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**AN EDITION OF D.H.LAWRENCE'S VERSE AND PROSE
AS CONTAINED IN THE
ADA LAWRENCE CLARKE COLLECTION.**

VOLUME III

THE CLARKE COLLECTION: PROSE

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B

MISCELLANEOUS PROSEINTRODUCTION

The prose material in the Clarke Collection is small in volume and yet has in it writing of real significance to the Lawrence scholar. It contains the holographs of three stories: "The White Stocking", "Ruby Glase", "The Fly in the ointment". In addition there is the early piece of criticism "Rachel Annand Taylor" and a large part of some early chapters of Movements in European History. These are reproduced in full here and discussed in this introduction either because they are not available else where, differ substantially from published versions or show Lawrence's working methods by a number of interlineations. However, also contained in the collection is a typescript of "Rex" which corresponds exactly with the version published in Phoenix¹ and a holograph manuscript of the essay "Art and the Individual" which shows a few errors in the published version in Phoenix II² and these are indicated in a separate note.

I

Let us deal with the most important first. In a recent book³ Keith Cushman discusses in detail the emergence of The Prussian Officer stories. In Chapter VI he devotes some eighteen pages to "The White Stocking" in its various versions but unfortunately for him he was not given access to this version, the earliest :-

"The White Stocking. Unpublished holograph in the collection of W.H. Clarke, Lawrence's nephew. I was unable to make use of this early text, which I suspect is the version submitted to the Christmas contest in 1907."⁴

His discussion is based, therefore, on the magazine text for Smart Set in October, 1914, with its slight revisions from the Hopkin proofs.⁵ His arguments on this "minor masterpiece"⁶ are based on revisions of detail, important thought much of it is, but he could not have guessed

at the difference between the original version and the final story. His analysis of the development of this story was a contribution to the overall great personal and artistic transformation of Lawrence would have been deepened. Not only did Lawrence revise, but revision was essential to his creative method. Cushman says :-

"To Lawrence, writing was both process and art of discovery. Genuine art could not be achieved with scissors and paste: his revisions do not consist of mechanical repairs and patchwork Lawrence's habit of composition made it unlikely that he would get a piece of fiction right on the first attempt." ⁷

He cites Frank Kermode about Lawrence's habitual method of facing the text again and again:

"He worked under pressure, producing many drafts, all widely different Each rewriting involved another struggle with the text : deletions, additions, remodelings, further qualifications of doctrine. There is a kind of creative opportunism in this, a desire to catch the momentary flux of life rather than comply with the dictates of 'form' "⁸

No revision could illustrate better the remodelling, the qualification of doctrine and the emotional maturity gained between 1907 and 1914 than this early version of "The White Stocking" compared with its final published version. The immature Lawrence becomes the writer of The Rainbow. Cushman made the starting point of his discussion a remark made by R.E. Pritchard:-

"In these stories which, in their revised form, mark the beginning of the 'true', unmythical Lawrence, conventional understanding of morality, personality and even life are transcended in search of the dark reality buried in the body, where consciousness, individuality and sexuality are absorbed in the nonhuman source of life."⁹

Jessie Chambers tells us how these first stories came to be :-

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"During his second Autumn in College, Lawrence devised a plan for raising a little money. A local journal offered a prize of three guineas for the best Christmas story. Lawrence wrote three short stories, and suggested that I, a college friend, and he, should submit one story to this journal. As luck would have it the story I sent was accepted and came out under my name. It was a sentimental little story called "A prelude to a Happy Christmas", and was Lawrence's first appearance in print The story that Lawrence submitted himself and that was rejected, he re-wrote, and it subsequently appeared in The English Review under the title of "A Fragment of Stained Glass." The third story probably formed the basis for "The White Stocking." It was an idealized picture of his mother as a young girl going to a ball at the Castle and drawing out a long white stocking in mistake for a pocket handkerchief."¹⁰

The winning story was published in the Notttinghamshire Guardian on the 7th December, 1907. A summary of the published version of "The White Stocking" with this early unpublished version shows how far the former is an expansion of the latter. In the story published in 1914, Elsie Whiston, a young, attractive, flirtatious, rather vain and somewhat slovenly woman, is married to Whiston, who is a commercial traveller full of middle-class ideas of work, morality and marriage. The story is in three distinct sections: the first takes place on Valentine's Day, two years after their marriage and Sam Adams, the forty-year old factory owner who had employed both of the men before their marriage, has sent Elsie some earrings, a handkerchief and a white stocking. Elsie after first lying, admits that the stocking was a valentine from Adam and that he had sent her another the year before. There is a quarrel and Whiston, in anger and contempt leaves for work, while Elsie finds perfect happiness wandering around the house in her earrings;

the second section is a flashback to a Christmas party at Adam's house two years earlier to which he invites only his superior work-people. Whiston remains gloomy, standing aside from the dancing, which Elsie finds exciting. She is thrilled by "the male warmth of attraction."¹¹ Whiston plays cards and his jealousy increases. Before the quadrilles, Elsie reaches for her handkerchief and, in agony, discovers that she has brought a white stocking instead. Adams picks up the stocking and keeps it and her behaviour causes a quarrel with Whiston and they leave. By what seems Laurentian irony this leads to their marriage shortly afterwards. The final part of the story returns to later the same Valentine's day of Part I when Whiston returns from work. The quarrel begins again, and when she puts on both stockings to taunt him, Whiston is filled with unreasonable rage. When she admits that Adams sent not only the stockings but also the earrings and the brooch, Whiston hits her across the mouth. The jewellery is returned to Adams and Elsie ends sobbing, "in anguish of spirit", in her husband's arms.

The 1907 version is thematically only concerned with the events of the second part of the final version. A young lady, Prissy Gant, is seated before her mirror dressing for a party. The scene is lit by one flickering candle and outside a young man, George Whiston, observes her preparations but, instead of calling for her, he sulkily goes away. She exchanges a few words with her parents, her mother glowing in admiration, but her father seeing her as a vain rather proud creature. She is in a dress paid for by her employer, Sam Osbourne, to whose party she is going. When she arrives, Osbourne immediately begins to praise her and they dance together. He introduces her to his nephew Arthur to whom she relates a dream. Whiston plays cards and glares towards her, seeing her "gradually growing in her own esteem". He goes to entertain two girls and fetches for them coffee and pastries. Sam Osbourne knocks against the arms of Whiston and is delayed with coffee. Prissy has an ice and then, needing to wipe her lips, feels for her pocket handkerchief and, seeing Osbourne shaking with laughter, she

realises that she has drawn down a white stocking, perfumed with lavender. She flings it at Osborne and runs out of the room. Whiston angrily grabs the stocking, goes out after her and wipes away her tears with it. He comforts her and, having fetched a cab, takes her home.

This comparison in the most simple terms shows drastic differences.

Cushman says :-

"The White Stocking is a domestic comedy with serious overtones about marriage. He had written the original version long before he had had any concrete experience of marriage."¹³

He did not realise that the original was indeed not about marriage but an incident from courtship. The remaining extant versions of the story, the magazine text completed in April, 1911, the magazine text revised in July 1914 and the Hopkins proof versions of October 1914 for inclusion in The Prussian Officer, all have the three part structure with Elsie and George Whiston married. If the power of the final version "cannot be accounted for in terms of its evaluation of marriage among the urban middle class"¹⁴ any appraisal of its success must stress the emotional extremity and irrational passion just beneath the surface. Leavis is a great admirer of this story. It has a "lightness" but, he adds, "it is a lightness that registers a fulness of engagement in the writer."¹⁵ For Lawrence it is "without qualification human life."¹⁶ It is worthwhile now to compare the 1907 and the 1914 versions in a little detail.

At the beginning of the published version the married Elsie is animated and careless. She has "fleecy, short black hair all tousled"¹⁷ She showed "slovenliness and untidiness," "careless abandon" and "She stood before the mirror and roughly scrambled together her profuse little mane of hair."¹⁸ At the opening of the 1907 version "A young lady sat before her mirror curling her hair over a plump little finger" but here she shows "great patience" and the emphasis is frequently on the narcissistic vanity of the girl. The young George Whiston is an observer, a solitary figure

out in the dark whose final response to all her self-centredness is "Damn her". One is reminded of the opening chapter of The Rainbow where Tom Brangwen stands out in the night observing Lydia's absorption in her child. The emotions however already show signs of complexity and a certain irrationality. When she rose holding a dark silk skirt, "she stroked it and gloated over it, she stood in ecstasy over it" and as she tried to put it on "a hook caught in her hair." Whiston "kneit his brows and lifted his hands as if to help her." Just as the husband in the 1914 version watches "the quickness and softness of her young shoulders,"¹⁹ here Whiston says to himself:-

"She has lovely little arms, and the prettiest neck and chin
in the world."

However he remains the solitary observer as he does for most of the original. His refusal to take her to the party means that they travel alone and remain distinctly apart until the very end of the story.

The centre section of the published version which describes the party is the obvious area for comparison. In the original Lawrence spends many words describing her dress and preparations for the party. In the 1914 version this is described in a short paragraph:-

"She had been very proud of herself, in her close-fitting, full-skirted dress of blue silk. Whiston called for her. Then she tripped beside him, holding her large cashmere shawl across her breast."²⁰

Marriage has apparently added the careless slovenliness! A short scene in the 1907 version with no equivalent at all in the later is between Prissy and her parents. The mother "glowed with admiration"; her father is critical of her female pride: "My lady fancies she can do better than him". Prissy, more overtly than in the 1914 version, thinks :-

"He 's not going to domineer over me."

On arriving at the party she "stroked herself before a mirror" (1914).

The emphasis in the 1907 version is on her sexuality being self-centred. The

eroticism of the 1914 version is marked. Sam Osborne in the 1907 version is described as a "rotund, short man....going bald in front, though not above forty." and Prissy wished "he wouldn't put his face so close, and wondering what it was she didn't like about his eyes". Sam Adams, in the 1914 version "opened his mouth wide when he spoke, and the effect of the warm dark opening behind the brown whiskers was disturbing," and when they danced "his eyes had a curious gleam which thrilled her and yet had nothing to do with her."²¹ She was disturbed "fearfully and deliriously". Cushman stresses the "heightened sexuality of the final version",²² compared with the magazine version. In 1907 Prissy is simply "flushed with triumph". Osborne praises beauty and, rather a jarring comparison, calls her "a downright Salome". The intoxication of the dance with Adams as a Bin-like figure is vastly different from the Osborne of 1907. As Cushman suggests:-

"The Prussian Officer version of the dance could easily be a description of sexual intercourse."²³

There is less emphasis on Whiston in the 1914 version. Here, in 1907, he is allowed a flirtatious episode but this is artificial in its 'literariness! Lawrence has learned later to expunge such as "Sir Launcelot" and the inappropriate and ill-suited quotation from the opening of Keats! "To a Nightingale". The women Whiston talks to in the 1907 version are shown as shallow and flirtatious in contrast with his here poetic soul musing on " all this gaiety and frivolity" which make him feel miserable. In the 1914 version he simply carries "coffee to the plain neglected ladies".²⁴ In this final version the concentration is much more on Elsie's feelings and on her love of retaining an illusion and irritation at it being broken. She is consistent with the wife who, missing her husband's absence in the day, "took these giddy little flights into nowh ere".²⁵ It is ~~is a~~ concentration of Elsie's dance that Lawrence reaches the language and style of The Rainbow. The descriptions of Ursula dancing with Skrebensky at the wedding of Fred Brangwen shows the same use of the dance as a releasing of sexual energies

in the young women.²⁶ The women's response to the dance in Twilight in Italy is much the same as the 1914 version and it was written in April 1913. The final scenes of the story are changed. Lawrence cuts the spilling of the coffee, perhaps ultimately seeing this contest between the rivals as handled clumsily. It does strengthen the story if Adams is not deflated as Osborne is. In the original it is easier for Prissy to feel "her heart harden against this unlovely employer of hers" and choose Whiston. While Adams remains desirable and yet dreadful, attractive and yet triumphant, Elsie's choice of Whiston is more subtle, showing, as it does, her guilt about her behaviour at the party and, more significantly, fearful that it may happen again. The difference between Osborne and Adams and Prissy and Elsie's reactions is exemplified in her picking up of the stocking itself. In 1914 he picks up the stocking :-

"That'll do for me," he whispered - seeming to take possession of her."²⁷

She "felt weak and faint, as if her will were turned to water. A heavy sense of loss came over her. She could not help herself any more. But it was peace."²⁸

In the 1907 version the employer pushes his arm "down the stocking whilst he made the foot fly about ludicrously." Though perhaps less subtle this too is a sexual metaphor and the flipping about of the foot shows how he ridicules her by what he is suggesting. The story ends with George soothing Prissy who is violent in her anger against Osborne, ingratiating herself with Whiston by saying :-

"And he said things about you and I hated him then."

