"They did," he answered.

"Then they were devoid of all proper pride and utterly contemptible," she continued with some passion. "They deserved any ignoble treatment at the hands of any society. They must have been utterly devoid of all delicacy of feeling and even self-respect."

"I agree with you there. That was a case in which natural pride and dignity of character ought to have guided them."

"What course would you have pursued in such a case," she asked, "in cases of that class?"

"Well, I should have withdrawn from a circle where such low, snobbish and ignorant ideas prevailed. I should avoid such

a set as not being either interesting or worthy of my intercourse. If the whole place were infected by such a spirit, I should avoid the place."

"Exactly," she put in, "that is what I should do. . . ."

"But," he continued, "I should take great care to dispel the matter from my mind, as unworthy of my notice, as the people were not fit for my company. The action affected their dignity, not my own, which is not in need of confirmation from them. I should freely choose company congenial to me on positive grounds; and, above all, I should exert myself not to allow such an experience to affect my character, my general habit of looking upon people and of estimating myself."

"I am with you," Margaret said with decision. "But let us be sympathetic. The difficulty remains for them. Those ladies are surely handicapped in their social bearing, as compared with those to whom such things cannot occur; they cannot have the same freedom and grace of

manner, when the possibility of such an affront is always before them."

"Well," he answered, "the world is large, in reality and in our thoughts. If a prejudice exists in one place or in one set, we can keep out of the way of it; and if we cannot always keep it away from our eyes, then there is the moral and intellectual power of ignoring that minor part of existence, and of concentrating our thoughts and energies upon the more important, more noble and more beautiful things of life. In this my unhappy friend was wanting. 'Society' and that phase of gregarious social life are after all not important. We can always have work, the higher pleasures, and friends; we are almost better off not to be in touch with anything that calls itself 'society' or is recognized by the newspapers as such."

"I heartily agree with you," she said earnestly. "Still, I am filled with indignation when I think of what, for instance, Jews in Germany must suffer from the so-called Anti-Semitic movements, which do

not turn on definite rights which they can fight for, and still the persecutions can never be ignored."

"I warmly assent to that," Campbell said eagerly. "Were I a Jew in Germany—and, perhaps, the most refined and gentlemanlike friends I have here are Jews—I should either have to leave the country or to fight duels every week.

"Now, to sum up most of what we have been discussing: I still hold that in social matters, we must not encourage 'sensitivity and pride.' The person offended cannot fight for his 'social' rights with effect upon others or without loss of dignity and grace of demeanour to himself. But we others, those who see the wrong and are not affected by it, must stand up and fight. That's what I mean to do wherever I have an opportunity; that is the sphere where chivalry in modern times can manifest itself. On the other hand, let the victims of such prejudice not make our task difficult, and let them accept freely and graciously the friendly hand which we offer without reserve and the

service of honour which we do without any claim upon gratitude. Amen," he said.

And she whispered "Amen."

Then they rose and returned home.

VII

WHATEVER the effect of this conversation may have been upon Margaret, it certainly occupied Campbell's thoughts for the rest of the day. His indignation at such actions as the matter of the dance was, if anything, increased, and his determination to fight such abuses wherever and whenever they came in his way was made firmer.

He began to consider the three Jewesses of the dance more charitably, thought of the possibility that they might not have realised all the preliminary discussion about them, and decided in his mind that people who were at all open to such affronts ought to be judged more leniently. He decided that, during his stay at Homberg, he would still stand by them, and, as a first practical step, he recalled the fact that he was invited to take a walk

with the Prince of Gallia the afternoon of the next day, and to dine with him at the Kurhaus in the evening, and he decided to broach the matter to him if an opportunity offered itself. This opportunity came in a most natural manner in the course of his walk with his royal friend.

For the Prince of Gallia was really his friend. At all events his own feelings for the Prince were those of a warm attachment. What drew Campbell to his royal friend with real affection was the deep humanity in the nature and mode of action of this Prince. He was truly loyal and warm-hearted, full of genuine human kindness, always anxious to help or to do some good or graceful action to whomsoever he met, high or low. Campbell, when he thought of him, always remembered him as he saw him one day in his country home, taking the greatest pains to put a shy young curate, who had been asked in at the eleventh hour to avoid thirteen at dinner, at his ease. He had paid more attention to this simple youth, than to any of the great people who were

guests in the royal house. This to Campbell was the keynote to the Prince's character.