In both versions he attempts "to soothe her" in his arms but by the 1914 version, Lawrence has added two pages of dialogue between them which underline her sense of guilt in the incident.

The powerful energy of the final version no doubt springs partly from the insights Lawrence gained from his relationship with and marriage to Frieda. He manages to extend the 1907 story to include a vision of the impersonal forces which govern all of existence. In the early review of The Prussian

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Officer an unnamed writer said :-

"We do not think it would ever be possible for Mr. Lawrence to conceive characters whose blood courses at a normal rate or whose passions are not Gargantuan."²⁹

How stupid that judgement seems in face of this story of ordinary people leading an ordinary life. "This is the same blending," says Cushman, " - the cosmic and the everyday - that is so important to the achievement of The Rainbow. Lawrence could only find the story when he had found himself - or to put it another way, when he had found the style, the language, and the vision of his mature identity as an artist."³⁰ This 1907 version shows clearly how much greater the journey was to maturity and is an important revelation.

II

Somewhat less important, and that because of the literary quality of the final published stories, is the other holograph manuscript from 1907 with the title "Legend. Ruby Glass" by Herbert Richards. This is the earliest version of the story which was to become "A Fragment of Stained Glass" in The Prussian Officer. This holograph predates the one in the University of Texas.³¹ Sagar gives the title as 'Legend' from its publication in The English Review in September 1911.³² Obviously the title from the very beginning connected it with its final published one. The story is generally held in low critical regard. Leavis calls it "negligible" and more obviously immature,³³ and yet the discovery of this early version shows that much work, if not quite so considerable as with "The White Steeking" went into its 1914 form. The rewriting no doubt stopped at 1911 and lacked the advantages of a further rewriting in 1914. "In 1914", says Cushman, "he was working hard to discover new ways to express his feelings of hope and urgency concerning modern life. 'A Fragment of Stained Glass' with its self-conscious fifteenth-century setting, its Browningsque views, and its awkward literary frame, no longer held much interest for him."³⁴

It is interesting to discover that the awkward literary frame and the vicar with archaeological interests are in fact later alterations. At least one critic assumes the clumsiness to come from the original :-

"The framework for the narrative, having the story told by the vicar, seems superfluous".³⁵

The 1907 version is, in many ways, more successful than the published version. Apart from the awkward framework and the rather unprepossessing vicar, there is the added advantage that the story is told in the third person. The "I" of the serf is unconvincing in the published version. The story is not quite as unrelated to modern life as Cushman suggests. It is about isolation, being an outcast. Many of Lawrence's stories and even parts of novels are about isolation: The Prussian Officer himself, Paul at the end of Sons and Lovers, Siegmund in The Trespasser, and most powerfully the death of Gerald in Women in Love. He is also, as Pinion says,

"wonderfully successful in generating a psychological atmosphere of magic from madness and superstition."³⁶

The manuscript is incomplete but, from the published version, it is possible to suggest that only one page is missing.

"The Fly in The Ointment" written in the winter of 1908-9 was first published in the New Statesman on 13th August 1913 and also in The Early Life of D.H.Lawrence.³⁸

It is printed here both to show how Lawrence tried to work on this rather artificial story and also to indicate the errors which existed in The Early Life of D.H.Lawrence copy which were then reprinted in Phoenix II ³⁹. These small copying errors are pointed out in notes after the story. It is, however, a story which suggests that Lawrence was rather looking for something to write about, to practice on and the interlineations are mildly interesting.

"Rachel Annand Taylor" is a lecture the young schoolmaster Lawrence used before a literary group in Croydon and is, despite its crudeness, of interest to all students of Lawrence's development. It is one of his earliest attempts at criticism and reveals something of the background to his early poems -

the link with the nineties and Pre-Raphaelism. The holograph shows a number of considered alterations by Lawrence and is worthy of printing here if only for these. The final text is to be found in Phoenix 11.⁴⁰

The final holograph in this prose collection consists of seventeen pages from Lawrence's preparatory writing of Movements in European History.⁴¹ It differs considerably in tone from the published version for example in the attitude to Rome and its treatment of the Christians. In later life Lawrence was to harden in his attitude towards Rome, expressed in, for example, Etruscan Places. It is interesting in that Lawrence is attempting to give a narrative power to history and frequently succeeds. No doubt though, this was simply a financial chore.

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The prose holographs show the range of Lawrence, the working writer. From stories through criticism to a history text-book they reveal a man taking care about what he is saying, reconsidering it, and they throw light on published versions. They display, through "The White Stocking", a man working towards his works of genius like The Rainbow, and they show, through "Rachel Annand Taylor" and the history extracts, a craftsman aware of all fields of knowledge. Because his major achievements, his fiction and his poetry, are so often prophetic "the second work is of greater significance than is the case with most writers."⁴² "The White Stocking" in its 1907 holograph is the most important work here but the rest cannot be neglected.

NOTES

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3. Cushman Keith D.H.Lawrence at Work The Emergence of The Prussian
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5. The Prussian Officer and Other Stories: proof set. Lawrence sent these
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The Fly in the Ointment

Eastwood

A BlotNotts

by D.H.Lawrence

Muriel had sent me some mauve primroses, slightly weather beaten, and some honeysuckle-twine threaded with grey-green rosettes, and some timid hazel catkins. They had arrived in a forlorn little cardboard box, just as I was rushing off to school.

"Stick 'em in water!" I said to Mrs. Williams, and I left the house. But those mauve primroses had set my tone for the day: I was dreary and tender; school and the sounds of the boys were unreal, unsubstantial; beyond these, were the realities of my poor winter-trodden primroses, and the pale hazel catkins that Muriel had sent me. Altogether, the boys must have thought me vacant fool; I regarded them as a set of aggressive little bores. /a punishment upon me./

I rejoiced exceedingly when night came, and with the evening star, and the night flushed dark blue, purple, over the golden pomegranates of the lamps. I was as glad as if I had been hurrying home to Muriel, as if she would open the door to me, would keep me a little while in the fireglow, with the splendid purple pall of the day evening against the window, before she laughed and drew up her head proudly and flashed on the light over the tea-cups. But Eleanor, the girl, opened the door to me, and I poured out my tea in solitary state.

Mrs Williams had set out my winter posy for me on the table, and I thought (sic) of all the beautiful things we had done, Muriel and I, at home in the midlands, of all the beautiful ways she had looked at me, of all the beautiful things I had said to her - or had meant to say. I went on imagining beautiful things to say to her looking at me with her wonderful eyes, from among the fir boughs in the wood. I never know what iam I had for tea that evening. I never shall know. / Meanwhile

I talked to my landlady about the neighbours./

Although I had much work to do, and although I had laboured away at it, in the end there was nothing done. Then I felt very miserable, and sat still and sulked. At a quarter to eleven I said to myself: "This will never do -" and I took up my pen and wrote a letter to Muriel: "You were naughty /It was not fair/ to send me those robins" - we called these/the/ purple primroses 'robins' for no reason, unless that they bloomed in winter - "they have bewitched me. They are wicked little evil eyes, that you have sent to snatch me out of my day and deal me into the past that is mine and yours. Do you remember Jettatura, how you dare not look at me because you were going to cry, and I should have been wild and tiraded you for taking things sentimentally instead of artistically? - But while I was expounding Profit and Loss, I was saying 'under the plum trees, whose gum she used to love to bite, those little robins must be looking winsome today - " /Their wicked, bleared little pinkish eyes follow me about and I have to think of you, and home instead of doing what I've got to do. All the time while I was teaching I got mixed up with you. 'If the interest of a certain Muriel be - - ' That was arithmetic. And I've read the miserable pieces of composition on 'Pancakes' over and over, and never seen them, thinking - 'the primrose flower because it is so sheltered under the plum-trees. They are black plums with very gummy bark. She is fond of biting through a piece of hard bright gum. Then her lips get sticky --' /

I will not say at what time I finished my letter. I can recall a sensation of being blind, dim, oblivious of everything, smiling to myself as I sealed the envelope; /of/ putting my away my books and papers in their places without the least conscious knowledge of so doing, keeping the atmosphere of Strelley Mill close round me in my London lodging. I cannot remember turning off the electric light. The next thing of which I am conscious is pushing at the kitchen door.

The kitchen is at the back of the house, and outside gives onto/ in the dark was/ a little yard and/and/ a hand-breadth of garden, beyond which is a grassy/ backed up by the /railway embankment. I had come down the passage from my room in the front of the house, and stood pushing at the kitchen door to get a glass for some water. Evidently the oilcloth had turned up a little, and the edge of the door was under it. I woke up irritably, swore at this/ a little/ impediment, pushed the door harder and heard the oilcloth rip. Then I bent and pushed my hand from pushed /put/ my hand through the small space of the door to flatten the oilcloth.

The kitchen was in darkness, save for the red embers lying low in the stove. I started, but rather from sleepy curiosity than anything else. Perhaps I ought to say I opened my eyes a little wider. Pressing himself flat against into the corner between the stove and the wall was a fellow. I did not feel alarmed: I was away in the midlands still. So I stood looking in dull curiosity.

"Hello! /Why?/" I said, quite mildly. I think this very mildness must have terrified him. Immediately he be shrunk together, and began to dodge about between the table and the stove, yelling/whining/, snarling, with an incredibly animal mongrel sound.

"Don't yer touch me - don't yer come grabbin' at me - I'll hit you between the eyes with this poker - I ain't done nothin' to you - dont (sic) yer touch me, yer bloody coward"

All the time he was writhing about in the space in which I had him trapped, between the table and the stove. My/I was much too amazed to do anything but stare. Then my/ blood seemed to change its quality. It went cool and sharp with disgust. I was not unaccustomed to displays of this kind in school, and I had not the least alarm, only/felt again the old misery, and intense scorn/of contempt/ and disgust. He dared not, I knew, strike, unless by trying to get hold of him I terrified him to a frenzy to

a/the/momentary madness such as the depraved slum type is subject to. /of
such a slum-rat./

"Stop that/your/row!" I said, speaking with great scorn, but standing still and leaving him his room "Stop that idiotic commotion and put down that poker./Shut your miserable row! Do you want to don't waken the children."

"Ah but don't you touch 'm, don't you come no nearer!"

He had stopped writhing about, and was crouching at the defensive. The little frenzy, too, had gone out of his voice.

"Put down that poker./Put the poker down, / you whining fool,/" or it will be the worse for you."

I gave him the threat contemptuously, and /I/ pointed to the corner of the stove, where the poker used to stand. I supplied him with the definite idea of placing the poker in the corner, and, in his crazy witless state, he could not reject it. He did as I told him, but indefinitely, as if the action were second o hand. The poker, loosely dropped into the corner, slid to the ground with a clatter. I looked from it to him, feeling still more/further/contempt for the nerveless knave. /Yet my own heart had begun to beat heavily./ His own indefinite clumsiness and the jangle of the poker in the hearth, crushed/unnerved/ him still more. He crouched there abjectly.

I took a box of matches off from the mantelpiece and lit the gas at the pendant that hung in the middle of the bare little room. Then I saw that he was a youth of nineteen or so, narrow at the temples, with thin, pinched-looking brows. He was not ugly, nor did he look ill-fed. But he evidently came of the lowest class/breed/. His hair had been cut close to his head; but a fringe was left in a tuft/skull, leaving a tussocky fringe/ over his forehead to provide him with a "topping", and to show that it was no prison crop which had bared him.

"I wasn't doin' no harm" he whined, resentfully, with still an attempt

at a threat in his tones, "I haven't done nuffin' to you, you just leave me alone. What harm have I done?"

"Shut up" I said. "You whining saw; we've had enough of it. Do you want to wake the baby and rouse the house fetch everybody down? Keep your mouth shut!" and answer quietly"

I went to the door and listened. By No one was disturbed. Then I closed the door, and quietly pulled down the wide-opened window, which was letting in the cold night air. As I did so I shivered, noting how ce chill and dreary the mangle looked in the yard with the moonlight on its frosty cover.

The fellow was standing abjectly in the same place. He was knock-kneed, and had evidently been rickety as a child. I handed him a wooden chair / seat/, and I sat down myself in the rocker /rocking chair./

"You're a fine fool. aren't you?" /What did you make such a fool of yourself for/ / come scrambling in here for//? I said curiously asked, curious./

"Well" he retorted insolently "an' wouldn't you be, if you 'edn't a place to go to of a night like this."

"Look here" I said coldly, "None of your impudence/sauce/."