The Prince was also fond of Campbell and fond of his society. In fact, Campbell, in his wide circle of acquaintances among all conditions of men and in many countries, counted a number of royal friends who were all much attached to him. This may have astonished many people, who did not know him well. He had satisfied himself on this point by saying to himself: "So long as I am nice to my humblest friends and my servants, I have a right to be nice to princes who like my company and whose society I like." One of the reasons why he got on so well with people of this condition was, that he was perfectly free and natural with them, and, barring the necessary formalities, which he adhered to as an officer obeys discipline in the army, he viewed them truly and appreciated or avoided them for their good qualities or faults as he did all other people. He asked no favours and had no personal interests to push, nor did

he even wish to profit in social prestige by his intercourse with them. This they knew or felt, and this, no doubt, was one reason why his pleasant and interesting personality had free sway over their affections.

Still, it sometimes may have evoked comment, that a radical politician should be the personal friend of princes. And during his walk with the Prince a question on this point, put by the Prince himself, set the talk in the direction which Campbell was longing to give it.

While they were walking in the woods, the Prince had at first talked over with Campbell the prospects of an educational institution in the welfare of which they were both deeply interested, and the means of raising funds for its support. When they had dismissed this subject, the Prince turned to him and said:

“ Campbell, you know I don't talk party politics, but I have often wondered what views a man like you, whose general political ideas I know, has of monarchy and

the position of a monarch. Do you mind telling me?"

With the exception of the foreign politics of the empire, concerning which the Prince would sometimes talk and manifest considerable thought, insight and grasp, he had never heard him express opinions on political questions of the day. He evidently did not think it right to interfere with them.

"Well, Sir," Campbell answered, "if it interests and pleases you to know what I think, I may venture to tell you. Of course I have had to think on this question and to make up my mind, up to a certain point. Whatever my final ideals of government may be, I think that the constitutional monarchy as we have it is, for us as we are, the best thing.

"Of course you must know, Sir, that I am aware of all the arguments against hereditary monarchy and feel their force. The arguments in its favor which affect me most strongly are, among others, these:—First, I think the stability of an administrative head, in what is, after all, a

republican form of government by the people, a great advantage; especially as it allows the questions of real and practical importance among the people to come to the fore, undistracted by the constant struggle and passions moving round the general form and constitution of the government as such. Then, as things human are, the consciousness that the responsibility and the bearings of each act on the part of the head of the state, do not end with his life or the term of office, but that when he even works selfishly for his immediate posterity, the consequences recoil upon the family—this may tend to make far-sighted action more real and intense. But the really important function of a monarch is, to my mind, social.”

“How do you mean that?” asked the Prince.

“Well, Sir, I believe that the social position which a monarch holds may be turned to the greatest practical use. It is a power which cannot be exercised in the same direct way by any other force in modern society. A king can make fashionable

whatever he likes. And I believe that fashion is most effective in fixing a social, and even a moral, tone. When duelling and a certain wildness of life were in fashion, no preaching could counteract them. But make them unfashionable and disapproval works its way through all layers of society. The social and moral tone of a nation thus lies to a certain extent in the hand of a monarch. It is one of the many reasons why I deplore so deeply the premature death of the Emperor Frederick; because I feel sure he would, in a country, where the army and bureaucracy set the social tone, have brought intellectual and artistic life to the forefront of social esteem, and would have made what is really the best at the same time the most fashionable."

"That certainly would put great powers and responsibilities upon us. Do you think our power in this respect works so directly and effectively?"

"I do, Sir," Campbell continued more eagerly; and he felt that his opportunity had arrived. "When, for instance, people

are snobbishly excluded from higher social circles, the ruler can stultify prejudice by recognising the people thus wronged. Take the prejudices against certain vocations in life, nationalities, beliefs, the movements against the Jews."

And he now recounted the instance of the three ladies. He was right in his estimate of the Prince's character in this respect. He detested such unchivalrous action, and he at once asked Campbell to introduce the ladies to him at the earliest opportunity; while, with his fondness for chaff, he said to Campbell, lifting his finger warningly, when they parted:

"But I also want to know the other young ladies with whom you are always seen, and whom, I am told, you keep entirely to yourself. I shall see you at dinner this evening." And, shaking hands, they parted.

VIII

THE Prince's dinner-party on the terrace of the Kurhaus that evening was a very pleasant one. He was entertaining a Russian Grand-Duke with his wife, a real *grande-dame* in appearance, bearing and manner, and her charming sister; old Lady Sarah Mannering, a cross between a motherly friend and a good fellow; two distinguished peeresses, mother and daughter, and an English peer of the sporting type, with his good-natured spouse; Sir Harry Ruston, the veteran king of war correspondents and most witty and sparkling of talkers, who has never wounded with his wit; Campbell and the Prince's *aides-de-camp*.

Campbell was seated between the Grand-Duke's sister-in-law and the younger peeress, and could not have had pleasanter neighbours. But he was somewhat pre-

occupied; for, in winding among the tables to join his party, he had passed that of the three Jewesses, who were dining with quite a party of their own. He had bowed in a more affable manner than before, and they had smiled at him in a friendly way; but again followed him with their lorgnettes held up to their eyes. He could not help dwelling upon the talk he had had with Margaret the day before, and the sweet and solemn spirit of the girl was over him and kept him from joining freely in the sprightly talk about him.

In spite of the good cheer, he was relieved when the Prince gave the signal for rising.

While he was helping the Prince on with his cape, he whispered:

“Those three ladies are here, Sir.”

“Take me to them,” the Prince said, and bade his guests wait one minute, while he advanced with Campbell towards the table of the three Jewesses.

“They are at that middle table in front of us, sir. May I go and tell them?”

“What, those three tall ladies in white?” the Prince asked.

“Yes, sir,” said Campbell.

The Prince gave an amused chuckle, hardly able to contain his mirth.

“Why, those are the Princesses of Rixenblitz-Galgenstein, a mediatised family of the north of Germany; they are related to most of the royal families of Europe; they are some sort of cousins of mine.”

And he advanced to the table, all the party rising as he greeted the ladies.

“My friend, Mr. Campbell, was just going to introduce me to you,” he said to the ladies. “He made a mistake which only does you and him honour,” he added, looking at Campbell, who stood in some confusion and embarrassment.

As they had also finished their dinner, the Prince asked them to join him, and both parties went down to the music, where the front seats had, by a kind of tradition, been reserved for the Prince. It was here that they listened to the music, and gave an opportunity to people to stare at the

Prince, a practice in which especially English old maids were persistently assiduous.

Campbell sat between two of the sisters. He conversed freely with them, and their manners seemed much better than when he had first met them. Was it owing to the fact that he was now a more fully accredited person, or, rather that his mind was free from all prejudice? Some features which had disturbed him before, such as the imperfect English, were now satisfactorily accounted for. But some others, their bad manners and bad dancing, he could not forgive them.

On breaking up, the Prince nudged Campbell, amused with the good joke against him, and said threateningly: "Now, mind you, I want to know the other ladies you keep from us!"

As he walked home he wondered as to what his unbiassed attitude to the Princesses ought to be. He decided in his mind that he ought to conform to the rules of etiquette whenever he met them; but that,

as they in no way attracted him in themselves and were not congenial to him, he was not to seek their company or any more intimate acquaintanceship. He could not help contrasting the charm and grace of Margaret and her sisters with the hard, self-centred and awkward manners of these Princesses. And thus, thinking of Margaret again, he entered his room and found on his table a note which he opened and read with growing interest. It was from Margaret and ran:

DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,—I have been thinking and thinking on all that you said to-day. You can hardly have realised how every word applied to my own case or the deep impression your words have made. I feel as though that conversation of yesterday marked an epoch in my life. I am not exaggerating when I say this, nor when I assure you that I shall be grateful as long as I live for the influence you have thus exercised over me.

My sisters and I are thankful to you for your kindness to us during the

last days of our stay here when we needed such kindness most. You have converted what I thought would be a period of misery into one of exceptional happiness.

Our stay is now coming to an end. We leave to-morrow afternoon for Frankfurt, where we join our relations on our way back to England.

May I ask as a last kindness, that you will come for a walk with me to-morrow morning at 9.30? There is something I must tell you, which, when I consider all your unreserved confidence, I ought, perhaps, to have told you before. And I should not like to leave without having told you freely, what may not be of any import to you, but what, has so filled my whole mind during these last days, that I almost look upon it as a matter kept by me from your knowledge, which you had a claim to know.

Do not trouble to answer if you can join me here at 9.30 to-morrow.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

MARGARET LEWSON.

His thoughts were with her as he lay awake in bed, and when resolution had quieted his mind tossing about on the waves of passion, he fell asleep to dream of her.

IX

THE next morning he arose early and sent his valet to Margaret with a note saying that, if it made no difference to her, he would propose that they should bicycle instead of walking.

So it was that, at half-past nine, they started on their bicycles and took their way towards the Tannenwald and Saalburg.