"Well, I only come in for a warm" he said, meekly.

"For your /Mer blarney either " I replied "You came to steal, and like a fool, came where there is nothing worth stealing, / pinch something it's no use saying you didn't./ - What should you have taken?" from a place like this?" I asked, curiously. He looked back at me uneasily, then at his dirty hands, then at me again. He had brown eyes, in which much low cunning floated like oil on top of much misery.

"I might 'a took some boots" he said simply, because, while I looked at him dispassionately, and he knew he could have nothing, /and/For the moment/ he could not help speaking the truth.

"You dirty swinegar. /You paltry buggar!/ How many times have you done

this before? pinched boots from folks that don't know which way to turn to get more?"

"And what right have you to pinch boots from people who can't afford to buy any more?" I said/

"I ain't never done it before ! This is the first time - " I did not believe him. It would have been impossible to believe even his truest word /most earnest protestation/ he looked/was/so thoroughly weak kneed and shambling.

"All right!" /You miserable creep!" I said, and he knew I disbelieved and despised him. He looked at me rather pitiably/with a flash of rat-fury./

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Exeter Road."

"And you don't do any work ?"

"No. I never could / couldn't never / get a job - except - I used to deliver laundry -" /and they sacked me for dishonesty /

"And why did they turn you off?"/

"And why did they turn you off?"/ /And they turned you off for stealing?"/

He shifted and stirred uneasily in his chair. As he was /so/ manifestly uncomfortable, I did not press him.

"Where/Who/ do you live on/with/ ?"

"I live at 'ome."

"On your father/What does your father do/ ?"

"My father doesn't do nothing - except off jobs. /at the ginger beer place. My mother's in the laundry, an' two of my sisters."

"So you don't steal to eat? What do you steal for then?"

"Well - I never have a ha' penny. It's sometimes six three month, an' I never touch sixpence."

/But he sat stubborn and would not answer./

I thought of the gangs of youths who stood at the corners of the mean streets near the school, there all day long, month after month, fooling with the

laundry girls, and insulting passers-by.

"But" I said "what's going to become of you?"

He hung his head again and fidgetted (sic) in his chair. Evidently what little thought he gave to the subject made him uncomfortable. He could not answer.

"Get a laundry girl to marry you and live on her?" I asked sarcastically.

He smiled sickly, evidently even a little bit flattered. I felt very disgusted. /What was the good of talking to him.

"And/You'll /loaf at the street corners until you drop/go/rotten?" I said. He looked up at me with sullen/ly/blankness.

"Well I can't get a job" he replied, with insolence.

He was not hopeless, but like a man born without expectations, apathetic, resigne looking for/ to be / nothing better./ provided for/ sullenly allowing everything.

"But" I said "if you don't make yourself worth a job, you can never expect to have one given you. We don't give a cow a fiddle to play, because we know it isn't any use. /a man is worthy of his hire, the hire is worthy of a man - and I am damned if you're one." /

He grinned at me with sly insolence - "And you're no use - I said, spoiling the joke. /It beats me that any woman than useless woman 'ud let you touch her," I said.

His face fell and he sulked. "Well-" he began with his usual cockney insolence.

"Never mind" I said "Never mind. But remember this, if you bucked up, and tried to make yourself decent and smart, you could get a carter's job, or a train conductors. very soon. But if you won't make yourself worth a job -" I gave him up. He was hopeless. We drank a glass of beer together, and he ate bread and meat. Then I dismissed him. He shambled off down the path, answering my "Goodnight" with a slummy difficulty, for which I pitied him, and liked him.

/And then he grinned slyly to himself, ducking his head to hide the joke. And I thought of the coloured primroses and of Muriel's beautiful, pensive face. Then of him with his dirty clothes and nasty skin!

"Well," I said, "you're beyond me." He gave me a narrow, sneering look from his sore eyes.

"You don't know everyfing" he said, in contempt. I sat and wondered. And I knew I could not understand him, that I had no fellow feeling with him. He was something beyond me.

"Well," I said helplessly, "you'd better go. But for God's sake, steal in different streets."

I rose, feeling he had beaten me. He could affect and alter me, I could not affect nor alter him. He shambled/

I watched him skulk under the lamp posts, out of sight. /afraid of the police./ And I shut the door.

In the black silence of the sleeping house I stood quite still for some minutes, up against/to the//up against// the impassable rock face of this man, which/illeg. in the mind of this man, full of loathing/ seemed to utterly bar the onward movement of my thought and even of my life. / and horror and misery. The impassable rock of this man, beyond which I could not get./ Then I climbed the stairs, numbed with a peculiar intense misery. It was like a nightmare. I thought I/he/was a blot, just a blot of ink on a page, a black, heavy, disfiguring blot, with no meaning. That/He/was one of the most dreadful nightmares I have ever suffered. It vanished when I switched on my bedroom light. like a blot fallen on my soul, something black and heavy, which I could not decipher./

As I hung up my coat I felt Muriel's fat letter in my pocket. It made me a trifle sick.

"Ah! I said winding up/taking out/my watch to wind it up "that was yesterday". /"No" I said, with a flush of rage against her perfect serene purity, "I don't want to think of her."/ And I wound my watch up sullenly,

Legend

Ruby Glass by Herbert Richards.

A page from the Chronicle of Beauvale Abbey, in the parish of Greasley, in the county of Nottingham.

"Thanne, whiles we chaunted the Gloria in Excelsis, comen a crack lying at the windowe, the grete windowe of the este, where hong in the glasse Oure Lord on the Crosse. It was the malitious, coveitous Devil, which wratthed at the triumph of the Lord, rended the loveliche image of the glasse. We saw the grene cloches of the fende pieche the windowe, and horrid face, flamyng red, did glower down upon us. Meltedoure heates, oure legges ybroken were under us. The foule brethe of the wreche did fille the Chapelle, fere toke us, and we weened to dye. Fyre was in the ayre, and we fellen on oure faces, swownyng.

Sudden comen the angeles illeg. from hevenc us to defenden. Lucifer gan loudly bray with and grone, and the grounde under us trembled. Loudly cryinge and yellinge, as of a legion of daemons, was the Filthie One daunted and ybette off. Who dorst, loked up and saw the winges of golde of oure Seynt Botolph shinen passyinge brighte as they flewen in hevenc. In his hand a sling which, by spinnyng, was a ryng of lighte, and from it hurled he bolts white hotte after the fast fleeing fende.

When the Scane uproos, and it was Christmase mornyng wenten in drede some out on the thiane snowe. There seigh they the figure of the Seynt Botolph ythrown down and ybroken. In the windowe, oure grete and loveliche windowe, was a

wikke hole where from the Holi woundes the Seynt Bloud
 was out-greane at the touch of the Devil, and on the Shafte
 broken figure of Botolph It lay, and on the shafte of the windowe.
 Thereafter had the broken Seynt steyned with the yBlessed
 Bloud vertue for to hele and to blesse ----- "

Scarlatte kicked the sere yellow grass in surly indecision. He
 looked towards the west, over the frozen water, where the sickly winter
 sun set in a smoky mist. Still he stood knocking the hoar-frost from
 the tufts of grass over his/coarse/boots and biting between his front
 teeth a morsel of the rind of the hips he had been eating; for all
 the day he had had no other food than the berries the forest afforded.

He had lain hidden under the tangled yellow bracken, trembling,
repeating/reconstructing/ in his mind the events/scenes/ of the preceding
 night, when, having stolen from the Manor of Newthorpe where he was
 serf to Ralph de Molum, he had joined the little mob of revolted peasants
 and villeins. He felt again the beating of his heart as they/he/had
 listened to the commands spoken in a hissing whisper; he started as he
 heard again the yell with which they woke the sleeping manor. Then
 there passed before his eyes confused tumultuous scenes; a surge of faces
 reflecting bloodred the light of blazing barns; the twisting and
 crackling of parchments flung in the flames and mouths wide open shouting
 savage joy. There had followed a different shouting, "The steward,
 the steward and troop of bowmen!" Hearing it he was one of the first
 to flee, for the steward, horrible man, had power beyond mortals! The dawn
 had come stealthy and grey; more terrible day succeeded night, and
 Scarlatte hid under the bracken, afraid to move. Gradually he wearied
 himself of reiterating the same events. Becoming more and more

conscious of hunger, he was forced to consider how he might find food. This led him to look into the future. "Tomorrow/Tonight/" he thought to himself "there will be pork and cabbage for supper. Tomorrow I must cut wood." Swiftly, however, came the alarming knowledge that he could never return, never eat again in the manor kitchen when hungry evening came, never sleep on the warm rushes or among the straw. As these facts came home to him the more compelling was his present hunger, and at last he was forced to raise his stiffened body, and run covering from bush to bush picking the berries that the birds had left. He tore open rabbit holes and thrust down his arm, but was never able to clutch warm, struggling fur. As afternoon wore on, unaccustomed hunger gave him the courage of desperation. He could not forget the cakes of bread that filled the wooden bowls, nor the salted pork that hung from round the walls of the farm-houses. So little by little he worked his way to the edge of the forest, and now stood undetermined, wondering whether he could trust his life to the girl who had walked hand in hand with him after he had been to the mill to fetch flower/flour/, who had danced with him in the big barn while her father played the bagpipe, who had kissed him and stroked his face.

The clink of horse's feet came through the frosty air and Scarlatte lifted his head, looked round wildly, and ran, bending double, back into the forest. He dropped behind a tangled briar-bush and peered through the tangled meshes of the thorny network. His heart beat faster as the sound drew near, and there came into sight a band of seven horsemen. The leader was a long thin man riding a mettlesome grey horse. His gaunt yellow face turned this way and that as he peered with keen dark eyes into the wood and over the park-like open land. The hair was cut away round his ears which thus pricked upwards ominously, and his blue hood was pushed back that he might hear better. Scarlatte, recognising the

Steward, buried his face in the fallen leaves and lay motionless.

The pointed/sharp/ nose of the leader seemed to sniff the air, but he moved on, and behind him jingled the fighting men with bows and arrows swords and bucklers and bracers.

A long time Scarlatte lay like a skulking rabbit. Then suddenly he bounded off into the wood again, tearing his bare knees and his tunic, practically his only garment, against the thorns. "I will ask her for food" he said to himself when his alarm had died down. "Then I will go through the great wood farther than the steward can follow." Darkness was coming on, and again the dread of the long night came upon/overtook/him. He hurried on with the long ungraceful stride of a man accustomed to walking over the uneven land, swinging his heavy feet clear of the thick bed of oak leaves, and dropping them again noiselessly into the brown yielding mass. At last he came to the edge of the wood, where the great oaks thinned out and a few sturdy individuals had advanced down the grassy hillside. Listening, he could just distinguish the plash of falling water, a sound which made him shiver. Some two hundred yards below he could see a cottage built of flat stones, and by the side of the road. It was the mill where he had often been with corn, and where he had lived Matty his buxom, red-haired sweetheart. He hurried down and crouched among a clump of alders where the mill pond narrowed down towards the egress of the brook.

He had not waited long before a big red whiskered man came out roaring with a bull's voice to some one to give the devils of pigs a bucket of acorns and the grains from the brewing. Then he went off shouting a coarse jest to a young man by his side. As he crossed the stepping stones over the brook the miller blew some most unearthly schreeches from his bagpipe. It was said fiends haunted this part of the wood and that they fought the spirit of the water. Scarlatte felt his heart melt as these sounds of demons pierced through the dusk of the silent woodlands, and his

horror of loneliness in the grew more intense for he was superstitious and entirely ignorant, moreover he had always known the company of his fellow serfs.

A girl came out of the cottage a couple of wooden pails hanging from a yoke on her shoulders, and strode easily across the frozen yard to a low shed. He uttered the cry of a peewit, and she, hearing, stared about, half afraid, because she thought the wicked fairies must be calling her with his call. He cried again, but this time the pigs had become aware of the proximity of the grains and all was drowned in their wild screechings of anticipation. So he ran down by the ivy borders of the brook till he found a place where he could leap across, touching a great stone in the middle of the course. As she was pouring out the contents of her pail onto the noses/snouts/ of the voracious pigs, Scarlatte put his hand on her arm. She started round and recognising his haggard face in the ghostly light "It is his spirit" she cried and turned to flee, dropping at the same time the bucket on his foot. He gripped her hard in his pain, so that she realised he was no spirit.

"Oh let go, it hurts!" she cried and in the same breath asked "What is the matter? What, my father has gone up to the Horse/inn and will not let me go tonight! There is a gangler, and they will dance, but I can't go with you."

Scarlatte had taken crammed his mouth with acorns and the sodden husks of grain.