Margaret wore the same costume as on the first day of their meeting. She did not say much after the greeting; and as they rode on silently, she seemed absorbed in thoughts that were weighing on her mind. When he told her that the Prince wished to make her acquaintance and that of her sisters, she answered quietly and firmly:

“I am afraid that cannot be; for we must leave this afternoon. I hope it will

not appear rude. It is kind of him and kind of you, and I appreciate it fully."

As with common consent, they rode on through the avenue and then turned up the hill, dismounting and pushing their machines. When they came to the little path into the woods, Campbell led the way and Margaret followed. Soon they were at the beautiful spot with the spring.

When they arrived there, a haze was over the plains and valley and over the houses of Homburg; but the sky was bright above them and promised a fair and warm day. There were a few clouds which were still hiding the sun, drawn up by the sun's warmth to hide its brilliant light for a time; but he sent his curtained rays through the cloudlets, and they were slowly melting away.

Campbell arranged two seats with dry boughs and pine-needles, and she sat beside him, both looking over the plain below, their eyes shielded from the sunlight by the passing mist and clouds.

Margaret began after a short pause.

Her voice was at first colourless and she spoke without signs of emotion.

“What has been occupying my mind during the days I have known you, and has been upon my spirits with deadening weight, is the insult which we experienced the day before I met you.

“We are the three Jewesses who had tickets refused them for the dance, and for whom you so nobly entered the lists. I will tell you how it happened.

“When we arrived here in high spirits about three weeks ago, it was with some English friends of ours who had persuaded us to join them. With their friends and some of our own, among whom were some American ladies with whom I had been at school, and who had enjoyed the hospitality of my father’s house, we had a pleasant circle, and joined in all the amusements of the place. We were fond of dancing and took part in several of these dances.

“On the day preceding the dance in question, an Englishman of our acquaintance asked us to go, and said he would procure the tickets. But the tickets did

not come that day nor on the morning or afternoon of the dance, and we at last had to notice that the Englishman endeavoured to escape meeting us. In his avoidance of us, as well as in his manner when circumstances threw us together, he manifested such embarrassment, that after he told us, with many apologies, 'that the numbers were full and there were no more tickets to be had,' the truth dawned upon us. The explanations which he thought it necessary to make in addition made the refusal clear. In the evening, just before dinner, a messenger came to our lodgings, evidently despatched in haste, with the tickets sent by a person unknown to us.

"Of course we did not go. But the blow it was to me I can hardly convey to you. I began to see everything in the light of that affront, and perhaps innocent deeds and remarks made by some of the ladies before, strangenesses of manner, all appeared in a new, and as I thought, true aspect against the background of this insult. Oh, the misery it was to us! We should have left at once, had we not made an

appointment with our relations whom we meet to-day. But we decided to keep out of the way of any possible further slight. This experience was certainly beginning to sadden, if not to embitter, my life. And then we met you, and your kindness, especially your talk yesterday, has counteracted the evil. It came in good time, and I feel sure it has saved me from a grave moral disease which was beginning to lay its hold upon me. I thank you warmly for this.

“But I should be conveying a wrong impression to you were I to lead you to believe that this Homburg experience was an absolute surprise to me, with the nature of which I had been completely unfamiliar.

“It is true that for the greater part of my life I remained quite ignorant of the existence of such a prejudice; nor have the results ever before made themselves directly and grossly felt by me or my family. Our home in New England was a very happy one, and our circle of friends was wide and varied. My father’s house formed a hospitable centre for intellectual

intercourse. Though we knew nothing of a synagogue, I was aware of the differing religious and sacred traditions of our own, and, I must confess, that when I did dwell upon them, it was only with pride—nay, with a strong dash of dreamy romance. Emerson, who was a friend of my father's, Channing and the Boston unitarians and rationalists were the intellectual guides to our religious convictions; and the Jewish faith I looked upon with pride as the foundation of spiritual monotheism for all times. Moses was to me the forerunner of all these modern theists.

“My mother's family sprang from that old group of Newport Jews, most of whom have been lost as Jews by intermarriage among the old New England families. And when at Newport I passed the park and monument of Touro whose kin I was, and saw the old graveyard of the Jews, I would read and recite Longfellow's poem on this Jewish cemetery and would feel imbued with the poetic spirit surrounding these people, their heroism and martyrdom, against which the picture of the

Mayflower puritans would fade into colourless commonplace.

“ My father’s family had been more recently English, as I told you. But I would listen with rapt attention as a child to his beautiful account of the life and sufferings of his ancestors in Spain and England, and I perused and devoured with avidity the literature relating to these Spanish Jews. The King of the Chasari, converted to Judaism in the eighth century, the philosopher Maimonides, the poet Judah ben Halevy, were heroes of mine; and the brilliant and refined life of the great Jews of Spain and Portugal was the sphere in which I loved to dwell in charmed imagination, as much as any nobleman can dwell with delight upon the exploits of his mediæval ancestors. Born in America, I was especially pleased to run across a treatise published a few years ago which showed what direct share Jews had in the enterprise of Columbus, to the astronomical and geographical data for which they contributed, and in which several Jews participated.

“ But the figure I admired most was my own ancestor Don Isaac Abrabanel, and I loved to read of his life. The picture given by the few words in which he describes his life before his expulsion from Portugal by the Inquisition, was constantly in my mind, and I built upon it dreams of the past. ‘Peaceably,’ the old man wrote of himself, ‘I lived in my father’s house in the far-famed Lisbon, and God had showered upon me many blessings, wealth and honour. I had built great edifices and vast halls; my house was a centre for the learned and the wise. I was beloved in the palace of Alphonso, a mighty and just king, under whom the Jews were free and enjoyed prosperity. I was closely tied to him; he leant upon me, and, as long as he lived, I freely entered the palace.’

“ One of my favourite heroines was Maria Nuñez, who was sent from Portugal by her distinguished mother in the ship of Jacob Tirado. An English frigate captured the Portuguese vessel. The commander, an English duke, was so much attracted by Maria, that he offered her marriage and

was refused. When the captives were led to London the beauty of Maria caused such a sensation that Queen Elizabeth was anxious to make the acquaintance of the girl who had refused a duke. She invited her to an audience and drove through the streets of London with her. It was through her influence that the captive Marranos were enabled to leave England, and she worked for her people when they were settled in Holland.

“With all these thoughts of the past, I still lived wholly and with pure delight in the present and the future, and I was specially responsive to social pleasures. I even think that I was not free from the ‘social’ ambition to shine and be prominent in the circles which are widely recognised as leading the tone, that fills the hearts of so many young women, often to the exclusion and extinction of all nobler aspirations. And my cravings were fully satisfied. Dances, parties of all kinds, visits to fashionable resorts, and, above all, our own beautiful house and home,—all these I had, and they gave me oppor-

tunities of playing a prominent social part.

“But I was by main force made aware of the existence of prejudice, though it did not touch my deeper emotional experience and sympathy. For it was not directed immediately against me and my own people. It only touched the surface of my apprehension, without making me really suffer myself or suffer in sympathy with others. I read of the Anti-Semitic movements abroad; but, except for momentary bursts of indignation, and a great contempt for the country and people where such vulgar folly and ignorance prevailed, no lasting or deeper impressions were made upon me.

“I cannot say the same for the manner in which I occasionally overheard my friends, especially my women friends, refer to other Jewish women during our travels, or at some of our favourite fashionable resorts. These references stigmatised them as something of the nature of social outcasts. I began to think it over; a sense of resistance, of indignation at the

injustice began to grow in me; and with it a prick of conscience whether I ought not to associate myself with the ranks of these weaker ones with whom I was so intimately connected by ties of history and tradition. But the remoteness of these experiences as regarded myself, the freshness of my youthful spirits, and the fullness of my pleasant and varied life carried me over it. Still I began to think of the matter, and, at all events, while I was beginning to lose the absolute lightness and *naïveté* of my social bearing, I was prepared to receive these experiences in the very heart of my sensitiveness.

“And then came this blow here; and with it all the intensity and bitterness of the feelings, over which a thoughtless and youthful temperament had caused me to slur. In those few days I lived my whole life over again. I reproached myself sternly with disloyalty to those unfortunate ones, by whom, as the better favoured and stronger, I ought for years to have stood. I realised how much *they* must have suffered; and I vowed that, from that day, I

would stand under their colours and fight for them. A great resentment not only against the offenders, but against society in general, was beginning to fix itself permanently in my heart.

“ And then you came and by the delicacy and generous kindness of your manner, you softened my mood; while, by the clear and supreme reasonableness of what you have said, you showed me the true *proportion of life* in general and of my own life in particular. Last night in bed ‘I stood upon the highest point of my life and self’ and saw stretched out before me, as this plain lies at our feet, the world of people, things and events, and my own little life among them, and I see clearly what I ought to do—which makes me intensely happy.