"Fool!" she exclaimed, dragging his hand from the fallen swill

"You will be full up with pains. Are you so hoggish?" and she looked in wonder at him. He looked back with eloquent dark eyes, but his mouth was too full for speech. He was a good-looking lad of some twenty or twenty one years, judging from his the fine black beard that had gathered on his cheeks.

"Hasn't the red bear told you?" he asked at last. "We have killed the

deer in the park and burned the bonds, and the barns we set ablaze. Now the steward rides with his bowmen to shoot or hang us. I saw him from the wood. If he finds me - "

"Come" said Matty "creep in with the pigs, " and she pushed him into the sty.

"But I have starved all day" he said " fetch me some bread first Matty." Matty crept back again and ran off with the pails. He sat in the filthy sty watching the four swine crunch up the acorns and slobber over the grain biting each others ears when they could get no more and screaming shrilly. Already they were flat-sided and gaunt. It was the custom at that time to kill off the herd when winter began, except such as were necessary for next year's breeding. The miserable remainder went long and often unfed, for little or no stock of food was laid up for them.

At last Matty appeared bending in the low doorway. She gave him bread and bacon, saying :

"I told my mother there was a lucky star in heaven tonight I must go out and see. But ah, what shall you do?"

He did not stop eating, and for answer shook his head. She lifted her horn lantern and looked in his face. It was pale and dirty, and the hair hung wildly under his hood; his eyes looked back at her appealing to her love and pity. She set down the lantern and wiped away a tear.

"Matty" said he when he had finished and licked his fingers. "Matty it is cold and horrible to be alone;" he put his arm round her. "You are so warm and soft. I am cold, feel, right through; it is a cold that hurts." She put her cheek against his in sympathy.

"I had better be hanged" he went on "than run/skulk/ under the bushes like a starved wild cat when the dogs are out."

"Nai No - go to the monks in the abbey."

"And the Kitchener would run for the Steward".

She was almost wild with compassion. She flung her arms round his neck

and wetted his face with her tears.

"What's the use of crying! If I'm hanged tears will do me no good, and if not, weeping doesn't sharpen the wits."

This he said desperately, in a way that drives a woman frantic with the feeling of helplessness.

"But they say beyond the woods are towns with houses thick as trees in the forest. Among many men who'd see one man?"

"Go-go quickly," she said but held him tight.

"It is many days journey and I had lief be hanged in company than/as/ die of cold alone in the wood the long nights."

"Not hanged! Oh, what shall we do?"

"If you will come with me I will go."

"I! My father would kill me!"

"He would first have to catch you. Then I will stay here till the morning, and he will see me and - "

"How can I come? Well then, let us go, let us go quickly."

"Not now. Come when your father sleeps, and bring food and a knife, and sheepskins. We will go to the towns where there are many houses, and we shall find one to spare for us, and we can be married without the word of Sir Ralph."

She was silent now, and had ceased sobbing.

"I will love you always, and you will be brighter than a peacock and more tender than white clouds in the sky. People will lift their heads and say 'See; a lady.'"

"How can I be a lady? Who - "

"Hark! your mother! Come when they sleep."

"Yes" she whispered, and ran away.

He lay among the swine for warmth. They were suspicious and would suddenly wriggle away with a squeal. But he had been a swineherd, and knew how to humour them. Gradually they settled down to rest. Then the

Miller and his son came roaring home, startling the stillness of the night with their tipsy din. Soon, however, the silence was restored, and Scarlatte began to doze (sic) and to dream. He thought he felt a rope tighten round his neck; something grunted in his ear and he started up, kicking against a sow. She turned with a yell and a savage little roar, and bit his leg, tearing a woollen gaiter bound with leather throngs, and scoring the skin/flesh/. He rushed terrified and trembling from the shed. In an agony of fear and anxiety he crouched by the sty, rubbing his stiffened limbs. Clouds had covered the stars, and a few flakes of snow floated lightly down.

At last Matty appeared/stole from the house/, her arms loaded. He went to meet her; she too was trembling.

"Oh" she said "I dreamed the sow was eating her farrow, and blood ran down her jaws. Then father swore in his sleep as I took the sheepskin from the wall. Let us make haste."

He flung the skin coat round him, stuck the knife in his girdle, and seizing the bread ran off hand in hand with her to the wood. They hurried on silently for some time. Little by little a sense of freedom triumphed in his heart. He put his arm round Matty's soft plump figure and laughed softly.

"What are you laughing for?" she asked.

"I have no masters now" he said "I do as I like, and you are mine, and the whole land is ours. What, aren't you glad, little one? I feel my heart laugh inside me."

Matty drew closer towards him, delighted, but somewhat alarmed by the new mood.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To the cave - to a hole in the rock I found one day when one of the pigs had strayed been frightened from the herd. We will rest till tomorrow, and then walk on towards the towns."

They left the forest for a short space to avoid a curve. As they drew near again to the edge of the wood they came upon a cluster of dark buildings. It was the little Abbey or rather Priory of Beauvale. Making between it and the wood, they passed close to the Chapel all lighted up for service of earliest Christmas morning. The monks began to sing, and they stopped stood to listen.

"Look" exclaimed Matty "Look, eh is it not wonderful!"

She pointed to the picture of the Crucifixion in the great East window. Apparently she did not comprehend the picture of/as/a whole, but was attracted by the bits of glowing colour in the glass, upon which she exclaimed .

"Oh" whispered Matty, excitedly "look at the red" and she pointed to the Blood from the Wounds. "It is brighter/redder/ than poppy flowers and wild-rose berries. Get me some. Oh get me some of the red."

"No, you don't want it. I don't think I can get it."

"Can't you. I thought you could. You said - "

Scarlatte flung down his bundle and his sheepskin as /her disappointment and/the spirit of adventure moved him. He scrambled up a buttress, stepped across on some carving, and stood on the head of a saint at the base of the window. Then, clinging with one hand to the carving, he tried with the other/his knife/ to pick out some red glass from the pictured feet. But the lead resisted his knife and he got impatient. With an angry blow he burst a hole in the window. Looking through he saw below in the chapel the /twelve/ startled Carthusian

Charming

White Storking

A young lady, who had been
 waiting for her father to come
 with great patience she smoothed the
 stand in a quiet and kind way and the
 pink fingers felt the red ground a glowing
 swinging figure in the air as a reward
 and smiled the little girl who had
 personally learned of her own
 at school in a classroom and so small
 and so sprinkled with black which
 she had seen in the street. All the
 one looking up at her from the side
 of the little girl and she made you
 a big smile and began to sing.

A group of little boys came down the
 narrow street off winter road. They
 began at the bottom house at the corner
 a dog barked out on them and they
 filled down the street coming to
 a halt past the old mill
 houses. The light from the little
 bedroom window drew their attention.

"Look at her down her air she's off out
 she's got a pal chin" said another.

Amusing

The White Stocking

A young lady sat before her mirror curling her hair over her/a/ plump little finger. With great patience she smoothed the silky brown strand in a spiral round and round the pink finger till she formed a glossy swinging cylinder. Then she leaned forward and rubbed the little glass which was persistently dimmed, frowning resentfully at the old mirror because it was so dull, so small, and so speckled with black, which spoiled her complexion entirely. Setting the one flickering candle over on the other side of the table, where it shed a ruddy glow over her cheek, she began another curl.

A group of little boys turned down the narrow street off Sneinton Road. They attempted to sing at the doctor's house at the corner, but a dog rushed out on them, and they pelted off down the street, coming to a stop past the old malt houses. The light from the little bedroom window drew their attention.

"Look at her doin' her 'air. She's off out"

"She's got a fat chin" said another

"I wish" added one "I wish she'd put that curl in th'candle. She would if she bobbed her head."

"Let's shout all of a sudden an' make her"

"Let's, ay. But there's a man comin. Wait a minute.

The cluster of lads crept up against the cottages that stood in that place forty-five years ago, nudging one another, and hiding in their jackets the candle lanterns they had brought with them on their carol-singing. The sound of heavy footsteps came down the dark, roughly-paved street, hesitated, and crossed the street/over towards them.

"Now then, what are you after?" asked a rough voice.

"We're not after nothink o' yours" answered a pert youngster "We're singin' carols."

"Off you go and sing 'em then. Here"

he gave the boys a few coppers, and they bolted off, shouting, those who had nothing fearfully pursuing those who had possessions.

The young lady had finished her curl, and leaned over, looking out of the window to see the cause of the noise. But all was dark without, so she resumed her task.

The man, however, did not go away. He leaned his big form up against the wall and watched.

"Jove!" said he to himself "she has lovely little arms, and the prettiest neck and chin in the world, I'll wager."

She had finished, and pinned up two curls from the side of her face, so she rose to survey the effect. He watched her efforts to examine the back of her head, as she twisted this way and that over the quaint little frills of her underbodice, rising sometimes on tiptoe so that he could see a gleaming yellow skirt. Being satisfied, she clasped her bare arms with her hands, then rubbed them quickly, pursing up her pretty lips because she was so cold. Having done this she turned her back to him, showing the full splendour of the dancing cluster of curls. She dropped on her knees by her bed, clapped her hands quickly and lightly, then rose holding a dark silk skirt. She stroked it and gloated over it, she stood in ecstasy over it. Then she raised it over her head, and carefully lowered it. A hook caught in her hair. The poor young man knit his brows and lifted his hands as if to help her. She was free and with a little struggle she fastened the hook behind. Then she put on the bodice. The rich brown silk clung to the soft curves of her figure, and she smoothed her hands over the full bust, the narrowing waist, the swelling hips. She smiled /at/ herself in the glass and executed a little pirouette.

"Damn her" said the man audibly, and he swung off down the street again in the same direction as he had come.

She leaned forward, holding her breath, to see if she could find a

blemish in that ripe little face. Again she opened her mouth and laughed, for the warm, golden brown skin was as clear as ever. Having laid some lace round her neck, she took an orange silk shawl or scarf and draped it about her shoulders.

"Prissy" called her mother from below "how much longer shall you be. You won't get there at this rate till it's time to come away." Prissy frowned (illeg.)/and/said she was coming. But first she draped the shawl in long straight folds, lifted her head, and tried the genteel bearing, then the frank negligé manner, then the coy, which last she shaded off into demure. Laughing at herself she ran downstairs.

Her mother glowed with admiration, saying "There, who'd believe she was mine! But George hasn't come yet. I wonder how it is?"

"I should think he's got the sulks. Put me a pin in the back of my shawl, will you."

"Got the sulks!" echoed the mother.

"He'll be wise if he keeps 'em" said her father lifting his blue eyes over his spectacles.

"My lady fancies she can do better than him."

"Father!" said the mother remonstratively.

"I've forgotten my handkerchief" said Prissy, and she flew upstairs with prodigious rustle, grateful to her heart. She opened a little box from which came the sharp, sweet scent of lavender, and with her fingers selected the finest square. Then having donned her hat and a big shawl, she set off.

"Remember you are home by eleven" said her father "or I shall come and fetch you."

"Old Bear" said Prissy under her breath, slamming the door.

The streets were clean and frozen hard this Christmas eve forty-five years ago. Prissy hurried on through Pennyfoot Style towards St. Mary's, thinking to herself

"Well, if he wouldn't come for me, I'll enjoy myself without him. What right had he to carry on 'cause Mr Osborne gave me a five pound note to get me a new dress for his party. I'm glad I did tell him that 'Old beast Osborne' kept him in bread and butter. He's not going to domineer over me." Prissy was a ware house/pattern/ girl on her way to the Christmas party given by her employer, Sam Osborne.

Having arrived, she tripped timidly up the steps of the big house and gave her card to the serving man. Having taken off her hat and big grey shawl and stroked herself before a mirror, she went with beating heart to the big room. She stood in the doorway watching lost in admiration of the spacious room with its glittering chandeliers, its gilded cornice, plush curtains, and gay throng moving in a quadrille. She wished she were not so entirely alone. Peeping down/across/ the passage she could see the other room with people playing cards and dominoes. She was at a loss what to do, but had decided to slip round to some warehouse girls sitting by the wall when the dance stopped, and the men were leading their partners to their seats. Then before she was aware of it Sam Osborne was beside her offering her his arm.

She trembled as she took it, for he was such a gentleman in his dress suit, she thought, and everybody was looking at her.

"You have come late" said he smiling a fat smile "like the quality".

"Well, she answered "It took me a long time to get ready. I wanted to look nice tonight"

"There's not a woman in the room fit to be seen beside you. Never had a silk frock before eh? Lord, but I am hot!"

The rotund, short man wiped his neck with his pocket handkerchief, and rubbed his big big forehead. He was going bald in front, though not above forty. They sat down by the wall.