“ I mean to fight for these people with the weapons which my feeble hands are capable of wielding; and still I wish to struggle against bitterness in my own heart, and strive to retain the freshness and lightness—and grace, if I have such — of pleasant intercourse with the people I meet.

“The hateful prejudice is chiefly based upon ignorance of the past and present life of the Jews. I am in a position to know both and to make them known to others. I shall continue my studies of the non-biblical non-theological history of the Jews, and shall then strive to make it widely known in the beautiful English language which I love to wield, however imperfectly. This will be some real work for me to do, it will be ‘fighting’ and not ‘quarrelling.’ As for my social life, I wish to forget and to ignore the fight, to accept and select my friends as heretofore, and, above all, to accept with ‘gratitude and gracefulness’ any noble friendship which is nobly offered me, such as you, my dear friend, have been moved to bring within my reach.”

There was a touching solemnity in her voice as she uttered these last words, and still looking straight before her in the distance, she extended her hand to him. He rose from his seat and grasped her hand.

“No,” he said passionately, “it is not friendship which I offer you, Margaret,—it is love, the purest love of a man, the

purest love of my life. Do not spurn it! From the first moment my eyes gazed on you, I was full of your image, of your whole being, and I can never tear myself from you. You are my queen, and I your humble slave. I bless you, you sweetest woman, in all humility. Your fight shall be my fight, your peace and joy shall be mine, and I shall always be wholly yours. Listen, you sweet girl, let me be sober. I am an ordinary man, who has lived an ordinary life; I have not much to be proud of in my past, but nothing dishonourable that I need be ashamed of. I come from simple people, my ancestors commonplace lairds in the rough and arid hills of Scotland; I have not the poetry of the great traditions of your race and family to beautify and mellow the music of my soul; but let me thrill with it from you, let me feel the resonance of great moral purpose and struggle which for centuries of steadfastness and martyrdom has ripened and ennobled your race. Margaret, be mine wholly. Can you not love me? Do you not care for me a little only?"

She sat motionless, her hand resting in his, her eyes still fixed before her; but her nostrils and lips quivered as she said feebly:

“I do and have, more than I wished to.”

“Oh, bless you for that, my queen. How lovely you are; if you knew it you would waste yourself in self-adoration. Come and see!”

And with that he drew her by the hand to the silent pool and they knelt down, and with heads close together they gazed into its limpid depths.

It had been mysteriously dark on that first afternoon. But now the sun touched its smooth, clear, unruffled surface, and they gazed each upon the image of the other reflected from the pure, bright mirror, and drank themselves drunk with the sight of the face they each loved.

Then he rose, and drew her up close to him with gentle strength. She resisted, but he whispered:

“Margaret, can you not put trust in me?” And he kissed her lips, she clinging to him in a long embrace.

Then they turned and gazed once more upon the lovely scene at their feet. The sun had dissipated the clouds before it and the haze hovering over the plain. The landscape was laughing in purest light, Homburg lay there like a child smiling and resting in the meadows. All was gladness.

X

MARGARET and her sisters left that afternoon. They did not wait to be presented to the Prince. Campbell and his love wrote to each other every day. He then joined them in England.

In six months they were married, and are the happiest couple I know. She has published some articles, and is now writing a book, on the history of the Jews. He takes an active interest in her work, as she is keenly interested in his. She is a great favourite in London society, and a charming hostess. There is no house where more interesting people are met than at the Campbells'. Her manners are perfect in their grace and naturalness,—especially with the best-bred and really superior people. With those not of the absolutely best breeding, one may occasionally notice a certain hesitation and

constraint in her bearing. She is herself not drawn to Homburg; but, knowing that it is good for his health, she accompanies him there, and likes it when once she is there. They invariably make a pilgrimage to the pool in the woods.

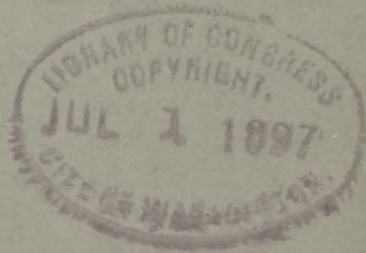
THE END.

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age to the pool in the woods.

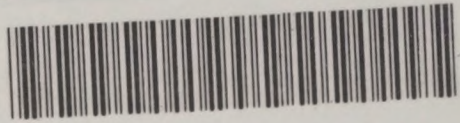
THE END

A Homburg Story

By
Gordon Seymour



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