"Now what dances may I have? I have kept six or seven especially for you."

"I dance very badly, I'm sure."

"You cannot dance ungracefully, even if this were your first attempt. Please don't disappoint me, I have been looking forward to the pleasure all evening."

Prissy handed him her card, and dropped her eyes, wishing he wouldn't put his face so close, and wondering what it was she didn't like about his eyes.

When he led her back from the first dance she was flushed with triumph.

"You are a downright Salome" he said "I never met a more delightful partner."

"Did I really do it all right. I felt so nervous".

"Gad, I should think you did. Would you care for this seat - thank you. I hope you find the floor in good condition, and everything to your liking."

"Oh yes, it is lovely."

"So glad. Ah, here's my nephew Arthur - he is the cleverest bee in the hive for scenting out the sweetest flower. My nephew, Mr. Osborne - Miss Gant. You'll pardon me if I must leave you awhile, Miss Gant - I am in that wretched position - the host's."

"Certainly" said Prissy.

"Poor old boy, he's gone to drag Miss Stonehouse round" said Arthur, his blue eyes twinkling "Won't she punish his toes, and he's gouty! Will you dance, Miss Gant, or would you rather sit out? Sit out, all right. Do you know, I enjoy myself thoroughly at these parties. You see that girl the one with red hair in pink - she's been telling me she dreamed about me the other night. I told her/said/ I was honoured, and got her to tell me her dream. 'She dreamed' she said 'that when she went into the brown room and turned over a piece, there I lay asleep among the lace. Somehow or other' she said, 'as she was cutting out her length she cut a hole right in my heart, and I woke up and told her she must mend it. I have almost died with laughter.'" So he chatted on

in his merry way.

In the next room/George/Whiston sat playing dominoes/cards/with three girls. He was a big man of about twenty-eight - seven years older than Prissy, his fickle sweetheart. Described by girls jealous of Prissy he was ugly. "Such a horrid skin," they said "it would almost make you believe he'd had small pox. And a great wide mouth - fancy kissing it. It's a pity he can't grow a moustache to hide it - but sirs, them few hairs only make it worse."

"For all that" Prissy would answer to herself when she was pleased with him "for all that he's nice, would do anything for you, and that considerate! Besides, he's got lovely blue eyes, eyes you can look at, as kind as can be, and as soft sometimes! I could love him for his eyes, even if I didn't know he was straight as a die, and as good a man as ever walked the streets."

Then when she was cross "Oh, he is hateful, with his temper flaring up when I say I shall do as I like. He's not going to domineer over me, his eyes glaring at me as if he would devour me."

His eyes glared prettily frequently during the game of whist. He was watching p Prissy disporting herself with Arthur and Sam Osborne. He saw her gradually growing : in her own esteem as the deference of her employer fostered her vanity. He saw her cool, off-hand demeanour towards a f warehouse acquaintance, towards a clerk from the office. Gradually she became more assured. She laughed freely at the jokes of the merry nephew, and would even answer a jest with a merryquip of her own. Then they applauded and flattered her, and in return she gave them an arch glance, a little smile, or she shook her head and made her curls dance. It was even noticeable that with Sam Osborne she assumed an air of authority, treating him with a freedom which he rejoiced to see.

"Really me, Mr. Whiston" said an enraged partner "where are your wits?"

"Where his heart lies" answered a giggling opponent, who was gaining

by his stupidity.

He paid more attention to the game, and played ferociously.

When the interval arrived he went into the dancing room. Prissy he saw the centre of three or four men, of whom Sam Osborne had his face near hers, as usual. He was just telling her how splendid she would look as she opened the second half of the dancing with him. She had a glass of wine, and between sips she flashed glances and smart sayings at the gentleman. Her colour was glowing in her dark skin, and she appeared a fascinating little beauty. He cursed the fickle hussy as he passed, and thought to drown his anger in convivial company. So he went off to two disconsolate maidens, one a fine tall girl, with dark hair and grey eyes, the other a fair skinned, brown eyed creature in white silk.

"Oh Mr Whiston, we have just been sighing that Sir Launcelot would come to this lonely Astolat" said the latter.

"I am afraid your sighs will be for ever in vain"

"Why have you not come?"

"I am no Launcelot"

"Aren't you?" said the tall dark girl "Who was he?"

"Don't you know? Oh, not to know the greatest of Arthur's knights."

"I know I should like a pastry" said the fine girl.

"I am sorry. I will fetch you one" he said and, turning to the white silk damsel "and you?"

"For me no cakes, only just a sip of coffee."

He fetched what they wanted, and sat down with them.

"Aren't you having anything" said the dark girl "here, try something, do."

"No thanks," he opened wide his jacket.

"You are hot" she persisted, and opening an old black silk fan painted with wild roses and butterflies, she began to fan him.

"How's that?" she asked

"Very nice" he answered "but you'll make yourself tired."

"When I do I'll stop" and she took a good bite of a tart.

The other sipped her coffee, and leaned back, looking with brown eyes into pathetic space. Then came an audible murmur

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness

pains

My senses - "

"How's that ?" asked the dark girl

"I don't know - parties always make me feel like that."

"Whatever does your heart ache for, mine never does, does yours, Mr. Whiston ?"

"I don't think so" he answered.

"There is something" pursued she of the poetic soul "there is something in all this gaiety and frivolity which makes me feel miserable. It is like watching the frothing and sparkling of beer you can't drink, which you know will be flat and sour tomorrow."

"If you want it" said the fine girl "I should think you could have a ginger beer, though for myself I don't care for it. Well you are soft to be miserable when there is nothing to be miserable for, isn't she, Mr. Whiston ?"

"Perhaps there is cause for it" said George, fancying he had discovered a fellow sufferer.

"No, oh no, it is merely looking on at all this that does it. Somehow I can't help wondering how the moon shines on our house, and the Jews Burying Ground just against it, and thinking what a big world there is outside here, so different."

"I think I'll have a cup of coffee after all, though I don't like it much" said she of the fan, having eaten some half dozen confectioneries. George set out to fetch it for her.

As he returned cautiously over the slippery floor, watching the trembling coffee, a voice said at his elbow

"Little Prissy's look/chilling looks will be so awful if she has an ice that she'll be a veritable Medusa."

"Don't call me bad names" said Prissy "and I think I'd like a pink one, please"

George, startled, glanced round and hesitated. At the same moment Sam Osborne swerved aside, setting off for the ice, the pink ice. He knocked up against the arm of his commercial traveller, and a flood of hot coffee deluged his legs.

"Oh damn the fellow" he said.

"Damn yourself" answered the irate George "it was your own fault."

And he marched off with dignity, bearing the empty saucer carefully in front of him.

The smash had attracted the attention of everybody.

"My laws" giggled the fine girl with grey eyes "look at old fat Sammy wiping his legs of my coffee. If he don' mind he'll have a fit, for his head's as red as a tomato."

The nephew and Prissy were shaking with laughter, and Prissy pointed derisively to the square-backed traveller marching stiff and stately down the room with a small saucer carefully held out before him. She had to pretend to be laughing at Whiston, when her employer resumed his seat by her side, and the nephew had gone for the ice.

"Yes" he said "Whiston is a clumsy ass."

Prissy assented, bubbling still with laughter. The fat, red little man made a great effort to regain his good humour.

"The lasses will have it out of him tomorrow for this" he said. Prissy however, felt a slight uneasiness for her own part on this score, anticipating a share in the chaff.

"Yes" chuckled Osborne "they'll get on to him. He's a sly dog, though, is Whiston, he knows a thing or two, and he'll manage most of the girls. It takes a sharp eye to get to the bottom of your good sort, but there's as much mud there as anywhere, only it's hid a bit better, oh yes."

Prissy felt her heart harden against this unlovely employer of hers. However Arthur returned with her ice.

"I hope, sir, you won't take cold" he said to his uncle, "hadn't you better go and change?"

"Change no, damn it, don't be a fool."

"It will aggravate your gout to sit with wet trousers" persisted the nephew, wishing to substitute his uncle in the coming dance.

"It will aggravate me if you won't shut up" answered the uncle, "What difference does it make. I'm wet through all over to begin with."

"In that case - " said the nephew with a deprecating gesture, and he talked to Prissy as the latter ate her ice.

When it was finished, the piano struck a few opening chords. Sam Osborne led her towards one end of the room. It was a dance in which the dancers pass first in pairs down the room, and Prissy and her employer were to form the first pair. The other ranged themselves in readiness to take up their positions as Sam and Prissy moved on. But she felt the triumph of the moment, and must prolong it. All eyes were on her - the pianist, glancing round, was about to strike up when Prissy felt for her pocket handkerchief. She must wipe her lips, after an ice. She drew it forth daintily, looking with a smile in to Sam's red face. She shook it out regally, as if disdaining to look at it, but saying to her partner archly

"You look sprightly as if you were prepared to run and jump over anything." But", she added "I hope you won't have a heart attack, you are red"

Then she noticed his little fat body was shaking with mirth, that his eyes were running over, and that there was an odd little squeak of laughter in his throat. She stared in amazement, and he said, in jerky squeaks

"What a pretty leg you must have"

She glanced apprehensively downwards, and caught sight of a long white

stocking, perfumed with lavender, dangling from her dainty fingers. Then she became aware of unsuppressed laughter all round the room, and the blood rushed to her head. She heard at her side the hateful "He-He" of the fat throated man, she saw him pressing his sides, and enraged at his insolence, she flung the stocking at him, and ran out of the room. It fell across his shoulder, and the foot hung down his back. The girls shrieked with laughter.

"Oh, Oh" squealed the girl with the fan. "Fancy throwing your stocking at a man."

"He, He, He, He, He, " laughed the sentimental one, running up and down the scale, "It was the wrong time to show him her stocking."

"Ha, Ha, Ha, " roared the fine girl, almost exhausted, and she pointed to Osborne, who stood in the middle of the room shaking like a jelly, his arm pushed down the stocking whilst he made the foot flap about ludicrously.

Whiston felt his blood boil. He bounded across the room, snatched the stocking from the little man, and flung out of the room. He caught up Prissy running hatless along the foot of the Castle Rock, sobbing breathless. He drew her into a dark shadow, wiped her eyes with the white stocking, and attempted to soothe her.

"Oh George" she sobbed "Oh the beast, Oh I do hate him. I could kill him! And he said things about you and I hated him then. And what shall I do, I've come without my hat?"

He comforted her, and having fetched a cab, took her home.

Rachel Annand Taylor

Mrs Rachel Annand Taylor is/not/ripe yet to be gathered as fruit for lectures and papers. She is young, not more than thirty, she has been married and has left her husband /her husband has left her/: she leads/ lives/ in Chelsea, an obscure/a quiet/semi-literary life, not differing much from the life of many a young woman of moderate means. /visits Professor Murray in Oxford frequently, and says strange ironic things of many literary people, in a plaintive, peculiar fashion./ This, then is raw green fruit to offer you. You will/to be received/ receive her work with suspicion, you will not be prepared to bow and listen with respect touched with reverence.without having much revolving and tasting./ It is impossible to appreciate the verse of a /green fresh/poet /./ in the flesh. He must be sun-dried by time and sunshine of favourable criticism, like muscatels and prunes: you must remove the crude sap of living: then the flavour of his eternal poetry comes out unobscured and unpolluted by what is temporal in him. /Is it not so?/ So with Mrs Taylor.

She is,/Mrs Taylor is/, however, personally, all that could be desired of a poetess:in appearance, purely Rossettiag: slim, svelte; with big, beautiful bushes of reddish hair hanging over her eyes, which peer from the/warm/shadow; delicate colouring, vivid red lips of the pre-Raphaelites; /scarlet, small shut mouth, a dark slender, simple/plain/ dress with a big boss of a brooch on her bosom, a curious, carven witches brooch; then long white languorous hands of the correct subtle radiance. All that a poetess should be.

She is a Scotch woman. Brought up lonely as a child, she lived on the bible, on the Arabian Nights, and later, on Aucassin and Nicolette /Malory's King Arthur/. Her up-bringing was not Calvinistic. Left to herself, she developed into an thorough/as a choice/ romanticist. She lived apart from life, and still she cherishes a secret /illeg/Chamber/

/yew-darkened// illeg./garden in her soul/ where she can remain withdrawn, sublimating experience into odours.

This is her value, then: that to a world almost satisfied with the excitement of Realism's Reign of Terror, she hangs out the flags of idealist Romance, and sounds the music of citherns and violes. She is mediaeval; she is as pagan and as romantic as the old minstrels. She belongs to the company of Aucassin and Nicolette, and to no other.

The first volume of poems was published in 1904.

Listen to the titles of the poems.

Romances The Bride The Song of Gold The Queen

The Daughter of Herodias, Arthurian Songs, The
Knights at Ringstead

Devotional - Flagellants - An Early Christian,

Rosa Mundi, An Art lover to Christ

Chant D'Amour, Love's Fool to his Lady, Saint

Mary of the Flowers The Immortal Hour

Reveries The Hostel of Sleep.

I will read you a few/three//four// (sic) of the love songs. Against the first, in the book Mrs Taylor gave me, I found a/dried/lily of the valley, that the authoress had evidently overlooked. She would have dropped it in the fire, being a illeg. modern/an ironical/romanticist. However, here is the poem, stained yellow with a lily: it is called Desire. (p.73)

That is the first of the love songs. The second is called "Surrender" (p.80)

The third, which is retrospective is "Unrealised" and the fourth is "Renunciation".

There is the story of Mrs Taylor's married life, that those who wish may read.

Needless to say, the poetess' heart was broken,

"There is nothing more tormenting" I said to her, "than to be loved

over-much."

"Yes, one thing more tormenting" she replied.

"And what's that?" I asked her.

"To love" she said, very quietly.

However, it is rather useful to a poetess or a poet to have a broken heart. Then the rare fine liquor from that/the/fragile vial is spilled in little splashes of verse most interesting to the reader, most consoling to the writer. A broken heart does give colour to life.

Mrs Taylor, in her second volume, *Rose and Vine* published last year, makes the splashes of verse from her spilled treasure of love. But they are not crude startling bloody drops. They are vermeil and gold and beryl green. Mrs Taylor takes the 'pageant of her bleeding heart'. away into her secret chamber apart from life and there with care she re-fashions it, tricks it in dream and fancy, sternly surveys it in the common daylight of criticism /first sternly/ marches ironically surveys it by the brutal daylight, then lovingly/she/draws it away into her magic first chamber/obscure place/ apart, where she breathes spells upon it, filters upon it delicate lights, tricks it with dreams and fancy, and then re-issues the pageant.

Rose and Vine is much superior in many respects to the 'Poems' of 1904. It is gorgeous, sumptuous. All the full luscious buds of promise are full blown here, till heavy, crimson petals seem to brush one's/lips in/ passing, and in front white blooms seem leaning to meet one's breasts. There is a great deal of sensuous colour, but it is all abstract, impersonal in feeling, not the least sensual. One tires of it in the same way that one tires of/some of/Straus's music. Electra, for instance, it is emotionally insufficient, though splendid in craftsmanship.

Mrs Taylor is, indeed, an exquisite craftsman of verse. However, in her metres and rhythms she is orthodox. She allows herself none of the

modern looseness but retains the same stanza form to the end of a lyric.

I should like more time to criticise the form of this verse.

However, to turn to Rose and Vine. There is not much recognisable biography here. Most of the verses are transformed from the experience beyond recognition. A really new note is the note of motherhood. I often wonder why, if a woman/when a woman/ artist comes, she never reveals the splendour/meaning/of maternity, but either paints horses or Venuses or sweet children, as we see them in the Tate Gallery, or deals with courtship & affairs, like Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot. Mrs Taylor has a touch of the mother note. I read you "Four Crimson Violes" a/ And now "A Song of Fruition" (For an October Mother). What my mother would have said to that, when she had me an autumn baby, I don't know. A good example of Mrs Taylor's /fine piece of thoughtful/writing is "Music of Resurrection", which, significantly, opens the Rose and Vine volume.

That was last year. This year, came the "Hours of Fiametta" - a sound sequence. There are 61 sonnets in the Shakspeare(sic) form, and, besides these, a Prologue of Dreaming Women, an Epilogue of Dreaming Women, and an Introduction. In the Introduction Mrs Taylor says there are two traditions of women - the Madonna, and the Dreaming Women. The latter is always, the former never, the artist. Which explains, I suppose, why women artists do not sing maternity. Mrs Taylor represents the Dreaming Women of Today, and she is almost unique in her position, when all the women who are not exclusively mothers are suffragists or reformers. Unfortunately, Mrs Taylor has begun to dream of her past life and of herself very absorbedly, and to tell her dreams in symbols which are not illeg. always illuminating. She is esoteric. Her symbols do not show what they stand for of themselves: it is that w they are cousins of that Celtic and French form of symbolism which says "Let x = the winds of passion and y = the yearning of the soul for love" "Now the dim, white pettalled y

Draws dimly over the pallid atmosphere

The scalded kisses of x"

Mrs Taylor has begun the same dodge.

"Since from the subtle silk of agony

Our lamentable veils of flesh are spun."

Subtle silk of agony may claim to sound well, but to me it is meaningless.

But I read you the Epilogue/Prologue/ of Dreaming Women, which surely is haunting.

How dare a woman, a woman, sister of Suffragists and lady doctors, how dare she breathe such a thing.

But Mrs Taylor is bolder still. Listen to the Epilogue of Dreaming Women.

It is, I think, a very significant poem, to think of over, and to think of again when one reads "Mrs Bull."

But these are not Fiametta. They are her creed. Her idiosyncracies are in the sonnets, which, upon close acquaintance, are as interesting, more interesting far to trace, than a psychological novel. I read you only one, number XVIII.

Some of these sonnets are very fine: they stand apart in a age of "Open Road" and Empire thumping verse.

5.

Attila / The Huns / The Germans, Goths, and Vandals/

The Roman Empire, when it had spread to its full size, was bordered on every hand by the sea, or by savage countries, save on the f very eastern frontier, in Mesopotamia, where the boundary was drawn between the Persian and the Roman Empires. Southwards, in Africa, once the Egyptians and Phoenicians of Carthage were conquered, Rome was bounded by/ended on/ the great Desert of Sahara. Westwards was the Atlantic Ocean - eastwards lay the deserts of Arabia, and then the great Persian empire, Rome's only rival; northwards were the vast woods, the cold and savage countries of Germany and Britain; while north-east stretched the endless wild plains of Tartary se right away to the Chinese frontiers.

It was not the civilised rivals of Rome that destroyed her power, neither Carthage nor Egypt nor Persia. Her destruction came every time out of the wild countries. It was the barbarians who destroyed her; first/and chiefest/ the German races, then the Tartar races from the North-east, and lastly the Arabs from Arabia.

The Romans drew their frontier-line never very far beyond the Rhine and the Danube. Beyond the Rhine lay the great Hercynian Forest, the forest of Germany, so terrifying to the Roman legions. To the north was the Baltic Ocean, with the islands, as the Romans call them, of Scandinavia. Beyond these was the frozen arctic Ocean, or the unknown impenetrable plains of Russia.

The great Hercynian forest stretched far away from the Rhine, away to Poland and beyond. The Germans themselves, who lived in it, had no idea where it ended. Some had travelled through it for eight or nine weeks, without coming to the end. And in this forest were the great/lost/wild animals of the north, the elk, the reindeer, the wild bull, as well as wolves and bears innumerable.

It seems illeg./alleg./ to have been much colder/then,/ in these countries, even in Britain than it is now. /Reindeer cannot now live south of the

Baltic - it is too warm for them/. The Rhine and the Danube were frozen thick in the winter. Whole armies, with all their wagons, could cross or camp on the ice. On the banks of the Danube the wine, when brought to the table, was frequently frozen in great lumps. /And reindeer now cannot live south of the Baltic Sea./ And The Romans complained bitterly of winters in Gaul, winters which nowadays are not so very much colder than in Italy - certainly nothing to exclaim about. It may be that the chopping down of the forests and the draining of marshes has brought about the change.

In these great forests lived the great German race, a race which has more or less peopled modern Europe. They were tall, big, fair-haired men and women, very strong and brave. They dressed in skins, and also in garments of coarse linen, which the women wove.

There were no towns or cities, but here and there large villages, with wooden huts thatched with straw. Round the villages were patches of land which were dug and sown with corn. This land belonged to no individual, but to all the village or township, and it was divided afresh among the villagers, every year. The chief possession of the people, however, was their herds of half-wild cattle, cows and bulls innumerable, which fed in the open plains between the woods, and in the woods themselves.

The men were very fierce and proud. They would do no work, save hunting and fighting. All labour must be done by women and slaves, the slaves being captives of war. The warriors would go out to fight and terrible war, then they would come home to enjoy themselves. They loved to drink beer, and eat, and sing songs and tell/listen to/ tales of bravery, sitting round the tables all day long, in company, falling drunk under the tables at night. They had also a passion for gambling, in these weeks or months of peace, gambling away their goods, their/slaves, their/wives, their children, even gambling themselves into slavery, sitting there in the wooden halls in the illeg. wooden towns/enclosures/beside the river or forest.

Then, when they had had enough of this, they would start up again, to go a great hunting in the forest, or more important to set off to make war against some enemy. Such was the life of these men, from youth till old age. None the less, they were free. They had no princes or chiefs to command them. Each man moved of his own free will, in agreement with his neighbours.

As soon as a youth, born of free parents, not of slaves, reached the age of manhood, he was brought by his father or some other warrior into a general meeting of his countrymen, and, after the solemn speeches and oaths, he was given a spear and a shield, and thus he became a warrior with the rest, equal in rights.

This council of warriors was summoned at stated times during the year, and also in times of sudden emergency. These fighting men decided among themselves the important question of peace or war. They also elected magistrates, and tried the public offenders.

Sometimes the council met in a long, low hall built of timber, held up by massive timber columns. Sometimes/Usually/they met in the open circle of the meeting place, and sat in a great ring, on logs of wood or on stones. they were big, fair men, with long fair hair and long moustaches hanging wildly. They were dressed/in skins or/in a linen shirt, belted round the waist with a sword belt, and their legs were wrapped with linen cloths, which were laced on with bands of leather. Their arms and necks & heads were bare. They had their spears near/at/their right hand, their shields at their left. A slave went round and filled the wooden bowls with strong beer. So they sat in a great ring, to attend to the business of the tribe.

The magistrates were old wise men as a rule. They would bring forth any guilty person, and tell the warriors what guilty deed he had committed. The criminal was then allowed to speak for himself. Then the warriors, shouting and lifting their spears, decided his guilt. Or the magistrates would have to state, perhaps, that some slaves of their tribe, having been/out on a journey to fetch salt or iron, had been robbed or maltreated/or

killed/ by a men of another tribe. Then the magistrates would ask the warriors, what was to be done. They would go on, old wise men, to say, perhaps, that it would be best to send a messenger to the offending tribe, stating the injury that had been committed, and asking for explanation and redress. - But while the wise old magistrates spoke in this reasonable manner, the warriors would probably begin to make a kind of hollow murmuring, noise, a sort of low "yah-h-h!", which gradually grew louder, till the magistrate ceased speaking, and sat down. Then another would come forward into the ring, and say "It seems, warriors, that the only answer to the injury that has been done to us by these strangers is the battle cry, and the only messenger the long swift spear." Then, hearing this, the warriors would wildly clash their spears and their shields together, showing how hotly they approved the council of battle.

When there was any great danger threatened, then several tribes met in Council. Each tribe had elected its war general, the best, the bravest, most cunning warrior, to act as chief while the war lasted. But supposing the/a/ danger more serious than a tribal war; supposing the Roman legions were crossing the Rhine; then great councils of warriors met in an open place of the woods, and chose a great leader, who was like a king, a great chief, so long as the war continued. Once the war was over, however, his great power ended.

These early Germans were most jealous of their freedom. They did not care so much about possessions. They did not want land and titles. They wanted each man to be a fair, fierce, famous warrior. They would suffer no man, and no authority, to force them into anything. The poorest soldier would not be interfered with by the magistrate. But then he loved to do the things he chose himself to do. The youths as soon as they got their sword and shield, chose some brave fierce warrior, and him they would serve through life and death. They fought by his side, and if he fell, they would scorn to live after him. They fought till they fell by his dead body.

They fought and they served him, and when he won more renown, they were glad. If he, as a great warrior, won/obtained/a great share of spoil, slaves, money, goods/goods, cattle/, then young soldiers asked for nothing. What did they care about possessions. They lived in the great/wooden/hall of warriors, feeding at his board, sleeping on his floor. And if he gave them a battle spear, or some perhaps a horse they could fight on, they were glad. They asked for no more gifts and pay.

The women of the Germans were also free and faithful wives. The soldiers did not look on their wives as slaves, but as equals. They believed that/their/women had some strange superior wisdom, almost prophetic. And the wives believed in their husbands. They went with them, very often, to war. The German camps were always full of those fierce barbarian women, sometimes more terrifying to the Romans than the warriors themselves. These women were all faithful wives of their fighting husbands. They carried the cooking utensils, they dressed their husband for battle, rubbing his limbs; and when he came home wounded, they dressed his wounds and bathed him; if he was killed, they prepared him for burial. Sometimes, when the fight was wavering, the women seized spears and rushed into battle. Sometimes, when the Germans scattered and broken, came running back to camp, the women leaped up to meet them, crying "Is it victory". Then, knowing it was defeat, they would seize spears and point them at their husbands crying "Back - back cowards - is it thus you run away - back, never come to here a runaway - back and win, or die."

The Germans were pagans like the Romans. They worshipped the Sun and the Moon, as we see by our Sunday and Monday; the Gods of War and of Thunder, as Woden and Thor; from which we get Wednesday and Thursday; the goddess of Earth and increase, and many others. They had no temples, but deep, gloomy sacred groves, deep in the forests. Here were the stone alabs of sacrifice. Here hung the sacred standards of battle, which were heads

of wild beasts, boars, wolves, bears. Here also were the strange, sacred symbols of the deity, not idols, but symbols.

The priests performed sacrifices in these groves, sometimes human sacrifices. The place was dark with blood, hung with dreadful trophies. The Gloomy pine-trees or oak-trees rose around. There was a silence of mystery and horror because of the blood sacrifices.

And/a/warriors who would die rather than receive any insult, to their his person, would be lashed on his naked body till he bled, at the command of the War God. For the War God, the Thunderer, was chiefest of their gods. He loved best of all a brave warrior. A brave warrior who fell fighting would pass straight to heaven, the great feast of the afterworld, where all was singing of brave deeds.

Another great and mysterious God/deity/ was the Goddess of the earth. Her holy place was in one of the isles of the Baltic. At certain periods her unknown symbol, covered with a thick veil, was placed on a chariot drawn by cows, and, solemnly attended by her priests, was drawn through the woods of the mainland on a visit to the tribes. While this mysterious veiled symbol of the creature Goddess was in progress through the land, all strife, all war must be hushed. The restless Germans must not even quarrel.

But the warriors depended even more on their bards than on their priests. The bards made great songs about the warriors and their deeds. The happiness of mankind is two-fold. First, a man is happy when he is utterly carried away in passion and action. Then he is happy, more purely happy, afterward in perfectly realising his life. Now the bards are the flower of all this primitive life, of the Greeks, the Celts, the Germans, the Scandanavians. When in the camps by the night fire the bard sat under the stars, and, striking the strings of his harp, sang the beauties of the deeds of heroes, the long flight of the spears, the bright arm lifted, the bright hair shaken, the chieftain tall and splendid pressed but never

overcome, saved in the perilous moment by his beloved friend and follower, rushing a flame of fury to avenge the death of his dear friend, driving the foe before him like corn that bends before the wind, then the hearts of the listeners rose almost to bursting with beauty and passion. They longed for the morrow, they longed, they ached for battle, the great flame of action, the sweep of the fearless passion of war. Their hearts hot, white hot with the passionate burning songs of the bard, they loved the rush of weapons, the breaking of wounds, the beauty of swift, sudden death.

And thus, at home, in peace, in their halls, it was not all drunkenness and squalor, as people nowadays say it was. They sat on their stools and listened, with tears in their eyes and the brightness of real, passio/ living/ understanding in their hearts, to the songs of the beautiful young hero, and of the yellow-haired woman whom he loved: of all the faith she had and the strange magic knowledge of her heart, how she understood/the signs of/the sun in the morning, and the soft-stepping reindeer of the forest, and how she spoke to these for the sake of her hero; how he performed wonderful deeds. These songs, and their beauty, were the brightest reality to the fierce warriors. They cared for these far more than for any possessions whatsoever. The renown of song was the dearest bliss of a chieftain's heart - to be sung/in praise and/passionate beauty by the bards.

The Germans fought without armour. Often they were quite naked, save for their shield and spear, and perhaps for dried skins of beasts fastened on their feet. Sometimes they wore a loose mantle, that left them naked and free to fight. Later, they had on linen shirts tied round the waist. But for long it was their custom to fight naked,

Their shields were made of wood, a of thick, hand-woven osier. They were usually/long or/round, and were painted or decorated with bright colours, bright earths. Their spears were long and slender, with narrow iron points: for iron was scarce with them. They had also many darts,

which they darted rapidly. The cavalry rode almost naked on rough horses, rushing up to thrust with the long spear. Their chief force, however, fought on foot, ranks drawn up in deep columns, according to family and tribe. These were always anxious for the fight. They rushed forwards in dense, loose masses, uttering great, deafening shouts, shouts of thousands of men wild and battle-mad, a great roaring noise like a sea suddenly got up. So, their long hair flying, their great fair bodies flashing, their round gaudy shields flaring, they came in one mass on the Romans/who stood/armed in bright steel, behind their great shields of locked bright steel,/a solid wall of iron./

But the The naked bodies of the barbarians could do little against the solid/walled/steel of the legions. Once they were repulsed, they were defeated, for they could not gather into order again. And yet these fearless barbarians were the limit, really, to Roman power. Many, and terrible battles were fought, before the empire could establish a fairly safe frontier across the Rhine.

And then it was done more by art than conquest. The German tribes made fearful war on each of other. The most terrible of nations were not jostled/crowded/ by any neighbouring tribes. By the ferocity of their arms, they had exterminated all human life around the borders of their territory. So they lived, as it were, in an island/secluded/ within the great tracts of the mainland. For the lesser tribes dared not venture on to the intervening, devastated lands.

It was easy for the Romans to make friends with some tribes, against the other tribes. This was Roman policy - always to set the Germans to destroy one another, for every barbarian destroyed was one enemy less to Rome. Tacitus, the great barbarian/Roman/, writes - "The Bructeri were totally exterminated by the neighbouring tribes. Above sixty thousand barbarians were destroyed, not by Roman arms, but in our sight, and for our entertainment. May the nations, enemies of Rome, ever preserve this

enmity with one another. We have now reached the utmost verge of prosperity, and have nothing left to ask of fortune, save the discord of the barbarians."

So the Romans ever tried to make friends with the important tribes. Chiefs were flattered with little presents, that cost nothing. Every quarrel among the Germans was made worse by Roman intrigue.

None the less there were many and terrible fights between Rome and the barbarians, along the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube. The/before the/Romans made peace, and some became friendly, with the nearest tribes. Gradually they were invited the German soldiers to serve under the Roman standard. So the famous bands of auxiliaries were formed, barbarians illeg. armed and trained as Roman soldiers taught to make war as Rome made war. These were in the end fatal to the empire.

Chap. IV

Invasions of Barbarians

The German tribes that were nearest to the Romans seem to have remained more or less stationary and more or less friendly to Rome. There were some terrible insurrections, but these belong to the period of the Goths.

While that part of Germany nearest to Rome remained in some measure friendly and quiet, great changes must have been taking place away back, in Scandinavia, and in the far inland regions where Prussia merges into Russia.

Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, had suffered death, by the sentence of the p/Procurator Pontius Pilate. For a while this dire suspicion was checked; but it burst forth again, and not only spread over Judaea, the first home of this mischievous sect, but was even introduced into Rome, the common illeg. /asylum/ which receives and protects whatever is atrocious and impure. The confessions of those who were seized discovered a great

multitude of their accomplices, and they were all convicted, not so much for the crime of setting fire to the city, as for their hatred of human kind. They died in torments, and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; other sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to the fury of dogs; other again, smeared over with combustible materials, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. The gardens of Nero were destined for the melancholy spectacle, which was accompanied with a horse race, and honored with the presence of the emperor, who mingled with the populace in the dress and the attitude of a charioteer. The Christians/guilt of the Christians deserved, indeed, the most exemplary punishment, but the public abhorrence was changed into commiseration, from the opinion that those unhappy wretches were sacrificed, not so much to the public welfare, as to the cruelty of a jealous tyrant.

Why Tacitus believed that the Christians were/in the/ atrocious guilt of the Christians deserved such treatment, and what that guilt was, since he did not believe them to have set fire to the city, we cannot understand. Tacitus wrote about sixty years after this event. He was a wise, good, and great man. What can he imagine the Christians to be guilty of? Why does he say they hated mankind? Perhaps he knew of their exulting secret/in/ secret assurance of the coming and of the world, exulting in the destruction of all men save themselves. But this belief in the end of the world was not the real part of Christianity, at all. And even this would hardly make them deserving of such cruelties. -Perhaps he still believed they were a Jewish sect. And the Jews, by illeg./their/terrible hatred of Rome, and some fearful massacres/which they committed/ in Antioch and/Cyprus/and Alexandria, really did seem to deserve the reproach of hating all mankind.

However it be, Nero's persecution was short and sharp - probably only

lasted a week or two. Yet undoubtedly, even if the Christians were not persecuted, they were hated. Horrible things were imputed to them: that they sacrificed Christian/infants/ in their horrid secret worship, and so on. All this was false. Yet the hatred was there. Tacitus still believed them hateful - believed their suspicion superstition to be criminal and vile.

The Christians/must/in some way /have/ provoked this hatred of even the generous and just Pagans. We have seen how the Jews alone among the Roman subjects repudiated and insulted the Roman Gods. The Christians did something the same. They did not believe the Pagan religions to be merely false. They believed that the gods of the Romans were really evil spirits, demons, or fallen angels, like Lucifer, Satan. These fallen angels roamed the earth, and took on the likeness of Jupiter, or of Venus, or of Apollo, any of the great gods of the pagans. So that when the Romans worshipped their idols, they were not worshipping mere statues, things of no power. They were worshipping the Evil spirits in the shape of their Gods. And these evil spirits could give great power to their subjects: but it was evil power.

The Christian ministers after St. Paul would cast out devils from people possessed, even as Jesus had done. And those sick or mad people, when they were under the spell of the Christian minister, who was trying to cast out their evil spirit, would cry out in the name of Jupiter or Apollo or Mars, and confess that this spirit of the pagan god, which was within them, was a devil. So that the primitive Christians had a great horror of the pagan gods, and a great fear of putting themselves within the power of these demons. It was the first and greatest effort of the early Christian, to keep himself pure of the idolatry with which he was surrounded.

And this was very difficult, because the pagan rituals were intermingled with almost every act of public life. The great games in the circus were

held as a kind of offering to the Gods - so the Christian recoiled with horror from these games, as from all the public festivals. When any man entertained his friends at dinner, it was the custom to pour out wine and call on the gods, invoking the deity of hospitality to bless the guests - and the guests poured libations to each other's health or happiness, as even now we drink healths. But the Gods were called upon to do the blessing - and this at once contaminated the Christian, put him in the power of the Evil spirits. So he must avoid such friendly meetings. He could not go to a wedding nor a funeral, nor take a solemn oath, he could hardly walk in the street or speak to a friend, without falling into danger of idolatry - which was a real danger to him, putting his spirit within the power of one of the great evil angels. If a Pagan friend used the common expression "Jupiter bless you", the Christian was obliged to protest, that Jupiter was not a God, but an evil influence. Now if, in our daily life, when a friend or a relative said, perhaps at parting, "God bless you", then it would cause much pain if we replied "God cannot bless us, he is only an evil influence." Thus the Christians, by shunning all the common life of their friends and fellow-citizens, made themselves disliked.

Again, the Romans respected the family bond, beyond all others. But the Christians said to their convert - "Leave father and mother, and follow Christ. If your father and mother be not Christians, you have no father nor mother." This angered the Romans, even the magistrates, when sons deserted their fathers, and wives their husbands. Again the Christians taught, that no law should be obeyed but the law of Christ, that no man should work at any work connected with the pagan worship. Now the Roman law was a pagan law, and nearly everything the Romans had or made was in some way connected with their religion, decorated with figures of the Gods, with the name of a God, or dedicated to a particular God. So that it is comprehensible, that Tacitus should believe the Christians to be the enemies of mankind, especially as he most probably

knew nothing of the true Christian teachings.

Therefore the Christians moved secretly, met secretly, often at night, for their worship, and often in strange underground places, such as the catacombs. They had a secret sign - the sign of a fish. This fish was symbol for Jesus. And these primitive Christians, when they were in doubt as to whether they were speaking to a Christian or not, would draw a fish in the dust casually. Then, if the stranger were Christian, he would know at once. If he were not, he would be none the wiser.

None the less, the church grew. It gained many members, and among all classes of men. Each congregation had its presbyter, or minister, and, as it grew larger, its episcopal presbyter, or bishop, which really means inspectors, who advised and directed the community. Then it was found necessary to have one real leader to every body of Christians in any given district or town or city. So the episcopal governor was elected, the real chief of the Christians, the real governing bishop. Quite early in the history of the Church, before the end of the first century, this government by bishops had begun. But a bishop was only a humble presbyter or minister, raised to a position of authority, but still only the equal of all his brother Christians, the exalted servant as it were.

So the churches were mildly governed, for more than a century. Every group of congregations was like a free little republic, independent of any external authority. Yet all the Christian churches kept in friendly touch with each other, in Europe Italy, Greece, Syria, Africa. Then, by the end of the second century, the churches of the different provinces held meetings together in some principal town. They discussed their state and made regular orders or laws called canons. So they regulated the beliefs and the discipline of the church. And these meetings or councils became regular, and were called Synods. All the churches were in communication with one another. So that soon the Catholic Church became one great, united, powerful body, covering nearly all the Roman Empire, yet entirely

hidden within that empire.

In the third century, when the Councils of bishops had become the established authority of the Church, the bishops themselves became more powerful. They were no longer the chief servants of their brethren in the Church. They were the commanders and rulers of the Church. The Episcopal Office was instituted, and the bishops no longer pleaded with their church, they commanded. The presbyters, or ministers, were now created by the bishop. The people of the congregation could no longer choose their presbyter from among themselves. The bishop asserted his right to choose, and to confer the sacred character of priesthood on the man he had chosen.

The chief councils met in the chief cities/y/ of the each of the provinces. Soon it came to pass, that the cleverest bishop, or the most dominating, was chosen to live in the chief city,/or metropolis./ Thus he became the Metropolitan, or Primate. And soon, the Metropolitans of the various cities claimed a governing authority over all the rest of the bishops. Rome, Antioch, Corinth, Alexandria, all had their Primates or Metropolitans. But it was inevitable that the Metropolitan of Rome, or the Bishop of Rome should be considered the first of the Metropolitan Bishops, first because Rome was the governing city of the world, and secondly, because Rome was proudly supposed to have had two apostles martyred within her walls, St. Paul and St. Peter where as no other metropolis could claim more than one. So that, by virtue of St. Peter, the Bishops of Rome claimed prime authority over all the Christian world. And thus the Roman Church grew up.

The Christian Church was now united and powerful. It was also rich. The Christians gave much, or all of their money to the Church. The money was spent mostly on the relief of the poor and the care of the sick. According to the advice of the bishop, all the money that could be spared was devoted to the support of widows and orphans, the lame, the sick,

the aged; to the comforting of strangers and pilgrims, and to alleviating the misery of prisoners and captives. Even the Pagans, while they mocked the doctrines of humility and meekness, were bound to praise such benevolence and care.

And still this Church was, for more than three hundred years, hidden, or half hidden, and much hated, within the Roman Empire. Christianity was a crime against the Emperor, and all Christians at any minute were liable to be prosecuted for this crime. But we must not imagine that there was long and bloody persecution. The Roman government was almost always wise and just, even if the emperors were violent. The Romans hated the Christians because these latter put the law of Christ before the great law of the Empire. Christian soldiers threw away their weapons, and said their service belonged to Christ. Thus they were liable to immediate execution - or martyrdom, as the church put it. The Roman magistrates were not anxious to destroy the Christians: they only wanted to make them good subjects of the empire. If a Christian was brought up for trial, he was incurred the anger of the judges, not by his beliefs, but by his obstinate refusal to allow the Romans their pagan belief. If only the criminal Christian would cast a few grains of incense on the altar of one of the Roman gods, and admit that these gods also were divine, as well as Christ then he was dismissed with praise by the judges. They did not want him to say, that Jesus was not God. They only wanted him to admit that the old Roman gods were also heavenly. And this, for the most part, the Christians would not admit. And this made the Romans furious.

The emperor Trajan, under whose reign the Christians were persecuted for their religion, made these two laws rules for the safety of these Christians/ people/ first, that though it was a crime to be a Christian, and magistrates were to punish, by fine or imprisonment or worse, any man convicted of this crime, yet the magistrates were prohibited from making any search for such criminals, and from making any enquiries concerning persons

who were only supposed, not proved to be Christians; and secondly, no anonymous accusation was to be attended to, and any man who laid an information against another, accusing him of the crime of being a Christian, must either make good the accusation, and fairly prove in open court, that the accused was a Christian, or else he, the accuser, must suffer severe penalties, perhaps even death, for taking upon himself to lay false accusations against a fellow citizen.

Thus the Christians were in a measure safeguarded. It was not from the government that they had so much to fear, but from the mob. The time of greatest danger was at public games. These games, the chariot-racing and gladiatorial fighting in the circus, the acting in the theatre, were great public offerings to the gods. They were quite free, no man paid for his place or his entrance. All the Romans at these times made festival, several times a year. They crowned themselves with flowers, they attended the altars of the gods of the feast, they were purified with incense and holy water, and sprinkled blood of sacrifice, and then they gave themselves up to the rejoicings which were part of the worship of their gods.

And then, when the mob was gathered in a great mass, all roused and inflamed, it was then their hatred turned against the Christians of the city, who would not share in the feast, nor wear garlands on their heads, nor rejoice in the great games of the circus, but remained sadly and gloomily apart. The mob roused itself to frenzy. If there had been a famine, or an earthquake, or a pestilence, or if Vesuvius had been in dangerous eruption, then someone in the crowd, would/often the Jews, who hated/the Christians most, would/begin to shout that it was owing the to the Christians: the Christians, they said, with their gloomy and malevolent powers had provoked these calamities. And then the mob yelled for revenge on the poor Christians. They yelled for the Christians to be cast to the lions, or to be murdered in the amphitheatre. And often the government, even when it wished to illeg. prevent these acts of violence and shame, was powerless before the violence

of the vulgar people whom the Christians had to fear, much more than the persecution of the governors and magistrates, or even of the emperors.

At the same time, the Church began to be divided, to quarrel with itself. There was always great jealousy between the Churches of the East, Antioch, Ephesus, and the Churches of the West, centred in Rome: also between the Church in Rome, and the African Churches of Alexandria and Carthage. There were terrible quarrels, the first great one, between the church of the East and the Church of the West, took place in the early part of the third century. The two Chur/ bishops of the/two churches disputed violently as to the time that Easter should be celebrated, and real hatred grew up in the Christian church itself, between the several great branches. At the same time, the Metropolitan bishops began to grow powerful, and rich, like princes in their haughtiness. Paul of Samosata, the Metropolitan bishop of Antioch, about the year 250, made Christianity odious to the pagans, by his luxury, and pride, and avarice.

But as the Christian church grew stronger and richer and more powerful, it became more hateful to the pagans. There was a terrible massacre of Christians, under Maximin (sic,) Then there followed a time of some security. Even the emperors realised that the good Christians were the most trustworthy of men. The great Diocletian at first gave his great offices to Christian men, and the bishops were honored (sic) in their provinces even by the Roman government,

But a greater persecution was coming. The Christians, now becoming bold, began to assert loudly, that all the pagans who had not confessed Christs were damned for ever, writing in the flames of hell. This made the Romans angry, to be told that their great fathers, who had made the Empire, were all damned and tortured in Hell. They thought the Christians were getting too important. The old gods were about to fall, for ever. But as yet the power was in the hands of the old religion. In the time of Diocletian, the other emperors, Galerius and Maximian, hated the name and

the religion of the Christians with the force of all their nature. Both Maximian and Galerius had risen by the sword, and they loathed the church which preached against them. On a day of public festival, a centurian called Marcellus threw his belt, his arms, and the badges of his office, before all the people, declaring that the service of Christ did not allow him to use illeg. these weapons of destruction, or to serve an idolatrous master. This made the fighting emperors furious. Marcellus was beheaded for desertion. But there were many /Christian/soldiers in the army. The emperors said that this great host of Christians was getting so powerful, it would soon take the power into its own hands, and destroy the empire.

A great persecution began. The property of the Church was all taken away; all the books of the gospels were to be burned, that could be seized, and all Christian writings; and Christians were not allowed to complain of any injury they had received. The mob might persecute them at will.

Nicomedia was the /favorite/capital of Diocletian - just in Asia Minor. As soon as the edict was exhibited in the Forum of Nicomedia, it was torn down by a Christian, who shouted to everyone his scorn of such emperors and such tyranny. He was roasted over a slow fire. This was in the year 305. Within ten days time, the bedchamber of Diocletian, in Nicomedia, was twice in flames. The Christians again were suspected. There was great persecution, torture and executions. The mind both of Diocletian and Galerius was filled with terror and hatred of this people. All over the Empire the sacred scriptures were publicly burned, and obstinate Christians even put to death. The pews/seats/ and pulpits and door were taken out of the Churches and burned in a sort of funeral pile - then the rest of the buildings was demolished. Many Christians were burnt to death within their churches. For the years this continued, persecution more or less severe.

Constantius, the good father of the great Constantine, loved the Christians and protected them when he could. And Constantine from the first declared himself the protector of the religion. But Constantius and

Constantine could not, at first, save Italy from Maximilian, or the east from the savage Galerius. There was a great attempt to establish the old religion again, the old temples and their pagan priests.

With the great triumph of Constantine, the Christian church was safe. Constantine was not himself a very particularly pious Christian. Still, he was baptized in the faith, and was the protector of the religion.

Constantinople has always been Constantines (sic) city, always, at heart, Christian, with the eastern Christianity. But in 361 the great emperor Julian came to the throne in Constantinople. He was a good/fearless/ wise emperor, but he loved old things and old ways. He restored the old temples and the old religions. But he only reigned for two years. He was killed in a Persian war. When he was dying he is reported to have said, speaking to Jesus "Thou hast conquered, Galilaeen."

In 394 Christianity was established as the only religion of the empire, in Rome as well as Constantinople. All the old sacrifices at the altars were forbidden on pain of death, the worship of the old gods was made illegal. The beautiful pagan temples, with their lovely carvings and vessels of sacred use, were smashed, destroyed; a few were saved and turned into churches. The Olympic games in Greece were over, the great festivals of Rome. Christianity had come, to stay. - But still, for many years, in country places, the peasants took their offerings to the old groves and shrines, they celebrated their old rejoicings with garlanded dances. But gradually this was searched out, punished severely, and stopped. The old religions were dead.

This does not mean that there was religious peace. Terrible struggles/ conflicts/ broke out among the Christians themselves, awful quarrels about the birth of Jesus, and the Holy Ghost. Christians massacred Christians, in frenzy, in Constantinople, in Alexandria, in Antioch, even in Rome. In these terrible and bloody quarrels of the different sects and branches of the Christian church, far more people were massacred, or murdered, or tortured than in all the pagan persecutions put together.

Gradually, however, Africa fell back from Christianity, as she was conquered by the Arabs. The same happened, more slowly, to Asia, under the Arabs, Turks, etc. who were Mohammedans. Christianity was divided into two great Churches, that of Rome, the Latin Church, and that of Constantinople, the Greek Church: for we remember, Greek became quite quickly the language of Constantinople, and of the Eastern Empire.

The Roman Church was governed by its first bishop, or Pope - but it/he/ had no powers over the eastern/or Greek/Church. The Greek Church remained cut off in the east, centred in Constantinople. There all the learned men, learned in the old Greek wisdom, tarried(?) and there/were/ the best workers in gold and silver, the best painters of holy pictures, the best makers of holy books. And from Constantinople, from the eastern or Greek church, Russia was converted.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT OF "ART AND THE INDIVIDUAL" AS PUBLISHED IN
ROBERTS AND MOORE PHOENIX II . (Heinemann. London. 1968). pp.221-226.

The following are only minor alterations to the published text.

- (i) "one talent" (p.221) has quotation marks.
- (ii) "Educate ourselves" is followed by a dash, not a full stop. (p221).
- (iii) The holograph has "neither by phenomenon or causes" (p. 221).
- (iv) Under "Idea", which is underlined in the holograph, he adds in brackets ('Discuss Platonic Idea'). (p. 223).
- (v) Under adaptation "now we might say" was "now Darwin might say" crossed out. (p. 223).
- (vi) "When Carlyle said" is not a new paragraph. (p.224).
- (vii) "Hero" has a capital letter. (p. 224).
- (viii) After "So Tolstoi says that all is bad art" Lawrence added "Honi soit qui mal y pense." (p. 225)
- (ix) After "adequately" he added "Tolstoi and his simple art - his fades." (p. 225).
- (x) In "can feel a beautiful thing" Lawrence adds "at once" after "feel". (p. 225).
- (xi) In "to some extent to acquiesce in this purpose" he adds "to recognise" after "extent". (p. 226).
- (xii) After "Socialism is general" Lawrence does not begin a new paragraph. (p. 226).